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T. W. WHITE, PROPRIETOR.

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A VISIT TO MY NATIVE VILLAGE,

AFTER AN ABSENCE OF THIRTY YEARS.

By the Author of Letters from the South, Dutchman's Fireside, &c.

Not a hundred miles from a certain "Great Commercial Emporium," on the right bank of the Hudson, there lies a little village, dozing beneath a hill which not only shelters it from the east winds, but from the prying eyes of travellers, who fortunately for the repose of the villagers, used to pass by along the high road, unconscious of its existence. The only communion between it, and the great world, was through a market boat, which plied once a week, to and again, from the village to New York, bearing to market the surplus products of the country people, and sometimes a thrifty old market woman, who accompanied her butter, eggs and chickens, and who whiled away the tedium of a long passage by plying her knitting needle, sleeping and waking.

The houses were arranged close along the margin of the river, whose waves as they broke on the sand beach in the silence of the night, gave a soothing melody disposing to repose or contemplation. Immediately in front, the river expanded into a wide and noble bay, animated at all times by vessels passing up and down, and bordered on the opposite shore by a range of lofty hills, cultivated to the summits, and showing distinctly the divisions and the various hues of the fields, which lay on its sides basking in the morning sun.

I never knew so quiet a village, nor one where the old homely simplicity of our golden age existed in more primitive purity some thirty years ago, when I lived there in luxurious idleness, indulging in long visions of the future, not one of which has been realized, and the wise ones of the village prophesied that I would never come to any good in this world. Just about midway of the only street of the village, was a fine spring, where the water spouted from beneath a rock, at the foot of the hill, in a stream as thick as my arm, and here it was, that in accordance with the habits of patriarchal ages, the villagers were wont to come together with their empty pails, and stand and talk till they ran over. Here came the lads and lasses, the old patriarchs who with pipes in their mouths, discussed the weather, the news, or the backslidings, and here it was that poor Ellee, the dumb, blind son of an indigent widow, came feeling his way with a stick, followed at times by some little outlaws, who though he could not see them, had vicious, cunning expedients to annoy the poor fellow. His mother, as I said before, was a widow and very poor; but she was prudent as well as industrious, and with an honest spirit of independence, rejected all offers of placing the boy on the parish. By her own exertions, aided by those of Ellee, who though his perceptions were blunted by the absence of two of his faculties, could make himself useful in various ways, she managed to keep him clean and tidy, without asking

charity of any one. I dwell on her example with pleasure, as furnishing an honorable contrast to the unfeeling eagerness, with which parents too often now-a-days thrust their children, and children their aged parents, upon the bounty of the public. The world is not improved in this respect, whatever may be the case in others.

As I go on, a thousand recollections are awakened in my mind; link after link discloses itself in the long chain of memory, and were I not apprehensive of tiring my readers, I could dwell on these times with a prolixity only gratifying to myself. But the present has its claims as well as the past, and I must consign them to that oblivion which swallows up so large a portion of mankind and their doings.

It is now upwards of thirty years, since I left this quiet resting place, to seek my fortune, after the manner of the heroes of our fairy legends. In that time I have seen the world, and the little ants that crawl upon it, in various scenes and aspects; I have looked at, rather than mingled in its busy hubbub, and if the old saying is true, have seen more of the game than the players themselves. One thing, however, puzzles me. I cannot for the life of me, tell whether I am wiser than I was thirty years ago. Whether I am better, is a matter of still greater perplexity.

After chasing shadows the better part of my life, I all at once recalled to mind the realities of my early home. I felt myself in the situation so beautifully described by a poet, who though rudely jostled aside by a swarm of vapid intruders, is to my mind worth all the school of Byron, Moore and Scott, put together.

"And as a hare when hounds and horn pursue,
Pants for the spot from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return--and die at home at last."

No sooner had my memory fastened on this bone, than it straightway began to practice its accustomed deceptions, for it is not alone anticipation that exaggerates. Memory is as great a deceiver as Hope, and objects which appear in the mists of the past, are just as much inflated with airy nothings, as they are in those of the future. In one word, I resolved to imitate the hare, and make the best of my way to the spot, whence the hounds and horn of worldly temptations unkennelled me, some thirty years ago.

I embarked in a steam boat. A steam boat! Such a monster was not dreamed of, when I left them, by the sober villagers, who were content to wait the capricious tyranny of winds and tides, in their passages to and from the Emporium. We went up the river like magic; the sail boats were left far in the rear; the landscape on either side the river, seemed running backwards at the rate of twenty miles an hour; and the blessed sun himself was hardly able to keep up with us, as we champ'd our way, leaving a wake behind far as the eye could see, and causing a series of angry billows that broke in white foam on the distant shores. In less time than it used to take the old market boat to

get under weigh, I was landed, on a new wharf, at the home of my youthful fancy, and remembering that I had been two days and a night in going the same distance, the last time I achieved that feat, I could not help mentally exclaiming, "Certainly the world has improved prodigiously in the last thirty years!" This was a mortifying conclusion to an elderly gentleman like myself, who could not in conscience flatter himself with having kept pace with the world.

Advancing from the place of landing, which was a long point jutting out into the river, a quarter of a mile distant from the heart of the village, I was struck with the change which I witnessed in passing along. The faces I saw were all strangers; the houses seemed to have grown downwards like a cow's tail; though they looked much more gay than in old times, when people neither painted their houses or faces. I wondered what had become of my old friends Brom Van Houten, Johnny Van Tassel and Jacobus See; I looked around expecting to be greeted by my special associate the shaggy Rover, who used to accompany me in my rambles, and who, I will say, was an honest, well beseeching quadruped; but he came not to meet me, and not a single dog wagged his tail as I passed along. As a last resource, I cast my eye towards Treneemet's Point, a projection about half a mile down the river, where I remembered to have seen, just before I lost sight of my native village, old Petrus Storm sitting with his fishing pole, as was his custom, studying patience and perseverance. But alas! Petrus was not there, and a sense of loneliness, of utter desolation came over me. I was alone in the home of my boyhood. Not even a dog knew me. I was worse off than Ulysses.

Advancing onwards, with melancholy hesitation, at length I recognized an old acquaintance in the person of Ellee, the blind and dumb boy, now grown prematurely old as I thought, for I forgot what an age had passed away since last I saw him. Hearing my footsteps he stopt, and leaning on his stick looked towards me, as intently as if he had been able to see the blessed light of the sun. This was one of Ellee's foibles, and I remembered how the boys used to laugh at him when the market boat was expected from New York, and he would, after looking intently that way, give it as his decided opinion, it was certainly her, though the poor lad could not tell a hawk from a handsaw.

My heart warmed towards poor Ellee, who seemed to be the only remaining remnant of past times. Besides this, my aged mother—Heaven rest her soul!—was always kind to him; I too had done him many good offices, and this constitutes a tie of fellowship which is never broken. Ellee stood gazing with his white sightless eyes, and seemed to recognize me, as it were instinctively, for an old friend. "Ellee," said I at last. He started, gazed still more intensely, and I could see the stick tremble in his hand, as he muttered certain unintelligible sounds. I approached nearer, and said, "Ellee, my boy, how do you do?" This time he recollected the voice of his old friend, and thirty years had not effaced the impression of gratitude. He dropped his stick, came towards me with outstretched hand, and though he could not utter a word, I understood him, for the tears rolled from his sightless eyes adown his wrinkled cheeks. He conducted me to his mother, who was now past all employment but that of knitting,

and Ellee who had in boyhood tasted her bounty, now repaid her by his duteous affection. The extreme of poverty is not incompatible with cleanliness, and whenever I see beggary and dirt combined, I feel sure that the object is worthless. The home of Ellee's mother was tidy and neat. Ellee had learned to do many things, and the villagers employed him in preference to others, in various errands and occupations, adding to the ordinary remuneration, a trifle in charity. The devotion of Ellee to his mother, was such as might cause the cheek of many children not like him, bereft of sight and speech, to redden with shame, were it not true that those who are insensible to filial piety, are incapable of the feeling of compunction for the neglect of that most sacred duty.

The first night I spent in the village I could not sleep. Accustomed for years to the fretful racket of a great commercial city, which is never quiet by day or by night, the death-like silence, the dread repose which reigned all around me, conjured up in my mind associations with death and oblivion. It seemed the silence of the grave. I lay and listened for some whisper of life, and the sound of my own breathing startled me. A mouse was rustling about somewhere in the wall, and the awful silence of all the world besides, caused the sounds to assume the semblance of some one attempting to open the window. I rose, opened it myself and looked out on a scene so wondrous quiet, yet so lovely, that I forgot the sense of loneliness in communing with the beauties of the earth and the heavens. A delicious, soul-subduing melancholy, associated, yea, mingled with a consciousness that I was standing in the presence of the great Creator of all these wonders, stole over my mind, and that night I received an impression of the divinity, such as all I had ever read or heard had failed to create. The bay lay stretched out before me, as bright and still as the surface of a mirror, insomuch that the very moonbeams slept on it without trembling; a number of vessels with their white sails all standing, lay becalmed on the expanse of waters; beyond, the opposite shore looked like the shadow of a world; and above, the blue heavens, the twinkling stars, and the full orb'd moon, led irresistibly to the contemplation of a world to come. The rays of a morning sun in the month of June, tipped the hills of the western shore with golden lustre, before I became conscious that the night was past and the day come.

Between sunrise and breakfast I seated myself on the piazza of our old family residence, which fronts the spring, that bubbles forth at about ten yards distance, to see if I could detect any of my old acquaintance, coming for water to boil the kettle. Presently there approached a couple of women, each with a pail in her hand, and both, to say the truth, more than commonly ugly. In conformity with the good, sociable custom of the country, I bade them good morning, which they returned, and looking at me, began to whisper to each other while their pails were filling. "It must be him—I'm sure I am right, Rachel Foster," at length said one of them in rather a raised tone. "Rachel Foster! heavens, is it possible!" said I, mentally—"Such a fright!" Now, Rachel Foster was my earliest love, and when I parted with her, was as pretty a girl as ever inspired the first warm wishes of youth. Now, grey hairs—deep wrinkles—stooping shoulders—sunken eyes—flat

chest—rounded back; pooh—the d—I—it can't be Rachel, thought I, at the same time bolting into the house and slamming the door, but not until I overheard the divine Rachel exclaim—"What he! that old pump of a fellow, my sweetheart? Marry come up—I don't believe a word of it." I never felt such a twinge of gratitude before, and blessed my stars that in the days of my youth I had not found favor in the eyes of pretty Rachel Foster. Such ankles! pooh—pish—I must have been bewitched, or something worse.

I spent that, and several succeeding days, in rambling about the village and its beautiful environs, renewing my acquaintance with the murmuring brooks, hoary rocks, and mossy trees, and becoming young again by the associations they inspired. They at least had not changed, and I too fancied myself the same. Ever and anon I caught myself wondering what had become of the old folks I used to see moving about in the village, and the young ones with whom I played my way to school, explored the woods in search of nests, or fished in the clear streams that meandered through the green meadows. Every face, save that of Ellee, seemed that of a perfect stranger, and instead of coming home, I could not help saying to myself, I am alone in the land of my forefathers.

In the midst of these disappointments, however, I could not but acknowledge, that the general aspect of things in and about the village had greatly improved. The men were dressed in broad cloth, instead of homespun, and in garments of a trimmer fashion; the little children had also an air of more smartness, while the women came to the spring for water in great balloon sleeves and prunelle shoes. Occasionally too, I was startled by the apparition of a dandy in a forest of whiskers, flourishing a little whalebone cane, a thing that was never seen in the village during the days of its primeval simplicity. It had now become a regular landing place for a steamboat, and on Sundays most especially, was grievously infested with idlers, carousing at the tavern, or wandering about in search of the picturesque. I was told by one of the villagers, that when the first irruption of these whiskered heroes appeared, a venerable lady was sorely affrighted, and calling to her old black woman, bade her shut the door and windows, for there were several suspicious persons prowling about. The system of farming had also evidently advanced, if one might judge from the aspect of the fields, the dwellings and out-houses. Fields which I remembered to have been covered with rocks, and infested with briars, weeds, and puddles, were now converted into smiling meadows; and old decayed farm-houses, barns, and other appendages, had been replaced by new ones of a superior order. Of a truth, thought I, the world has certainly improved within the last thirty years, and the conviction was not altogether agreeable, seeing I could not flatter myself I had kept pace with my native village, and one does not like to be behind-hand with all around.

Accordingly, I bestirred myself to discover if there were no drawbacks on this vast improvement in outward appearances, and my mortified feelings were soon soothed in the limbo of vanity by various little indications of degeneracy. I had not been at home a week, before a little store was broke open and robbed, a thing that had never happened within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. I also noticed, that the villagers and country far-

mers never left their clothes hanging on the line at night, as they were wont to do in past times, and always carefully shut their windows, and locked the doors, before they went to bed. These were substantial convictions to a man who had stoutly maintained that, notwithstanding all its brags, the world had been fast degenerating ever since he began to go downhill himself. Few but those in my situation, can imagine the chuckling delight I felt, when one day a lusty farmer of the neighborhood, who had built to himself the finest house and largest barn in ten miles round, actually came to me to borrow money. I am inclined to believe that it was with some little degree of malice that I drew him into an exposition of his case, and learned that all his improvements were made with money borrowed from a little pestilent bank, to which he had given his note, backed by a mortgage on his farm. This little nuisance was fast exchanging its paper money for the solid capital of lands and houses, as I learned when having occasion to examine the records of the county. I soon became sensible that the improvements which had given me such a twinge of mortification, were acquired by the sacrifice of independence.

As all citizens of the great Commercial Emporium are reckoned rich by the country people, I had various applications of this kind; for what is called a reaction had commenced, and the little bank had been nearly broke by an unexpected demand for three hundred dollars in specie, made by another little bank in a rival village, just begotten in the hot-bed of speculation. One of these applications was from an honest old farmer, whose orchard I remembered to have robbed in the days of my schoolhood, and I had almost determined to quiet my conscience by making him this tardy reparation. But unluckily for himself and my conscience, I one day met three of his strapping daughters, trudging along the road up to their ankles in dust, bedizened out in balloon sleeves, prunelle shoes, satin bonnets with feathers, silk gowns, swelling in all the wasteful redundancy of the fashion, laced silk stockings, and ear-rings dangling down to their shoulders. From that moment I determined not to lend the old man a sou. He is lately dead; his farm has been sold; one of his daughters has made a great match with a sort of half-bred dandy who belongs to the honorable fraternity of loafers, and whose whole estate consists in his wits and his whiskers; the others, I learn, are at service in the neighborhood, and still officiate at the washing tub, in wide sleeves and prunelle shoes.

But the oracle and great man of the village, is one Boss Shirtliff, as he is called by way of eminence, who I soon found had turned the heads of the honest people by a lucky speculation. Boss was a shoemaker by trade, and none of the best, for his reputation was so low in his vocation, that he at length degenerated into a cobbler of old shoes. Few would employ, none trust him, and his word would not have been taken for a self-evident fact. In short, he was reduced to the lowest ebb—he was brought down to a common denominator, and had nothing left to work upon but his wits, and three or four acres of land, on the top of a hill at the outskirts of the village.

Just as he got within one bucket of the bottom of the wheel it took a sudden turn. The little bank was established, and Boss Shirtliff subscribed for a good round

sum in its stock; for the people of the village were not so eager for such fare as they are in the great Commercial Emporium. Boss had not a dollar in the world; but what he wanted in gold he made up in brass; and as there was a snug clause in the bank, expressly calculated for such worthies, he gave his note for the money. This is called "paying in the capital, or securing it to be paid." The little bank commenced operations; the president and cashier made oath to the capital being paid in, or secured to be paid, and the directors and stockholders exerted themselves so successfully in playing on the credulity of the neighborhood, that long before Boss's note became due, he sold his stock at fifteen per cent advance, and thus not only shifted the responsibility, but pocketed some hundreds in the bargain.

He never possessed such a sum before, and as nothing expands a man's views so quickly as money, Boss began to look out for a new speculation. One evening, just at twilight, as he sat under his little cocked-hat piazza, smoking his pipe, he became suddenly inspired with the idea of founding a city. He had offered his four acres for sale, time and oft before, at two hundred dollars, but not a soul would buy. The very next morning after this great conception, he began his operations. He grubbed up his potatoes, exterminated his cabbages, and made a waste of his field, which he forthwith laid out in streets and lots, and announced the founding of a great city, to be forever called New Persepolis. After this he went about among the people, with a series of unanswerable arguments, proving beyond all doubt, that from its central situation, close by the junction of three country roads; its proximity to the river, there being only another village intervening; and the great plenty of excellent stone for building, it was as clear as the sun at noon day, that the city of Persepolis was destined to become a great Emporium. Not content with the present, Boss brought in the future as an auxiliary. He held forth the baits of canals, rail roads, aqueducts, and the whole array of modern improvements, until the imagination of the good people was dazzled, and their understandings utterly confounded in the great vortex of anticipation.

Nothing is more easy than to produce an excitement in a small neighborhood. Nay, experience has demonstrated that it will produce itself, like spontaneous combustion, at certain periodical eras. When the villagers were properly primed and loaded, Boss Shirtliff set up his lots at auction. The auctioneer was a great rogue, and of course understood his business. "Gentlemen," said he, with much candor and suavity, at the same time unrolling a lithographic map—"Gentlemen, here is an opportunity of investing capital, such as does not occur once in a hundred years. Central situation—three roads—excellent navigation—rail road, canal and aqueduct in a year or two, &c. &c. &c. Gentlemen, Lot No. 1, what do you bid?" He then flourished his wooden hammer, looked all around the circle, bowed to every body, and at length pretending to have received a bid, cried out, "fifty dollars—not half its value, gentlemen;" and then he went through a detail of the vast natural advantages of the City of Persepolis. Finally some gudgeon bid five dollars more, and the great bargain was struck down to him in an instant. One fool makes many; the sale was continued; competition increased; Boss Shirtliff's private

agent bid away, until finally a large portion of the lots were sold at one hundred dollars apiece, to persons that had no more money than the Boss when he subscribed for the Bank stock. But they gave their notes, which being endorsed by the founder of Persepolis Junior, were readily discounted by the little Bank. And this great example of Boss Shirtliff is the real parent of all the brood of new cities, which has sprung up, like mushrooms, in a single night, and increases so rapidly, that people of weak apprehensions begin to fear that, in process of time, the whole land will become covered with cities, and none be left for cultivation. Nay, I have heard a very judicious person account for the high price of all our agricultural products, partly from the land having been monopolized by new cities, and partly from the farmers having their heads so full of public improvements, that they leave their farms to take care of themselves.

Be this as it may; from that time the whole village and neighborhood became utterly bedevilled with speculation. Nobody lived for the present; all looked forward to the future value of property, and it came to pass that the despised cobbler became, as I said, the oracle and great man, not only of the village, but all the country round. He had only to purchase a piece of land, and such was the universal opinion of his sagacity, that he could always dispose of it at a great profit. Every body became speculators; you could not see two ragamuffins talking together without being pretty sure they were founding a town. Business was neglected; the lessons of prudence and economy set at naught; all the pursuits of regular industry abandoned; little scurvy towns were projected all around my unlucky native village, all rivals in interest, anxious of each other's insignificance, and all holding out fallacious lures to the cultivators of the land to abandon their useful and wholesome vocation, and come and starve in the happy paradise of speculation. The glory of Boss Shirtliff was finally consummated by his being made President of the little Bank, where he became arbiter of the destinies of thousands of the country people, and cock of the walk in all the promising cities around, the most flourishing of which actually contains a church without pastor or congregation, an academy without any scholars, and a blacksmith's shop built on speculation, at present tenanted by an old sow and pigs. The great struggle at present in these rival seats of empire, is concerning the location of a new church on speculation. They have already five churches among them, not one of which is finished, most of them without congregations, and all destitute of a regular pastor. Industry and economy were no longer the household gods, or rural deities of my native village; all the inhabitants had grown rich in anticipation, and lived as if they were so in reality. The very hives were now only half filled with honey. I more than once detected little knots of bees gathered together in great agitation, and am pretty sure I overheard something that sounded very much like "speculation" in their eager humming.

But enough of querulous complaint—it smacks of old age. During my sojourn, I visited a pair of old uncles, who reside together on a farm a few miles from the village. One of them is a bachelor and blind; the other has a numerous posterity, and both are upwards of fourscore years of age. I used to think it a long

distance when I went over to catch trout in the stream that meanders through their rich meadows, but now it seemed scarcely a span. I found the elder brother in the garden with a long staff and a long beard, and the younger seated in his arm chair, cheerful, contented, and happy. We had an affectionate greeting, and as usual, fell to comparing the present with the past, in which the former suffered pretty considerably.

The great grievance of the old men was the bounty poor house, which had lately been built just on the other side of the stream I mentioned, the worthy tenants of which committed divers petty depredations on the farm. In days of yore, I well remembered there were but two paupers on the town; but now the poor house was filled like a bee hive, only the population was not quite so industrious. But so it is. Paupers ever multiply in proportion to the asylums prepared for them, and there are no more certain means of aggravating poverty than providing for its indiscriminate relief. When I bade them farewell, the blind old man said, "I shall never see you again, my son," for so he always called me; and the elder, who was fourscore and ten, asked me to write his epitaph, adding "For I shall soon die." I gave him my promise, and mean to perform it, for I can give him a good character without inscribing a lie on his tombstone.

From old age to the grave is but a short journey; so I took my way towards the old church, the burial ground of which I entered just at the commencement of the long summer twilight. In rambling about, I soon found what had become of my old friends, Brom Van Houten, Johnny Van Tassell, Jacobus See, and the rest. I was in the midst of them; and the little fat cherubs carved on their headstones, seemed to smile on me, either in welcome or in scorn, as if to intimate that I should soon be among them on my last visit. Here, too, the world had greatly improved, at least in tombstones and epitaphs. On one hand stood an old moss covered dusky red stone, bearing the date of 1656, with a Dutch epitaph, which could do little harm, though for aught I know it might have recorded ever so many lies, for few could now decipher its mouldering legend; on the other, which seemed a sort of *West End* for the dead, more than one white marble tomb of recent date, surrounded by iron gratings, and looking like the title page of an old book, when it was the fashion to make it a sort of index to the whole volume. There were more cardinal virtues inscribed on them than I ever heard of before, and I could not help thinking it was a great pity such excellent people could not live forever as examples to succeeding generations.

Some of them I happened to remember, especially one old rogue, who never did a good deed, or gave his neighbor a kind word in his life, and had got me many a sound threshing, by falsely complaining to the schoolmaster of my having robbed his orchard. He had grown rich by trickery and meanness; and whatever people may say, money is of great value, since it can procure for a rogue a stately tomb and a lying epitaph. Among the ancient Egyptians, it was the custom to call a jury of inquest on the dead, to inquire into their characters; and no one who did not pass this ordeal, was entitled to an honorable funeral, or a posthumous good name. Such a tribunal, thought I, would be no bad thing now-a-days.

While buried in these, and the like reflections, I noticed a meager train advancing into the church yard, bearing a bier, on which a coffin was laid. It was the body of poor Ellee. I had missed him for a few days, and here we met for the last time. They laid the poor lad in his grave, covered it up, and there was an end of him. A couple of pieces of board, one at the head, the other at the feet, are his only memorials; he told no falsehoods while living, and nobody thought it worth their while to tell any about him when dead. His old mother is still alive, the only depository of his memory, the only one that misses the poor, blind, dumb boy. She has found a friend, who lets her want for nothing; but the last tie that bound her to the earth is broken, and now she thinks of nothing but Ellee, and Heaven.

BALLAD.

BY E. A. POE.

The ring is on my hand,
And the wreath is on my brow—
Satins and jewels grand,
And many a rood of land,
Are all at my command,
And I am happy now!

He has loved me long and well,
And, when he breathed his vow,
I felt my bosom swell,
For—the words were his who fell
In the battle down the dell,
And who is happy now!

And he spoke to re-assure me,
And he kissed my pallid brow—
But a reverie came o'er me,
And to the church-yard bore me,
And I sighed to him before me,
"O, I am happy now!"

And thus they said I plighted
An irrevocable vow—
And my friends are all delighted
That his love I have requited—
And my mind is much benighted
If I am not happy now!

Lo! the ring is on my hand,
And the wreath is on my brow—
Satins and jewels grand,
And many a rood of land,
Are all at my command,
And I must be happy now!

I have spoken—I have spoken—
They have registered the vow—
And though my faith be broken,
And though my heart be broken,
Behold the golden token
That proves me happy now!

Would God I could awaken!
For I dream—I know not how!
And my soul is sorely shaken,
Lest an evil step be taken,
And the dead who is forsaken
May not be happy now!

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

Who has not heard of Wolfe's immortal name,
 Whose admirable death deserves its fame?
 And who can paint the glory of the deed
 That won the bright imperishable meed?
 His hosts arrayed on Abram's hallowed height,
 He led them on undaunted to the fight,
 Till, wounded mortally, he slow withdrew,
 Supported to the rear—yet still in view;
 Cheering his men while life ebbed fast away,
 And watching anxiously the doubtful fray:
 At length around a joyful shout arose,
 Announcing Britain's triumph o'er her foes;
 "They fly!" "Who fly?" the dying hero cried:
 "The French." "Now God be praised!" he said—
 and died.

ANGEL VISITS.

Like angel-visits few and far between.

Pleasures of Hope.

This line is often quoted, and deserves to be, for it is very beautiful, and may be very prettily applied, upon occasion, to the visits of some of our earthly friends—especially if they happen to be ladies, who are *quasi* angels of course. It is hardly right, however, that Campbell should run away with all the credit of it, as he usually does, when he has evidently borrowed the thought at least, and indeed almost all the words also, from another poet, or two. Thus, Blair, in his "Grave," has

Visits

Like those of angels, short and far between:

and he appears to have stolen the thing from another poet, a certain John Norris, who lived about two centuries ago, and has this line,

Like angels' visits, short and bright.

Thus, it appears that Blair stole his fancy from Norris—proved particularly by the word "short," the owner's mark upon it—and Campbell (thinking it no harm, I suppose, to steal from a thief—though the law, I believe, is otherwise,) stole his from Blair; proved by the words "far between"—only he has slipped in the word "few" for the word "short," (to disguise the thing a little, or to catch the "apt alliteration" perhaps) though it is highly probable that he had seen the original too, as he has "angel-visits" for "angels' visits," (a very slight alteration indeed,) which is not found in the copy. So he has got the gem by a sort of double larceny; and yet he is admired and applauded for it, as if it were really and fairly all his own.

By the way, the whole of the short stanza in which Norris gives us his line, is very pleasing, and worth quoting. It runs thus:

How fading are the joys we deie upon,
 Like apparitions seen and gone:
 But those which soonest take their flight,
 Are the most exquisite and strong.
 Like angels' visits, short and bright;
 Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

And he gives us the same thought again in his Elegy on his Nicce:

Angels, as 'tis but seldom they appear,
 So neither do they make long stay;
 They do but visit, and away;
 'Tis pain for them to endure our too gross sphere.

A LITERARY MAN.

MR. WHITE,—The manner in which the subjoined Memoir came into my possession is somewhat singular: so much so (I have thought) as to be worthy of recording.

I had taken up my residence for a few weeks at an old fashioned inn, in an old fashioned village, in (as times go) rather an old fashioned state. My object was to enjoy the quiet of the country, and the romantic, though seldom visited and almost unknown, scenery of the vicinity. At the precise time to which I am about to draw your attention, I had been confined to the house for nearly a week, by a most tremendous storm; but the horrors of wet weather in a country inn, have already been so well described by a favorite author, that almost every American is familiar with the peculiar dreariness of such a situation from that source, if not from experience. I had wandered about from room to room, and now stood looking from a window of the bar. It was near nightfall; and the rain poured down in torrents. Every thing looked as desolate and cheerless, both within and without, as it is possible to imagine, and I caught myself giving a yawn of despairing loneliness, so far beyond my capacity, as to cause involuntary weeping, and to render the possibility of ever closing my mouth again without surgical assistance, at least very remote; when, suddenly, the cry of a young negro belonging to the establishment, of "de stage, de stage," arrested my attention. A moment after, the lumbering weekly stage-coach (the only regular means of communication between the inhabitants of this "loop-hole of retreat" and the "Great Babel,") was driven up to the door, and the person, who (as I have every reason to believe) is the author of the following memoir, sprung from the box, where he had been perched along side the driver. His appearance was more like one just "rescued from a watery grave," than that of any other imaginable creature. His dress, I can only say, is described in the curious paper hereto appended, with a most religious regard to truth; a thing, by the way, which he afterward assured me, he had the most unconquerable respect for. I could not avoid being particularly struck with his utter contempt of the raging elements; for, beside the exposed seat he had occupied, he perfectly astonished me, by pausing, in the greatest *sang froid*, immediately under the flood that was pouring off the gutterless eaves of the projecting roof, long enough to make a bow to the landlord, which would have graced a ball-room.

Mine host, (who was a proprietor of the coach,) after returning this salute, and making another, scarcely regarded, to the two passengers who had occupied the inside of the vehicle, and who wisely made the best of their way to a shelter from the storm, then asked the driver why the other gentleman did not get inside; to

which, Coachee, whose dialect proclaimed him a genuine Johnny, made answer in this wise.

"Vy, you see he said as 'ow he vosent no vays pertic'ler, and ven I vent for to go for to h'urgin 'pon 'im the h'unreasonableness h'of the thing, he just said as 'ow I'd h'obleege 'im by drivin' the faster."

"Wheeh thing's bin did," grumblingly interpolated the Irish ostler, as he angrily snatched the reins from the hand of the other, and jerked the horses around toward the stable-yard—"its the way thim nags looks, is a caution to the devil's own stablemin."

The manner in which the driver here grasped his whip, appeared to me to be rather "a caution" to the groom of a far less notable personage; but Paddy was now out of his reach, and his evident intention was arrested by the voice of their common employer, the landlord.

"Whar'd you take that 'ar gentleman up? His name is 'nt on the way-bill, any how."

"Vy, I can't say as 'ow I took 'm hup h'any wheres. He jist jumped on without h'ever my stoppin' the coach at all. It was about the middle of that theer long stretch of voods atwixt 'ere and —. He said as 'ow he'd pay the fare with his bill here, as he 'ad'nt no small change about him. He's a H'English gem'man, howsomever. He knows the wery place I was born in—but he's *very h'eccentric*. Them H'English gentry h'often is so—'alf the time you'd take 'em for no parts of a gem'man whatsomever. But they h'only flams."

"Y—e—s, likely," drawled Boniface in a depreciatory tone.

The publican was rather a shrewd fellow; but he understood not his guest for all that, as you will soon perceive.

I saw nothing of the "H'English gem'man" after this, until about ten o'clock that night, and then it was not without wonder that I did see him. The coach had brought me a package of papers from an attentive friend, as wet as so many rags steeped in water, and the landlord had given me a fire of hissing green wood and a rascally tallow candle, about half as thick as my little finger, in a little old-fashioned silver candlestick, to *enjoy* them by. After the tedious process of carefully unfolding and drying them, they lay scattered about, political and literary, indiscriminately. I was not in the most studious mood imaginable, and I had been carelessly skimming over the short articles, and pretty faithfully intermitting the "lengthy" ones. On looking up suddenly, I was not a little surprised to see the "eccentric" gentleman looking over my shoulder with the most bland smile conceivable. If any thing could add to my astonishment at the visit, it was the simultaneous discovery that he had entered the room, closed the door after him, and walked up to me with such silence that I had not heard a single motion.

"I came in, sir," said he, "to ask pardon—and while I am on that subject, I may as well ask pardon for coming in—ha, ha, ha."

"Sir," said I, rising and frowning, "your visit and your speech are alike to me, perfectly enigmatical."

"Likely, sir," he replied coolly. "The fruit, says Madame Nature, must per force partake of the tree. I am myself a walking enigma—that is, my existence is so very much of a problem, that I really have never yet been able to come at the whys and wherefores of it—he, he, he."

And "he, he, he," echoed I: for despite the fellow's impudence, there was something so irresistibly quizzical in his appearance, and so mirth-provoking was his leer, that the cavalier-air I had assumed melted away before it, notwithstanding my utmost efforts to preserve it. Unfortunately too, his polite bow to the landlord popped into my head at the instant. "You are a literary man, sir," said he, taking off his lump of a hat, and placing it beside a new beaver I had the satisfaction, at that time, of calling my own—"he, he, he; there is something comical in the contrast," he continued, pointing to them, "something comical as well as instructive in it—a lesson both moral and political—the poor *against* the rich—ha, ha, ha. But to business." Here he seated himself, and pulled out the subjoined M.S.

"I say, sir, you are a literary man?"

"Excuse me, sir, if you please," said I, with a deplorable look at the paper he held—"Not so much of a literary man as all that comes to, I do assure you. I have a peculiar—do excuse me, sir—but I protest I have a *very* peculiar antipathy to hearing an author read his own productions. Truly, sir, I mean nothing personal; but pray excuse me." I had spoken truth merely.

"Bravo!" exclaimed my guest, slapping my knee with a familiarity and force nothing but his seemingly uncontrollable feelings on the subject could have excused. And he pitched the M.S. on the table. "Bravo! my *very* dear sir. You despise a literary *trap*, do you? Egad, so do I. It always gives me a cramp. I once fell upon a nest of authors in a garret in New York—poor devils they were indeed, but merry. They always called such a dilemma a *trap*. I see I was not mistaken. You *are* of the literati—a "*true blue*," though a masculine one. I know you by this token. Come, confess it, and shame one of Milton's principal heroes. You like to read your own productions to others as much as you dislike to hear theirs? Come, don't deny it—I put you upon your honor."

"Why—really sir"—answered I slowly—and perceiving by my hesitation that there might be truth in his surmise, or taking that proposition for granted, he changed his chuckling "he, he, he," into a broad horse laugh.

"Haw, haw, haw, haw, haw, haw," vociferated my "eccentric" guest, with, apparently, the most heartfelt delight. And, despite my renewed indignation at his putting me to the test of "honor," I joined in the merry peal with as much zest as himself.

I felt the scene to be past measure ridiculous, and even silly; but to stop laughing was an utter impossibility. The "eccentric" commanded himself first.

"We *now* laugh," said he, suddenly assuming a demureness of phiz, if possible, even more provocative of risibility than either his queer leer or his excessively ludicrous appearance—"We *now* laugh, sir, at our own laughter—not at the cause which first moved us thereto. There is a moral lesson in it—superlatively ridiculous, but instructive—haw, haw, haw, haw."

And superlatively ridiculous it was truly. I felt angry with the fellow, with his intrusion, with his consummate impudence, and with the idea of his making me so completely a fool, and winding my feelings, as it were, around his finger at will; above all, to tacitly acknowledge a fellow-feeling with such a wretch! But if the hero of Milton, to whom he had alluded, had stood

before me, I could not have avoided laughing. I laugh yet, whenever I think of it, and if I live a hundred years, I shall continue to do so. The whole matter was indescribably ludicrous. I am incapable of giving an adequate idea of it, or any thing like it.

"Well, sir," said I, at length, "you have chosen to fix a character upon me, whether correct or not. May I ask what were the sage reasons that led you to the hypothesis, or what the affair, be it as it may, has to do with the interview with which you have honored me?"

"Certainly, sir—that brings me back to the pardon I have to beg of you. I am to blame, perhaps, but I was quite overcome with *ennui* in the coach, and being perplexingly subject to *absence of mind*—I perused your packet of papers. In justice to myself, however," he continued, laying his hand on his heart, "I most positively aver that I more than suspected the contents to be papers, or I could not, possibly, have presumed. For all which, sir, I humbly beg pardon, as I said upon my entrance."

"Upon my discovering you, you mean," returned I, sharply, my anger at his outrageous assurance again preponderating. "I am not aware, sir, of the precise moment of your entrance. As to the packets, however disposed I may be to feel gratified that my papers relieved your '*ennui*,' I must be allowed to express my regret that you chose to saturate them with rain water, to say nothing of your unwelcome inspection of affairs that did not concern you."

He laid his finger on his nose, and appeared to ponder. "Sir," said he, after a pause, and with great gravity, "I may say, *with truth*, (for which I entertain the liveliest regard) that under the circumstances (and the roof of the coach) in which I was placed, that that accident was unavoidable."

"Well, well, sir," said I, peevishly, "to the object of your visit, if you please. I was about retiring for the night."

"Once more, sir, I beg pardon. But to be brief. My object is to get your opinion as to which of the periodicals is most suitable to the decent publication of a gentleman's memoirs. The first chapter of *mine* lies on the table there. Before you decide, I will inform you that I am a little particular. Now, for instance, here is a Gotham, or rather a Gothick weekly." (He put a strong emphasis on the last syllable of the adjective, and took up the paper of which he spoke, as he did so.) Very good print—good paper—long subscription list—and all that—but too ancient, too old fashioned, too Gothick, too anti-modern, by half."

"Really, sir," said I, "you astonish me. That paper is allowed to be one of the most fashionable in the Union!"

"Can't help it, sir. I say its a perfect seventy-sixer. There would manifestly be an impolitic error" (he gave the letter *u* its full sound in the syllable) "to give the publick the horror and terror, as well as the honour of beholding such graphick memoirs in a paper so unpatriotick as to eschew Webster, and yet so pedantick as to spell mirrour without a *u*. Then, sir, here is a monthly from the city of brotherly love—a perfect hoax—a periodical *scrap-book*—'a thing of shreds and patches'—'a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles,' that exists upon *extracts* of all sorts—aye, upon what the proprietors of other works have honestly paid for. Sir,

my original articles would tower above such borrowed plumes, even as——"

But here my critic was interrupted by the clatter of horses, which appeared to be furiously ridden up to the front of the inn. The doors being locked, and the inmates having generally retired, a loud knocking, and a gruff voice boisterously demanding admittance, instantly followed. Suddenly, my "eccentric" companion reached out his hand toward his hat, and, in the act, very awkwardly, as I thought, knocked the candle over, for which, however, he politely apologized. The next moment I heard the key of my door, which I recollected was on the inside, turn in the lock, and presently the voice of my visitor came from the vicinity of a back window.

"My dear sir," said he, "I rely on your promise to send the memoir to a liberal publisher. Assure him I will certainly see his paper, and, if I like his way of *doing a thing into print*, I will send him the future numbers. I wish I had some remembrancer to leave with you, but I have not. It appears to me the air in this room is very close—Phew! I'm almost smothered." Here the window was gently raised.

I was puffing my best at a nearly extinct coal, in order to relight the candle, which I had partially mashed under my foot and picked up. "I made you no promise," said I, angrily—"Nor will I—(puff.) I believe you are a rascal—(puff)—impostor—(puff)."

"Allow me, sir," replied he, with perfect coolness, "to rebuke you. I dislike *epithet* exceedingly. Your last remark is not only uncivil and full of wind, but erroneous in point of fact, as the M.S. will convince you. You will regret your unkindness, I do assure you. Farewell. I am yours in haste."

I had persisted in my endeavors to get a light, thinking it the safest course I could pursue. By the time he finished speaking, I had succeeded. It shed its dull flare on the surrounding walls, and revealed to me—that I was alone.

What I have to communicate in addition, is perhaps not greatly in favor of my quondam visitor. After looking some time, in vain, for the little old fashioned silver candlestick, I stuck the candle (or what was left of it) in the neck of a bottle; and, resolving to see what could be the matter out of doors, where the noise had very much increased, I looked around for my beaver. The lump of felt, latterly worn by the "eccentric" gentleman (my sensitive visitor ought to thank Coachee for that word—it has saved him so much "epithet") was the only thing resembling a hat which was visible. He had undoubtedly made two mistakes in his hurry, in regard to the missing articles. This circumstance, together with the avocation of the strangers who had just arrived, and the inquiries they made, certainly were not calculated to raise the estimate I had formed of his character; but then his great love of truth, his absence of mind, and his *ennui*, were to be thrown into the other scale.

At first I had a mind to fling his M.S. into the fire, as I did the "remembrancer" (to wit, the old hat) he had left me; but a sudden curiosity to read what such a genius would write, determined me otherwise. I must confess I was amused; and though upon the whole I think he did not deserve it, yet, by the time I had finished, I had not only forgiven him, but had set down the balance of *exchange* in his favor.

I now send the M.S. to you, hoping that my choice of a journal will agree with his fastidious and hypercritical notions. You are at liberty, therefore, to publish it with or without this prefatory explanation. I have no doubt, if you should give publicity to his memoir, that he will be as good as his word, and send you others; for he really did appear to be very anxious to get his history before the world.

Yours with great respect,

GLIMPSES INTO THE BIOGRAPHY

OF A NAMELESS TRAVELLER.

CHAP. I.

Interesting particulars concerning the Auto-Biographer—his aspect, appearance, dress, habits, peculiarities, birth, parentage, &c.

Don't quarrel with the title, reader—I say “glimpses,” because, necessarily, the narrative cannot be closely connected. My love of locomotion is such, that I never stay in one place long enough to write more than a sheet full; and having made no minutes of the events of my life, it is impossible I should recollect every thing in its chronological order. Besides this, there are passages in my life which must be suppressed. Honor demands it—and they are as sealed letters, directed to others, in the hands of honest men; in other words, men whose reputation (or, perchance, salaries,) are worth more to them than the chances of a contrary course; for example, the post-office-clerks. These relate to circumstances of an unpleasant nature, immediately concerning myself and divers persons whose names I did not take the pains to inquire; not wishing to intrude upon their privacy farther than absolute business demanded—persons whom I may say I don't know, who don't know me, know very little of me, or know enough of me. This may seem a little mysterious; but I am somewhat unfortunate in my style. I do not think Blair very perspicuous on “perspicuity,” and it is a long time since any other rhetorician has fallen in my way. Besides this, I have never written for the press before; and I almost believe a gentleman from a hot climate (whose name I am averse to dealing lightly with), puts me up to it now; for this idea of giving the world some glimpses into an existence, by no means wasted in idleness, has been running in me so long, and increasing so much, that unless it oozes out somewhere, a congestion might be the consequence. The circumstances of my being much given to taciturnity, and having very few, if any, friends in whom it would be prudent to confide implicitly in a matter of so much consequence to me, as well as other facts too troublesome to mention, comprise the reasons upon which I determined to take this mode of introducing my narrative to notice. The matter of your *paying* for communications, Mr. White, (it may be useless to say,) was far from being the cause of selection of your paper as the vehicle, though, it is true, I have too much respect for the literary character of my country to encourage the periodical clap-traps of non-paying publishers. But, sir, the elevated character of your useful, instructive, entertaining, amusing and widely circulated publication—But this is in bad taste;*

* Very; particularly as the writer did not know what Journal his Memoirs would appear in. —Editor.

suffice it to say, I shall want money bad enough before I call on you.

Knowing the interest in all that concerns even the very appearance of an author, ever felt by readers who properly appreciate a man's productions, and having a singular antipathy almost co-existent with myself, to the prefixure of a beggarly wood-cut portrait at the head of my memoirs (posthumous by half an hour), I shall, merely, by way of appeasing such insatiable curiosity, give a description of my present appearance; but in doing even this, I confess I have to struggle with a modesty, which, if it be not inherent, is of such long standing with me, that despite my efforts to combat the conviction, I strongly doubt the propriety of the measure, even were I certain I should change my dress the next minute.

I am not excessively tall, nor exceedingly short, but of remarkably fair proportions. My exact height I never precisely ascertained, and unfortunately I have no measure with me at present. It is true that an unmannerly fellow, under extremely disagreeable circumstances, once attempted to take my size with some correctness, and moreover, to set it down in some sort of a memorandum book he had with him, but being uninformed that the gratification of his impertinent but singular curiosity could be of use, and not knowing of any natural right a man has to take the dimensions of his fellow man, I persuaded my conscience (it is true, with some difficulty), that there could be no harm in slightly deceiving him, at least until I could consult Paley, or, from other sources, be convinced of the propriety of his conduct. But whether I threw him in a few inches, or exacted them, I have really quite forgotten. Probably it was the former: I am naturally of a liberal disposition, and I recollect I was swelling with indignation at the time. On this point, however, it is utterly impossible to speak with that certainty which it is my wish may characterize every thing I give out for a fact.

I have a fine forehead (i. e. according to my taste in foreheads), rather a penetrating eye, which is apt to glance from side to side with great quickness, but of very benignant expression; and a nose which (if the piece of looking-glass before me is not deceitful) is slightly curved; but whether inward or outward, I protest it might be dangerous to say if this shabby mirror is to be the sole means of ascertaining. Of my complexion, I can speak, without consulting it, with great precision. It varies from pale white to ultra florid, and is very much regulated by my mind. I suppose, therefore, my countenance may, with truth, be said to be expressive. But as I am not, as the reader has perhaps discovered, at all comparable to Lavater as a physiognomist, I may as well leave this perplexing subject, and pass to my dress.

I hate a new coat. It is singular, but I scarcely ever had one on but I felt uneasy in it. The “breaking in” of a new coat, or a new pair of boots (seemingly, as it were, not made for you), is a thing I detest. Yet if one would be decent, one must occasionally submit to it, unless one would wear second-hand clothes. Be that as it may, the coat I wear at present is of genteel black. Through all vicissitudes, a spice of gentility has clung to me “like grim death to a”—&c. (to finish this quotation would be rather Kembleish)—I say the coat I have on is of genteel black, and as threadbare as an author's.

I like it the better for this, because it seems to inspire me to write. The cut of it is *antique*—low collar of diminished velvet, and very long skirts. It is, moreover, susceptible of what your stiff modern coats are not; it buttons up (figuratively speaking) to my teeth, and presses the military stock I wear (chosen for me by one Hobson,) so close about my neck, as nearly to suffocate me. But this keeps the cold from my jaws, which are subject to swelling. My vest, like my shirt-collar—but as these are not *seen*, and therefore properly constitute no part of my *appearance*, it is useless to append a long tale thereto. I dislike superfluities, and would willingly rid any person of them.

My pantaloons might be termed "tights"—that is, they sit snugly to the person—and are, like my coat, of author-like black. Whose measure the incarnate tailor ("infernal" is a despicably common-place epithet when applied to a tailor, besides the profanity of it)—Whose measure he cut them after, I say, I know not; but that it was not mine, I think I would be willing to be qualified. However, as mistakes are not crimes, and as I have no earthly doubt that in this case the *will* to injure me was wanting, I suppose the law would clear poor Snip in a criminal prosecution. In a civil suit, there would be more difficulty; or, to speak more professionally, a difficulty *might* be raised, particularly if the *title* were to be tried. That is somewhat obscure, as, if it please the court, I will convince your worships. The case stands thus: In regard to the said pantaloons, I held myself to be tenant in *special tail*, until they were *rented* by some "envious Casca," which was done without any *letting* by me. This convinced me that my first hypothesis was erroneous; for it appeared that the tail was *general* and not *special*, or that I was only tenant in *common* with the other sons of A. (Adam) since the late connection: however, between the said pantaloons and the aforesaid coat, the *flaw*, as your worships may perceive, is *aided*, if not *cured*, by the *coverture*. Observe herein two things—the *curtesy* of the coat, and the *docking* of the entail.

But a truce to this law lingo. I am almost sorry I ever picked it up. Indeed, in half the profession, it only teaches a vile habit of punning. The effect upon mere dabblers is awful. Every one knows punning is the meanest kind of wit. But appropos of the pantaloons—they are not without their merits. They show off my proportions (which I observed were fair,) with the plain, honest exactitude of the garments of "a by-gone, a less fastidious, and a better age." They, however, have their faults. They, as well as the sleeves of my coat, as a lamented friend, lately deceased, (*civilliter mortuus*, as the accursed lawyers have it), used dryly to observe, "make up in shortness what they want in width." Nevertheless, as my feet do not appear overgrown in the boots I have at present the pleasure of occupying, and my hands are rather remarkable (though I say it) for beauty, for their perfect symmetry, their feminine softness, and very long, gracefully tapered fingers, excessive contrast is thereby avoided, and I pass in a crowd (which of all things I desire, the distinction of my ancestry being glory enough for me,) without particular observation.

If there is any thing I utterly abominate, it is mawkishness; wherefore I have given the above description with exact and equal truth: those things which, in the

eyes of some, would militate against me, as well as those which, in the estimation of all, must necessarily tend to quite a contrary result. I have thus, I trust, steered a straight course between overweening vanity and false shame. I really am proud of my proportions—particularly my hand; but it must be confessed, I am a little old-fashioned in my dress. To the latter fact it should be added, in justice to the world, that there are plenty of garments of more modern cut perfectly accessible to me; and by the way, I really must take the first opportunity of getting a new hat. This one is unpleasantly diminutive, and has a dent in it which all the newspapers I can crowd into it will not straighten. It is absolutely too bad in me to be so utterly careless of my appearance, merely because I have resolved to *author* it a little. It amounts to a practical sarcasm on the poor-devil profession, which I certainly did not seriously intend.

I am of a great family, and the blood which flows in my veins came to me through many distinguished ancestors. The reader will take these terms as embracing rather more than the usual acceptation of them. To explain—The word "great," as I understand it, includes comprehensiveness; and by "distinguished," I mean that, in addition to the usual meaning of the word, my ancestors were easily distinguished from each other, as well as from the rest of the world. I am, as it were, a cosmopolite *by birth*. To illustrate—My grandfather on the side of the father was an Irishman. Ditto on the side of the mother, a Frenchman. The two immigrated into this country about the same time; the Irishman straggling into a German settlement, and the Frenchman into a Scotch, and severally marrying German and Scotch wives. Well, after this, my French grandfather, for some reason which does not appear in the family record—though, for aught I know, it may be in some of the public ones (the family being, as I said, distinguished)—went to England where my honored mother had the felicity to be born. Grandfather Irish remained here; the result of which was—my father. By the time the latter personage had grown up, an American, grandfather French, with his Scotch wife and English daughter, returned to the land of his first adoption. Next came the—the (there is a hole in the ballet here)—the—courtship of my honored parents. This is very painful; nothing but my constitutional love of truth urges me on. Blessed be their memories—for their union (if union it might be called) was not.

Was that a tear? Pshaw! the coloring of this old rag of a Madrass handkerchief did but make my eye water. How my temples throb! I press my hand upon them—and I feel—Feel did I say? Ah, yes—and that brings me back to myself and my narrative. I feel under these long, slender fingers, this "bump of acquisitiveness," as the phrenologists call it, which was occasioned in my infancy, by the breaking of a broomstick across my "dear little scalp," as Miss English called it. Peace to thy ashes, dearest mother! Let not thy spirit be troubled! I freely forgive thee—for I am satisfied, and ever have been, that the blow was aimed at father, not at me.

Let no ultra-republican affirm that there is nothing in ancestry—nothing in blood—or, "I fling foul dishonor on the star-spangled banner" (in Irish). I know there is: there are times when the Irish, the French, the Scotch, the German, or the English, possess my soul

fully; insomuch that I speak *American* with the *brogue* of one or the other of them in spite of my teeth. Nay, even the fearful experiment of cuffing and kicking the propensity out of me, in the most ungentle manner imaginable (I reason *a posteriori*), has been tried in vain. The deluded wretches who did it, did but cuff and kick *Fate*—not me; for until the spell of the departed spirit had ceased, not even a groan did I utter in my native tongue. If it be not so, why is it that I am thus forced to be “every thing by turns and nothing long?” Why is it that I never could be beaten into a knowledge of Latin and Greek at school, whereas the said *brogues* are as natural to me as life itself? The force of circumstances, you say? Pooh! Force of fiddlesticks. That’s an exploded doctrine. It was forgotten at the same time with Mr. Owen, only to be revived by his posthumous works. “The evil that men do lives after them.” Strange, that a man must die before he can be fairly celebrated! Yet so it is, and no man feels its truth more than myself.

Adieu—I will write another number from some other place. A secret voice seems to tell me I have been here long enough. What a strange piece of work is man! Whence comes these undefined and undefinable impulses, softly stealing upon the soul, which, why we know not, we dare not disobey? Ah, Destiny, Destiny, how sure are thy very uncertainties! Gracious Heaven! How have I gazed at midnight on the eternal stars—But I am running into the philosophy of romance—“*Bulwerizing*,” I think they call it. Adieu.

THE LEARNED LANGUAGES.

NO. II.

A Reply to a Writer in the Messenger for October.

MR. T. W. WHITE:

Sir,—On this long-mooted point, there are three different parties, whose opinions are greatly at variance. The first maintains the idea that this study is essential, not only to cultivate the understanding, refine the taste, expand and liberalize the heart, and impress the mind with a bold and daring spirit of liberty, but, *mirabile dictu*, to the perfect understanding of the vernacular tongue!

The theory of the second is, that although this study is not only ornamental and useful, but absolutely necessary, to those young men who are intended for the learned professions; and further, that it ought to form part of the education of those whose fortunes afford a rational prospect of being secured from a dependance on trade or business for a support; yet that to those likely to be dependent on either, and who have no chance of a collegiate education, it is a miserable waste of time to attempt to learn both, or, indeed, either of those languages, on the scale, and at the expense of time and labor that are bestowed on them in grammar schools—that is to say, an application of three or four years, committing long Latin passages to memory, and writing themes.

The third party is opposed to the study altogether; principally on account of the demoralizing tendency of the libidinous and profligate career of the various personages of the heathen mythology, from the imperial Jupiter, to the filthy Priapus.

To the first class belongs your correspondent.

Of the second, to which I profess to belong, the great leaders are the Editors of the Edinburgh Review.

And, unless my memory deceive me, Dr. Rush was a conspicuous leader of the third.

The first and third are antipodes to each other—and I trust that in this case, as, indeed, in almost every other, the old motto, “*In medio tutissimus ibis*,” will be found to be the dictate of reason and common sense. Ultraism is rarely correct.

Before I enter on the discussion of the subject generally, I must enter my protest against the assumption of your correspondent, that the party to which I am attached, is altogether hostile to the study of the learned languages. This is a grievous error. We only war against the deplorable waste of the time of those who spend invaluable years in studies which, in after life, are of no use to them whatever, and which prevent the acquisition of knowledge of practical and every day utility.

It would throw great light on this subject, had we any means of ascertaining—but there are none—how many scholars are in the grammar schools in the United States. I will assume three hundred and fifty thousand. Whether this number be too few or too many, does not materially affect the discussion. By a statement in the American Almanack for 1836, it appears that there are in the Union nearly seventy colleges, which contain about five or six thousand students. Hence it appears, if my assumption as to the number of lads in grammar schools be correct, that there are above three hundred and forty thousand of the youth of the country who irrecoverably spend three or four years of their precious time in studies, in which, after all their labor, they are miserably imperfect, and which, even if they were perfect in them, would be of use to few of them—and to all would inevitably consume time which might be incomparably better employed in the attainment of practical sciences.

The great and radical error of the prevailing system, on which I descanted in my former number is, that those languages are studied as if they were to be familiarly written or spoken; whereas, there is not one in a thousand of those who study them that ever has occasion to do either. The capacity of reading them is all that is required.

We will suppose that youth enter the grammar schools at seven, and go to trades or business at fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen, continuing in school seven, eight, or nine years. It is presumable that, previous to their entrance, they have learned to read and write, and have acquired a tolerable proficiency in arithmetic, perhaps a little geography and history; but it must be a slender stock. Let us then see how they generally employ the invaluable years spent at the grammar schools, according to the most approved method of the present day.

One of the principal objects of their attention at these schools, is the study of the learned languages, to which three, and sometimes four vexatious years are devoted; besides these, they have to acquire history, geography, chronology, mathematics, portions of natural philosophy, the rudiments of chemistry, &c. &c. Of the time devoted to the languages, a year at least, often a year and a half, and sometimes two years, are monopolized by the study of the Latin Grammar—and as much more in writing themes, and committing

portions of the poets to memory—employments to the last degree irksome, and even disgusting to the buoyant spirit of those on whom the tasks are inflicted.

It must be obvious that the time thus employed on acquisitions which must at best be superficial, and wholly unlikely to be useful in after life to men of business and tradesmen, makes a fearful inroad on the time to be devoted to acquire the sciences enumerated, most of which are of every day use in society. I put the question to the sober, good sense of an enlightened nation, whether the knowledge of words, which is nearly all that is acquired by *that degree* of Latin and Greek attained in a common grammar school, can compensate for the loss of the extended knowledge of science that might and would be acquired in the time devoted to those languages, when studied there. For one case in which the latter would be either useful or ornamental in the progress through society, there are twenty in which the others would be both useful and ornamental.

I now sum up the objections to the prevailing system in few words—and let it never be forgotten, that these objections apply to those only who are destined to seek a support in trades or business. I repeat this declaration, in order to guard against the error to which I have referred, whereby those who wish for a change are charged with hostility to the study of the languages altogether.

1. The knowledge of the Latin and Greek tongues, acquired at grammar schools, by those who do not receive a collegiate education is, to the last degree, superficial.

2. Even if otherwise, it would not be of as much use to farmers, mechanics, or manufacturers, &c. as a thorough knowledge of any one of the practical sciences.

3. The time spent at grammar schools, is far too limited to acquire those languages, and the great variety of practical sciences, not merely useful, but many of them indispensably necessary in the progress through life.

I now, with all due respect, venture to offer a course of grammar school education, not liable to the objections which lie against the usual one—a course which unites the *utile* with the *dulci*—a course by which intelligent lads may acquire enough of Latin to be able, at all times, to read Latin authors with tolerable facility—a course, in a word, which may be universally pursued with all the scholars in grammar schools who display a respectable degree of capacity, and thus, instead of excluding the Latin altogether, the knowledge of it may be rendered incomparably more extensive than it is by the present mode.

Let a lad, on his entrance, commence at once the study of Clarke's *Æsop*, in Latin and English, of which I am persuaded he can go through, after a week, one fable easily per day, first rendering the Latin into English, and then the latter into the former. The alternation of the Roman and Italic characters affords a great facility in this study. To *Æsop* let Cordery, Erasmus, Eutropius, and Justin succeed. A year, or a year and a half thus employed, will furnish him with a stock of words larger than, or at least as large as, that acquired in the common mode. Thus those years at present devoted to the painful study of grammar, and writing Latin themes, will be employed in the pleasant study of books, level to the capacity of the young, and containing useful instruction and information.

Simultaneously with this, let him gradually commit

to memory the declensions of nouns and conjugations of regular verbs. A week with a lad of tolerable capacity, would suffice for each of the first, and two for each of the latter.

Of the practicability of this scheme, all doubts are set aside by the conclusive fact, to which I referred in my former Number, recorded by the unimpeachable authority of John Locke, of a child taught the Latin language, in this mode, by his mother. One strong fact, thus authenticated, would outweigh a folio volume of opposing declamation. I beg some parents, who set a proper value on the time of their children, to try the experiment for a month, and let the system stand or fall by its success or failure.

The Latin being the parent of the languages of the south of Europe, after the course of that language is completed, a year or two devoted industriously to the French, and the same to the Spanish,* would insure a competent knowledge of those languages for common purposes.

History and Geography might advantageously go on moderately, *pari passu*, with the study of these three languages.

This would bring the student to his eleventh or twelfth year, when his faculties would be considerably matured, and fitted for the abstruse studies of the mathematics, natural philosophy, &c. &c.

It may be thought that this plan militates with the objections made to the study of the learned languages in my last. By no means. The objections were to the irreparable waste of time in the common mode of teaching them.

Those lads intended for college, would find it necessary to devote two years, towards the close of their career, in grammar schools, to improve in the Latin, and to acquire a sufficient knowledge of the Greek to satisfy the collegiate requisitions. The plan proposed for adoption, at the commencement of their career, with respect to the Latin, would greatly facilitate their progress at its close.

It forms no part of my views to propose any plan for the study of the sciences, after the languages are acquired. That must be left to the discretion of the preceptor.

I may resume the subject, and discuss the arguments of your correspondent, which I have purposely forborne to touch on at present.

M. CAREY.

Philadelphia, Dec. 29th, 1836.

P. S. The Newbern Spectator thus conclusively reasons on the essay of your correspondent:

"We notice in the Southern Literary Messenger an essay on the Learned Languages, by one of the Professors, at Chapel Hill, which will well repay a perusal, on account of the scholastic ingenuity and the beauty of its style. The essay is in reply to some remarks from the pen of Mr. Carey, which we published a month or two ago; and we will say for the author, that he has done all that can be done to invalidate Mr. Carey's objections to the dead language mania which pervades our country. Notwithstanding this, we must candidly say that he has failed to convince us that Mr. Carey's opinions are incorrect. One great, indeed the greatest objection to the general study of Latin and Greek is, that not one

*The idea of studying the French and Spanish, at this early period, is borrowed from an excellent plan of education submitted to the Girard College, by David McClure, Esq., which is worthy of universal adoption.

out of ten who study those languages at our schools and colleges, acquires even a tolerable knowledge of them; and five out of those ten are, in a year or two after they leave college, almost as ignorant of even the rudiments of those languages, as if they had never seen a book containing them. This would deter a wise parent from wasting six or eight year's of his son's early life in so fruitless an attempt, unless he has indubitable evidence of that son's ability and disposition to study. This assertion of deficiency, discouraging as it may appear, is by no means exaggerated. Indeed we have seen professors of these languages, men who lived by teaching them, stumble and blunder over the commonest sentences of Latin and Greek, like a boy over his first school exercise. We have not only seen such, but we can produce them, together with graduates by the dozen who do not even pretend to be conversant with the dead languages. *Mathew Carey is right*, there is no question of it; and in nine cases out of ten, the time spent on Latin and Greek by the boys in this country, might be more, much more, profitably employed."

ARTHUR GORDON PYM.

NO I.

My name is Arthur Gordon Pym. My father was a respectable trader in sea-stores at Nantucket, where I was born. My maternal grandfather was an attorney in good practice. He was fortunate in every thing, and had speculated very successfully in stocks of the Edgerton New-Bank, as it was formerly called. By these and other means, he had managed to lay by a tolerable sum of money. He was more attached to myself, I believe, than to any other person in the world, and I expected to inherit the most of his property at his death. He sent me, at six years of age, to the school of old Mr. Ricketts, a gentleman with only one arm, and of eccentric manners—he is well known to almost every person who has visited New Bedford. I staid at his school until I was fourteen, when I left him for Mr. E. Ronald's Academy on the hill. Here I became intimate with the son of Mr. Barnard, a sea-captain, who generally sailed in the employ of Lloyd and Vredenburg—Mr. Barnard is also very well known in New Bedford, and has many relations, I am certain, in Edgerton. His son was named Augustus, and he was nearly two years older than myself. He had been on a whaling voyage with his father in the John Donaldson, and was always talking to me of his adventures in the South Pacific Ocean. I used frequently to go home with him and remain all day, and sometimes all night. We occupied the same bed, and he would be sure to keep me awake until almost light, telling me stories of the natives of the island of Tinian, and other places he had visited in his travels. At last I could not help being interested in what he said, and by degrees I felt the greatest desire to go to sea. I owned a sail-boat called the *Ariel*, and worth about seventy-five dollars. She had a half-deck or cuddy, and was rigged sloop-fashion—I forget her tonnage, but she would hold ten persons without much crowding. In this boat we were in the habit of going on some of the maddest freaks in the world: and, when I now think of them, it appears to me a thousand wonders that I am alive to-day.

One night there was a party at Mr. Barnard's, and both Augustus and myself were not a little intoxicated towards the close of it. As usual, in such cases, I took part of his bed in preference to going home. He

went to sleep, as I thought, very quietly, (it being near one when the party broke up,) and without saying a word on his favorite topic. It might have been half an hour from the time of our getting in bed, and I was just about falling into a doze, when he suddenly started up, and swore with a terrible oath that he would not go to sleep for any Arthur Pym in Christendom, when there was so glorious a breeze from the south-west. I never was so astonished in my life, not knowing what he intended, and thinking that the wines and liquors he had drunk had set him entirely beside himself. He proceeded to talk very coolly, however; saying he knew that I supposed him intoxicated, but that he was never more sober in his life. He was only tired, he added, of lying in bed on such a fine night like a dog, and was determined to get up and dress, and go out on a frolic with the boat. I can hardly tell what possessed me, but the words were no sooner out of his mouth than I felt a thrill of the greatest excitement and pleasure, and thought his mad idea one of the most delightful and most reasonable things in the world. It was blowing almost a gale, and the weather was very cold—it being late in October. I sprang out of bed, nevertheless, in a kind of ecstasy, and told him I was quite as brave as himself, and quite as tired as he was of lying in bed like a dog, and quite as ready for any fun or frolic as any Augustus Barnard in Nantucket.

We lost no time in getting on our clothes and hurrying down to the boat. She was lying at the old decayed wharf by the lumber yard of Pankey & Co. and almost thumping her sides out against the rough logs. Augustus got into her and bailed her, for she was nearly half full of water. This being done, we hoisted jib and mainsail, kept full, and started boldly out to sea.

The wind, as I before said, blew freshly from the south-west. The night was very clear and cold. Augustus had taken the helm, and I stationed myself by the mast, on the deck of the cuddy. We flew along at a great rate—neither of us having said a word since casting loose from the wharf. I now asked my companion what course he intended to steer, and what time he thought it probable we should get back. He whistled for a few minutes, and then said crustily, "I am going to sea—you may go home if you think proper." Turning my eyes upon him, I perceived at once, that in spite of his assumed *nonchalance*, he was greatly agitated. I could see him distinctly by the light of the moon—his face was paler than any marble, and his hand shook so excessively, that he could scarcely retain hold of the tiller. I found that something had gone wrong, and became seriously alarmed. At this period I knew little about the management of a boat, and was now depending entirely upon the nautical skill of my friend. The wind too had suddenly increased, as we were fast getting out of the lee of the land—still I was ashamed to betray any trepidation, and for almost half an hour maintained a resolute silence. I could stand it no longer, however, and spoke to Augustus about the propriety of turning back. As before, it was nearly a minute before he made answer, or took any notice of my suggestion. "By and bye," said he at length—"time enough—home by and bye." I had expected a similar reply, but there was something in the tone of these words which filled me with an indescribable feeling of dread. I again looked at the speaker

attentively. His lips were perfectly livid, and his knees shook so violently together, that he seemed scarcely able to stand. "For God's sake, Augustus," I screamed, now heartily frightened, "what ails you?—what is the matter?—what *are* you going to do?" "Matter!" he stammered in the greatest apparent surprise, letting go the tiller at the same moment, and falling forward into the bottom of the boat—"matter!—why, nothing is the—matter—going home—d—d—don't you see?" The whole truth now flashed upon me. I flew to him and raised him up. He was drunk—beastly drunk—he could no longer either stand, speak, or see. His eyes were perfectly glazed, and as I let him go in the extremity of my despair, he rolled like a mere log into the bilge-water from which I had lifted him. It was evident that, during the evening, he had drunk far more than I had suspected, and that his conduct in bed had been the result of a highly concentrated state of intoxication—a state which, like madness, frequently enables the victim to imitate the outward demeanor of one in perfect possession of his senses. The coolness of the night air, however, had had its usual effect—the mental energy began to yield before its influence—and the confused perception which he no doubt then had of his perilous situation, had assisted in hastening the catastrophe. He was now thoroughly insensible, and there was no probability that he would be otherwise for many hours.

It is hardly possible to conceive the extremity of my terror. The fumes of the wine lately taken had evaporated, leaving me doubly timid and irresolute. I knew that I was altogether incapable of managing the boat, and that a fierce wind and strong ebb tide were hurrying us to destruction. A storm was evidently gathering behind us; we had neither compass nor provisions; and it was clear that, if we held our present course, we should be out of sight of land before day-break. These thoughts, with a crowd of others equally fearful, flashed through my mind with a bewildering rapidity, and for some moments paralyzed me beyond the possibility of making any exertion. The boat was going through the water at a terrible rate—full before the wind—no reef in either jib or mainsail—running her bows completely under the foam. It was a thousand wonders she did not broach to; Augustus having let go the tiller, as I said before, and I being too much agitated to think of taking it myself. By good luck, however, she kept steady; and, gradually, I recovered some degree of presence of mind. Still the wind was increasing fearfully, and whenever we rose from a plunge forward, the sea behind fell combing over our counter, and deluged us with water. I was so utterly benumbed, too, in every limb, as to be nearly unconscious of sensation. At length I summoned up the resolution of despair, and, rushing to the mainsail, let it go by the run. As might have been expected, it flew over the bows, and, getting drenched with water, carried away the mast short off by the board. This latter accident alone saved me from instant destruction. Under the jib only, I now boomed along before the wind, shipping heavy seas occasionally over the counter, but relieved from the terror of immediate death. I took the helm, and breathed with greater freedom, as I found that there yet remained to us a chance of ultimate escape. Augustus still lay senseless in the bottom of the boat, and as there was imminent danger of his drowning,

(the water being nearly a foot deep just where he fell) I contrived to raise him partially up, and keep him in a sitting position, by passing a rope round his waist, and lashing it to a ring-bolt in the deck of the cuddy. Having thus arranged every thing as well as I could in my chilled and agitated condition, I recommended myself to God, and made up my mind to bear whatever might happen with all the fortitude in my power.

Hardly had I come to this resolution, when, suddenly, a loud and long scream or yell, as if from the throats of a thousand demons, seemed to pervade the whole atmosphere around and above the boat. Never while I live shall I forget the intense agony of terror I experienced at that moment. My hair stood erect on my head—I felt the blood congealing in my veins—my heart ceased utterly to beat, and without having once raised my eyes to learn the source of my alarm, I tumbled headlong and insensible upon the body of my fallen companion.

I found myself, upon reviving, in the cabin of a large whaling-ship (the *Penguin*) bound to Nantucket. Several persons were standing over me, and Augustus, paler than death, was busily occupied in chafing my hands. Upon seeing me open my eyes, his exclamations of gratitude and joy excited alternate laughter and tears from the rough looking personages who were present. The mystery of our being in existence was now soon explained. We had been run down by the whaling-ship, which was close hauled, beating up to Nantucket with every sail she could venture to set, and consequently running almost at right angles to our own course. Several men were on the look out forward, but did not perceive our boat until it was an impossibility to avoid coming in contact—their shouts of warning upon seeing us were what so terribly alarmed me. The huge ship, I was told, rode immediately over us with as much ease as our own little vessel would have passed over a feather, and without the least perceptible impediment to her progress. Not a scream arose from the deck of the victim—there was a slight grating sound to be heard mingling with the roar of wind and water, as the frail bark which was swallowed up, rubbed, for a moment, along the keel of her destroyer—but this was all. Thinking our boat (which it will be remembered was dismasted) some mere shell cut adrift as useless, the captain (Captain E. T. V. Block of New London) was for proceeding on his course without troubling himself farther about the matter. Luckily, there were two of the look out who swore positively to having seen some person at our helm, and represented the possibility of yet saving him. A discussion ensued, when Block grew angry, and after a while said that "it was no business of his to be eternally watching for egg-shells, that the ship should *not* put about for any such nonsense, and if there was a man run down, it was nobody's fault but his own—he might drown and be d—d," or some language to that effect. Henderson, the first mate, now took the matter up, being justly indignant, as well as the whole ship's crew, at a speech evincing so base a degree of heartless atrocity. He spoke plainly, seeing himself upheld by the men, told the captain he considered him a fit subject for the gallows, and that he would disobey his orders if he were hung for it the moment he set his foot on shore. He strode aft, jostling Block (who turned very pale and made no answer) on

one side, and, seizing the helm, gave the word in a firm voice, *Hard-a-lee!* The men flew to their posts, and the ship went cleverly about. All this had occupied nearly five minutes, and it was supposed to be hardly within the bounds of possibility that any individual could be saved—allowing any to have been on board the boat. Yet as the reader has seen, both Augustus and myself were rescued; and our deliverance seemed to have been brought about by two of those almost inconceivable pieces of good fortune which are attributed by the wise and pious to the special interference of Providence.

While the ship was yet in stays the mate lowered the jolly-boat and jumped into her with the very two men, I believe, who spoke up as having seen me at the helm. They had just left the lee of the vessel (the moon still shining brightly) when she made a long and heavy roll to windward, and Henderson, at the same moment, starting up in his seat, bawled out to his crew to *back water*. He would say nothing else—repeating his cry impatiently, *back water! back water!* The men put back as speedily as possible; but by this time the ship had gone round, and gotten fully under headway, although all hands on board were making great exertions to take in sail. In despite of the danger of the attempt, the mate clung to the main-chains as soon as they came within his reach. Another huge lurch now brought the starboard side of the vessel out of water nearly as far as her keel, when the cause of his anxiety was rendered obvious enough. The body of a man was seen to be affixed in the most singular manner to the smooth and shining bottom, (the Penguin was coppered and copper-fastened) and beating violently against it with every movement of the hull. After several ineffectual efforts, made during the lurches of the ship, and at the imminent risk of swamping the boat, I was finally disengaged from my perilous situation and taken on board—for the body proved to be my own. It appeared that, one of the timber-bolts having started and broken a passage through the copper, it had arrested my progress as I passed under the ship, and fastened me in so extraordinary a manner to her bottom. The head of the bolt had made its way through the collar of the green baize jacket I had on, and through the back part of my neck, forcing itself out between two sinews and just below the right ear. I was immediately put to bed—although life seemed to be totally extinct. There was no surgeon on board. The captain, however, treated me with every attention—to make amends, I presume, in the eyes of his crew, for his atrocious behavior in the previous portion of the adventure.

In the meantime, Henderson had again put off from the ship, although the wind was now blowing almost a hurricane. He had not been gone many minutes when he fell in with some fragments of our boat, and shortly afterwards one of the men with him asserted that he could distinguish a cry for help at intervals amid the roaring of the tempest. This induced the hardy seamen to persevere in their search for more than half an hour, although repeated signals to return were made them by Captain Block, and although every moment on the water in so frail a boat was fraught to them with the most imminent and deadly peril. Indeed it is nearly impossible to conceive how the small jolly they were in could have escaped destruction for a single instant.

She was built, however, for the whaling service, and was fitted, as I have since had reason to believe, with air-boxes, in the manner of some life-boats used on the coast of Wales.

After searching in vain for about the period of time just mentioned, it was determined to get back to the ship. They had scarcely made this resolve when a feeble cry arose from a dark object which floated rapidly by. They pursued and soon overtook it. It proved to be the entire deck of the Ariel's cuddy. Augustus was struggling near it, apparently in the last agonies. Upon getting hold of him it was found that he was attached by a rope to the floating timber. This rope, it will be remembered, I had myself tied round his waist, and made fast to a ring-bolt, for the purpose of keeping him in an upright position, and my so doing, it appeared, had been ultimately the means of preserving his life. The Ariel was slightly put together, and in going down her frame naturally went to pieces; the deck of the cuddy, as might have been expected, was lifted, by the force of the water rushing in, entirely from the main timbers, and floated (with other fragments no doubt) to the surface—Augustus was buoyed up with it, and thus escaped a terrible death.

It was more than an hour after being taken on board the Penguin before he could give any account of himself, or be made to comprehend the nature of the accident which had befallen our boat. At length he became thoroughly aroused, and spoke much of his sensations while in the water. Upon his first attaining any degree of consciousness, he found himself beneath the surface, whirling round and round with inconceivable rapidity, and with a rope wrapped, in three or four folds, tightly about his neck. In an instant afterwards he felt himself going rapidly upwards, when, his head striking violently against a hard substance, he again relapsed into insensibility. Upon once more reviving he was in fuller possession of his reason—this was still, however, in the greatest degree clouded and confused. He now knew that some accident had occurred, and that he was in the water, although his mouth was above the surface and he could breathe with some freedom. Possibly, at this period, the deck was drifting rapidly before the wind and drawing him after it, as he floated upon his back. Of course, as long as he could have retained this position, it would have been nearly impossible that he should be drowned. Presently a surge threw him directly athwart the deck; and this post he endeavored to maintain, screaming at intervals for help. Just before he was discovered by Mr. Henderson, he had been obliged to relax his hold through exhaustion, and, falling into the sea, had given himself up for lost. During the whole period of his struggles he had not the faintest recollection of the Ariel, nor of any matters in connexion with the source of his disaster. A vague feeling of terror and despair had taken entire possession of his faculties. When he was finally picked up, every power of his mind had failed him; and, as before said, it was nearly an hour after getting on board the Penguin before he became fully aware of his condition. In regard to myself—I was resuscitated from a state bordering very nearly upon death, (and after every other means had been tried in vain for three hours and a half,) by vigorous friction with flannels bathed in hot oil—a proceeding suggested by Augustus. The wound in my neck, although of an

ugly appearance, proved of little real consequence, and I soon recovered from its effects.

The *Penguin* got into port about nine o'clock in the morning, after encountering one of the severest gales ever experienced off Nantucket. Both Augustus and myself managed to appear at Mr. Barnard's in time for breakfast—which, luckily, was somewhat late, owing to the party over night. I suppose all at the table were too much fatigued themselves to notice our jaded appearance—of course, it would not have borne a very rigid scrutiny. Schoolboys, however, can accomplish wonders in the way of deception, and I verily believe not one of our friends in Nantucket had the slightest suspicion that the terrible story told by some sailors in town of their having run down a vessel at sea and drowned some thirty or forty poor devils, had reference either to the *Ariel*, my companion, or myself. We two have since very frequently talked the matter over—but never without a shudder. In one of our conversations, Augustus frankly confessed to me that in his whole life he had at no time experienced so excruciating a sense of dismay, as when on board our little boat he first discovered the extent of his intoxication, and felt himself sinking beneath its influence.

In no affairs of mere prejudice, pro or con, do we deduce inferences with entire certainty even from the most simple data. It might be supposed that a catastrophe such as I have just related, would have effectually cooled my incipient passion for the sea. On the contrary, I never experienced a more ardent longing for the wild adventures incident to the life of a navigator than within a week after our miraculous deliverance. This short period proved amply long enough to erase from my memory the shadows, and bring out in vivid light all the pleasurable exciting points of color, all the picturesqueness, of the late perilous accident. My conversations with Augustus grew daily more frequent and more intensely full of interest. He had a manner of relating his stories of the ocean, (more than one half of which I now suspect to have been sheer fabrications) well adapted to have weight with one of my enthusiastic temperament, and somewhat gloomy although glowing imagination. It is strange too, that he most strongly enlisted my feelings in behalf of the life of a seaman, when he depicted his more terrible moments of suffering and despair. For the bright side of the painting I had a limited sympathy. My visions were of shipwreck and famine; of death or captivity among barbarian hordes; of a long life-time dragged out in sorrow and tears, upon some grey and desolate rock, in an ocean unapproachable and unknown. Such visions or desires—for they amounted to desires—are common, I have been since assured, to the whole numerous race of the melancholy among men—at the time of which I speak I regarded them only as prophetic glimpses of a destiny which I felt myself in a measure bound to fulfil. Augustus thoroughly entered into my state of mind. It is probable indeed that our intimate communion had resulted in a partial interchange of character.

During the three or four months immediately succeeding the period of the *Ariel's* disaster, the firm of Lloyd and Vredenburg (a house connected in some manner with the Messieurs Enderby, I believe, of Liverpool) were engaged in repairing and fitting out the

brig *Grampus* for a whaling voyage. She was an old hulk, and scarcely sea-worthy when all was done to her that could be done. I hardly know why she was chosen in preference to other good vessels belonging to the same owners—but so it was. Mr. Barnard was appointed to command her, and Augustus was going with him. While the brig was getting ready he frequently urged upon me the excellency of the opportunity now offered for indulging my desire of travel. He found me by no means an unwilling listener—yet the matter could not be so easily arranged. My father made no direct opposition; but my mother went into hysterics at the bare mention of the design, and, more than all, my grandfather, from whom I expected much, vowed to cut me off with a shilling if I should ever broach the subject to him again. These difficulties, however, so far from abating my desire, only added fuel to the flame. I determined to go at all hazards, and, having made known my intention to Augustus, we set about arranging a plan by which it might be accomplished. In the meantime I forbore speaking to any of my relations in regard to the voyage, and, as I busied myself ostensibly with my usual studies, it was supposed that I had abandoned the design. I have since frequently examined my conduct on this occasion, with sentiments of displeasure as well as of surprise. The intense hypocrisy I made use of for the furtherance of my project—an hypocrisy pervading every word and action of my life for so long a period of time—could only have been rendered tolerable to myself by the wild and burning expectation with which I looked forward to the fulfilment of my long-cherished visions of travel.

In pursuance of my scheme of deception, I was necessarily obliged to leave much to the management of Augustus, who was employed for the greater part of every day on board the *Grampus*, attending to some arrangements for his father in the cabin and cabin hold. At night, however, we were sure to have a conference and talk over our hopes. After nearly a month passed in this manner without our hitting upon any plan we thought likely to succeed, he told me at last that he had determined upon every thing necessary. I had a relation living in New Bedford, a Mr. Ross, at whose house I was in the habit of spending occasionally two or three weeks at a time. The brig was to sail about the middle of April, (April 1827) and it was agreed that a day or two before her putting to sea, my father was to receive a note, as usual, from Mr. Ross, asking me to come over and spend a fortnight with Robert and Emmet (his sons.) Augustus charged himself with the inditing of this note and getting it delivered. Having set out, as supposed, for New Bedford, I was then to report myself to my companion, who would contrive a hiding place for me in the *Grampus*. This hiding place, he assured me, would be rendered sufficiently comfortable for a residence of many days, during which I was not to make my appearance. When the brig had proceeded so far on her course as to make any turning back a matter out of question, I should then, he said, be formally installed in all the comforts of the cabin, and as to his father he would only laugh heartily at the joke. Vessels enough would be met with by which a letter might be sent home explaining the adventure to my parents.

OUR PORTION.

Behold that which I have seen : it is good and comely for one to eat and to drink, and to enjoy the good of all his labor that he taketh under the sun all the days of his life, which God giveth him : for it is his portion. Every man also to whom God hath given riches and wealth, and hath given him power to eat thereof, and to take his portion, and to rejoice in his labor ; this is the gift of God. For he shall not much remember the days of his life ; because God answereth him in the joy of his heart.

Ecclesiastes v, 18, 19, 20.

A wanderer on a midnight sea,
Denied the polestar's guiding ray,
I know that rocks are on the lee,
That sands and shallows crowd the way ;
And, as the vivid lightning's play,
Bowed by the fury of the blast,
And borne on foam-crowned waves away,
See tattered sail and broken mast.

I see how those who went before
Are dashed against my vessel's side ;
And, loud above the tempest's roar,
I hear a demon's voice deride.
It cries :—" And hast thou then relied
On thine own skill thy bark to steer ?
Ask of those mangled forms a guide :
They've seen and proved the dangers near."

That sea is but the sea of life,
O'er which a polar darkness lours ;
The sands and shoals, the cares and strife
That fill our evil-haunted hours ;
Our passions are the impelling powers
That force us to distraction's rocks ;
Madness, the yawning wave, devours
All whom Despair, the demon, mocks.

He mocks our anguish to renew :
The corpses weltering in the wave
Are those whose tendrils round us grew,
Whose love our lives a pleasure gave.
We saw them once attempt to brave
The ills of life—but all in vain :
We saw them yield ; and could not save :
Despair hath bound them with his chain.

And every pleasure we have known
Resistless fell before his might ;
Like flashing meteors, they shone
To mock us with their blinding light,
And perished like the dreams of night,
That scarce have roused the o'er-labored mind,
When, lo ! we waken in affright
New disappointments still to find.

We seek for honors, wealth, or power,
To lure the weary heart from woe ;
And could they for a transient hour,
How great a debt to them we'd owe.
But we, alas ! must see them go
To those who scarcely tried to gain ;
Or if to us, how soon we know
The trust reposed in them was vain.

We may not conjure from the past
The flattering visions once displayed ;

For Time came on with ruthless haste,
And into air we saw them fade.
We look around us, and, dismayed,
We ask the future of our doom ;
And floating in its dismal shade
We see portentous grave-fires loom.

The demon comes with hellish grin ;
I mark his fiery eye-balls roll ;
He shakes his chain with horrid din ;
His pallid lips this burden troll :—
" Thou'rt mine for aye, poor coward soul !
Thou'rt mine—we ne'er shall part again"—
Ha ! let me drain the poisoned bowl :
With cheerless life I'll end his reign.

Away ! away ! The spell is o'er.—
No more the victim of Despair,
The ills that weakly I deplore,
I'll use my jaded powers to bear.
The vain regrets, the present care,
The shadowings of years to be,
As others have, I'll bravely dare,
With brow erect and spirit free.

Though rent the sail and gone the mast,
A yet unweakened sail I'll bend ;
And, cautioned by the horrors past,
With confidence its folds extend.
Though darkness on the wave descend,
The needle's point I still can view ;
The helm remains a faithful friend ;
My bark is staunch ; my chart is true.

Behold ! the shadows pass away
As, struggling up the clouded east,
Ascends the day-god's cheering ray,
Or widens o'er the ocean's breast.
And now, the raging storm has ceased ;
No more the angry sea winds blow ;
And I, from danger's grasp released,
O'er broader seas direct my prow.

Yet will we drop the sorrowing tear
For those of ardent soul, who fell
Like summer leaves untimely sere,
As round the hearth their tale we tell.
And let us emulously dwell
On theirs, of sturdier minds, who drove
The fiend Despair to distant cell,
And firmly 'gainst life's evils strove.

Though friendships formed without a thought,
Unstable as the cresting foam
Have proved ; the lesson's cheaply bought
That teaches not again to roam
From that endeared and humble home,
Where for our weal fond prayers are said,
Where still the partial friends will come,
Whose kind reproofs we, angered, fled.

If, where excess holds carnival,
How soon the senses pall we've found,
We'll hasten to the ample hall
Where Science sits by Virtue crowned.
There will we learn the laws profound
That govern things, and states, and mind,

And, when eve's shadows gather round,
We'll bow where Poesy's enshrined.

If honors sought invest our heads,
They shall by worthy means be earned;
If competence our tables spreads,
We'll wealth relinquish unconcerned;
And if, in arts or arms well learned,
Our service is by power repaid,
Their bright example who so yearned
Towards Freedom, in past days, shall aid.

But if, adown the humbler path
Of life, with poverty we wend,
We'll seek the bliss contentment hath
And life in healthy labor spend.
And, freemen born, we'll proudly lend
Our suffrage, that in place may stand
The patriots, who can best defend,
And most advance, our native land.

No more we'll mourn the wasted past,
Nor hopes destroyed, nor ripened fear,
That o'er the pallid brow have cast
The furrowed lines that there appear.
Each passing hour will bring us cheer
If rightly we the time employ—
For lo! the bow-spanned arch is clear,
And every breeze is fraught with joy.

And now again, as in the hours
When childhood's guilelessness could find,
Amid envenomed thorns, fair flowers
In depth of darkest woods enshrined,
Well armed to meet, or wisely blind
To what the future hides, we'll seek
For music in the moaning wind,
And beauty in the lightning's streak.

We will admire His power who made;
(His power assures his guardian care.)
Nor from the future turn, afraid
Of ills He bade his creatures bear.
And, haply, we, by ardent prayer,
And sinless heart, and blameless hand,
May doubly triumph o'er despair,
And reach, at last, "the better land."

NITOR.

A LETTER

From the other side of the Atlantic.

BY ROBERT WALSH, Jr.

Paris, — August, —.

MY DEAR W—,

After a passage of twenty-three days, I arrived at Havre in sufficiently good case, though somewhat thinner than when I embarked at New York, an effect of that delightful concomitant of a voyage which the French call "*maladie de mer*," and which they might as truly term "*maladie a mère*." Britannia, as the poor writing master ejaculated, whilst leaning over the sides of the steamer between Dover and Calais, did not *ride* the waves as straight as she might have

done, and caused, in consequence, a good deal of intestine commotion on board of our vessel. I owe the sickness, however, thanks in one respect, for in the outset, whilst I was experiencing the truth of Byron's lines,

It is an awkward sight
To see one's native land receding through
The growing waters; it unmans one quite,
Especially when life is rather new;

and feeling as blue as the waters of the ocean around me, at leaving "friends and sacred home," it completely released me from all such moral sufferings. One is apt to care for little else when revelling in the sensations which the motion of the ship produces. But enough of such reminiscences. *On revient toujours à ses premiers amours*, but not to one's first hates.

After remaining a day in Havre, I set off in the Diligence for Rouen. Being desirous, of course, of seeing the country through which we passed, without imitating the example of great Julius, who, according to the school-boy's translation of the phrase, "*Cæsar venit in Galliam summâ diligentia*,"—came into Gaul "on the summit of the Diligence"—I took my seat in the Caupé, which being open on all sides save the one where it is separated from the *Intérieur*, affords a very good prospect of whatever is to be seen. The road between Havre and Rouen is generally very good. It runs near the river Seine, the banks of which are quite pretty, and through a finely cultivated and tolerably well-wooded region. Some of the views which it presents to the traveller, embracing both sides of the river, are beautiful. The villages situated upon it wear all a squalid, decayed appearance. In all the habitations of the inferior orders of people that I observed scattered about the country or collected together in villages, there is a lamentable want of that air of neatness and comfort which renders the farm-houses and hamlets in England so attractive. One dwelling that we passed was of so unique a character that it deserves to be mentioned; it was constructed entirely out of an immense rock which rested on the side of a high hill, and seemed to possess every requisite for the residence of the poor family by whom it was inhabited. It was rather singular to see smoke curling out of the top of a huge mass of granite, before you came near enough to be aware of its nature. At a short distance from L'Ile-bonne, one of the villages through which we rode, are the moss-covered ruins of a building of Roman date, and of an old feudal chateau that wear a highly impressive and venerable aspect. The sight of these relics of former days constitutes one of the peculiar pleasures of travelling through a country where, for centuries, civilization in a greater or less degree, has exercised sway. The mind contemplates with a species of pensive delight the various monuments of by-gone ages, slowly mouldering into the decay which long since has overtaken the hands by which they were constructed. For the student especially there is something intensely interesting in wandering through regions thus pregnant with historical and romantic recollections, where every antiquated structure, where almost every spot of ground has its own story to tell, and affords food for diversified reflection. How he revels in the idea that he is in a land

Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around,

where he may almost fancy himself treading in the footsteps of men, on whose actions and on whose thoughts he has loved to dwell, and can, as it were, identify them with what he sees! It is this undefinable charm which is thrown around several of the countries of Europe, more than their positive, actual beauty, which renders a tour through them a matter of such exquisite gratification. But the scenes of practical misery which are constantly presented to the eye in France, are too revolting to allow the imagination to indulge in its reveries for any length of time, and constitute a great drawback upon the pleasure arising from a journey through its hallowed and lovely region. Whenever the Diligence stopped, especially if in a village or town, it was immediately surrounded by a host of beggars demanding charity, whose pitiable miserable appearance was enough to sicken the heart. It would be in vain, however, for any other than a Rothschild to attempt to bestow alms, however inconsiderable, upon them all. If a person with a purse of but moderate dimensions were to do it, he would soon be obliged to enroll himself among the mendicant fraternity, and cry out with the rest of them—"Donnez un sous, à un pauvre malheureux, pour l'amour de Dieu et de la Sainte Vierge." But it would be impossible for the most frigid stoic to resist some of the sights of distress which are encountered.

There is one circumstance which at first gives the country of France a somewhat singular aspect to the eye of an American—I mean the want of fences or hedges to separate the fields, &c. from the road,—in consequence of which they are completely open to the depredations of cattle. These gentry cannot certainly be as fond of making inroads upon the property of others in France as they are in America, or they would not be afforded there such facilities for indulging their inclinations as are given them by the want of enclosures. The numerous windmills that he meets, strike him also as adding to the novelty of the surrounding scenery, and give him some opportunity for the exercise of his imagination, by fancying that he beholds the renowned Don shivering his chivalrous lance against one of their arms. And there stands the honest Squire holding the bridle of his donkey, and gazing at the feats of his master with a look of mingled wonder and waggery!

In Rouen I spent a delightful day in looking at the glorious old cathedrals,

Where through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Beyond those venerable structures the place has few attractions; and with Paris in prospect one is not disposed to dilly-dally on the road. It was late in the evening when we reached the great Metropolis, but I did not get to bed before I had strolled up and down the Boulevards in all the ecstasy of admiring astonishment, wondering, à la Yankee Doodle, how I should ever see the town, there were so many houses and people.

The first thing of course that a stranger does in Paris, is to make the round of its "lions," having previously purchased a guide-book, and arranged the most regular process for inspecting them all. After fixing upon the method to be pursued, appropriating certain objects to each day, in order to avoid confusion, he sets out upon his tour with a full resolve to follow his predetermined

plan. But scarcely has he advanced a few steps in the street, before his notice is attracted by something that causes him to linger for awhile. Tearing himself, however, away, he proceeds a little further in his course, when another novelty produces another delay. Again he continues his route, secretly vowing that nothing shall a third time turn him aside from the object he has in view, but again is his attention diverted to what meets his eye. In this manner he goes on; until perhaps he finds himself completely wearied for the day, before he has arrived at the place which it was his intention first to inspect. This happened to me so often in my sight-seeking expeditions, that at length I abandoned all hopes of accomplishing a systematic scrutiny, and permitted myself to wander about without chart or compass in whatever direction I was borne by the varying wind of inclination or chance. "*Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes,*" was the only principle of my ramblings. Indeed it would be next to impossible to have any other in Paris, where at every step so many causes of amusement and interest are encountered, that unless you possess the self-command or apathy of a stoic, it is a matter of as much difficulty for you to keep your "eyes right" as it is for a militia man on his first muster-day. This remark is of course only applicable to pedestrian excursions—in a cabriolet or any other kind of vehicle, temptations to irregularity being much less strong and much less easy to gratify, a methodical course may be pursued. But I must confess that (whenever the state of the weather rendered it possible,) I infinitely preferred trudging along to the employment of a conveyance; and I think it decidedly most advisable for a stranger, who is anxious to gain all the entertainment and instruction he can from his sojourn in Paris, to make use of his legs as much as possible in his peregrinations among its streets. By riding, it is true, he saves a great deal of time and avoids considerable inconvenience of various kinds, but his observations will be comparatively few and superficial, and his sources of amusement much less abundant.

I have said that considerable inconvenience is avoided by riding, and it must be acknowledged that it requires no small portion of patience and self-possession to thread one's way through most of the streets, or rather alleys, of Paris. It is a pity the poet Gay did not write a *Trivium* upon the art of walking in them, as well as in those of London, instead of leaving that theme for "*Gallia's Muse.*" His directions for the comfort of pedestrians in the metropolis of England, are of little use to the tribe, who, in the sister capital, seek

Sweet content on foot,
Wrapt in their virtue, and a good surtout.

Here it is useless to trouble one's self about giving the wall to one person and refusing it to another, or with reflections upon the best means of escaping all annoyances, such as the dirtying of clothes, jostling, and a hundred others, which it would require an iron voice and brazen lungs to enumerate—all minor considerations are merged in the absorbing one of safety. The danger that is incurred from innumerable vehicles in narrow, crowded streets, where there are no side-walks, and where consequently the pedestrian has no appropriate place, is such, that unless the whole attention is devoted to its avoidance accidents must ensue. Wo to

the person who is anxious about the preservation of his coat from the mud and filth of all kinds which are flying about; vanity will as certainly be his ruin as it was that of the frog in the fable. In endeavoring to get out of the way of the mire that is flung from the wheels and "dashing hoofs" of one equipage, he will almost infallibly be run over by another—to use a favorite figure, from the frying pan he will jump into the fire. Our worthy forefathers, it is said, always made their last wills and testaments when they were on the eve of a journey from Philadelphia to New York or Baltimore; and it would appear necessary for persons about to commence the perilous navigation of Parisian streets, to take the same precaution, were it not a fact that few if any accidents occur. I have really been astonished, not only at the dexterity of the natives in dodging, but at that which I myself have acquired after a short noviciate. It eventually becomes so natural to you to hear the rattling of a vehicle at your back, while the heads of a pair of horses are almost in contact with your face, that such a position gives you not the slightest uneasiness.

The stranger, therefore, who resolves upon performing the tour of Paris on foot, must make up his mind to endure a good deal of inconvenience—he must not murmur at frequently finding that

Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,
And mud enwraps the honors of his face,

or at having the soles of his feet somewhat disturbed by the jutting stones over which they must pass; he will be amply compensated. This great advantage he possesses in an immense place like Paris or London, which he does not in our comparatively small American cities, that he may loiter and lounge about the streets as he chooses without attracting observation. Strangers are so numerous there, that the inhabitants are as much accustomed to their habits as to those of each other; but with us a person sauntering up and down, peering into all the windows of shops, stopping to gaze now at this, now at that thing, is quite an object of curiosity.

It is not my intention to trouble you with long descriptions of the edifices, &c. of Paris, of which the length, breadth, height, appearance and character, have been over and over again detailed in every work that has been published concerning that city. You are, doubtless, well aware that the Louvre is a magnificent palace, containing the most extensive, if not the most valuable collection of pictures and statuary in the world, and was formerly the residence of the Kings of France—that their present dwelling is the palace of the Tuileries, a long, irregular edifice, facing a beautiful garden, in which the airy elegance of the parterre is blended with the melancholy loveliness of the grove; the choicest flowers springing up here in rich profusion and arranged with exquisite taste; there long avenues of lofty, spreading trees, whose branches mingling together form a dense mass of foliage alike impervious to the rays of the sun and the waters of the clouds; and in all directions statues of various dimensions and kinds, and basins of crystal transparency glittering with gold fish, on whose surface majestic swans are gliding in all the pride of conscious beauty. You need not be told that in the palace of the Luxembourg, perhaps the most striking edifice of the kind in Paris, there is another

national collection of paintings, though much inferior in size and value to that of the Louvre, and that its garden is equal, if not superior, to the garden of the Tuileries—that the *Palais Royal* was the property of the notorious *Philippe Egalité*, Duke d'Orleans, who sold it to repair his fortunes, shattered by a long course of profligacy and extravagance, and that it is now a splendid bazaar of quadrangular shape, where all the necessities, and almost all the luxuries of life can be obtained—that the other buildings most worthy of admiration, are the *Bourse* or Exchange, an exquisite specimen of chaste architecture; the *Bourbon Palace*, where the Chamber of Deputies hold their sittings; the *Hotel Dieu* or Hospital for invalid and worn out veterans, famous for its gilded dome; the churches of Notre Dame, the Madeline, St. Roc, &c.

You would not care much either, I am sure, for a repetition of the sentimentalism and moralizing of every previous visiter to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where indeed one would be tempted to exclaim, if it were not profanity—"Oh grave where is thy victory—Oh death where is thy sting"—so completely is the tomb divested of its horrors by the loveliness of the spot, and the general appearance of its receptacles for mortal remains—those of the once great ones of this world interred in magnificent mausoleums, those of the humble in graves where the cypress and the choicest flowers planted by the hand of affection, spread around such an air of tranquil, blessed peace, as almost to render repose in them an object of desire. The most interesting monument of course is that of Abelard and Eloisa, which affords romantic young ladies and young gentlemen such a delightful opportunity

To pour
A thousand melodies unheard before :

But by far the most magnificent, is that of the Countess Demidoff, the wife of an immensely wealthy Russian noble, which is a small temple constructed of beautiful Italian marble, and is said to have cost 300,000 francs. Those sepulchres, however, which an American is apt to look upon with the greatest interest, are several which cover the remains of his countrymen, prematurely cut off at a distance from their home. There they lie unheeded except by the traveller from the land of their birth, to whom they afford a melancholy warning that he also, whilst separated from all he holds dear, may be called to extend his wandering into that region from which there is no return.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires,

but theirs was the hard lot to be deprived in their last moments of those consolations, to breathe their last sigh and to close their eyes, like the unfortunate companion of Eneas, in a land of strangers, casting a dying remembrance upon that spot where first they saw the light. I can assure you that I felt very gloomy whilst gazing on their tombs.

But let me quit this grave subject and transport you to a gayer place, the Garden of Plants—the only fixed name of this terrestrial paradise, which, like the tiger that under the Bourbons was dubbed "le grand tigre royal," then, under Buonaparte, "le grand tigre imperial," then again after the restoration of the Bourbons,

"le grand tigre royal," has been successively "le jardin du roi—de l'empereur and du roi, according to the changes undergone by the government. But here again I am at fault to know what to communicate to you, that in all probability you have not read before. Every one must be fully aware that this magnificent spot contains one of the richest collection of flowers and plants in the world—a museum of vast extent—a menagerie and an aviary that seem to contain every beast and bird in creation. The animals are scattered about the Garden in every direction—those of the fiercer kind confined in strong cages, and the gentler species in enclosures—so that in walking about in it you could almost fancy yourself Adam in the Garden of Eden. Of all the creatures in the menagerie, the Giraffe is the one that attracts the most notice, and it is certainly a most singular and beautiful animal. When it first arrived it set all Paris crazy—every thing became à la Giraffe, in the same manner as every thing with us was à La Fayette, after the visit of the illustrious General to our country. With its hinder parts nearly touching the ground, and its head almost brushing the heavens, it would be scarcely too bold a figure to call it an emblem of Fame—"Parva primo, mox sese attollit in auras, ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit." Its skin beautifully spotted, its delicate neck longer than its whole body, its exquisitely formed limbs, combined with its innocent look and unique shape, render it a thing to be gazed upon again and again with renewed gratification.

There is something exceedingly calculated to excite feelings of gloom, in the perambulation of the streets of a great city amidst vast crowds of fellow beings, without seeing among them a single face upon which a look of recognition can be bestowed. If ever I experienced the full power of those malignant fiends that take especial delight in persecuting travellers—blue devils I mean—it was in walking about Paris after my curiosity had been satisfied to such an extent as to allow other feelings to operate. No solitude, it has been justly said, is so dreary as that of a crowd, and I completely realized the truth of the remark when I found myself wandering an isolated being amid the immense multitudes of the Boulevards. How distressingly, likewise, does a stranger, in a population of nearly a million, become impressed with the idea of his individual insignificance! It is when placed in such a position that the lessons of humility sink most deeply in his mind; that he is made most sensible of what inconsiderable importance his existence is in the world—how small a drop he is in the great ocean of life. But it is time to bid you adieu for the present.

NIAGARA.

'Twas Summer, blessed Summer, and the noon's resplendent hour,
The festal time of glory in Niagara's dark bower,
And spirit-forms seem'd gathering, and spirit-voices there
Seem'd echoing through the solitudes, and ringing in the air.

SPIRIT OF THE TORRENT.

I am King! I am King! where the green tide never sleeps,
Where, adown the crescent-rock, the resistless torrent sweeps,
Where billows, from the fathomless and unsearch'd gulph below,
Like an eternal fountain's jet, exhaustless waters throw;
'Tis there I wield my sceptre, and in majesty I reign,
And trembles at my voice of power, Niagara's domain.

SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

Where the bright Bow's radiant flush
Spans the roaring torrents' rush,
Till each changeful, quivering ray
Melts in tintless mist away;
Where the white foam, rising high,
Catches splendor from the sky,
Changing still, and still the same,
Glorious forms without a name;
Where the fragile wild-flow'r springs,
Like a thing with life and wings,
Midway the eternal wall,
That meets the eternal torrents' fall,
And frolics in the wild wind's play,
And spreads its bosom to the spray,
As fearlessly as though it knew
No Muse but Zephyr, Shower and Dew;
Bath'd in light, and throned in air,
Sceptred Genius, I am there;
See my Coronet, and own
I am Queen, and here's my Throne.

SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE.

Rush on, rush wildly on, proud forest-flood!
Leap the bold rocks, rush through the sounding wood;
Your deep-toned voice breaks not my realm's repose,
But o'er my reign, sublime, a solemn grandeur throws.

From shuddering nature's hand, the fearful steep,
Madly ye plung'd, "deep calling unto deep,"
Wildly and loud in my sole listening ear,
While, undisputed King, I fix'd my empire here.

Rush, forest-winds! Fit music for my ear,
The torrent's roar, the wind's deep howlings here;
Meet scenes, meet sounds, grace here my hallowed reign,
Meet Genius I, to rule Niagara's domain.

SPIRIT OF POESY.

There is a world of Glory in this place!
Those massive rocks that meet the torrent's shock,
"So high that they are dreadful;" that bold flood,
Making loud mock, in its eternal roar,
Of Man's weak days and few; this dark-leaved wood,
Prisoning the winds, and that celestial Bow,
Calm o'er the torrent as the summer's twilight
Over the ruin'd world,—O they are vast,
And beautiful as vast. Why wake ye not
To song—rapt song, and melody, my Lyre?
Is there no inspiration in this scene
To move ye to make music? Ah, that dash
Of the full flood, drown'd the poor strain that sought
To find its way from your vibrating chords.

But yet, a loftier strain; let music thrill,
Fitting this glory, from your loudest strings.
Awake! awake!—Ah, there is not a note
But the deep, mingling, sounds of rushing floods,
And howling forest-winds, that gather round
The shuddering strings. Alas, they break! they break!
Be folded, Lyre, to my awe-stricken heart,
And I will gather up your riven threads,
Where nature seem'd to wreath my choicest bower,
And pause, profoundly mute.

SPIRIT OF DEVOTION.

'Tis good to linger here—how bright they be!
These symbols of a present Deity;
They call, like Horeb's sign, to holy fear,
And bid the sandal'd foot approach not near.

When the foundations of that massive wall,
That, ages long, have met the torrent's fall,—
And stem, unmov'd, the torrent's thunderings still,—
Sank to their depths, at God's almighty will;

When the wild floods plung'd as in proud chagrin,
Scorning the barriers that would shut them in,
And Heaven's eternal voice was heard below—
"Thus far, proud waves, nor farther shalt thou go;"—

When, silently, He drew His radiant bow
O'er the dark gulph that madly wrought below,—
A beauteous arch, where angel-forms might lean,
And view the wonders of the glorious scene;

Then, when the morning stars together sang,
And Heaven's blue vault with joyous shoutings rang,
My gentle sceptre sway'd the angel throng,
My voice, celestial, led the choral song.

And in these hallowed haunts I linger still;
Here the rapt heart my influence soft shall fill,
Till Time's, old Time's declining, latest days,
And Nature's voice shall cease to speak her Maker's
praise.

Maine.

ELIZA.

THE INDIAN CAPTIVE.

AS RELATED BY A FIRST SETTLER.

BY HORATIO KING.

In the month of September, 17—, my health having become considerably impaired, I was advised by my friends and the physician of the village to journey, as a means of improving it. Possessing naturally a disposition to become acquainted with the situation of the country, especially in my own state and neighborhood, I readily acceded to the advice. But the next question which arose, was—where should I travel,—how far, and in what parts? It was agreed, finally, that I should go to the White Mountains. I accordingly prepared for my journey, and on the morning of the sixth of September, after receiving from my friends their united wishes that I might have a pleasant season and return in improved health, I took my departure from

the beautiful village of —, situated on the banks of the Kennebec, in the State of Maine. The distance from my own residence to the mountains was mostly performed in carriages with an occasional ride on horseback. On arriving at the hospitable habitation of Mr. —, the dwelling nearest the mountains, I had, much to my satisfaction, become recruited and so much improved in strength as to feel almost like climbing the mountains at a breath. Singularly enough, as I thought, I happened there at a time when no other stranger was present—not a solitary being could be found to accompany me to the heights of Mount Washington, even so much as a humble guide. But I was now determined not to return without seeing the originally proposed end of my journey. To scale the heights before me, a stranger and alone, was, to be sure, no desirable task; but my ambition led me to attempt it even at the hazard of losing my way and becoming exhausted. I started from my friend's at eight o'clock in the morning of a delightfully pleasant day, and before the sun had reached the middle of its daily course, I was well nigh at the summit of the mountain; yet, not without feeling that I could not endure such exertion with the freedom of one who had never been broken down by disease. It is needless to say that I amused myself with the grand prospect afforded and the wild scenery around, until it became necessary to return. I made, on my ascension, by the path, such marks and observations as I thought would enable me to find my way back without difficulty. But I was mistaken. The entire afternoon was consumed in fruitless endeavors to find the path which I had followed on going up. I was now weary and faint; and the sun, as he sunk beneath the western horizon, seemed to tell me, in fearful language, that I should never look upon his countenance, nor feel his enlivening influences again! But there was no time to be lost—my life was in danger! I flew first to one extremity of the height which I had ascended and then to the other, little removed from derangement in viewing the awful horrors of my situation. Alas! night had come over me—a faint, fatigued and sick being, and almost unmanned by fear. But what was my surprise, mingled with joy, at this crisis, on seeing at a little distance from me, and coming towards me, a tall but well-proportioned man, with a musket in his hand, whom I took to be an Indian!

"Ah, young man," said he, on coming up, "what has brought you to this lonely place at this hour of the night?—have you no guide, no protector, nor means of securing yourself to-night from this cold, damp air?"

"None!" said I, and I immediately informed him of my adventures and the reason of my being thus exposed.

"Rash and unfortunate youth!" said the stranger, "you deserve some punishment for thus voluntarily exposing yourself to danger and death!—have you no food with you?"

"Not one morsel!" I answered. "In my hurry and anxiety to reach the mountain this morning, I entirely forgot to take any with me!"

Putting his hand into his pocket, he drew forth a small piece of broiled meat and a slice of bread—

"Here," said he, "eat this—it may afford you a little strength, and prevent you from becoming entirely exhausted;—a singular freak this for a pale-face like you!" he added,—and I thought he was about to leave me.

"For Heaven's sake, my dear sir!" I exclaimed,—
"would you leave me here in this chilling air and on
these cold and dreary mountains to perish, without a
friend and alone?"

His keen black eyes were fixed full and steadily upon
me, as if to read the inmost secrets of my heart,—when
he approached, and taking me by the hand—

"Hear me!" said he, sternly,—*"Will you swear?"*

"What?—by whom?" I replied earnestly.

"By Him who has sent me hither to save you!—
Swear that you will not, in my life-time, reveal to any
living being, the spot or dwelling to which I may lead
you—and all shall be well."

I swore. He then requested me to follow him. In
silence and with some difficulty, for I had become much
exhausted, I obeyed. He led me a considerable distance
to a part of the mountain where it was evident the
footsteps of few if any but his own were ever marked;
and on guiding me into a secret and curious cave,
the old man (I had already observed that from his
appearance he had numbered at least three score and
ten,) looking at me with a smiling countenance,
said—

"Here, young stranger, is the place that I call *my
home*; sit down," said he, "on that smooth stone, and
I will soon kindle a blaze—I have also some game in my
pockets which I have just had the fortune to seize, that
with a little roasting will please the palate and repair
the system. You have been a rash youth," continued
he, "but you are safe now, and as soon as you regain
your strength, I will put you in a way, should you wish
it, to find the foot of the mountain."

We had found it necessary before reaching the cave,
to procure a torch, by which I was enabled to see my
way well along the narrow, and in many places perilous
path that we were obliged to travel. The old man soon
built a good fire, and before one hour had elapsed he had
prepared a supper, which appeared to me, under the
circumstances, more inviting even than the sumptuous
viands of the rich; I never ate with a better relish.

In the meantime I could not banish the wonder and
surprise excited by the fact, that an individual posses-
sing the faculties, both mental and physical, of my kind
protector, should take up his abode in a place so cold and
barren, and affording so few opportunities for a life of
ease and happiness. I was exceedingly anxious, as was
natural, to learn the history of one whose whole char-
acter appeared so singular and strange. Could I dare
solicit of him the desired information? I almost feared
to ask it;—but the hospitable board having been remov-
ed, and the old man seeming in a cheerful mood, I ven-
tured to offer an intimation that a little conversation
relative to his own history would to me be peculiarly
interesting,—and it had its effect. His eyes flashed,
and he sat for some time in silence. At length, draw-
ing his seat nearer to me, and with a look which seemed
to say that none but himself should ever know his his-
tory, he observed—

"I am old, young stranger, as you see—ready almost
to lie down in my grave. There are, it is true, many
incidents connected with my life, which, if related, might
perhaps amuse one of your age and capacity;—but it
grieves me to think of them! I will, however, if you
are not too much fatigued," he continued, "tell you a
short story."

I was of course anxious to hear what he might have
to relate, knowing that if I could learn nothing of his
own life, his knowledge of early events enabled him to
give a narration of many rare and interesting occurren-
ces, and I begged that he would proceed.

"About sixty years ago," the old man commenced,
"there lived on the banks of the Androscoggin, in what
is now called the town of Bethel, a man who was mar-
ried and had two children, a son and daughter, and
who obtained a livelihood by hunting and fishing. At
that time, there were several tribes of Indians in the
neighborhood, and this friendly and peaceable family
were not unfrequently disturbed by their near approach
and nightly yells. They, however, managed by pru-
dence and caution to live safely there for several years,
until at length one evening of a beautiful summer day,
just as the sun was going down behind the trees, a hos-
tile and wandering tribe of Indians approached the hum-
ble, but hitherto comparatively quiet, dwelling of those
lonely settlers. The mother and her little daughter of
seven years were employed in the house, while the fath-
er and son, who was then about ten years of age, were
gathering wood at a short distance from his dwelling.
The father, leaving his little boy busily engaged in pick-
ing up sticks, went with his arms full of wood to the
house, and had no sooner reached it, than he saw his
hostile foes coming up, and standing almost directly be-
tween him and his son. He called to him, and thought
at first to run to his protection, but saw on a moment's
reflection that by endeavoring to save his life he would
endanger his own (for already several arrows were
pointed at him,) and put it out of his power to protect
his wife and daughter, who were alarmed almost to
fainting in the house. The only alternative left him
was to flee to his house and prepare to defend them and
himself there. The Indians now gave a horrible yell,
and attempted by every means in their power to enter;
but the father was enabled to beat them back until his
wife had loaded one or two muskets, which were imme-
diately discharged upon them with good effect. The
contest was continued for about a half hour, the wife
loading and the husband firing the guns, when the In-
dians finding their attempts to enter the house fruitless,
and that powder and balls were more fatal in their effect
than their own weapons, they took their departure, such
of them as were able, yelling most hideously. The
night passed; but the fear of the Indians and the
thought that their child might already be suffering the
most cruel tortures, prevented the parents, as may well
be supposed, from receiving one moment's rest. The
morning dawned, and six Indians were seen lying dead
on the ground near the house. The brave hunter had
not fought without carrying sorrow to the bosoms of his
enemies, though he suffered the loss, as he believed, for-
ever of his little Charles, whom the Indians he well
knew would preserve only to torment. He ventured
out and immediately saw at a short distance from the
house another Indian, who, from his appearance, he
judged had been wounded. In his wrath he approach-
ed and would have despatched him at once had not the
Indian, in a most heart-touching manner, begged to be
spared, offering at the same time, as an inducement to
the hunter to let him live, to prevent the life of his son
being destroyed and return him safe to his parents. On
his promising to do this, he was taken into the house

and a little attention to his wounds enabled him to follow his savage comrades.

* * * * *

"Years passed away, but no son came. The hunter now felt that he had been deceived, and regretted that he had not despatched the savage at a blow. Ten years had now already elapsed, and all hopes of ever seeing Charles had long since been abandoned. The mother had made herself, in appearance and feeling, old and almost helpless by grief and mourning, and Ellenor, her daughter, was in the last stage of consumption, partly from the same cause, and from seeing an affectionate mother sinking so rapidly. She could remember her little brother, and how he looked before the savages came and took him away. Her thoughts were ever upon him; and the following lines, composed and presented her by a friend, she was often heard to sing with a pensive air, as she sat at her window in the evening twilight:

O, blest were those hours when gay on the banks
Of the clear Androscoggin I played
With my own honest Charles,—and when by the side
Of my mother, I kneeled, as she prayed!
Then sickness, and sorrow, and cold discontent
Were unknown to a childhood so free!
And death, with his arrows so awful and sure,
Possessed no dread terrors for me!
But alas! those blest days are forever no more!
And mourning and sorrow now reign;
The savage, in wrath, has invaded our home!
And dear Charles has been captured and slain!
No more shall we sport on the banks of the stream,
Or walk, hand in hand, through the grove;
He has gone to his rest, in those regions afar,
Where dwells naught save quiet and love!

"Ellenor died while yet in her seventeenth year, and was buried in a spot selected by herself, near a large oak tree by the house, under whose shades she used often to sport with her dear brother, and where, in the summer hours, when deprived of his presence, she had frequently resorted for contemplation and study.

"The parents were now left entirely alone, and with few inducements to make even life itself desirable. Their only daughter had died in autumn, and a freezing and dreary winter was at hand."

"It was a severe, cold night in the month of December, and the moon shone upon the snow bright and full almost as the sun itself, when two men were seen approaching the dwelling of this lonely settler. They walked up to the house and kindly asked admittance. Supposing them to be Indians belonging to some friendly tribe near by, who wished to warm and rest themselves, they were without hesitancy permitted to enter."

"Cold weather this, old man," said the eldest of the two strangers, who was at once observed to be an Indian, addressing the hunter as they seated themselves by the fire.

"Yes," was the reply,—and have you far to walk this cold night?"

"I have come," said the Indian, "to fulfil my promise, made to you a long, long time since. You will recollect—"

"What! my son! and does he live?" asked the old man, with much emotion.

"He lives!—behold him there, before you!"

"Without waiting for the answer, the aged parent, recognizing in the, till then, supposed Indian, *his own son*, had embraced him, neither being able, so over-

whelmed with joy were they, to utter a syllable; and the mother, feeble at witnessing so unexpected an event, had fainted and fallen to the floor. She soon, however, revived and was permitted once more to clasp in her arms the son, whom she had long believed dead, and soon expected to meet in Heaven. It was a scene, indeed, which can much better be imagined than described.

"You will judge what were the feelings of Charles on learning the death of his sister.

"But the cause of this long delay in the return of the Indian, was now to be explained. It may be done in few words.

"He overtook his party in a short time, after recovering from his wounds, and found them mourning and almost distracted with grief, for in the contest with the hunter they had lost their chief and several others of their most daring warriors; and they were just preparing to feed their revenge by torturing to death with every cruel means which their savage and blood-thirsty hearts could invent, their captive boy. But happily he had arrived in time to save him, though it had been utterly out of his power to return him to his parents before. They continued their march into the western wilderness, where they were finally forced to remain, on account of a war which soon broke out between their own and several other hostile tribes of Indians, and lasted for nearly the whole time that had elapsed since they left the banks of the Androscoggin.

"Charles had not forgotten his parents, though he had become habituated to the usages, customs and hardships of his savage comrades, and wore, indeed, the resemblance of an Indian. He now, with his preserver, whom he would not permit to leave him, lived with his parents and supported them until, worn out with age and sorrow, they both, in the course of two years, were laid in their graves nearly at the same time.

"Charles Eaton, (for that was his name,) had now but one friend in the world—his Indian protector and preserver. They lived and wandered together for many years, obtaining their living, as they were taught to do, in the wilderness, until at length the poor Indian was taken suddenly ill and died, leaving Charles entirely friendless and without a home.

"Charles lived now, not because it was his own pleasure, but because it was the will of heaven that he should live. He for a time sought to make himself happy in society; but the noisy and cold-hearted world possessed no charms for him. He sought the mountains, where he discovered a cave in which he entered and at once declared it *his home* while life remained. He has thus far kept his word, and," said the old man, springing from his seat with the activity of a boy, "*Charles Eaton* is the man, who has just saved you, my young friend, from the awful pangs of death!"

I cannot describe my surprise on hearing this announcement, coming upon me, as it did, so suddenly. I had in fact become so interested in the old man's story, that I had even forgotten the situation in which I was placed.

We now sought rest from sleep; but little did I obtain. I however by the morning found myself sufficiently recruited to venture to return to the dwelling at the foot of the mountain and from thence home, which I did, after first having been directed to the right path by my own *kind preserver*—the INDIAN CAPTIVE!

MOSES SMITING THE ROCK.

BY N. C. BROOKS.

No former miracles, that shed
Upon the desert, streams and bread,
Inspired with confidence or grace
The faithless and the wicked race.
Oppressed with thirst, with hunger faint,
They vented murmur and complaint.
"Why bring ye to this barren coast
Of heat and sand, our weary host,
Where neither fruit nor golden grain,
Appears through all the desert plain—
No bough on which pomegranates shine,
Nor figs, nor clusters of the vine;
Where sparkles neither fount nor pool
The thirst to slake—the brow to cool.
Why bring us to this land to die?
Egypt had graves wherein to lie."

Their leaders, then, in anguish, bowed
Their faces down, and mourned aloud,
Until, from out the light that broke
Around, the voice of God thus spoke—
"Smite with the rod: the flinty rock
Shall pour its streams for man and flock."

Then with the consecrated rod,
Which curse or blessing brought from God,
Toiled Moses up the pathless wild
Of rocks, in sullen grandeur piled,
While all the host was gathered round,
By hope or fear in silence bound.
"Why will ye murmur? Has the ear
Grown heavy that was wont to hear?
Or shortened is the mighty hand
That brought you from oppression's land?
That manna o'er the desert spread,
And streams of living waters shed?
Why tempt the Lord? Lift up your eyes!
The self-same hand your want supplies:
The bounty of his grace receive—
Behold! ye rebels, and believe;
Behold!" and fell with jarring shock,
Th' uplifted wand upon the rock:
And inwardly was heard the rush
Of prisoned waves in gurgling gush,

With pleasure tingles every ear,
As the refreshing sound they hear;
And every upraised eye is bright,
And laughing with hope's pure delight.
The rod again descends—the rock
Its portal opens at the shock;
The stream leaps from its mountain-home,
With voice of rage and crest all foam,
And thunders down the precipice
In cataracts, that part and hiss
And murmur; and, in shining rills
Slow winding, sigh among the hills.

Ye wanderers through this wilderness,
Bowed down with sorrow and distress,
Go, when the head is sick—when faint
The heart breathes out its mournful plaint;

And fevered with earth's cares and strife,
Is panting for the streams of life—
Go to the Archetypal fount
Of that which flowed in Horeb's mount,
Amid the wilderness of Zin;
And drink till all is heaven within.

STUDY OF THE LAW.

It is a circumstance of frequent occurrence to behold a young man of superior intellectual attainments, ardently commencing the profession of the law, buoyed up by the friendly predictions of his associates, and a just consciousness of his own abilities. The road to high and honorable legal eminence appears to lie free and open before him: emulation excites him to present exertion: wealth and fame invite him from the distance.

Yet in nine cases out of ten, the confidence of the young legal aspirant turns to doubt, distrust, despair—and the hopes of his friends end in disappointment and sorrow. And wherefore? Not because his mental faculties relapse into mediocrity, but because he was not duly prepared for the arduous journey undertaken. His progress is slow—almost imperceptible. Every day teaches him the deficiencies of his knowledge, and opens to his view larger and larger fields of inquiry. The path is difficult, and he meets with a thousand undreamed-of obstacles to his progress. Human nature in its worst aspect is presented to his view, and sordid interest, vindictive malice, envy, hatred and all uncharitableness, are the passions he has to combat, or is called on to sustain. His temper is thus tried in a hundred ways, and, it may happen that though he has a just cause, and a general knowledge of the law as connected with it, a single mis-step in practice, a want of confidence in addressing court or jury—an ignorance of the great and broad principles of the branch of law under consideration—a deficiency of application to the details of his case, physical weakness, or mental or nervous irritation, will accumulate difficulties in his progress—and utterly debar him from success.

Some, it is true, by an inherent force of mind bear up against the pressure, and in the end attain the high reputation of great lawyers. But how much oftener does the study of the law, once so inviting, become disgusting and tedious, and the brilliant promise of the youth, fade away in the obscurity of the man.

This result is mainly attributable to our erroneous system of preparation. Somewhat, it is true, is owing to the miscalculations of young men themselves, to their misunderstanding the nature of the profession, their deeming it to be as easy as well as an honorable life, their considering the vocation of the law as the highway to political preferment, and, in too many instances, their mistaken belief that genius alone, without assiduity, is equal to the accomplishment of any object. The most general plan of preparation is this: A young man, after having been immaturely graduated at a college, wherein a four years' course of miscellaneous study on a variety of subjects has given him no thorough knowledge of any, and sometimes, though rarely, with the advantage of a one year's course of

legal lectures, enters the office of a practising attorney, there to abide until the lapse of the probationary period of three years, at the utmost, entitles him to claim the honors of a licence.

Of the mass of students, some consider their respective offices as prisons, in which they are unwillingly immured for an hour or two each day; while others zealously devote themselves to the acquirement of legal knowledge. But mark the fate of the latter. Short as the allotted term of study is for those who ardently desire a knowledge of the law, their hours of study are liable to all sorts of vexatious interruptions. No matter at what point the student's reflections have arrived, no matter to what critical period his investigations have carried him; at a moment when, perhaps, the reason of all he has read is yet wanting to fix it on his memory, the whole train of thought may be dispersed in an instant, and his struggling knowledge thrown irreclaimably back into ignorance. The practice of the law has set periods and times for its operations, and the machinery of a suit cannot be stayed that the student may profit by the perusal of a case, or the opinion of some legal sage. Causes must be pushed on to judgment or decree, and the attention of the anxious student is so often interrupted and averted that at last he despairingly ceases to bestow it, and worse than all, he falls into habits of idleness, always difficult to be eradicated.

Such is the present state of things; such is the present method of studying law. And as well might one attempt to teach an apprentice the art of engraving, by employing him constantly in working at the press, or bearing the impressions to the print-sellers, as to instruct a student in the science of law by initiating him in the deep mystery of copying papers or counting their folios.

*Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit, et alsit,
Abstulit venere et vino:*

Such of old was deemed the discipline necessary to one ambitious to excel in a mere physical excellence; while now, he who aims at eminence in a science confessedly intricate and hard of mastery—a science requiring undivided attention and indefatigable application—has his attention rendered diffuse, and his application divided and minutely severed. This may tend to make what is called a sharp practitioner, one who will undertake any cause however perilous, in hopes by tacking and manœuvring and running to windward, to take advantage of his adversary—one of those thin, dried up, vulture-looking attorneys, whose little eyes twinkle with the light of long-kindled cunning, and who amass wealth, and bring disrepute on the law—men whose feelings are divided between their pleadings and their cost books, like Garrick betwixt Tragedy and Comedy, vibrating between their offices and the courts, erudite in special demurrers, and deeply learned in the fee bill or even beyond it, but with no more correct idea of the true object and high aim of the law, than the garbage-fed Hotentot possesses of the perfectibility of human nature.

It is this that has brought the saying to pass, that the studying of the law tends to the narrowing of the mind. It is this which has almost ripened the heresy into doctrine, and given to a dogma the force of an axiom. The paradox has become current in the schools and the senate, and, in spite of multifarious practical contradictions

to its truth, it has grown and flourished almost beyond eradication. Plausible reasons and specious arguments are cited in support of it, and if we consider the study of the law merely as a means of livelihood there may be some reason for the assertion. But to consider the study of the science of the law as one tending to contract the understanding, is irrational and absurd. Instances innumerable could be cited to disprove it. Demosthenes, Pericles, Cicero, the elder Antony and the elder Cato, were all lawyers in the strictest sense of the term; and minds more comprehensive than theirs seldom fall to the lot of man. The profession of Bacon, the man of universal lore, and who marked out the path for the progressive knowledge of succeeding centuries, was the law. The names of More, of Mansfield, of Jones and of Brougham, need no comment, nor does that of Hamilton, the skilful warrior, legislator and statesman. These are not one tithe of the names of lawyers, distinguished for their extensive views and liberal minds, that could be adduced. They are given for illustration and not for proof, for there is nothing in the subject itself that should tend to narrow the mind. Law is a science and a lofty one. It is based on the rights of man by nature and society; its object is the elucidation of truth; its end the attainment of justice. Besides the rights of man, international differences and the claims of sovereigns may demand the attention of the lawyer. These certainly require a comprehensiveness of views incompatible with a narrowed intellect. The subjects of suits at law are co-extensive with human knowledge and pursuits, and the advocate may not only have need of an acquaintance with the moral sciences, but with the doctrines and principles of the mechanic arts and the customs of trades. Can there be then aught better calculated to elevate the mind, to cause it to break off the shackles of prejudices, and attain to high moral beauty, than the full, faithful and conscientious studying of the law?

But in what manner is a remedy to be applied to the imperfections which exist in the study, and the evils which result from its practice? This is a serious question, and one in which every citizen is interested, and like many others of the same nature, one about which no citizen is concerned. It is a subject interesting, not only to the profession, but to the community at large. There is no person, be his pursuit what it may, that it does not touch. The law in its theory is truth and justice, and if properly administered it could not be made as it too often is, an engine of incalculable evil.

The opinions I present are crude, but I am induced to hazard them, by a feeling solicitous to awaken attention to the subject.

As indolence in youth will hardly ripen into industry in age, and as the blight in the blossom produces rottenness in the fruit, so an imperfect and erroneous studying of the law will produce an imperfect and erroneous knowledge of it, and a deficiency of moral rectitude in the student will leave room for roguery and knavishness in the practitioner. The latter of these evils cannot be universally guarded against, but much can be done to correct the former.

In the first place, the adoption of the law as a profession should be maturely weighed in the mind by the young student before venturing on it. He should ex-

amine his mind thoroughly; he should question his passions, his habits, his capacities. He should look upon the study of the law abstractedly from every thing else. He should ask himself if he will be contented with a life of constant labor and secluded study. He should review his course, and observe if he has exhibited unwavering perseverance in any thing. He should separate the pursuit of the law from its incidental honors, its fame and the acquirements it begets, and reflect whether he can love it for its own sake. He should be assured that he will be able to abandon all allurements for the sake of its study. If he cannot solve all these points satisfactorily, let him abandon all idea of pursuing the study of the law, or resolve to be contented with a mediocrity of attainment.

There are mental and moral requisites to the study and to the practice of the law. I believe sincerely that the standing and acquirements of a man depend upon himself, and that it is only the greater or less discipline and culture that the mind is subjected to, that makes the difference. It may be objected, that differing circumstances affect the result; but superiority to circumstances is exactly what marks and distinguishes the great man. He, therefore, who is about commencing the study of the law, should question himself closely to what he has wrought up his moral faculties: to good or to evil; to industry or to idleness. If to evil or idleness, let him first correct his error, or give up his resolve. If to good and industry, he may with strong hope carry his scrutiny farther. The mental and moral requisites to the study of the law and its practice are, perseverance of purpose, a love of truth, a logical conformation of mind, a close discrimination, a quick and correct perception; or, if a slow perception, then a faculty of shutting out partial conclusions until the whole subject is before the mind; an abhorrence of vice, a freedom from dissipation in any shape, a scrupulous, unswerving, indomitable integrity, an unshaken equanimity of temper, and an undeviating courtesy of manner.

The mental preparatory attainments necessary are, a knowledge of the Latin language, both the classic and the modern; a general acquaintance with miscellaneous classical literature, and with the arts and sciences; practised skill in metaphysical analysis and mathematical demonstration.

This may appear a startling enumeration to the student, but I am convinced that with industry and judgment all these are within the reach of every one. If a student possesses an upright heart, he embraces in that alone one half the list. As to the rest, it is true they will require assiduous application, and without that it is very useless to undertake the study. Any gentleman would be ashamed of himself, if his attainments did not reach to at least one half of what we have set down; and as to the mental habitudes spoken of, they are so concatenated together and dependant on each other, that the student who attains one link may easily draw the whole chain to his possession. The acquiring of one, will constitute a relaxation to the pursuit of the others; and so long as the student recollects his aim and object, his multifarious studies will all conduce to his advancement.

The intellectual discipline of the intended lawyer must be strict and constant. He must lay the founda-

tions broad and deep ere he attempts to rear his structure. As the healthful operations of the corporeal functions is of the deepest importance to every student, let not the sanguine student of the law consider that time wasted, which within proper limits is devoted to exercise. Vigorous exercise regularly pursued imparts activity to the mental faculties, whereas indolence of body gradually spreads a damning influence over the mind. Regularity in mental pursuits is also a requisite of the highest moment. The student should apportion his time to his different necessities and avocations. In the spirit of the lines quoted by Lord Coke, I would say to the student,

Sex horas somno, totidem des legibus æquis,
Quatuor orabis, des epulisque duas;
Quod superest ultra sacris largire camænis.

Having settled these points, let him next decide upon the best means of fulfilling the term of study required by the rules of court. Since it is necessary to spend a certain time in the office of a practising attorney, the choice in this respect is limited to the advantages of different offices. And here may be suggested to the student the fallacy of the prevailing idea, that the office of an old practitioner is preferable to that of a young one. The actual knowledge gained in either, cannot extend much beyond an acquaintance with the routine of business. The knowledge of practice that may be gained in an office where considerable business is carried on, is limited, and the attainment of it illy compensates for the heavy sacrifice it requires. In a "large office" no regular course of study can be pursued, nor can even a desultory one be very extensive. It may be said that the supervision of the student's reading by an experienced lawyer is of great advantage, and so it probably is, when exercised; but the lawyers best qualified for such superintendence, are those who in general are too much occupied with their business to bestow much time on their students, or, as the rules more correctly style them, their clerks. What is generally the fact? When the legal tyro first enters an office, Blackstone is placed in his hands, and after that he is left to his own guidance, until, admonished by his approaching examination, he instinctively directs his attention to the rules of practice. Blackstone is an invaluable treatise, and worthy of all commendation. It is so orderly in its arrangements, so clear in its positions, so rational in its spirit, and so full, yet just, in its learning, that it may well be doubted if any scientific work was ever so well executed. Coke probably possessed more abstruse learning, but we may vainly seek for hours for any particular point in his chaos of legal erudition. His deep learning and acute intellect give an oracular stamp to all his writings; but as if uttered in the inspiration of the moment, they are as much distinguished for their irregularity as their infallibility. But Blackstone is at once learned and clear, correct and methodical. Nevertheless, Blackstone is not the work that should be first placed in the hands of an American student. Should it be, he will learn what afterwards he must unlearn; and, as Bolingbroke remarked, it is an easier road to knowledge from ignorance, than from error; and much of Blackstone's Commentaries, applied to American law, would be erroneous. The law of England, though it is the source of our law, differs from it in many respects

extremely, and in others in such slight degrees, that to separate them will require a subtle memory ingeniously exercised. The constitution of England should be studied, but not before our own. The legislation of England should interest us, but our own should be paramount. Again, America has remedied many of the imperfections, and abolished many of the evils of the English code. Our doctrine of real estate has also been remodelled and simplified. Fifty years since, the barrister from Westminster might have argued the briefs in our courts with as little special preparation as at home. Fifty years hence, the language of the one bar will be as it were a different dialect from that of the other, unless England should, as she now seems inclined, keep pace with our improvement. Why, then, should the student first peruse a work which, if trusted to as law, will lead to error, and if not yielded credence to, will unsettle and disturb his mind? After he has acquired an outline of American law, a perusal of Blackstone will be beneficial. But admitting that the "Commentaries" constitute the proper work for a beginner, the supervising power ends with that; and it may well be doubted if most lawyers would not be perplexed by the question, "What course of reading do you recommend to your students?" This fancied advantage of an eminent lawyer's office is none in reality; while in the office of an attorney of limited practice, the student would have ten times more leisure for his studies.

But supposing the student to have made choice of his office, and that he has opportunity for study, and uses it; he cannot have those advantages which he should have. The system itself is wrong, fundamentally wrong. For those young gentlemen of independent fortune, who take up the profession of the law, merely because, in this country, a young man without any pursuit or profession would be an anomaly; or for those who adopt it because it is eminently honorable, or because it is considered the high road to place and power, without any determination of trusting to it as a profession, the present course of study is fully sufficient. But for him who desires, if entrusted with power, to use it rightly, or who intends to make the law his business and his study—who is anxious to become master of the law and its spirit—who expects to devote his whole life to its ardent pursuit,—to such a one, how utterly inappropriate and inadequate is the present method of study! It allows barely sufficient time to obtain a general knowledge of the local laws, but is altogether incompetent to imbue the mind with a deep and solid acquaintance with its broad and general principles. He cannot go up to the source of the stream and drink from its fountains, but he must receive it polluted and adulterated, as it has floated down to him. His time is divided between the business of the office and his studies; and in the regulation of the latter, he has to trust to his own judgment, or at best, to the casual advice of one more competent. Why should such a plan be pursued in regard to students of the law, when one so different is deemed necessary for those of other liberal professions. Students of medicine must spend all their time in the pursuit of that science; they must follow a collegiate course exclusively relating to their profession, undisturbed by other pursuits. Why, then, should not the student of the

law pursue a similar plan, and his time be exclusively devoted to his studies?

The establishment of a law university, in which the pursuit of the science should be the primary object, and in which it should be pursued assiduously, methodically, and on a broad and philosophical basis, is to our country a matter of the highest moment. From the profession of the law rise up a large proportion of our statesmen, legislators and judges; the originators, the makers, and the expounders of the law. And when we consider how much, in our constitutional governments, we are directed and restrained by the law—how necessary it is to our safety and protection—how it is interwoven with our daily avocations, and with all our relations to others, it seems indispensable to our happiness and security, that those who make, and those who practically direct the application of our laws, should be men of deep and extensive learning in the principles of human nature—of a general and intelligent acquaintance with the arts, sciences and pursuits of the community—of a great and pervading knowledge of the practical operation of principles in times past and the present; that they should be men skillful in matters of finance, commerce, trade, manufactures, agriculture, and all the modes in which the talents and propensities of citizens are manifested; that they should be above bribery and corruption; in short, that they should be of such honesty, knowledge and judgment, that the laws of their making should be obeyed through a sense of their justice, rather than their weight, and their expositions of laws made, should maintain the right, and right the wrong.

But, independent of the senate and the bench, how necessary it is that the practising lawyer should be a man of extensive acquirements and learning—that he should be able clearly to discern the right, and detect the wrong—to understand fully the principles of law, and be able to apply them accurately to the case before him. How much of useless, expensive litigation would then be avoided—how much wear and tear of feeling would be saved—how many a family be prevented from dividing against itself—how much knavery and roguery blasted in its incipency—how many a man saved from beggary and despair—how many a wife from sadness and a broken heart—how many a child from vice, from guilt, from the dungeon.

A knavish lawyer is productive of a wider extent of misery than is generally supposed, because, although the misery be evident, the cause is unsuspected. Look through the circles formed by his clients and their opponents—you behold bankrupts, profligates, knaves, rogues—the last in all their infinite variety, from the dollar-extorting cheat, who but just escapes an indictment for larceny or highway robbery, by his *knowledge of law*, to the splendid rascal, who confiscates estates by legal ingenuity, and proves himself statute-honest by the subtlety of his villainy, and the depth of his casuistry in the ethics of the law. It requires no faith in animal magnetism to support the belief that, when finesse, chicanery, and knavishness inhabit the mind of the lawyer, they soon pass into the mind of the client.

Next, take the case of an unskilful advocate. To his hands may be confided cases of the greatest importance. Confiding friends may entrust to his gui-

dance matters involving their fortunes, their estates, their credit, or their reputation. Step by step he blunders on, in his short-sighted ignorance, believing each step correct, until at last his client is involved in harassing, expensive, ruinous litigation. It is of the essence of ignorance to believe itself wise, and the conceited and superficial smatterer in the law hardens himself in his unbelief, like Pharaoh, though portents and miracles contend against him; and hence the danger: for the experience that a client gains by schooling in litigation, is among the dearest he can purchase; the light it gives is not a beacon to conduct his vessel to its haven, but the burning of the fragments of the wreck by which he would fain comfort and cheer himself in his despair. If a lawyer of this cast is defeated, he rails against judges and juries; they are all numskulls and blockheads—the judge had some personal or political bias against him, or the jury decided “clear against the judge’s charge”—the case must be appealed from, or there must be a new trial, or the like; and thus he will run a cause through the whole scale of legal tribunals, up and down the forensic gamut, until the costs outswell the subject matter of dispute—until there is no longer a higher Court of Appeals, except that beyond the grave, whose grand summoner is Death, and where no advocates avail, save good deeds done in the body, and the mercy of the Great Judge himself.

Again, suppose the case of an upright and conscientious advocate, who, believing that a cause entrusted to him is just, has devoted to it hours, days, weeks of preparation; who has omitted no care, no toil, no research; who has conducted his cause safely to his argument, through all the snares and pitfalls of practice and pleading; and then, after expending on it all the stores of his knowledge, and allowing his feelings to be engrossed by it, is at last hopelessly defeated. Suppose him to have been right, yet overcome. This may be. Courts are fallible; rules of law imperfect. But has he not been too sanguine—has he not given his attention to the details of his case, when the elucidation of the principles involved required it; has he not overrated his capability for argument; was there no fault in his logic; was he prepared to render his case as clear to others as it seemed to his own mind; has he not, in his conviction of the equity of his case, forgotten that in society, equity is fenced in by laws, and that in pursuit of the former we must obey the directions of the latter? From these considerations, and such as these, let the ingenuous student draw a profitable lesson.

Again, how much litigation arises from the imperfect or erroneous wording of laws, and how essentially requisite for the guidance of the citizen, is clearness and lucidness in the statute. Municipal law has been well defined to be a rule of civil action prescribed by the superior power in the state, and which the citizen is bound to obey. Every good citizen acknowledges the obligation, but in many cases, may be extremely puzzled to ascertain what the rule is, and be no better off than the subjects of that tyrant who caused his edicts to be written in small characters, and posted on high pillars, so that they were illegible to all. This difficulty in ascertaining the meaning of some statutes, does not arise from the imperfection of language, or

any inherent obstacle to the proper expression of the meaning of the law-giver, but to carelessness or ignorance in those who indite the laws. They leave a loop to hang a doubt on, use words of disputable meaning, particularize to the exclusion of a general principle, and in their anxiety to enumerate every case, omit many points which without the enumeration would have been covered by the rule. Men not properly educated and informed are often raised to the rank of legislators, and of course entrusted with the drafting of laws; and the consequence is, that loose verbose, ambiguous, crude, hastily conceived statutes are enacted and declared to be law. Such laws are but firebrands in the community, and the subtlety, the ingenuity, the acuteness, or the astuteness of lawyers, clients and judges, lead the meaning of the statute a dance of fifty or a hundred years before it becomes settled and adjudged. And then such adjudications!—such violent wanderings of significations!—such felicitous conjectures of the meaning of the legislature!—and in the meanwhile such insecurity in contracts!—such glorious fields for litigation—such harvests of fees and costs—all which would have been unnecessary or uncalled for, if the sapient Solon who started the apple of discord, had been a man fitted for his sphere.*

Now let us suppose that in every legislative body there were a few men who had been properly nurtured by the principles and educated in the bearing of laws—skilled in human nature and its practical workings—elevated to moral dignity and inspired by love of truth; let us suppose that our lawyers also were such men, and that our judges were the like; could any of the results depicted in the few last paragraphs occur? Would not the influence of such men be felt throughout all the ramifications of our laws; and would not the pursuit of law be the most ennobling of human sciences, if directed merely to the attainment of justice, rather than to the shrouding of guilt and wrong under the dubious expressions of statutes, or counterpoising the iniquity of a client by the ingenuity of his advocate?

To give a legal university the importance and influence it ought to possess, many things are requisite. Students ought not to be admitted into it until their general education is completed. They should be scholars in general knowledge ere they become students of law. They should have attended to the requisites enumerated in the former part of this essay—and should enter the university with healthy constitutions, correct habits, good morals—the morals of principle and not merely of circumstances, and a resolution to master the science, and for the term of their studentship to pursue it unwaveringly and uninterruptedly. Then if the means of instruction be commensurate, and the mode proper, the students of the law might become, what too often they are not—fit and faithful trustees of the rights of the community, composers of strife, elucidators and guardians of right and equity, upright men, influential citizens, polished and intellectual scholars.

The writer’s want of leisure prevents his entering

*The same remarks may be applied to unskilful draughtsmen and conveyancers, whose bungling deeds of conveyance of settlement, wills, leases, and written contracts, produce dispute and strife as certainly as in nature certain effects follow the causes which God has decreed they must follow.

at present into a full detail of his idea of what a law university should be, and this is the less important, as this essay is rather suggestive than practical. It is but a survey of the ground on which the edifice is to be erected, the architect will come afterwards. But it may be proper here to indicate the general plan and principles, to sow seed for thought—and leave the development and maturing for reflection and experience. It is now time, that in the more thickly settled portion of our country the practice of the law should be divided, and consequently the studies at the university so conducted that each student might apply himself particularly to that branch of the profession which he might intend to pursue. Conveyancers, attorneys and solicitors, and counsellors and advocates, comprise the divisions that seem proper. To conveyancers would belong the drawing all papers relating to the transfer or incumbrancing of real estate, such as wills, deeds, mortgages, leases, settlements, trusts, uses, powers, fines, recoveries, abstracts of titles, and the like. To the attorneys and solicitors, the practical conducting of all suits, the drafting of pleadings and proceedings, the collecting of evidence, &c. To the counsellors, who might be again divided into chamber counsel, and advocates at the bar would appertain the giving of advice upon legal rights and liabilities, upon settling or compromising matters of dispute, the settling of the form of pleadings and proceedings, and the attending to the trial of causes, and arguments of cases.

It may be objected that there would be few willing to confine themselves to the rank of attorneys and solicitors, but that all would aspire to be counsellors. To this we may reply both by fact and argument, that in England where a similar division has obtained, no such inconvenience occurs; and further, that whatever aspirations the mind may entertain for a higher exercise of its powers are checked and confined within their proper sphere by the actual limitation of those powers. And moreover, it would be found that those persons who had been well schooled as attorneys and solicitors, would make the most accomplished and ready, and therefore most successful counsellors, when they should choose to change their vocation.

As to the professorships in our university, there should be one of logic—that the student's mind might be trained to close and severe reasoning, induction, analysis, comparison, the detection of sophistry the most subtle, and of fallacy the most plausible. There should be one of rhetoric—that he might deliver a deduction of reason or a statement of facts in a clear and lucid order, in language choice yet determinate—nervous yet graceful. A professorship of moral philosophy would be requisite, for by a contemplation of their duties as members of God's great family, the students would discover that the streams of the law descend from the great fountains of truth and justice, and thus incline to cherish in their hearts a deeper attachment for their profession, and a deeper desire to pursue it uprightly and honorably. A professorship of history and historical jurisprudence would be essentially necessary, for the "thing that hath been is the thing that shall be," and experience is the great corrective of legislation. This presents a wide field; for the law keeps progress with science, trade, commerce, and all other branches of human pursuits; it has often changed the destiny of a

people—and to trace out the effect of laws on morals and of morals on laws would be curious and instructive. International law, so essential to the admiralty pleader, so necessary in the pursuit of rights springing from treaties, or of rights delayed or destroyed by war, would demand a separate professor. So, too, of the civil law, which as regards all matters of contract (a comprehensive title in the law) is "*fons et principium*," and which though not law here by enactment, involves and elucidates the principles of justice so fully, so clearly, so justly, and has furnished so large a portion of the basis of the law of all civilized nations, that he who is well skilled in its teachings, shall have little more of general principles to learn. In regard to constitutional and municipal laws, and their various divisions, statute law and common law, and the subdivisions, maritime, commercial, criminal, &c. no remarks are necessary. They are too essential to be overlooked by any.

Although I have now fulfilled all I proposed to embrace in this essay—fulfilled not according to the importance of the subject, but to the extent of my leisure and present object, I cannot forbear citing one or two passages from Lord Coke's English Prefaces to the second and third parts of his Reports.

"Now for the degrees of the law," says he, "as there be in the universities of Cambridge and Oxford divers degrees, as general sophisters, bachelors, masters, doctors, of whom be chosen men for eminent and judicial places, both in the church and ecclesiastical courts; so in the profession of the law, there are mootemen, (which are those that argue readers cases in houses of chancery, both in terms and grand vacations.) Of mootemen, after *eight* years study or thereabouts, are chosen utter barristers; of these are chosen readers in inns of chancery: Of utter barristers, after they have been of that degree *twelve* years at least, are chosen benchers, or ancients; of which one, that is of the *puise* sort, reads yearly in summer vacation, and is called a single reader; and one of the ancients that had formerly read, reads in Lent vacation, and is called a double reader, and commonly it is between his first and second reading, about *nine or ten* years. And out of those the king makes choice of his attorney, and solicitor general, &c. And of these readers, are sergeants elected by the king, and are, by the king's writ, called *ad statum & gradum servientis ad legem*. * * *

"For the young student, which most commonly cometh from one of the universities, for his entrance or beginning were first instituted, and erected eight houses of chancery, to learn there the elements of the law. * * * Each of the houses of court consists of readers above twenty; of utter barristers above thrice so many; of young gentlemen about the number of eight or nine score, who there spend their time in study of law, and in commendable exercises fit for gentlemen: the judges of the law and sergeants being commonly above the number of twenty, are equally distinguished into two higher and more eminent houses, called Sergeant's Inn: all these are not far distant one from another, and all together do make the most famous university for profession of law only, or of any one human science that is in the world, and advanceth itself above all others, *quantum iter viburna cupressus*. In which houses of court and chancery, the readings and other exercises

of the laws therein continually used, are most excellent and behoofful for attaining to a knowledge of the law. And of these things this taste shall suffice, for they would require, if they should be treated of, a treatise by itself."

Thus far runs the eulogy of our quaint old master in regard to the English University; and thus would his humble student close his remarks by an eulogy on the law itself.

The spirit of true law is all equity and justice. In a government based on true principles, the law is the sole sovereign of the nation. It watches over its subjects in their business, in their recreation, and their sleep. It guards their fortunes, their lives, and their honors. In the broad noonday and the dark midnight it ministers to their security. It accompanies them to the altar and the festal board. It watches over the ship of the merchant, though a thousand leagues intervene; over the seed of the husbandman abandoned for a season to the earth; over the studies of the student, the labors of the mechanic, the opinions of every man. None are high enough to offend it with impunity, none so low that it scorns to protect them. It is throned with the king, and sits in the seat of the republican magistrate; but it also hovers over the couch of the lowly, and stands sentinel at the prison, scrupulously preserving to the felon whatever rights he has not forfeited. The light of the law illumines the palace and the hovel, and surrounds the cradle and the bier. The strength of the law laughs fortresses to scorn, and spurns the intrenchments of iniquity. The power of the law crushes the power of men, and strips wealth of every unrighteous immunity. It is the thread of Dædalus to guide us through the labyrinths of cunning. It is the spear of Ithuriel to detect falsehood and deceit. It is the faith of the martyr to shield us from the fires of persecution. It is the good man's reliance—the wicked one's dread—the bulwark of piety—the upholder of morality—the guardian of right—the distributor of justice. Its power is irresistible—its dominion indisputable. It is above us and around us, and within us—we cannot fly from its protection—we cannot avert its vengeance.

Such is the law in its essence; such it should be in its enactments; such, too, it would be, if none aspired to its administration but those with pure hearts, enlarged views and cultivated minds.

IMITATED

From the Old Provençal.

There was a knight, a valiant knight, his style was Guy de Maine,
And on his fair escutcheon there was ne'er a spot or stain,
His lands were broad, his castle high, his servitors were brave,
Yet they could not Sir Guy de Maine from sorrow's thralldom save.

His liegemen say, and well know they, that when Sir Guy was young,
An old witch wife he forced to strife, with woman's sword—the tongue;
And that the hag, in anger harsh, put on the boy a spell,
That he "alas and well-a-day" till death remembered well.

Thy lands, said she, are fair to see—thyself art tall and fair,
And in thy breast a heart doth rest that prompts to plan and dare,
And thy right arm shall win success in warfare and in chase,
And thou shalt yield to none, I ween, in prowess or in grace.

Around thee, men in awe shall bend—thy friends be firm and true,
And old men bid their sons look on and bear themselves as you,
But thou shalt bear a heavy curse upon thy daring heart,
Mark, mark me well, young Guy, I say that curse shall not depart.

Men may be friends to thee, I said, and women too may seek
To wed thee for thy lands and pelf, and honeyed words may speak;
But if thou wedst, thou wedst a wife without a loving heart—
Do that, and I will wish for thee through life no greater smart!

It is not that thou canst not woo, for none shall breathe the lay
To softer notes, or trillings bland in sweeter accents say;
But, mark me well, young Guy, and list to this witch spell of mine—

The heart of gentle woman, Guy, it never can be thine.

Young Guy grew up, and first was he in tournament and field,
For none could draw the sword so well or mace so massive wield,
And lemans clang around him too, and hung upon his breast,
But loved him not, for on his brow the witch's spell did rest.

Sir Guy sunk to an early tomb, albeit a grey-haired man,
(For the darkest locks will whiten beneath sorrow's withering ban,)

And said, when near the glad time was to quit this weary life,
No woman spake the truth to me, but that weird and old witch wife.

MSS. OF TH: JEFFERSON.*

I.

MONTICELLO, Nov. 31, '10.

Dear Sir:—Your third packet is received before the second had been returned. It is now inclosed, and the other shall go by the next post. I find as before nothing to correct but those errors of the copyist which you would have corrected yourself before committed to the press. If it were practicable to send me the original sheets with the translated, perhaps my equal familiarity with both languages might enable me sometimes to be of some advantage: but I presume that might be difficult and of little use, scarcely perhaps of any. I thank you for the copy of Williams. I have barely dipped into it a little: enough however to see he is far short of the luminous work you are publishing. Indeed I think that the most valuable work of the present age. I received from Williams some years ago his book on the claims of authors. I found him to be a man of sound and true principles, but not knowing how he got at them, and not able to trace or develope them for others.

I believe with you, that the crisis of England is come. What will be its issue it is vain to prophecy; so many thousand contingencies may turn up to affect its direction. Were I to hazard a guess, it would be, that they will become a military despotism. Their recollections of the portion of liberty they have enjoyed will render

* In the work edited by Mr. T. J. Randolph entitled "Memoirs, Correspondence, and Miscellanies from the papers of Thomas Jefferson," there are several letters addressed to the late Col. Duane of Philadelphia. These, which are not in that work, and which it is believed have not appeared elsewhere, are now published from the original MSS.

force necessary to retain them under pure monarchy. Their pressure upon us has been so severe and so unprincipled that we cannot deprecate their fate, though we might wish to see their naval power kept up to the level of that of the other principal powers separately taken. But may it not take a very different turn? Her paper credit annihilated, her precious metals must become her circulating medium. The taxes which can be levied upon her people in these will be trifling in comparison to what they could pay in paper money. Her navy then will be unpaid, unclothed, unfed. Will such a body of men suffer themselves to be dismissed and to starve? Will they not mutiny, revolt, embody themselves under a popular Admiral, take possession of the Western and Bermuda Islands, and act on the Algerine system? If they should not be able to act on this broad scale, they will become individual pirates and the modern Carthage will end as the old one has done. I am sorry for her people, who are individually as respectable as those of other nations. It is her government which is so corrupt, and which has destroyed the nation. It was certainly the most corrupt and unprincipled government on earth. I should be glad to see their farmers and mechanics come here; but I hope their nobles, priests and merchants will be kept at home, to be moralized by the discipline of the new government.

The young stripling whom you describe, is probably as George Nicholas used to say, 'in the plenitude of puppyism!' Such coxcombs do not serve even as straws to show which way the wind blows.

Alexander is unquestionably a man of an excellent heart and of very respectable strength of mind: and he is the only sovereign who cordially loves us. Bonaparte hates our government because it is a living libel on his. The English hate us because they think our prosperity filched from theirs. Of Alexander's sense of the merits of our form of government, of its wholesome operation on the condition of the people, and of the interest he takes in the success of our experiment, we possess the most unquestionable proofs: and to him we shall be indebted if the rights of neutrals to be settled whenever peace is made shall be extended beyond the present belligerents, that is to say, European neutrals; as George and Napoleon of mutual consent and common hatred against us would concur in excluding us. I thought it a salutary measure to engage the powerful patronage of Alexander at conferences for peace, at a time when Bonaparte was courting him; and altho' circumstances have lessened its weight, yet it is prudent for us to cherish his good dispositions, as those alone which will be exerted in our favor when that occasion shall occur. He like ourselves sees and feels the atrociousness of both belligerents. I salute you with great esteem and respect.

TH: JEFFERSON.

Col. Duane.

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II.

MONTICELLO, Sept. 13, '13.

Dear Sir:—Repeated inquiries on the part of Senator Tracy what has become of his book, (the MS. I last sent you,) oblige me to ask of you what I shall say to him.

I congratulate you on the brilliant affair of the Enterprize and Boxer. No heart is more rejoiced than mine at these mortifications of English pride and lessons to

Europe that the English are not invincible at sea. And if these successes do not lead us too far into the navy mania, all will be well. But when are to cease the severe lessons we receive by land, demonstrating our want of competent officers? The numbers of our countrymen betrayed into the hands of the enemy by the treachery, cowardice or incompetence of our high officers, reduce us to the humiliating necessity of acquiescing in the brutal conduct observed towards them.

When during the last war I put Governor Hamilton and Major Hay into a dungeon and in irons for having themselves personally done the same to the American prisoners who had fallen into their hands, and was threatened with retaliation by Phillips then returned to N. York, I declared to him I would load ten of their Saratoga prisoners (then under my care and within half a dozen miles of my house) with double irons for every American they should misuse under pretence of retaliation: and it put an end to the practice. But the ten for one are now with them. Our present hopes of being able to do something by land seem to rest on Chauncey-Strange reverse of expectations, that our land force should be under the wing of our little navy. Accept the assurance of my esteem and respect.

TH: JEFFERSON.

Genl. Duane.

SONNET. TO ZANTE.

BY E. A. POE.

Fair isle, that from the fairest of all flowers

Thy gentlest of all gentle names dost take,

How many memories of what radiant hours

At sight of thee and thine at once awake!

How many scenes of what departed bliss!

How many thoughts of what entombed hopes!

How many visions of a maiden that is

No more—no more upon thy verdant slopes!

No more!—alas, that magical sad soundTransforming all! Thy charms shall please *no more*—Thy memory *no more!* Accursed ground

Henceforth I hold thy flower-enamelled shore,

O, hyacinthine isle! O, purple Zante,

Isola d'oro! Fior di Levante!

PHILOSOPHY OF ANTIQUITY.

NO. II.

Manū petimus cælum temerariâ.

We have seen that Pythagoras was a traveller; that he had passed over the greater part of the "*terra veteribus nota*." It is true by many authors he is said not to have passed beyond Egypt. In modern times this opinion has been supported by Lempriere. How far he travelled cannot now be ascertained, nor is it desirable otherwise than a mere gratification of curiosity, that it should be. We judge him not by his pretensions, but by what he has done for the cause of human science.

Lempriere says, from Egypt he came to Samos;

there particularly did he wish to open his school; to his countrymen was he most willing to impart those secret stores of wisdom that he had so laboriously striven for, and so honorably gained. His wishes were disappointed, and his want of success offers a painful corroboration of that famed maxim, that "no one is a prophet in his native land."

He was again a wanderer in the islands of the Ægean, and on the main land of Greece. At the court of Leon of Achaia he first assumed the title of philosopher. The occasion of his assuming it, as handed down to us, I think by Aulus Gellius, is one of the most delicious morsels of the gossip of antiquity now in our possession.

Leon, struck with admiration at his universality of knowledge, asked him which of all arts did he prefer? Pythagoras answered after this fashion: "No art or trade, oh king, do I follow; to none of them do I subject myself, but my business is the art of arts—philosophy." And to the king's question, "What sort of thing is this philosophy?" he is reported to have answered: "Life is like unto an Olympic game. And as there are who visit Elis, some to contend for the victory for glory's sake, and some for the prize alone, and others who come to ply their trades, and more whose object is to watch the contest, so in life, chiefs and warriors struggle for the ascendancy, merchants and artizans sell their wares, and some few look on as spectators, study the wayward theory, despising the animal contest of the one, and the trickery of the other; yet as the bee of Hybla extracts sweet honey from the rankest weed, they draw useful morals and sound wisdom from the attentive observance of the actions of each. These morals and wisdom are philosophy, and the spectators are its votaries."

I know not if memory furnishes aright either the anecdote or its author; but all will admit its truth to whomsoever it belongs.

His sojourn at Phlius was not long, and once more he returned to Samos. He opened successfully a public school of philosophy, and occasionally retiring to a lovely and beautiful cave with his chosen friends and favorite scholars, he imparted with all the mystery of an eastern priest to his bands of Neophytes, those truths which the laws of his land, and the opinions of the age, rendered it impossible and impolitic for him to discourse of in public.

The mystery with which his Esoterics were taught, has caused some to rank him among impostors; but may it not be, that this apparent mystery results from the exaggeration of the excluded crowd. Samos he was forced to quit, and Crotona in Magna Grecia had the honor of furnishing him an asylum.

From this time his history is that of the country he had adopted. His pupils became revolutionists in government, and it seemed to be the fate of the founder of the first sect, to be forced at the expense of personal inconvenience, to extend his fame and promulgate his doctrines. Exiled from Crotona, Metaphontum received him, and there death relieved him from the persecution of his enemies. He is said to have taken refuge from a popular commotion in a temple, and there to have died of starvation in the third year of the sixty-eighth Olympiad. (*Vide Porphyrius and Jamblichus.*)

In the east, that *alma mater* of astronomy and mathe-

matics, Pythagoras appears to have imbibed the current physical theories. So deeply was he impressed of the importance of numbers, that he imagined all nature regulated by them, or as he expressed himself, "things are an imitation of numbers," which he divided into (*artioi*) equal and (*peritto*) unequal. Unity is the principle of the first, duality of the latter. Unity he assumed as his emblem of completeness, as the number corresponding to the Deity in the physical world, as the representative of the sun, and in his moral code it stood for virtue.

Duality is a result of unity and is incomplete. It is the emblem of imperfection, and is in all things the opposite of unity. By combinations of the unity and duality, were formed the tetrachys, in which all nature's course was traced. It seems to me, that in this opposition of the good and the bad, of absolute perfection and its contrary, we find enough to prove the oriental origin of the system, and see embodied the good and evil genii of the Arab tale.

Pythagoras, like his predecessors, considered the world as an harmonious whole, (its very name was *kosmos*, or order,) sub-divided into imperfect parts, according to his tetrachys, each revolving around a common centre, and following harmonic laws. From their motion he derived "the music of the spheres." The central five, the sun, he called the watch-house of Jove—the most perfect thing in the physical world, the source of heat, and first cause of all vitality. The stars, according to his theory, are emanations of the sun, and are divinities. The soul of man, adopting the Promethean fable, is likewise an emanation of the sun. Man's soul is therefore divine. Here, by his confusion of God and Sol, we see what will induce us to believe, that during his captivity at the court of Cambyzes, he became acquainted with the doctrines of the Guebres of Persia, and mingling them with the divine Judaical idea of the Godlike origin of at least one portion of man's existence, he formed so wonderful an Eclecticism for the age in which he lived.

An important rôle in this philosophy was performed by demons, but the prime mover of all things was God and (*ha-te*) his will. Pythagoras first ennobled the idea of the Deity, by attributing to it the moral properties of truth and good will to his creatures.

The soul is an emanation of the Deity, therefore it cannot perish. What then becomes of it? As an answer to this question, he adopted the Metempsychosis. What transitions he is said to have believed his own soul to have undergone, is in every one's mouth. From his confounding God with the sun, it was necessary for him to believe the soul material.

To him we are indebted for the first Psychological analysis, which is this: 1st. reason, or (*nous*); 2d. intelligence, or (*phrenes*)—the seat of these two is in the brain; 3d and last, the appetites (*thumos*) which exist in the breast.

Perhaps by this analysis he benefitted mankind more than by all of his doctrines, physical, political and musical (for he was said to have been the inventor of stringed instruments). It was the first attempt of man to quit the external world for that of thought.

Pythagoras, though teaching himself all branches of knowledge, had no pupil who resembled him in universality of pursuit; each devoted himself to a particular

study, and assumed a name in accordance with it. They seem to have proceeded on the division of labor system, and doubtless they were indebted to it for much of their success. We have now gone through with his doctrines; and with an enumeration of his most celebrated pupils and followers, will close this paper.

We know but few of the deductions of the philosophers of the old Pythagorean school, and all their ideas were but deductions from the tenets of their master. These philosophers are Aristæus of Crotona, successor and son-in-law of Pythagoras; Teleanges and Menesarchus, the latter his son; Alcæmon of Crotona, a naturalist and physician; Hippo of Rhegium, and Hippasus of Metapontum, which two last leaned towards the doctrines of Thales, and those of the Eleatic school; Epicharmus of Cos, the comic writer, and perhaps Ocellus, Lucanus and Timeus, from the country of the Lœeri Epizephyrii. Among the Pythagoreans of later times, we may enumerate Archytas of Tarentum, and Philolaus of Crotona, who attained great celebrity for his system of astronomy, and was the first of his school to compose a written treatise. (*Vide Jamblicus for the female votaries of Pythagoras.*)

The doctrines of Pythagoras had a vast influence over the most eminent philosophers of Greece, over Plato particularly, by the road it had opened to thought by the direction of his views and choice of his objects. (In later times, they attributed to the old Pythagoreans all that Plato, Aristotle and others after them had written. And to this heterogeneous mass of opinions, they added crowds of superstitious ideas. (*Vide Tenneman, Schlegel and Tiedeman.*)

THE LAPSE OF YEARS.

'Tis sweet, sadly sweet on the long lapse of years,
To muse at still eve—on life's smiles and its tears;
'To live o'er again each oft forgot scene,
And to think too how chequered life's pathway hath
been;

It is sweet to remember the gay sportive joy,
That gladdened our heart ere it caught earth's alloy;
When the rich perfumed flowers that scented the grove,
First taught our young hearts, nature's beauties to love:
When from the bright heavens, at noon and at even,
We caught the first glimpses of God and of Heaven!
And when we first merged on life's turmoil and strife,
And we shared in those cares with which it is rife;
How dim seemed above us those bright sunny skies,
Which erst beamed on our hearts, and gladdened our
eyes!

And to think on those loved ones, now aye from us
torn,

Whose friendships long lost oft make the heart mourn;
Whose hearts were our sanctuary, and whose love, it
seemed given,

To cheer us on earth, and direct us to heaven!
They are gone! but their memory, yet is most dear,
And we hallow it oft with affection's still tear!
But soon ruthless time shall hurry us too,
From all that we love, and that now meets our view;

Still though earth claims its own, and our bodies must
die,

Yet our spirits must live! these death shall defy!
And the many bright spots in fond memory's waste,
And the blessings of those whose kind friendships we
taste—

These from the heart's tablet, may ne'er be effaced!

F. S.

VERBAL CRITICISMS, &c.

"Of a majority." This is a phrase which many of our newspaper editors are fond of using in an improper manner—thus: "We learn by a gentleman who came on last night, that in A. county, *Squash*, our candidate for Congress, received *two hundred and three of a majority*; but, that in B. county *Mango* had *two hundred and five of a majority*; C. county is to be heard from, which we fear has gone against us." Instead of saying "a majority of two hundred and three," and "a majority of two hundred and five." This corruption is unaccountable and inexcusable.

"Tri-weekly." This Americanism has, I fear, become too firmly established to be eradicated. Newspaper publishers, whose papers appear three times a week, call them "the tri-weekly papers;" but tri-weekly cannot mean *thrice a week*, but *once in three weeks*, just as tri-ennial means once in three years. The proper expression, if one must be coined, would be *ter-weekly*, which would convey the idea the publishers intend to convey by *tri-weekly*.

A writer in a Magazine published in the city of New York in the year 1818, notices with censure, "a very uncouth and inaccurate form of speech," which he says, "has lately crept into our language." He describes it to consist "in improperly using a noun in the nominative or objective case, where the *clause itself* in which the noun is used or some other noun stands in sense and ought to stand in grammatical construction as the nominative or objective." From a number of examples given by him of this vicious usage, the following are selected:

"1. The possession of the goods was altered by the *owner* taking them into his own custody." (Marshall on Insurance.)

"The meaning of the writer certainly is not that the *owner* was the means by which the possession of his goods was altered, but that *his taking them into his own custody, was so*. In grammatical construction, however, the language expresses the former meaning and no other."

"2. In consequence of *the king of Prussia* invading Saxony and Bohemia, the Aulic council voted his conduct to be a breach of the public peace. (Edinb. Ency.)"

"The fact which the historian intended to state, is in substance, that in consequence of *the invasion of Saxony and Bohemia* by the king of Prussia, the Aulic council voted, &c. But according to the grammatical purport of the sentence as it now stands, the words "invading Saxony and Bohemia," express merely an incidental circumstance, which might have been thrown into a parenthesis or a distinct clause: and the whole sentence might, without any material alteration of the sense as

expressed by the writer, be paraphrased thus: "In consequence of the king of Prussia who, by the bye had invaded Saxony, &c., the Aulic council voted his conduct to be a breach of the public peace." If the paraphrase is nonsense, it is the nonsense of the original.

"3. The *secretary* wearing a sword and uniform, was a circumstance which added greatly to his natural awkwardness. (Notices of Mr. Hume."

"The meaning expressed by the words is that the Secretary (who happened indeed to wear a sword and uniform,) was himself the circumstance which added to his own natural awkwardness. The fact intended to be communicated is that *his wearing a sword, &c.* was that circumstance."

"If any one can doubt the justice of these strictures, he may bring them to a very simple and decisive test, by substituting pronouns for nouns in each of the passages cited. Thus: The possession of one's goods is altered by *him* taking them into his own custody." "The Aulic council voted the king's conduct to be a breach of the public peace, in consequence of *him* invading Saxony." "*He* wearing a sword and uniform, was a circumstance which added to his natural awkwardness."

This awkward usage has since the year 1818 been received with such general favor, that it is impossible to go through a book of any considerable size without meeting with it. The last book I have read, Capt. Basil Hall's *Schlop Hainfeld*, abounds with instances. Here are a few:—

"As difficulties might arise however on the score of her being a Protestant, or from the *castle* being no longer in the possession of the family, she thought it prudent," &c. &c. Page 43.

"Instead of the *estate* being put up for public sale, it was quietly arranged that the next heirs, two nephews, should come at once into possession." Page 47.

"All the German world know that so far from *Sunday* being kept holy as respects travelling, it is universally selected as the fittest day in the whole week for that purpose." Page 118.

"Old Joseph, however, who was a good Catholic, thinking I suppose it might do no harm to give his mistress's soul a chance, took advantage of my *back* being turned, and stuck a lighted candle into the old lady's hand a few minutes before she breathed her last." Page 192.

JOHANN PETER UZ.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT.

Some account of this clever writer, and of his works, so little known in this country, may not be unwelcome to the readers of this Magazine. He was born at Anspach, on the third of October 1720. His father, whom he lost early, was a goldsmith, and supported himself by his trade; yet notwithstanding the humble origin and occupation of his parents, the subject of our article was educated with care, and manifested, even in childhood, his disposition to painting and poetry. The talent for painting, indeed, was hereditary in his family; many of his relations being eminent artists, and his brother devoted to it as a profession. To the taste of

the future author for this art, and its cultivation, was doubtless owing his sensibility to the beautiful in the natural world. He was designed for the law, and studied under eminent professors, history and philosophy forming also a part of his studies; but in poetry he was his own teacher, at least he drew instruction for himself from the rich fountains of antiquity. Anacreon and Horace were constantly in his hands; he amused his leisure hours by translating fragments from Homer and Pindar, and took an active part in the translation of Anacreon by a gifted countryman. This joint version was printed, but without his knowledge, in 1746. Three years after, he published a small collection of lyrics, which he had previously submitted to the judgment of his friend Gleim. In the elaborate biography prefixed to his works, an amusing account is given of his platonic attachment to the sister of an intimate friend, and the letters and poems addressed to the object of his love, till her final marriage with another. Uz himself never married; perhaps on account of his early disappointment, though his own excuse was that he was unable to maintain a wife till too old to get one. He afterwards formed a sentimental friendship for a lady, whom he celebrates in his poems under the name of Chloe.

In Romhild, he composed his best productions; several poetical letters, odes and songs, and the "*Sieg des Liebesgottes*," a mock heroic poem in four cantos, which has been praised by contemporary critics as a most valuable addition to German literature. The letters are on various subjects, and addressed to different individuals. The didactic poem, "*Die Kunst stets frohlich zu seyn*," printed in 1760, has striking passages, which recommend moderation in desires, and set forth the pleasures of knowledge, and the advantages of patience and confidence in the providence of God, and a belief in the immortality of the soul, as so many means of promoting the happiness of this life. Harmonious and poetical expression, united with truth and vigor, is unanimously accorded to the compositions of Uz. His best poems are of an instructive and philosophical cast, and if they want the brilliant fancy and captivating imagery of other writers, they possess solid merit enough to entitle their author to the gratitude and veneration of his countrymen.

The death of this poet, calm and quiet as his life, took place on the twelfth of May 1796.

The Victory of Cupid, (*Der Sieg des Liebesgottes*) his principal poem, is analogous in design and in style to Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, though not, as was erroneously stated by the publisher in one edition, an avowed imitation of that production. Its descriptions are picturesque and its satire is happy. Cupid is represented as incensed by the coldness of Selinda, a rural maiden, who, protected from the shafts of the boy-god by an attendant sprite, has the presumption to defy his power. The fair coquette has two lovers in her train, who, mortified by her insensibility to their devotion, prefer their complaints against her to Love himself. Cupid resolves to vanquish the lady, who has the boldness to resist his sway, and for this purpose enters Leebia's garden in pursuit of her, where he finds her with a numerous company. His arrows are turned aside from her breast by the watchful spirit, who is meant to personate the vanity of woman; and the offended deity is

compelled to resort to stratagem to fulfil his purpose. One of the swains entices the fair Selinda into a pavilion, and Love, disguised as his servant, drives by a magnificent equipage. By this device the attention of the lady is distracted, the protecting sprite taken by surprise, and an unseen dart from the deity accomplishes the victory.

The following verses describe the abode of Cupid at Paphos. The original is in rhyme, but we will not confine ourselves to that in a close version.

"It was the hour of noon; languished the herds,
Languished the grass upon the parched earth;
Red Sirius reigned, in all his burning might,
That many a brain doth craze, and doth create
Full many a bard. The god of Love, with bow
Relaxed, with brow displeased, and listless mien,
Nigh Paphos folded his unwearied wing;
Beside him a love consecrated wood
Rustled at zephyr's breath; the trysting place
Of joys—the home of ever new delight.
With bliss perennial roved the guests along
The sheltered, winding paths; where in thick gloom
The bay and myrtle twined their votive wreaths,
And from all sides called the sweet nightingale.
Here murmured a young brook; there headlong rushed
A cataract; the foam white streams descending
From bushy hills, and crowding to a lake
Where flowers looked on their mirrored images,
The soft green turf, the gentle gloom created
By clustering foliage, here to tenderness
Invited all. Deep silence aye kept guard
Before this holy wood, which ever lovely
With golden sunshine, row 'neath cooling leaves
Welcomed the boy-god, on whose burning brow
Wreaths of pale, faded roses hung. Around him
In playful circles danced a restless band
Of sports—and Flattery soft, and gentle Hope,
Veiled in thin gauze, and Passion, and Deceit,
And all the choir of loves."

The parting of Cupid from the embrace of Pleasure to go upon his errand, is thus described.

"So spake he; and from Pleasure's soft lap sprang,
Nor without effort from her arms away
Tearing himself. So Hector to the fight
Hastened from Priam's walls, and when the sad
Andromache held back his arm, imploring—
Not without grief, but as a hero parted,
And from her tender breast to victory flew.
Around Love's waist the well filled quiver hung,
The golden bow in his victorious hand
Waved threateningly; then sprang he on his flight,
And at their lord's behest his followers
With him forsook the vales and woods of Cyprus.
Meanwhile around him gentle zephyrs play,
And cool the hot air with their balmy wings.
Where'er Love flew, the hearts of mortals beat
With unaccustomed throb—and warmer gushed
The accelerated blood. The sighing swain
Mourned loudlier o'er his wounds; and deeper oaths
Of true faith swore—upon the breezes lavished
No common victory stays the impatient god;
He seeks Selinda—brings Selinda war."

We shall conclude our notice of this poet, by extracting some of his minor poems, each in a different style.

TO THE LYRIC MUSE.

Whither, O whither bears unwonted fire
My spirit in its daring lyric flight,
Far from these lower streams,
To green Parnassian hills and fountains bright?

Proudly I quit the confines of the earth,
To sweep untrodden paths on high;

How pants, surpassed, behind,
The bird of Jove, abashed to see me nigh!

In heavenly regions, where my rapturous ear
Drinks in the music of the sphered host,
O, muse! be thou my guide, thou whose free wing
So far has strayed, ne'er in those mazes lost.

I follow thee—now upward to the sun,
Now wandering in untrodden forests drear,
With Liber's votive dames,
Where ne'er the muses come—where other stars appear.

Led by thy hand, when blithe Licæus calls,
What can the terrors of the bard awake?
Nó! in some distant cleft
Shall my lyre's joy the sleep of echo break.

Only the touch of Pleasure wakes my strings—
They murmur forth no doleful lay,
But chant of warlike clamor, clashing arms,
And victory in bloody, wild array.

Erst, with a proud delight
Thy hero's brow with laurels didst thou twine;
Wrapt in thy high embrace,
Drinking the inspiring draught—forever thence to shine
As Hesper shone—when at the morning dew
From Thetis' arms he sprang,
And trod the starry blue,
While all Olympus to the music rang.

A starry host, the last pale choir of night,
Mourned for him in the waning light:
The young day woke, as on his path he sped,
And sleep and shadows from his eyebeams fled!

LOVE.

Maiden, wouldst thou know the elf?
Friendship let him call himself—
Look upon his visage free;
If you fiery glances meet,
Full of mischief and deceit,
That is Love—doubt not, 'tis he!

If, a Proteus, he beguile,
Now a tear and now a smile—
If he speak complainingly—
Creep to-day, to-morrow run,
Ne'er for sixty minutes one,
That is Love—doubt not, 'tis he!

Wheedling art he knows full well—
On his lips sweet roses dwell;
When he speaks, they archly pout:
Quick does passion cloud his brow,
Praying then, commanding now;
That is Love—no longer doubt!

Comes he without bow or dart,
Innocence with guileless heart?
View him well upon the spot:
See you him with sport and jest,
Stealing nigh your thoughtless breast?
That is love—O trust him not!

The following is among the shortest of the devotional pieces:

PRAISE OF THE MOST HIGH.

To Zion's sacred hill, on angel's wings,
Bears me this power divine, this holy love!
By Siloa's fount shall I the Mighty praise,
In the dark cedar grove?

Here where the monarch-bard, with heavenly joy,
Entranced in God, his hymns alone to God

Sung on his golden harp : the winds were still,
Silent in awe the listening forest stood.

Be hushed ye cedars ! murmur but from far ;
How burns my soul with rapture strong !
To Him, the Lord, I raise upon new strings
A new and lofty song !

Lord ! who is like to Thee ! God o'er all Gods,
Alone Almighty, glorious, wise and good,
Just even in anger, when in flame-wreathed clouds
Thy wrath shakes land and flood !

Thou only Great ! what may dust offer thee ?
My song, 'mid full resounding melody,
Be one among the grateful hosts that praise—
Be all my life one hymn of praise to Thee.

RIGHTS OF AUTHORS.

No patriotic American can do otherwise than rejoice that his country now stands high in the scale of nations, and that she is revered and respected by every government in the world. The star-spangled banner of our country proudly waves in the breeze of every clime ; her commercial relations and foreign trading interests, are every day becoming more and more extended and permanent. Science and the mechanic arts, which formerly fed on foreign bounty and ingenuity, now extend their influence and develop their powers by the efforts of native genius and talent ; and literature, which not long ago worshipped at the shrine of foreign learning and experience, at length rises, and by her own strength, wends her way through the rugged and not often straight paths of investigation and research, to the highest seat in the temple of fame. America is gradually progressing thither ; her early difficulties have been removed ; new ones have arisen ; but these will be overcome by industry and perseverance. British literature will receive that veneration its antiquity and dignity deserve, without the servile flattery which characterized our early history ; while both countries will mutually exchange those courtesies which intelligence and civilization in each require. To emulate the literary zeal and character of our mother country, is certainly creditable to our national mind ; to do them honor and render them justice, is unequivocally our duty ; and when this is done, we secure our own advantage, and place our own character on a sure foundation.

The fathers of our country had a reference to its prosperity in the aforesaid respects, when engaged in the formation of our constitution—an instrument replete with judgment, discretion and prescience, in so far as human calculation could extend. It is therein provided that "congress shall have power" "to promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing for limited times, to authors and inventors, the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." Congress is also invested with authority to enact such laws as "shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing power." The protection of "authors and inventors" from any infringement of their rights, is clearly the design of the constitution—its ultimate object, the promotion of science and the useful arts. "Authors and inventors" who may be the subjects of another go-

vernment, are not excepted by the constitution, which therefore virtually, or rather negatively, acknowledges the universality of mind—the boundless lustre or radiance that emanates from genius and intelligence. The productions of the mind, wherever they originate, are illimitable in their influence. Those which are useful to every nation should have a shield of defence thrown around them, that will secure to their author those rights and that protection, which the laws of nature in reason and justice award him, and which therefore should be legally acknowledged and tendered by every government in every civilized nation. The results of intellectual labor exercise a sort of omnipresence and universal monarchy—for their authority is irresistibly felt every where ; their power is co-extensive with the existence of mind. There is nothing, therefore, which is so clearly embraced in the subjects of international law—nothing which so forcibly demands reciprocal legislation, as that protection due to genius—since the enchanting goddess soars aloft and wings her flight to every part of the world, regardless of physical or geographical boundaries. Such is the natural inviolability of intellectual property, that if men were governed by reason and strict justice in their dealings with one another, there would be no necessity for the interference of law. This is true in respect to many things, but not more reasonable or equitable applied to any thing than to the one in question. The sentiment of *Bynkershoek* (*De Foro Legatorum*), as quoted by Dr. Wheaton in his excellent work on international law, is strictly applicable to the case before us. He says, "If all men are men, that is to say, if they make use of their reason, it must counsel them certain things which they ought to observe, as if by mutual consent, and which being afterwards established by usage, impose upon nations a reciprocal obligation," &c. Such obligation, arising out of the nature of things, would be tantamount to law, though without its penal sanctions.

In consideration, however, of the selfish propensities of mankind, which expose men of talent and genius to infringement of their rights, laws have necessarily been enacted for their protection, security and encouragement. In the carrying out of our argument, it is not necessary to state when the protecting laws of the United States were enacted—what their benefits, or what their deficiencies. A consideration of their present character will suffice for our purpose. And it must be borne in mind, that the principle for which we contend, and which ought to apply to literature as well as science and art, has been recognized by a recent law of congress. The Hon. Henry L. Ellsworth, commissioner of patents, in his report to the secretary of state, and transmitted to the select committee on the patent laws, says, "The exclusion of foreigners from the benefits of the patent law, cannot fail to be noticed as an exception to that reciprocity which this government has ever cherished. Citizens of the United States are daily taking out patents in France and England, and the subjects of those countries are greatly disappointed in being refused a similar privilege here. Congress has sanctioned the principle of granting patents to foreigners who apply to that body." This is as it should be : the creations of genius, the outpourings of intellect, are thus invested with that superiority which belongs to them. A general and mutual incitement and encouragement will be given to

the cultivation of the inventive faculties of men in all nations, while all may reasonably expect to be rewarded for their toil and industry. We might extend our remarks on the benefits to be derived from so just and righteous a law, but we presume these will be obvious to every reflecting mind; the progress of science will be promoted, and every inducement held out for enterprise and perseverance in scientific and useful pursuits.

There is one class of authors, however, whose rights are as yet withheld and totally disregarded; we mean, of course, the authors of works exclusively literary. The anomalous character of the existing copy-right law has very justly been the subject of animadversion, being subversive of the interests both of American and foreign authors, and opposed to the true spirit of civilization, which regards the general good, and aims at the diffusion of useful knowledge. By the operation of this law the general good is not secured, and the progress of sound permanent literature is impeded. But in order to make this matter clear, let us examine the law itself as it now stands. The present copy-right law was approved on the 3d of February, 1831; of course, it took the place of the law passed in 1790, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning," and also superseded the supplement to that law passed in 1802. Inasmuch as the present law was enacted so recently as 1831, when the errors and discrepancies of the old system must have been fully exposed, it is a little singular that the prominent deficiencies were not removed. It is true, however, that they are not removed; and no law of the United States respecting copy-right, awards to authors in other countries the right to benefit by the productions and inventions of their own mind, in this. The eighth section of the law referred to reads thus: "*And be it further enacted*, That nothing in this act shall be construed to extend to prohibit the importation or vending, printing or publishing of any map, chart, book, musical composition, print or engraving, written, composed or made, by any person not being a citizen of the United States, nor resident within the jurisdiction thereof." What a startling clause is this to originate with the concentrated wisdom of a great and intelligent nation! The rights of mind are banished from our land. An individual residing in London or Paris, or being a subject of England or France, may spend years, as is frequently the case, in writing or composing a work which will benefit our race; he has labored assiduously in order to its completion; it appears; an early copy is secured by an American publisher; it is soon issued here, and the poor unfortunate author receives no compensation for his labor; his *own* property is sold without his consent—aye, contrary to his expressed wish. There seems to be no other name than fraud for such conduct; and yet it is sanctioned by law, and supported by custom. The number of those that practice this uncourtly behavior towards distant friends, is so great, that they keep each other in countenance. Thus the evil has been perpetuated, and public opinion has not denounced the violator of international obligations. We offer the man of learning, who has unceasingly labored for our improvement, the words of praise, and at the same moment seize and retain the "golden opinions" which his industry and research deserve. And is this system of injustice to be continued? Can it be longer borne by intelligent Americans? No! The rights of foreign authors

will be acknowledged by the people's representatives, and Congress will "render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's"—an international law of copy-right must and will be enacted.

Every writer on this important question, who has taken what we consider a proper view of it, has not failed to maintain that the present state of our copy-right law, instead of accomplishing the design of its enactment, viz. the encouragement of learning, has unfortunately prostrated our native energies; by its operation the industry and research of American authors have been either wholly prevented or greatly retarded. Every person who uses a pen must be aware of the amount of time required to write a full page of a good sized book, and hence may judge how much is necessary to write a volume. But the mere writing of a book is comparatively nothing. A man of sound judgment who writes for the public good, weighs well his thoughts—reads and meditates upon the opinions of others. He is at great expense in procuring works of talent, that he may hold converse with departed great spirits, who, "though dead, yet speak." He may find it necessary to remodel and rewrite his thoughts; and after much toil and sacrifice, much anxiety and care, his work is at last perfected. The next object of the author is to secure a publisher; proposals are made; but he finds that for years of patient, ardent, and constant investigation and research, he is to be rewarded with a few hundred dollars. The publisher can scarcely be blamed, for he has no certain prospect of a return of capital; and this uncertainty is owing to the fact, that the moiety of money set apart by the public for the purchase of books, is expended on those innumerable reprints of foreign novels and light publications—a taste for which has grown out of the system, and which from the same cause can be had for almost nothing. The market is filled, and the native author forestalled; his energies are crushed, and his coffer empty; so that in order to obtain the necessaries of life, he is constrained to engage in employment more profitable, though less honorable. If he does not, he must be comparatively neglected, and suffer through penury and want. There are some exceptions we know—men who have not crouched to the demon of mental oppression, but who, conscious of their powers, have vigorously maintained the conflict with predilections and prejudices, and having proved themselves equal to the combat, have taken rank with the greatest minds of Europe. But the number is small, and will remain so if the present system is continued, and the country is flooded with reprints of foreign works at a shamefully trifling expense. These evils have originated in the state of the law. Is it not, therefore, grossly deficient? The design of our legislators has been counteracted; learning has not been encouraged, and an alteration is peremptorily demanded. An international copy-right law must be enacted, if native authors are to be encouraged and remunerated.

It will not be difficult to show, that the copy-right law as it now stands, is injurious to the American publisher, because it negatively refuses his right to become the proprietor of a work, the author of which happens to be the subject of another government. We say *negatively*, because a legitimate or reasonable construction of the law would protect the American in the publication of a foreign work which he has purchased, and of

which he is therefore the legal proprietor. In almost every section of the law it is specified, that the "author or proprietor" is the person to be protected from any infringement of his rights; and in reason and in law too, a citizen of the United States may be the legal proprietor of property manufactured in a foreign land. It could never be intended to except literary property. The law does not interdict a contract between a British author and an American publisher; but it does not positively secure to him so contracting, the sole right to import or vend, print or publish, that which he has paid for. The consequence is, that those who have purchased a manuscript or early copy of a foreign author, have been, and still are, exposed to all the evils of competition, with none of its advantages. As soon as the work appears, it may be, and frequently is, reprinted in a few weeks, or perhaps a few days; and this velocity of workmanship is accounted genuine enterprise. And thus the American publisher is subjected to literary spoliation and absolute plunder, through the discrepancies of that law, which was "intended for the protection and security of copy-rights." These things ought not to be: protection ought to be afforded to the legal proprietor of any work, whether of native or foreign origin: a copy-right, as well as a patent, should be "assignable in law;" and an American publisher, who purchases a foreign work, should be rendered secure from depredations. Enough has been said on this point, to show that the source of existing grievances is in the law of copy-right. We may as well state here, that in London, the world's emporium of literature, a publisher who purchases an American work, is protected from piracy, we believe, by law; but we are confident he is by that inviolable courtesy which one publisher shows to another: hence, our authors have not unfrequently received four or five thousand dollars for a single work—at once obtaining fame and emolument; and we may safely add, that those of our native authors who have attained the *acme* of popularity and honorable affluence, sought and found them in a foreign land. England has done her duty. In order to reciprocate the benefits our authors enjoy in other lands, and to concede the privileges we receive, it is essentially necessary, in the absence of those principles of chivalry and courtesy which protect the foreign publisher, that we should establish an international law of copy-right.

We could easily show, that the system of abuse which has obtained among us, is opposed to the moral interests and mental cultivation of our population collectively; but on this point shall only observe, that as a light, trifling, morbid, reading disposition has been created by it, so it has cherished a love of fictional, airy productions, in opposition to the solid, philosophical and useful. Cheap novels have been published and bought, because they were cheap; and while these have vitiated the public taste, they have also lowered the standard of our national literature. It is more than probable, that if the law had been perfect, and had granted to all authors their natural rights, such evils would not have pervaded our land; as it is, it will require not only an alteration in law, but strong moral courage in native authors and publishers to resist the encroachments of that evil genius—cheap nonsense, and establish a literary standard of excellence, and a just return for the same.

We must now bring our article to a close, and feel

that we cannot do better than apply to the question before us the language of that declaration, to which our fathers pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. Some slight alterations are indicated by italicised words: "Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that *practices* long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly, all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to subject *our nation to the charge of injustice and oppression*, it is *our right*, it is *our duty*, to throw off such *practices*, and to provide new guards for the security of the *inviolable rights of genius and talent*."

RIGHT OF INSTRUCTION.

Philadelphia, November 29, 1836.

DEAR SIR:

When I had the pleasure of seeing you, it was my intention that I should probably ask for one or two of your pages in reply to my very industrious opponent on the subject of the "Right of Instruction." On further reflection I have relinquished this design, and am content to leave our controversy where it now stands, as I doubt not that you and your readers are tired of us both. My object would have been to show, what I think is sufficiently obvious, that when your correspondent rejects, in my definition of the doctrine of instructions, the terms "*official duty*," and substitutes for them "*moral duty*," he changes the whole ground of the question, and gives it a shape and position which I have no disposition to assail. An *official*, constitutional duty, is inseparably connected with the office. It is *definite* and *certain*, that the officer may know precisely what it is, and how he is bound by it; it is intelligibly prescribed and imposed upon him by the authority which created the office and made him the officer. Nothing is left to him in deciding what it is, or in fixing the limits of his obligation to obey. The constitution and the law determine the official duty of every public officer. But a *moral duty* in a question of this sort, is just what the conscientious judgment of the agent may make it. No man can decide, in such a case, what is the moral duty of another. Men may honestly and rightfully differ about it, and there is no acknowledged, authoritative power to decide between them. For instance, were I a Senator, I should truly believe it to be my moral duty to act on every public question affecting the interests of the whole people of the United States, in the manner which the good of the whole required, and to disregard the instructions of the representatives in another body of the particular state by whose appointment I became a Senator—a legislator for the whole. My moral duty would forbid me to sacrifice the whole to a part, or to prefer the interests of ten of my constituents to the interests of a thousand. On the other hand, I presume the moral duty of my adversary would oblige him to obey such instructions, whatever his conscientious opinion might be of the evil effects of the measure, not only upon the whole, but upon the particular member

of the Union from which he receives the instruction. We are equally sincere and honest in our opinion, and, of course, the obligations of moral duty furnish no rule for us both—that is, a rule which would hold us to the same conduct in the same circumstances. The different courses and conclusions of Mr. Tyler and Mr. Leigh, show how differently they understood this moral duty. An official duty may sometimes be in opposition to the moral sense of the agent; as in the case of an executive officer, and even of a judge, who may be compelled to do what his moral sense disapproves. The strictness of the law may press hardly—nay, *unjustly*, in a particular case, civil or criminal; but it is the *official duty* of the judge or sheriff to execute the law, although, if left to follow their own sense of their moral duty, they would recoil from it. I should have extended and illustrated these views and principles, but am satisfied to close the contest as it now stands between us. I will add, that the time and manner of the introduction and origin of the doctrine of instructions, is a subordinate question to the right. I think, however, that it could be easily shown that all the industry of my opponent has not enabled him to shake my position, that this doctrine, *as now asserted*, is of recent date comparatively, and was never maintained by the framers of the constitution. I am content, also, to leave this question as it stands.

Very truly and respectfully,
Your most obedient,

JOS. HOPKINSON.

To Mr. T. W. White.

WALK WITH THE LORD.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"At evening time, it shall be light."
Zechariah 14: 7 v

Walk with the Lord at morn,
When every scene is fair,
While opening buds the boughs adorn,
And fragrance fills the air;
Before the rosy dawn, awake,
And in thy being's pride,
Thy first young blush of beauty, make
Omnipotence thy guide.

Walk with the Lord at noon,
When fervid suns are high,
And Pleasure, with her treacherous boon,
Allureth manhood's eye,—
Then, with the diamond shield of prayer,
Thy soul's opposers meet,
And crush the thorns of sin and care
That bind the pilgrim's feet.

Walk with the Lord at eve,
When twilight dews descend,
And Nature seems a shroud to weave,
As for some smitten friend;
While slow the lonely moments glide
On mournful wing away,
Press closer, closer to His side,
For He shall be thy stay.

Even should'st thou linger still
Till midnight spreads its pall,

And Age laments with bosom chill
Its buried earthly all,
Thy wither'd eyes a signal bright
Beyond the grave shall see,
For He, who maketh darkness light,
Thy God, shall walk with thee.

Hartford, Con. Dec. 31st, 1836.

STANZAS

Suggested on hearing the Church Bell of a Sabbath morning at —, while the writer was reading a Popular Romance of the day.

BY JUDGE HENRY THOMPSON.

There is a rapture, oft revealed,
To which the wayward heart must yield,
'Tis garnered up within the soul—
A charm, we may not all control.
It is that day-dream of the past
Which murmurs on the summer blast,
And comes serene on sightless wing,
With tearful, fervid whispering,
When youth hath flown, yet hath not gone,
The genii spirit of its morn!

And now that bell
Awakes its spell,
And minds me of
The Sabbath knell,

Which tolls amid the verdant bloom,
That garlands round a Mother's tomb;
It minds me of the voice of truth
The admonitions of my youth,
Which hither come with pang severe
To wake the penitential tear,
For ah! e'en now, this luring book
Proclaims I have her words forsook.
I throw it by in bitter pain!
Mother! I'm with thee once again!

Ah! had my bark on life's sad sea
But kept the course laid down by thee!
Had I but taught my youthful heart
To know there was no other fate
By which securely I could steer
From all the rocks and quicksands here;
Ah! then perchance—upon the deck
Which now is but a shatter'd wreck,
I might have won the meed of fame
Worthy a predecessors name.

But now, dear sire!
I sweep the lyre
In vain, to wake
Its latent fire.

For ah! the melody is o'er
Its broken chords vibrate no more—
Yet though neglected and unstrung,
The noteless lyre away is flung,
Think not, cold world, the *spirit's* flown,
The wild, the soft, the silv'ry tone
Of this poor sportive thing of fate
That cannot now articulate—
Cease! cease! the song—'tis idly vain—
Father! I'm with you once again!

Alabama.

Editorial.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

BRYANT.

Poems by William Cullen Bryant. Fourth Edition. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Mr. Bryant's poetical reputation, both at home and abroad, is greater, we presume, than that of any other American. British critics have frequently awarded him high praise; and here, the public press have been unanimous in approbation. We can call to mind no dissenting voice. Yet the nature, and, most especially the manner, of the expressed opinions in this case, should be considered as somewhat equivocal, and but too frequently must have borne to the mind of the poet, doubts and dissatisfaction. The edition now before us may be supposed to embrace all such of his poems as he deems not unworthy his name. These (amounting to about one hundred) have been "carefully revised." With the exception of some few, about which nothing could well be said, we will speak briefly of them one by one, but in such order as we may find convenient.

The Ages, a didactic piece of thirty-five Spenserian stanzas, is the first and longest in the volume. It was originally printed in 1821, with about half a dozen others now included in this collection. The design of the author in this poem is "from a survey of the past ages of the world, and of the successive advances of mankind in knowledge and virtue, to justify and confirm the hopes of the philanthropist for the future destinies of the human race." It is, indeed, an essay on the perfectibility of man, wherein, among other better arguments, some, in the very teeth of analogy, are deduced from the eternal cycles of physical nature, to sustain a hope of progression in happiness. But it is only as a poem that we wish to examine *The Ages*. Its commencement is impressive. The four initial lines arrest the attention at once by a quiet dignity of manner, an air of placid contemplation, and a versification combining the extremes of melody and force—

When to the common rest that crowns our days,
Called in the noon of life, the good man goes,
Or full of years, and ripe in wisdom, lays
His silver temples in their last repose—

The five concluding lines of the stanza, however, are not equally effective—

When, o'er the buds of youth, the death-wind blows,
And blights the fairest; when our bitterest tears
Stream, as the eyes of those that love us close,
We think on what they were, with many fears
Lest goodness die with them, and leave the coming years.

The defects, here, are all of a metrical and of course minor nature, but are still defects. The line

When o'er the buds of youth the death-wind blows is impeded in its flow by the final *th* in *youth*, and especially in *death* where *o* follows. The word *tears* cannot readily be pronounced after the final *st* in *bitterest*; and its own final consonants, *rs*, in like manner render an effort necessary in the utterance of *stream* which commences the next line. In the verse

We think on what they were, with many fears the word *many* is, from its nature, too rapidly pronounced for the fulfilment of the *time* necessary to give weight to the foot of two syllables. All words of two syllables do not necessarily constitute a foot (we speak now of the Pentameter here employed) even although the syllables be entirely distinct, as in *many*, *very*, *often* and the like. Such as, without effort, cannot employ in their pronunciation the *time* demanded by each of the preceding and succeeding feet of the verse, and occasionally of a preceding verse, will never fail to offend. It is the perception of this fact which so frequently forces the versifier of delicate ear to employ feet exceeding what are unjustly called legitimate dimensions. For example. At page 21 of the volume before us we have the following lines—

Lo! to the smiling Arno's classic side
The emulous nations of the West repair!

These verses are exceedingly forcible, yet, upon scanning the latter, we find a syllable too many. We shall be told possibly that there should be an elision of the *e* in *the* at the commencement. But no—this was not intended. Both *the* and *emulous* demand a perfect accentuation. The verse commencing *Lo!*

Lo! to the smiling Arno's classic side,

has, it will be observed, a Trochee in its first foot. As is usually the case, the whole line partakes, in consequence, of a stately and emphatic enunciation, and, to equalize the time in the verse succeeding, something more is necessary than the succession of Iambuses which constitute the ordinary English Pentameter. The equalization is therefore judiciously effected by the introduction of an additional syllable. But in the lines

Stream, as the eyes of those that love us close,
We think on what they were with many fears,

lines to which the preceding observations will equally apply, this additional syllable is wanting. Did the rhyme admit of the alteration, every thing necessary could be accomplished by writing

We think on what they were with *many a* fear,
Lest goodness die with them and leave the coming year.

These remarks may be considered hypercritical—yet it is undeniable that upon a rigid attention to minutiae such as we have pointed out, any great degree of metrical success must altogether depend. We are more disposed, too, to dwell upon the particular point mentioned above, since, with regard to it, the American Monthly, in a late critique upon the poems of Mr. Willis, has evidently done that gentleman injustice. The reviewer has fallen into what we conceive the error of citing, *by themselves*, (that is to say insulated from the context) such verses as

The night-wind with a desolate moan swept by.
With difficult energy and when the rod.
Fell through, and with the tremulous hand of age.
With supernatural whiteness loosely fell.

for the purpose of animadversion. "The license" he says "of turning such words as 'passionate' and 'delicate' into two syllables could only have been taken by a pupil of the Fantastic School." We are quite sure that Mr. Willis had no purpose of turning them into words of two syllables—nor even, as may be supposed upon a careless examination, of pronouncing *then* in the

same time which would be required for two ordinary syllables. The excesses of measure are here employed (perhaps without any definite design on the part of the writer, who may have been guided solely by ear) with reference to the proper equalization, or *balancing*, if we may so term it, of time, *throughout an entire sentence*. This, we confess, is a novel idea, but, we think, perfectly tenable. Any musician will understand us. Efforts for the relief of monotone will necessarily produce fluctuations in the time of any metre, which fluctuations, if not subsequently counterbalanced, affect the ear like unresolved discords in music. The deviations then of which we have been speaking, from the strict rules of prosodial art, are but improvements upon the rigor of those rules, and are a merit, not a fault. It is the nicety of this species of equalization more than any other metrical merit, which elevates Pope as a versifier above the mere couplet-makers of his day; and, on the other hand, it is the extension of the principle to *sentences of greater length* which elevates Milton above Pope. Knowing this, it was, of course, with some surprise that we found the American Monthly (for whose opinion we still have the highest respect,) citing Pope in opposition to Mr. Willis upon the very point to which we allude. A few examples will be sufficient to show that Pope not only made free use of the license referred to, but that he used it for the reasons, and under the circumstances which we have suggested.

Oh thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in *Rabelais'* easy chair.

Any person will here readily perceive that the third line

Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious chair
differs in time from the usual course of the rhythm, and requires some counterbalance in the line which succeeds. It is indeed precisely such a verse as that of Mr. Bryant's upon which we have commented,

Stream, as the eyes of those that love us close,
and commences in the same manner with a Trochee. But again, from Pope we have—

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines
Hence Journals, Medleys, *Mercuries*, Magazines.

Else all my prose and verse were much the same,
This prose on stilts, that *poetry* fallen lame.

And thrice he lifted high the birth-day band
And thrice he dropped it from his *quivering* hand.

Here stood her opium, here she nursed her owls,
And here she planned the *imperial* seat of fools.

Here to her chosen all her works she shows
Prose swell'd to verse, verse *loitering* into prose.

Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit
Throned on *seven* hills, the Antichrist of wit.

And his this drum whose hoarse heroic bass
Drowns the loud *clarion* of the braying ass.

But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise
Twelve *starveling* bards of these *degenerate* days.

These are all taken at random from the first book of the *Dunciad*. In the last example it will be seen that

the *two* additional syllables are employed with a view of equalizing the time with that of the verse

But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise—
a verse which will be perceived to labor in its progress—and which Pope, in accordance with his favorite theory of making sound accord with sense, evidently intended so to labor. It is useless to say that the words should be written with elision—*starveling* and *degenerate*. Their *pronunciation* is not thereby materially effected—and, besides, granting it to be so, it may be as well to make the elision also in the case of Mr. Willis. But Pope had no such intention, nor we presume, had Mr. W. It is somewhat singular, we may remark, en passant, that the American Monthly, in a subsequent portion of the critique alluded to, quotes from Pope as a line of "sonorous grandeur" and one beyond the ability of our American poet, the well known

Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel.

Now this is indeed a line of "sonorous grandeur"—but it is rendered so principally if not altogether by that very excess of metre (in the word Damien) which the reviewer has condemned in Mr. Willis. The lines which we quote below from Mr. Bryant's poem of *The Ages* will suffice to show that the author we are now reviewing fully appreciates the force of such occasional excess, and that he has only neglected it through oversight, in the verse which suggested these observations.

Peace to the just man's *memory*—let it grow
Greener with years, and blossom through the flight
Of ages: let the mimic canvass show
His calm *benevolent* features.

Does *prodigal* Autumn to our age deny
The plenty that once swelled beneath his sober eye?

Look on this *beautiful* word, and read the truth
In her fair page.

Will then the *merciful* one who stamped our race
With his own image, and who gave them sway
O'er Earth and the glad dwellers on her face,
Now that our *flourishing* nations far away
Are spread, where'er the moist earth drinks the day,
Forget the ancient care that taught and nursed
His latest offspring?

He who has tamed the *elements* shall not live
The slave of his own passions.

—when Liberty awoke
New-born, amid those *beautiful* vales.

Oh Greece, thy *flourishing* cities were a spoil
Unto each other.

And thou didst drive from thy *unnatural* breast
Thy just and brave.

Yet her *degenerate* children sold the crown.

Instead of the pure heart and *innocent* hands—

Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well
Thou laugh'st at *enemies*. Who shall then declare—
&c.

Far like the comet's way thro' *infinite* space.

The full region leads
New colonies forth.

Full many a *horrible* worship that, of old,
Held o'er the *shuddering* realms unquestioned sway.

All these instances, and some others, occur in a poem of but thirty-five stanzas—yet, in only a very few cases is the license improperly used. Before quitting this subject it may be as well to cite a striking example from Wordsworth—

There was a youth whom I had loved so long,
That when I loved him not I cannot say.
Mid the green mountains many and many a song
We two had sung like gladsome birds in May.

Another specimen, and one still more to the purpose, may be given from Milton, whose accurate ear (although he cannot justly be called the best of versifiers) included and balanced without difficulty the rhythm of the longest passages.

But say, if our *Deliverer* up to heaven
Must re-ascend, what will betide the few
His faithful, left among the unfaithful herd
The enemies of truth? who then shall guide
His people, who defend? will they not deal
More with his *followers* than with him they dealt?
Be sure they will, *said the Angel*.

The other metrical faults in *The Ages* are few. Mr. Bryant is not always successful in his Alexandrines. Too great care cannot be taken, we think, in so regulating this species of verse as to admit of the necessary pause at the end of the third foot—or at least as not to render a pause necessary elsewhere. We object, therefore, to such lines as

A palm like his, and catch from him the hallowed flame.
The truth of heaven, and kneel to Gods that heard them not.

That which concludes Stanza X, although correctly cadenced in the above respect, requires an accent on the monosyllable *the*, which is too unimportant to sustain it. The defect is rendered the more perceptible by the introduction of a Trochee in the first foot.

The sick untended then
Languished in *the* damp shade, and died afar from men.

We are not sure that such lines as

A boundless sea of blood and *the* wild air.
The smile of heaven, till a new age expands.

are in any case justifiable, and they can be easily avoided. As in the Alexandrine mentioned above, the course of the rhythm demands an accent on monosyllables too unimportant to sustain it. For this prevalent heresy in metre we are mainly indebted to Byron, who introduced it freely, with a view of imparting an abrupt energy to his verse. There are, however, many better ways of relieving a monotone.

Stanza VI is, throughout, an exquisite specimen of versification, besides embracing many beauties both of thought and expression.

Look on this beautiful world and read the truth
In her fair page; see every season brings
New change, to her, of everlasting youth;
Still the green soil with joyous living things
Swarms; the wide air is full of joyous wings;
And myriads, still, are happy in the sleep
Of ocean's azure gulfs, and where he flings
The restless surge. Eternal love doth keep
In his complacent arms the earth, the air, the deep.

The cadences, here, at the words *page*, *swarms*, and *surge* respectively, cannot be surpassed. We shall find, upon examination, comparatively few consonants

in the stanza, and by their arrangement no impediment is offered to the flow of the verse. Liquids and the most melodious vowels abound. *World, eternal, season, wide, change, full, air, everlasting, wings flings, complacent, surge, gulfs, myriads, azure, ocean, soil, and joyous*, are among the softest and most sonorous sounds in the language, and the partial line after the pause at *surge*, together with the stately march of the Alexandrine which succeeds, is one of the finest imaginable of finales—

Eternal love doth keep
In his complacent arms, the earth, the air, the deep.

The higher beauties of the poem are not, we think, of the highest. It has unity, completeness,—a beginning, middle and end. The tone, too, of calm, hopeful, and elevated reflection, is well sustained throughout. There is an occasional quaint grace of expression, as in

Nurse of full streams, and lifter up of proud
Sky-mingling mountains that o'erlook the cloud—
or of antithetical and rhythmical force combined, as in

The shock that hurled
To dust in many fragments dashed and strown
The throne whose roots were in another world
And whose far-stretching shadow awed our own.

But we look in vain for something more worthy commendation. At the same time the piece is especially free from errors. Once only we meet with an unjust metonymy, where a sheet of water is said to

Cradle, in his soft *embrace*, a gay
Young group of grassy islands.

We find little originality of thought, and less imagination. But in a poem essentially didactic, of course we cannot hope for the loftiest breathings of the Muse.

To the Past is a poem of fourteen quatrains—three feet and four alternately. In the second quatrain, the lines

And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb

are, to us, disagreeable. Such images are common, but at best, repulsive. In the present case there is not even the merit of illustration. The womb, in any just imagery, should be spoken of with a view to things future; here it is employed, in the sense of the tomb, and with a view to things past. In Stanza XI the idea is even worse. The allegorical meaning throughout the poem, although generally well sustained, is not always so. In the quatrain

Thine for a space are they—
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;
Thy gates shall yet give way
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

it seems that *The Past*, as an allegorical personification, is confounded with *Death*.

The Old Man's Funeral is of seven stanzas, each of six lines—four Pentameters with alternates rhymes, ending with a Pentameter and Alexandrine, rhyming. At the funeral of an old man who has lived out his full quota of years, another, as aged, reproves the company for weeping. The poem is nearly perfect in its way—the thoughts striking and natural—the versification singularly sweet. The third stanza embodies a fine idea, beautifully expressed.

Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
His glorious course rejoicing earth and sky,
In the soft evening when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure spread
O'er the warm-colored heaven, and ruddy mountain
head.

The technical word *chronic* should have been avoided
in the fifth line of Stanza VI—

No chronic tortures racked his aged limb.

The Rivulet has about ninety octo-syllabic verses. They contrast the changing and perishable nature of our human frame, with the greater durability of the Rivulet. The chief merit is simplicity. We should imagine the poem to be one of the earliest pieces of Mr. Bryant, and to have undergone much correction. In the first paragraph are, however, some awkward constructions. In the verses, for example

This little rill that from the springs
Of yonder grove its current brings,
Plays on the slope awhile, and then
Goes prattling into groves again,

the reader is apt to suppose that *rill* is the nominative to *plays*, whereas it is the nominative only to *drew* in the subsequent lines,

Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet when life was new.

The proper verb is, of course, immediately seen upon reading these latter lines—but the ambiguity has occurred.

The Prairies. This is a poem, in blank Pentameter, of about one hundred and twenty-five lines, and possesses features which do not appear in any of the pieces above mentioned. Its descriptive beauty is of a high order. The peculiar points of interest in the *Prairie* are vividly shown forth, and as a local painting, the work is, altogether, excellent. Here are, moreover, evidences of fine imagination. For example—

The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love—
A nearer vault and of a tenderer blue
Than that which bends above the eastern hills.

Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked and wooed
In a forgotten language, and old tunes
From instruments of unremembered form
Gave the soft winds a voice.

—The bee
Within the hollow oak. *I listen long*
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of the advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts.

Breezes of the south!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk that poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings yet moves not!

There is an objectionable elipsis in the expression "I behold them for the first," meaning "first time;" and either a grammatical or typographical error of moment in the fine sentence commencing

Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky—
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations!

Earth, a poem of similar length and construction to *The Prairies*, embodies a noble conception. The poet represents himself as lying on the earth in a "midnight black with clouds," and giving ideal voices to the varied sounds of the coming tempest. The following passages remind us of some of the more beautiful portions of Young.

On the breast of Earth

I lie and listen to her mighty voice:
A voice of many tones—sent up from streams
That wander through the gloom, from woods unseen,
Swayed by the sweeping of the tides of air,
From rocky chasms where darkness dwells all day,
And hollows of the great invisible hills,
And sands that edge the ocean stretching far
Into the night—a melancholy sound!

Ha! how the murmur deepens! I perceive
And tremble at its dreadful import. *Earth*
Uplifts a general cry for guilt and wrong
And Heaven is listening. The forgotten graves
Of the heart broken utter forth their plaint.
The dust of her who loved and was betrayed,
And him who died neglected in his age,
The sepulchres of those who for mankind
Labored, and earned the recompense of scorn,
Ashes of martyrs for the truth, and bones
Of those who in the strife for liberty
Were beaten down, their corpses given to dogs,
Their names to infamy, all find a voice!

In this poem, and elsewhere occasionally throughout the volume, we meet with a species of grammatical construction, which, although it is to be found in writers of high merit, is a mere affectation, and of course objectionable. We mean the abrupt employment of a *direct* pronoun in place of the customary *relative*. For example—

Or haply dost thou grieve for those *that* die—
For living things *that* trod awhile thy face,
The love of thee and heaven, and how *they* sleep,
Mixed with the shapeless dust on which thy herds
Trample and graze?

The note of interrogation here, renders the affectation more perceptible.

The poem *To the Appenines* resembles, in metre, that entitled *The Old Man's Funeral*, except that the former has a Pentameter in place of the Alexandrine. This piece is chiefly remarkable for the force, metrical and moral, of its concluding stanza.

In you the heart that sighs for Freedom seeks
Her image; there the winds no barrier know;
Clouds come and rest, and leave your fairy peaks;
While even the immaterial Mind, below,
And Thought, her winged offspring, chained by power,
Pine silently for the redeeming hour.

The Knight's Epitaph consists of about fifty lines of blank Pentameter. This poem is well conceived and executed. Entering the Church of St. Catherine at Pisa, the poet is arrested by the image of an armed knight graven upon the lid of a sepulchre. The Epitaph consists of an imaginative portraiture of the knight, in which he is made the impersonation of the ancient Italian chivalry.

Seventy-Six has seven stanzas of a common, but musical versification, of which these lines will afford an excellent specimen.

That death-stain on the vernal sword,
Hallowed to freedom all the shore—
In fragments fell the yoke abhorred—
The footsteps of a foreign lord
Profaned the soil no more.

The Living Lost has four stanzas of somewhat peculiar construction, but admirably adapted to the tone of contemplative melancholy which pervades the poem. We can call to mind few things more singularly impressive than the eight concluding verses. They combine ease with severity, and have antithetical force without effort or flippancy. The final thought has also a high ideal beauty.

But ye who for the living lost
That agony in secret bear,
Who shall with soothing words accost
The strength of your despair?
Grief for your sake is scorn for them
Whom ye lament, and all condemn,
And o'er the world of spirits lies.
A gloom from which ye turn your eyes.

The first stanza commences with one of those affectations which we noticed in the poem "Earth."

Matron, the children of whose love,
Each to his grave in youth have passed,
And now the mould is heaped above
The dearest and the last.

The Strange Lady is of the fourteen syllable metre, answering to two lines, one of eight syllables, the other six. This rhythm is unmanageable, and requires great care in the rejection of harsh consonants. Little, however, has been taken, apparently, in the construction of the verses

As if they loved to breast the breeze that sweeps the
cool clear sky.
And thou shouldst chase the nobler game, and I bring
down the bird.
Or that strange dame so gay and fair were some mysterious foe.

which are not to be pronounced without labor. The story is old—of a young gentleman who going out to hunt, is inveigled into the woods and destroyed by a fiend in the guise of a fair lady. The ballad character is nevertheless well preserved, and this, we presume, is nearly every thing intended.

The Hunter's Vision is skilfully and sweetly told. It is the tale of a young hunter who, overcome with toil, dozes on the brink of a precipice. In this state between waking and sleeping, he fancies a spirit-land in the fogs of the valley beneath him, and sees approaching him the deceased lady of his love. Arising to meet her, he falls, with the effort, from the crag, and perishes. The state of reverie is admirably pictured in the following stanzas. The poem consists of nine such.

All dim in haze the mountains lay
With dimmer vales between;
And rivers glimmered on their way
By forests faintly seen;
While ever rose a murmuring sound
From brooks below and bees around.

He listened till he seem to hear
A strain so soft and low
That whether in the mind or ear
The listener scarce might know.

With such a tone, so sweet and mild
The watching mother lulls her child.

Catterskill Falls is a narrative somewhat similar. Here the hero is also a hunter—but of delicate frame. He is overcome with the cold at the foot of the falls, sleeps, and is near perishing—but, being found by some woodmen, is taken care of, and recovers. As in the *Hunter's Vision*, the dream of the youth is the main subject of the poem. He fancies a goblin palace in the icy network of the cascade, and peoples it in his vision with ghosts. His entry into this palace is, with rich imagination on the part of the poet, made to correspond with the time of the transition from the state of reverie to that of nearly total insensibility.

They eye him not as they pass along,
But his hair stands up with dread,
When he feels that he moves with that phantom
throng

Till those icy turrets are over his head,
And the torrent's roar as they enter seems
Like a drowsy murmur heard in dreams.

The glittering threshold is scarcely passed
When there gathers and wraps him round
A thick white twilight sullen and vast
In which there is neither form nor sound;
The phantoms, the glory, vanish all
With the dying voice of the waterfall.

There are nineteen similar stanzas. The metre is formed of Iambuses and Anapests.

The Hunter of the Prairies (fifty six octosyllabic verses with alternate rhymes) is a vivid picture of the life of a hunter in the desert. The poet, however, is here greatly indebted to his subject.

The Damsel of Peru is in the fourteen syllable metre, and has a most spirited, imaginative and musical commencement—

Where olive leaves were twinkling in every wind that blew,
There sat beneath the pleasant shade a damsel of Peru.

This is also a ballad, and a very fine one—full of action, chivalry, energy and rhythm. Some passages have even a loftier merit—that of a glowing ideality. For example—

For the noon is coming on, and the sunbeams fiercely
beat,
And the silent hills and forest-tops seem reeling in the heat.

The Song of Pitcairn's Island is a sweet, quiet, and simple poem, of a versification differing from that of any preceding piece. We subjoin a specimen. The Tahitian maiden addresses her lover.

Come talk of Europe's maids with me
Whose necks and cheeks they tell
Outshine the beauty of the sea,
White foam and crimson shell.
I'll shape like theirs my simple dress
And bind like them each jetty tress,
A sight to please thee well,
And for my dusky brow will braid
A bonnet like an English maid.

There are seven similar stanzas.

Rispah is a scriptural theme from 2 Samuel, and we like it less than any poem yet mentioned. The subject, we think, derives no additional interest from its poetical

dress. The metre resembling, except in the matter of rhyme, that of "Catterskill Falls," and consisting of mingled Iambuses and Anapests, is the most positively disagreeable of any which our language admits, and, having a frisky or fidgetty rhythm, is singularly ill-adapted to the lamentation of the bereaved mother. We cannot conceive how the fine ear of Mr. Bryant could admit such verses as,

And Rispa once the loveliest of all
That bloomed and smiled in the court of Saul,
&c.

The Indian Girl's Lament and *the Arctic Lover* have nearly all the peculiarities of the "*Song of Pitcairn's Island*."

The Massacre at Scio is only remarkable for inaccuracy of expression in the two concluding lines—

Till the last link of slavery's chain
Is shivered to be worn no more.

What shall be worn no more? The chain—but the link is implied.

Monument Mountain is a poem of about a hundred and forty blank Pentameters, and relates the tale of an Indian maiden who loved her cousin. Such a love being deemed incestuous by the morality of her tribe, she threw herself from a precipice and perished. There is little peculiar in the story or its narration. We quote a rough verse—

The mighty columns with which earth props heaven.

The use of the epithet *old* preceded by some other adjective, is found so frequently in this poem and elsewhere in the writings of Mr. Bryant, as to excite a smile upon each recurrence of the expression.

In all that *proud old* world beyond the deep—
There is a tale about these *gray old* rocks—
The *wide old* woods resounded with her song—
—and the *gray old* men that passed—
And from the *gray old* trunks that high in heaven.

We dislike too the antique use of the word *affect* in such sentences as

—they deemed
Like worshippers of the elder time that God
Doth walk on the high places and *affect*
The earth-o'erlooking mountains.

Milton, it is true, uses it—we remember it especially in *Comus*—

'Tis most true
That musing meditation most *affects*
The pensive secrecy of desert cell—

but then Milton would not use it were he writing *Comus to-day*.

In the *Summer Wind*, our author has several successful attempts at making "the sound an echo to the sense." For example—

For me, I lie
Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf
Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun
Retains some freshness.

All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing.

All the green herbs
Are stirring in his breath; a thousand flowers
By the road side, and the borders of the brook
Nod gaily to each other.

Autumn Woods. This is a poem of much sweetness and simplicity of expression, and including one or two fine thoughts, viz:

the sweet South-west at play
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

Bat 'neath yon crimson tree
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark within its roseate canopy
Her flush of maiden shame.

The mountains that in fold
In their wide sweep the colored landscape round,
Seem *groups of giant kings in purple and gold*
That guard the enchanted ground.

All this is beautiful—the sentences italicized especially so. Happily to endow inanimate nature with sentience and a capability of moral action, is one of the severest tests of the poet. Even the most unmusical ear will not fail to appreciate the rare beauty and strength of the extra syllable in the line

Seem groups of giant kings in *purple* and gold.

The *Disinterred Warrior* has a passage we do not clearly understand. Speaking of the Indian our author says—

For he was fresher from the hand
That formed of earth the human face,
And to the elements did stand
In nearer kindred than our race.

There are ten similar quatrains in the poem.

The Greek Boy consists of four spirited stanzas, nearly resembling, in metre, *The Living Lost*. The two concluding lines are highly ideal.

A shoot of that old vine that made
The nations silent in its shade.

When the Firmament Quivers with Daylight's Young Beam, belongs to a species of poetry which we cannot be brought to admire. Some natural phenomenon is observed, and the poet taxes his ingenuity to find a parallel in the moral world. In general, we may assume, that the more successful he is in sustaining the parallel, the farther he departs from the true province of the Muse. The title, here, is a specimen of the metre. This is of a kind which we have before designated as exceedingly difficult to manage.

To a Musquito, is droll, and has at least the merit of making, at the same time, no efforts at being sentimental. We are not inclined, however, to rank *as poems*, either this production or the article on *New England Coal*.

The Conjunction of Jupiter and Venus has ninety Pentameters. One of them,

Kind influence. Lo! their orbs burn more bright,
can only be read, metrically, by drawing out *influence* into three marked syllables, shortening the long monosyllable, *Lo!* and lengthening the short one, *their*.

June is sweet and soft in its rhythm, and inexpressibly pathetic. There is an illy subdued sorrow and intense awe coming up, per force as it were, to the surface of the poet's gay sayings about his grave, which we find thrilling us to the soul.

And what if cheerful shouts, at noon,
Come, from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon
With fairy laughter blent?
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.
I know, I know I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me
Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

Innocent Child and Snow-White Flower, is remarkable only for the deficiency of a foot in one of its verses.

White as these leaves just blown apart
Are the folds of thy own young heart,

and for the graceful repetition in its concluding quatrain—

Throw it aside in thy weary hour,
Throw to the ground the fair white flower,
Yet as thy tender years depart
Keep that white and innocent heart.

Of the seven original sonnets in the volume before us, it is somewhat difficult to speak. The sonnet demands, in a great degree, point, strength, unity, compression, and a species of completeness. Generally, Mr. Bryant has evinced more of the first and the last, than of the three mediate qualities. *William Tell* is feeble. No forcible line ever ended with *liberty*, and the best of the rhymes—*thee, me, free*, and the like, are destitute of the necessary vigor. But for this rhythmical defect the thought in the concluding couplet—

The bitter cup they mingled strengthened thee
For the great work to set thy country free—

would have well ended the sonnet. *Midsummer* is objectionable for the variety of its objects of allusion. Its final lines embrace a fine thought—

As if the day of fire had dawned and sent
Its deadly breath into the firmament—

but the vigor of the whole is impaired by the necessity of placing an unwonted accent on the last syllable of *firmament*. *October* has little to recommend it, but the slight epigrammatism of its conclusion—

And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from men—as thou dost pass.

The Sonnet to *Cole*, is feeble in its final lines, and is worthy of praise only in the verses—

Paths, homes, graves, ruins, from the lowest glen
To where life shrinks from the fierce Alpine air.

Mutation, a didactic sonnet, has few either of faults or beauties. *November* is far better. The lines

And the blue Gentian flower that, in the breeze,
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last,

are very happy. A single thought pervades and gives unity to the piece. We are glad, too, to see an *Alexandrine* in the close. In the whole metrical construction of his sonnets, however, Mr. Bryant has very wisely declined confining himself to the laws of the Italian poem, or even to the dicta of Capel Lofft. The *Alexandrine* is beyond comparison the most effective finale, and we are astonished that the common Pentameter should ever be employed. The best sonnet of the seven is, we think, that *To* —. With the exception of a harshness in the last line but one it is perfect. The finale is inimitable.

Ay, thou art for the grave; thy glances shine
Too brightly to shine long; another Spring
Shall deck her for men's eyes, but not for thine—
Sealed in a sleep which knows no waking.
The fields for thee have no medicinal leaf,
And the vexed ore no mineral of power;
And they who love thee wait in anxious grief
Till the slow plague shall bring the fatal hour.
Glide softly to thy rest, then; Death should come
Gently to one of gentle mould like thee,
As light winds wandering through groves of bloom
Detach the delicate blossom from the tree.
Close thy sweet eyes, calmly, and without pain,
And we will trust in God to see thee yet again.

To a Cloud, has another instance of the affectation to which we alluded in our notice of *Earth*, and *The Living Lost*.

Whose sons at length have heard the call that comes
From the old battle fields and tombs,
And risen, and drawn the sword, and on the foe
Have dealt the swift and desperate blow,
And the Othman power is cloven, and the stroke
Has touched its chains, and they are broke.

Of the *Translations* in the volume it is not our intention to speak in detail. *Mary Magdalen*, from the Spanish of Bartolome Leonardo De Argensola, is the finest specimen of versification in the book. *Alexis*, from the Spanish of Iglesias, is delightful in its exceeding delicacy, and general beauty. We cannot refrain from quoting it entire.

Alexis calls me cruel—
The rifted crags that hold
The gathered ice of winter,
He says, are not more cold.

When even the very blossoms
Around the fountain's brim,
And forest walks, can witness
The love I bear to him.

I would that I could utter
My feelings without shame,
And tell him how I love him
Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas! to seize the moment
When heart inclines to heart,
And press a suit with passion
Is not a woman's part.

If man come not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among their foliage,
They cannot seek his hand.

The Waterfowl is very beautiful, but still not entitled to the admiration which it has occasionally elicited. There is a fidelity and force in the picture of the fowl as brought before the eye of the mind, and a fine sense of effect in throwing its figure on

the back ground of the "crimson sky," amid "falling dew," "while glow the heavens with the last steps of day." But the merits which possibly have had most weight in the public estimation of the poem, are the melody and strength of its versification, (which is indeed excellent) and more particularly its *completeness*. Its rounded and didactic termination has done wonders.

—on my heart,
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

There are, however, points of more sterling merit. We fully recognize the poet in

Thou'rt gone—the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form.

—
There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert, and illimitable air,
Lone, wandering, but not lost.

—
The *Forest Hymn* consists of about a hundred and twenty blank Pentameters, of whose great rhythmical beauty it is scarcely possible to speak too highly. With the exception of the line

The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds,
no fault, in this respect, can be found, while excellences are frequent, of a rare order, and evincing the greatest delicacy of ear. We might, perhaps, suggest, that the two concluding verses, beautiful as they stand, would be slightly improved by transferring to the last the metrical excess of the one immediately preceding. For the appreciation of this, it is necessary to quote six or seven lines in succession.

Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements, to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate
In these calm shades thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

There is an excess of one syllable in the first of the lines italicized. If we discard this syllable here, and adopt it in the final line, the close will acquire strength, we think, in acquiring a fuller volume.

Be it ours to meditate
In these calm shades thy milder majesty,
And to the perfect order of thy works
Conform, if we can, the order of our lives.

Directness, boldness, and simplicity of expression, are main features in the poem.

Oh God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill
With all the waters of the firmament
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods,
And drowns the villages.

Here an ordinary writer would have preferred the word *fright* to *scare*, and omitted the definite article before *woods* and *villages*.

—
To the *Evening Wind* has been justly admired. It is the best specimen of that *completeness* which we have before spoken of as a characteristic feature in the poems

of Mr. Bryant. It has a beginning, middle, and end, each depending upon the other, and each beautiful. Here are three lines breathing all the spirit of Shelley.

Pleasant shall be thy way, where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

The conclusion is admirable—

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of Nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
Sweet odors in the sea air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore,
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

—
Thanatopsis is somewhat more than half the length of *The Forest Hymn*, and of a character precisely similar. It is, however, the finer poem. Like *The Water-fowl*, it owes much to the point, force, and general beauty of its didactic conclusion. In the commencement, the lines

To him who, in the love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, &c.

belong to a class of vague phrases, which, since the days of Byron, have obtained too universal a currency. The verse

Go forth under the open sky and list—
is sadly out of place amid the forcible and even Miltonic rhythm of such lines as

Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon.

But these are trivial faults indeed, and the poem embodies a great degree of the most elevated beauty. Two of its passages, passages of the purest ideality, would alone render it worthy of the general commendation it has received.

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

—
The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietude between—
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green—and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man.

—
Oh, *Fairest of the Rural Maids!* is a gem, of which we cannot sufficiently express our admiration. We quote it in full.

Oh, fairest of the rural maids!
Thy birth was in the forest shades;
Green boughs and glimpses of the sky
Were all that met thine infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings when a child
Were ever in the sylvan wild;

*And all the beauty of the place
Is in thy heart and on thy face.*

*The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the light shade of thy locks,
Thy step is as the wind that weaves
Its playful way among the leaves.*

*Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene
And silent waters Heaven is seen;
Their lashes are the herbs that look
On their young figures in the brook.*

*The forest depths by foot impressed
Are not more sinless than thy breast;
The holy peace that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes, is there.*

A rich simplicity is a main feature in this poem—simplicity of design and execution. This is strikingly perceptible in the opening and concluding lines, and in expression throughout. But there is a far higher and more strictly ideal beauty, which it is less easy to analyze. The original conception is of the very loftiest order of true Poesy. A maiden is born in the forest—

*Green boughs and glimpses of the sky
Are all which meet her infant eye—*

She is not merely modelled in character by the associations of her childhood—this were the thought of an ordinary poet—an idea that we meet with every day in rhyme—but she imbibes, in her physical as well as moral being, the traits, the very features of the delicious scenery around her—its loveliness becomes a portion of her own—

*The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the light shade of her locks,
And all the beauty of the place
Is in her heart and on her face.*

It would have been a highly poetical idea to imagine the tints in the locks of the maiden deducing a resemblance to the "twilight of the trees and rocks," from the constancy of her associations—but the spirit of Ideality is immeasurably more apparent when the "twilight" is represented as becoming identified with the shadows of the hair.

*The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the light shade of thy locks,
And all the beauty of the place
Is in her heart and on her face.*

Feeling thus, we did not, in copying the poem, italicize the lines, although beautiful,

*Thy step is as the wind that weaves
Its playful way among the leaves,*

nor those which immediately follow. The two concluding verses, however, are again of the most elevated species of poetical merit.

*The forest depths by foot impressed
Are not more sinless than thy breast—
The holy peace that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes, is there.*

The image contained in the lines

*Thine eyes are springs in whose serene
And silent waters Heaven is seen—*

is one which, we think, for appropriateness, completeness, and every perfect beauty of which imagery is susceptible, has never been surpassed—but imagery is susceptible of no beauty like that we have designated in the sentences above. The latter idea, moreover, is not original with our poet.

In all the rhapsodies of Mr. Bryant, which have refe-

rence to the beauty or the majesty of nature, is a most audible and thrilling tone of love and exultation. As far as he appreciates her loveliness or her augustness, no appreciation can be more ardent, more full of heart, more replete with the glowing soul of adoration. Nor, either in the moral or physical universe coming within the periphery of his vision, does he at any time fail to perceive and designate, at once, the legitimate items of the beautiful. Therefore, could we consider (as some have considered) the mere enjoyment of the beautiful when perceived, or even this enjoyment when combined with the readiest and truest perception and discrimination in regard to beauty presented, as a sufficient test of the poetical sentiment, we could have no hesitation in according to Mr. Bryant the very highest poetical rank. But something more, we have elsewhere presumed to say, is demanded. Just above, we spoke of "objects in the moral or physical universe coming within the periphery of his vision." We now mean to say, that the relative extent of these peripheries of poetical vision must ever be a primary consideration in our classification of poets. Judging Mr. B. in this manner, and by a general estimate of the volume before us, we should, of course, pause long before assigning him a place with the spiritual Shelleys, or Coleridges, or Wordsworths, or with Keats, or even Tennyson, or Wilson, or with some other burning lights of our own day, to be valued in a day to come. Yet if his poems, as a whole, will not warrant us in assigning him this grade, one such poem as the last upon which we have commented, is enough to assure us that he may attain it.

The writings of our author, as we find them here, are characterized by an air of calm and elevated contemplation more than by any other individual feature. In their mere didactics, however, they err essentially and primitively, inasmuch as such things are the province rather of Minerva than of the Camenæ. Of imagination, we discover much—but more of its rich and certain evidences, than of its ripened fruit. In all the minor merits Mr. Bryant is pre-eminent. His *ars celare artem* is most efficient. Of his "completeness," unity, and finish of style, we have already spoken. As a versifier, we know of no writer, living or dead, who can be said greatly to surpass him. A Frenchman would assuredly call him "*un poète des plus correctes.*"

Between Cowper and Young, perhaps, (with both of whom he has many points of analogy,) would be the post assigned him by an examination at once general and superficial. Even in this view, however, he has a juster appreciation of the beautiful than the one, of the sublime than the other—a finer taste than Cowper—an equally vigorous, and far more delicate imagination than Young. In regard to his proper rank among American poets there should be no question whatever. Few—at least few who are fairly before the public, have more than very shallow claims to a rivalry with the author of *Thanatopsis*.

GEORGE BALCOMBE.

George Balcombe. A Novel. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The scene of this novel is laid partly in Missouri, and partly in Virginia. The hero proper of the book—that is to say, the object of the narration—is a Mr. Wil-

liam Napier of Craiganet, in the Old Dominion—George Balcombe, although the most important of the dramatic personæ, being merely what, in critical parlance, is termed the *machinery*.

The mother of our hero, then, was one of two daughters, the only children of Mr. Raby, a man of great wealth. This wealth, however, consisted principally of property entailed on the possessor's male descendants, with remainder to a distant English relative. There proved to be no male issue—the wife dying in giving birth to her second daughter, the mother of our hero—and the widower refusing to marry again. Moreover, through scruples of conscience, he declined taking measures for docking the entail, and even when the revolution rendered it invalid, declared his children should not profit by such invalidation. "He accordingly executed a will devising the entailed property to the remainder-man; and this will, properly attested, he transmitted to him in England." Thus matters stood until the two daughters married, and the birth, in 1799, of a grandson, our hero, excited an interest in the heart of the old gentleman. He claimed the child from its mother, and informed the father that a new will had been made, devising the whole property to be divided into two equal parts—one part for the grandson, the other to be again divided between the two daughters. This will, he added, was in the hands of a confidential friend. The name of the friend was not mentioned, and delicacy forbade inquiry.

It appears that Edward Montague, an orphan protégé of Mr. Raby's, was the depositary of this instrument. Upon the death of the old gentleman he was applied to. At first he disclaimed any knowledge of the paper; being on oath, however, he owned having once seen it, but denied that he knew what had become of it. In the meantime the devisee under the former testament brought it forward, and, none other appearing, established it. The elder Mr. Napier took no active measures to recover the lost will, and, having inherited nothing from Mr. Raby, all of whose non-entailed property was involved, died just before the ruin of his family became manifest. Upon our hero's coming of age, therefore, he finds himself penniless. The action of the novel grows out of his search for the missing will.

In the opening of the narrative we are introduced to Napier in a prairie of Missouri. He is in pursuit of Montague, with the vague hope of extorting from him, either by force or guile, some information respecting the document in question. As this beginning evinces the hand of a master, we quote it. The abruptness here is not without object. The attention is attracted at once and rivetted with skill.

At length, issuing from the wood, I entered a prairie, more beautiful than any I had yet seen. The surface, gently undulating, presented innumerable swells, on which the eye might rest with pleasure. Many of these were capped with clumps and groves of trees, thus interrupting the dull uniformity which generally wears the traveller in these vast expanses. I gazed around for a moment with delight; but soon found leisure to observe that my road had become alarmingly indistinct. It is easy indeed, to follow the faintest trace through a prairie. The beaten track, however narrow, wears a peculiar aspect, which makes it distinguishable even at a distance. But the name of Arlington, the place of my destination, denoted at least a village; while the tedious path which I was travelling seemed more like

to terminate in the midst of the prairie than to lead to a public haunt of men. I feared I had missed my way, and looked eagerly ahead for some traveller who might set me right if astray. But I looked in vain. The prairie lay before me, a wide waste without one moving object. The sun had just gone down; and as my horse, enlivened by the shade and the freshness of evening seemed to recover his mettle, I determined to push on to such termination as my path might lead to. At this moment a shout from behind reached my ear. I turned and saw a man on horseback standing between me and the sky, on the top of the east swell. Though a quarter of a mile off, his figure stood out in such distinct relief, that every limb was conspicuous and well defined on the bright back ground. He was stationary, standing erect in his stirrups, and twisted around, so that his back and his horse's head were both towards me. After repeating a shout, which I found was a call to a dog, he put his horse in motion, and advanced at a brisk trot. I was now in no hurry, and he soon overtook me.

This rencontre is of essential advantage to our hero. The stranger proves to be George Balcombe, also a protégé of old Mr. Raby's. Mr. N. accompanies him home, and discovers that he is well versed in the family affairs of the Rabys and Napiers; that he is acquainted with the matter of the will; that, with Montague, he was a witness to the instrument; and that Montague resides in the neighborhood. Balcombe believes that M. was the depositary spoken of by old Mr. Raby. Circumstances, also, induce him to think that the paper is still in existence, and in the possession of M. The train of events which have led to this conclusion—a train laid by Balcombe himself—serves admirably to develop his character.

Montague, it seems, was always, even when an open reprobate, superstitious; and, though a great liar, would at no time have sworn to a literal lie. In the interval between the death of Mr. Raby and the establishment of the first will, he became gloomy and serious, and joined the church. Balcombe, who knew his character, could thus easily conceive how the villain might have deemed "the form of religion and literal truth a sufficient salvo for wronging the dead and plundering the living by moral perjury." It was probable, he thought, that some plan had been devised, by means of which Montague had spoken the literal truth when he swore in court that "he knew not what had become of the will." The document had been handed to him by Mr. Raby in the presence of Balcombe, and a letter received by the latter from the old gentleman, and written just before his decease, a letter full of affection for his grandson, was sufficient assurance that the testament had never been revoked. At the probate of the will found, Balcombe did not appear—being absent from the country and not hearing of the death of Mr. Raby. Upon Montague's coming, however, to live near him in Missouri, and coming in evidently improved circumstances, with plenty of money, and only affecting to practise law, he immediately suspected the truth, and set on foot a system of observation. One day, having need of eastern funds, he applied to a merchant for the purpose of purchasing a bill on New York. The merchant furnished one drawn by Montague on a house there, for the desired amount, one thousand dollars, and, in the course of conversation, mentioned that M. drew regularly, at the same time every year, on the same house, for the same sum. Here then was an annuity, and the question was—*unde derivatur?*

The bill was bought and sent to a correspondent in New York, with instructions to get English funds in payment. This was done, and a draft obtained upon a Liverpool house, accompanied by a letter of advice. The Liverpool correspondent was instructed in like manner to take a draft on Northumberland—this being the shire where resided the remainder-man. This latter draft was also obtained, with a letter of advice, duplicates being furnished in each instance. These several letters ran thus.

To George Balcombe, Esq.

Dear Sir,—I wrote you, under date of March tenth, that the bill remitted by you for one thousand dollars, drawn by Edward Montague, on the house of Tompkins and Todd of this city, had been paid by a draft on Bell and Brothers, of Liverpool, England. This draft I remitted, according to your directions, to my friend, John Ferguson, of the house of Ferguson and Partridge, our correspondents there, with instructions to obtain, if possible, from the same house, a draft on the county of Northumberland. In this he succeeded, by procuring a draft on Edward Raby, Esq. of that county, for a like amount.

Enclosed you have the seconds of the several bills, and duplicates of the letters of advice accompanying the same. At my request, Mr. Ferguson waited on Mr. Raby in person. The money was promptly paid, but not without a good deal of grumbling. Nothing very intelligible was said; but Mr. Ferguson could distinguish in the mutterings of Mr. Raby, such words as "harpy," "rapacious scoundrel," &c.

Your obedient servant,

JAMES LANGSTON.

New York, June 1, 1820.

To Messrs. Bell and Brothers, Merchants, Liverpool.

Gentlemen,—A draft drawn by Edward Montague, Esq. for one thousand dollars, was this day presented, and paid by us in pursuance of your standing instructions. We have accordingly drawn on you in favor of Mr. James Langston of this city, for a corresponding amount.

We remain, gentlemen,

Your obedient servants,

TOMPKINS & TODD.

New York, March 9, 1820.

To Edward Raby, Esq. of Raby Hall, Northumberland.

Sir,—The draft of Messrs. Tompkins and Todd, on account of Mr. Montague's annuity, is to hand, and has been duly honored. We have this day drawn on you for the amount, in favor of Mr. John Ferguson, of this place. Hoping that it may be quite convenient for you to meet the draft, and begging a continuance of your favors, we remain, sir,

Your most obedient, humble servants,

BELL & BROTHERS.

Liverpool, April 10, 1820.

Here then Balcombe found his suspicions completely verified. Montague was in receipt of an annuity—an annuity grudgingly paid—and derived from the devisee under the primitive will. There could be little doubt that the money was granted as hush-money by the devisee, Montague still possessing the second testament, and holding it in *terrorem*. B. was about communicating with Mr. Napier upon this head, when accident threw them together in the prairie. Our hero now receives the benefit of Balcombe's energy and sagacity in many varied attempts to get possession of the will. Keizer, an original vagabond, is also a most efficient diplomatist and ally. The adventures of the trio in pursuit of the missing document, eminently display, in the author of George Balcombe, that rarest of all qualities in Ameri-

can novelists, and that certainly most indispensable—invention. With permission, we will go through these adventures one by one—doing this with the less scruple, because we intend to do it so briefly as not to interfere with the main interest of the book itself, and because, with this object in view, we have purposely delayed our notice until the volumes had been some time in possession of the public.

In a conversation between Balcombe and Napier, occurring in the early part of the first volume, we learn some particulars in regard to Mary Scott, daughter of Mr. Raby's overseer. Both Montague and Balcombe, we have already said, were protégés of the old gentleman, and resided at one period in his family. Both were enamored of Mary, who was "beautiful and intelligent—gay, sprightly and impassioned," and imbued with the spirit of romance. She, however, loved only Montague, and seeing the necessity of arming Balcombe against himself, frankly told him of her pre-engaged affections. The lover thus rejected, became the friend and confidant. At first, Montague would have been glad to have made Mary his wife; but as his circumstances improved, he discovered that Scott was even poorer than he had supposed, and his selfish heart grew chill at the supposition. A certain elderly maiden too, of wealth, was said to look kindly on him. His visits to Mary, therefore, grew less frequent. In one of them, Balcombe was witness to a circumstance which led him to suspect dishonorable intentions. Suspicion, unfortunately, was not all; it appears that the intentions were accomplished. Balcombe sought a private interview with the villain.

"Montague," said I, "do you love Mary Scott?"

He hesitated, muttering something about the strangeness of the question.

"Understand me, sir," said I, "I do not ask your confidence. I would not accept it. I demand to know the fact, for my own purposes, and to be used at my own discretion. Mark me. I do not ask whether you profess to love her. I know that you do. I have that from her own lips. I demand to know whether you do love her in very truth."

"Oh!" said he, in the mildest tone, "if she has made you her confidant, I have no need to be secret. Therefore I acknowledge to you that I do love her with all my heart."

"Why, then," said I, "do you not marry her?"

He paused again.

"Speak on," said I, "and speak out."

"Why, really, Mr. Balcombe, I do not understand this peremptory tone."

"You understand it well," said I, "and you understand perfectly that I will have an answer. I want it for my own purpose, again, and to be used at my own discretion. Answer you shall. Truly or falsely, is your own concern. I hardly expect the truth, and do not care to have it. But I will know on what footing you place this thing."

"Well!" said he, "you know I have a will of old Mr. Raby's in my hands, in which I am handsomely provided for by a bequest of valuable lands. I am, therefore, careful not to offend him; and I have reason to believe this marriage would not be agreeable to him. Poor as I am, he would regard it as a duty I owe my ancestors, not to ally myself to his overseer."

"And is this," said I, "the reason you assign to her for your delay to claim her hand?"

"It is."

"Then you have told her what is false."

"How can you say that?" said he. "I wrote the will. You never read it."

"That is true," said I, "but I witnessed it."

"What of that?"

"Why, this, sir. It is witnessed only by us two. What can you claim under it by your own testimony? Would you, the wary, the crafty, the selfish, rapacious Edward Montague, have been content to have a will of *lands*, under which you expect to claim, so witnessed? Shame upon you, sir. Would you palm such a bare-faced lie on me, as well as on that poor, confiding, generous, true-hearted girl? I will undeceive her instantly."

I shall never forget the grim smile in which something like triumph seemed struggling to free itself from the mire of degradation into which I was trampling him.

"You will use your own pleasure about that," said he. "I mean to marry her when circumstances will permit. Before that I cannot."

"Marry her you never shall," said I.

"Will you take her off my hands?" said he, with the same incomprehensible smile. I sprung at him, I know not why. But he darted through the door, and jerked it after him. I did not pursue him.

Balcombe now sought Mary, and found her in tears. Still unsuspecting the whole truth, he revealed to her the deception practised upon her by Montague, and concluded with an offer of his own hand. Made sensible now of the value of Balcombe's affection, and alive to all the villainy of Montague, she divulges, in the first moment of her despair, the secret of her seduction. Balcombe reluctantly abandons her, and departs to the west. Scott did not long survive the ruin of his daughter's peace, and Mary, with her mother and little brother, was obliged to seek another home. Here, after the lapse of some time, Montague was seen to renew the visits which had been discontinued since the period of his interview with Balcombe. No one else visited the house—but from being steeped in poverty, the little family seemed rising above pecuniary trouble. This mystery is explained in a subsequent part of the first volume, when, shortly after the rencontre in the prairie, James, the brother of Mary, brings a letter from her to Balcombe in Missouri.

She writes that, after the departure of B. and the death of old Mr. Scott, Montague sought to renew his visits—that she refused to see him, and urged her mother to order him from the house—that Mrs. Scott was overcome, however, by his protestations, and pressed her to meet him—that, without deceiving Mrs. S., she was unable to carry her opposition farther, and that finally, she consented. In a private interview he stated that Balcombe had misunderstood him, in supposing him to speak of *lands*, as the property bequeathed, and that no explanation had been offered before because he (Montague) had been forbidden the house by her father. He came *now*, he said, to offer reparation and marriage. She rejected the offer with scorn—and he left her, after taking measures for the comfort of Mrs. Scott, and the education of little James.

Old Mr. Raby now died, and Mary saw nothing of Montague for two months. She heard from him, indeed, and, though he did not express himself distinctly, she inferred from what he wrote that he had not been disappointed in the will. At length he called to see her, accompanying the English devisee, and requested again a private interview. She remarked a great alteration in his manner, for it was about this time that he joined the church. He professed deep contrition for

his wrong to Mary—again offered marriage—offered every service in his power, and, being rejected in all offers, wound up by requesting a favor. He placed in her hand a packet as large as a dozen newspapers, and well secured with twine and seals. This he asked her to keep, and she promised to do so. He begged her to promise farther that no eye should see the contents of the packet. She did so. He mused awhile, and then added, "It is of great importance to me that that packet should never see the light." "Then why not destroy it?" said Mary. "I don't wish to destroy it," said he, "it may be of some importance hereafter. Put it away." She took it to her room and locked it up. On her return, he rose to take leave, but paused at the door, and said, hesitatingly, "Perhaps you had better destroy that packet." She replied, "I will do so." He paused again, and said, "No!—maybe better not." "As you please," she returned, "which shall I do?" "I really do not know," he said, after a thoughtful pause. "Do as you will with it. If it is in your way, throw it into the fire. If not, keep it until I call for it." He now departed, and Mary, doubting him much, determined to preserve the packet. It will be seen that the conduct of Montague in this matter was such as Balcombe had suspected, and that it enabled the conscientious rogue to swear, when summoned upon the probate, that he "could not tell what had become of the will."

Mary did not see him again for some months, and he then endeavored to get possession of the packet—first by asking for it as a matter of course—and, upon being refused, by force. He was foiled, however, in his attempt—and left the country with precipitation, after stopping the pension of Mrs. Scott. It was probable that he thought no new provocation could make matters worse. Mary proceeds, in her letter, to inform Balcombe, that thirteen years of seclusion having rendered her totally ignorant of what was going on in the world, and having no one to advise with, she had no means of conjecturing the nature of the mysterious packet. It was obvious to her, however, that its possession or destruction was an object eagerly sought by Montague, and, she doubted not, for some villainous end. Although willing to bear her own lot without murmuring, she felt it her duty to alleviate, if possible, the want she had entailed upon her mother and brother. This, her knowledge of Montague's earnest desire for the packet, would enable her to accomplish—and she felt no scruple in using such means. We give her plan in her own words.

I have just learned where he is by means of a gentleman, who, for some purpose of his own, has been endeavoring to find him out. About the same time I ascertained by mere chance, that you, my only friend, were in the same part of the country. The coincidence seemed to point out the course I should pursue. I would gladly have your counsel, and have determined to secure to myself all the benefits of it by doing nothing that you do not approve. I have accordingly directed James to find you out, and hand you this letter. He carries one also to Montague, which contains a demand of a suitable provision for my poor mother, and of such aid as may enable James to resume his studies, and qualify himself for a profession. Is this exacting too much? Of that I constitute you sole judge. If you disapprove the measure altogether, send James back as he goes. If you approve it, then I must ask that your

justice and honor may preside over what is done. Your knowledge of the past, and of Montague's present condition, will make you the best judge of what it is suitable he should do. In making this demand, I do not propose to continue to hold the rod over him. It might seem too much like retaining the means of future and indefinite exaction. I have accordingly placed in James' hands a second communication, the receipt of which will enable Montague to recover the packet. This last will be delivered when you direct it, and not before; and I have to ask that you will direct it when that which is right in your judgment that Montague should do, is done, or so promised as to secure performance.... Do I then ask too much when I beg that you will yourself see Montague, and hand him the first letter, which James will give you; and that, when he shall have done what is right, you will direct James to deliver to him the parcel with which he is charged. You will perceive that it is not my wish that this poor boy shall understand any thing of what is done, lest by possibility he might come to the knowledge of what would drive him to acts of desperate revenge.

Montague having called upon Colonel Robinson, Balcombe's father-in-law, with the view of purchasing land, he is there encountered by our hero and Balcombe. In a conversation dexterously introduced and sustained by the latter, the rogue is led to betray himself so egregiously that no farther doubts of his guilt are entertained, or of the surety of the grounds upon which the two friends have to proceed. Keizer is engaged to prevent, by force, if necessary, his departure from the neighborhood—but this is not attempted, and Balcombe and James obtain another interview with him in the woods near a camp meeting. The letter from Mary is handed him by James. It states that she had put the packet out of the reach of his violence, and in the hands of a third person, who would deliver it only on presentation of a certain token—and that this token, together with the name of the depository of the packet, was contained in the parcel in James' possession. Upon reading this letter Montague declares himself ready to do and submit to whatever might be required, upon the condition specified—the receipt of the parcel. Balcombe demands an advance of a thousand dollars, and ten bonds for three hundred each, payable to James Scott, at the end of each of ten successive years, with good security to each bond. To this, Montague, having no alternative, agrees—promising to deliver the money and bonds, and receive the parcel from the hands of James Scott, at the same spot, on the following Saturday evening. His real design, however, is somewhat different. Having decoyed Balcombe and James to the rendezvous, he purposes with the aid of some of his agents, to get possession of the parcel by force, before paying the money; and afterwards with a view of preventing discovery, to carry our friends across the Missouri, and leave them to perish in the wilderness. This design is easily anticipated by Balcombe, who converts it ingeniously to his own advantage. Had he possession of the token handed to James by Mary, it is clear that nothing further would be necessary in order to obtain the missing will. But James has been especially directed to deliver the parcel into no hands but those of Montague—and his scruples are not to be overcome. Neither can B. reconcile it with his conscience to pick James' pockets while asleep. He determines, therefore, to let M. get possession of his object in the manner designed. This accomplished,

he, Balcombe, will have acquired the right to retake it.

Keizer, the wily agent of Balcombe, is bound to that gentleman by many ties of gratitude. Of this Montague is unaware, and having frequently tampered with him in other cases wherein B. had no concern, does not hesitate to seek his assistance in the present scheme of villainy. This also B. has anticipated, and instructs Keizer not to refuse the rogue any service required—lest he might employ other agents.

In all this scheming, however, Balcombe is somewhat overreached. Montague discovers, by accident, the league between Keizer and B.—affects to have perfect confidence in the former—and appoints as the spot of rendezvous where Balcombe is to be entrapped, a spot at some distance from the true scene of action. By these means Keizer is placed out of the way, and his interference in Balcombe's favor prevented. It must be understood that (as expected) Montague, before his suspicions of Keizer were aroused, had engaged his services with those of a couple of his Indian friends, for the robbery and abduction of Scott and B., and Balcombe's plan was to turn the villain's false allies against himself. Coming, however, with James to the rendezvous, in full assurance that Keizer and the Indians were to be the agents employed against him, B. finds himself in the power of Montague and three unknown desperadoes. Montague, getting possession of the parcel, retires, while the rest of the party hurry off our two friends in the direction of the Missouri.

In the meantime, Keizer, with his Indians, having waited an undue time at the false rendezvous appointed him by Montague, comes at length to a suspicion of the true state of affairs, starts immediately in pursuit, and overtakes the enemy in good season for a rescue. Two of the villains escape—the third, one Ramsay, is shot dead by an Indian, and his body thrown by Keizer into the river.

The time having arrived for the return of Balcombe and Scott, Napier becomes uneasy, and disclosing the matter to Colonel Robinson, they proceed together to Montague's residence—thinking there to meet with some clue for further proceedings. As they approach, the door opens, and in the darkness they can just see Montague enter. Watching him through a window they perceive him opening the identical parcel of which so much has been said. It contained a casket, and this again a broken ring and a scrap of paper. Napier taps familiarly at the door, and Montague opens it, after being seen to throw the casket hastily in a drawer. Napier approaches the drawer at once, and obtains possession of the treasure. The villain is entirely taken by surprise, and in his terror indicates the route of his agents, professing at the same time his innocence of all design to commit murder. Taking him with them, the Colonel and Napier proceed to the river, and finding blood, with other similar traces, return home in despair, supposing Balcombe to have perished, when they are agreeably disappointed by his presence, with that of Scott and Keizer and the Indians—not forgetting Montague.

The contents of the casket are found to be a fragment of a gold ring, and a slip of paper with the words "Mammy Amy, the old housekeeper at Raby Hall." Montague is dismissed with an injunction from Bal-

combe to be forthcoming on the Monday ensuing—an injunction which it was supposed he would be unwilling, under the circumstances, to disobey. Here, however, Balcombe reckons without his host. Although Montague has not the broken ring, yet he has read the slip of paper, and may easily persuade Mammy Amy to deliver him the will. This idea now forces itself upon Balcombe—but too late—for the arch-rogué is already far on his way to Virginia. Lest Balcombe should pursue him, he has managed, by an ingeniously laid train of circumstances, to bring about his arrest, with that of Scott and Keizer, on a charge of murdering Ramsay. This man, it will be remembered, after being shot by one of the Indians, was thrown into the river by Keizer.

The accused party, however, after much difficulty, are admitted to bail, and Keizer starts for St. Louis in pursuit of the runaway—followed the next day by Napier. About half way between St. Charles and St. Louis, our hero encounters K. on his return, attended by a party of men, and with his feet tied together under the belly of his horse. Montague finding his steps dogged by K. in St. Louis, had obtained his arrest as a party to the murder. Napier enters into conversation with one of the company, who proves to be an attorney retained especially by Montague in support of the prosecution. The statement of N. puts this gentleman in possession of the true state of the case, and as Keizer had already been arrested and discharged on bail, he is set free, by means of a *habeas corpus*, at St. Charles. Montague, however, has effected his escape, and is fairly on his way to Virginia. Nothing is now left but to write to Mary Scott, and trust to the chance of the letter's reaching her before his arrival.

In the meantime the trial comes on. This is the most interesting portion of the book—and very different is it indeed from the caricature of judicial proceeding to be met with occasionally in the novels of the day. Fiction, thus admirably managed, has all the force and essential value of truth. And here we cannot bring ourselves to mar the vivid and most ingenious details by any attempt at a digest or paraphrase. Balcombe's defence is beyond measure acute, and in every respect characteristic—the party are acquitted, however, mainly through the agency of Keizer, who, taking advantage of his bail, crosses the Missouri, and, travelling night and day in search of a material witness, arrives with him just in time for the decision.

Napier now departs for Virginia, accompanied by Balcombe and Keizer. At Cape Girardeau, the whole are arrested. This is done at Montague's instance. The affidavit being shown, it proves to be a copy of that by means of which Keizer was arrested in a similar manner at St. Louis. Balcombe, however, having taken care to get a duly authenticated record of his acquittal, the villain's efforts to delay the party are defeated, and they proceed. Just after leaving Wheeling, they are again subjected to danger through the machinations of their arch-enemy, who, on his way home, it appears, has bribed some ostlers, connected with the line of stages, to attack the one carrying our hero.

At length, reaching Craiganet in safety, Balcombe there finds a letter from Mary Scott, detailing events at home since the date of her former communication.

The rapidity of Montague's journey, it appears, defeated his own object. Suspensions were entertained of him on account of James' non-appearance, and the silence of Balcombe. A few days after the former's departure for Missouri, old Mrs. Scott died of a paralytic stroke; and, about the same time, Mammy Amy, the housekeeper, was taken ill at Raby Hall. Mary became her nurse, and also (at the request of Major Swann, the steward of the English Mr. Raby) assumed her duties as housekeeper. In this new vocation she continued, the old woman never recovering her activity. Matters were thus situated when Montague made his appearance at the Hall, and entering the old woman's room, endeavored to obtain from her the packet. Mary suddenly presenting herself, however, the villain is betrayed by his confusion, and fails altogether in his design. He calls again the next day, and again the next, using every artifice to get the packet, and closing with an offer of marriage. Calling in Major Swann, as witness to this offer, Mary desires the hypocrite to repeat it in his presence. With this request, fairly caught, he complies—and having done so, is rejected with disdain. The advantage hereby derived to Mary is of much importance to herself. It entitles her to full credence in the history of her wrongs; and having given this history in full to her kind friends, the Major and his wife, she is received and cherished by them with more than parental affection. The next day Montague again appears, and with a bold face, demanding, in the name of the law, his property of Major Swann, and speaking of a search-warrant. To this the Major replies, that he himself, being a justice of the peace, will furnish him with the necessary authority, upon his calling in the morning. Montague takes the hint, and disappears. In the meantime, Mary receives the letter from Balcombe, and is put *au fait* in regard to the nature of the packet, and Montague's anxiety respecting it. She, at first, thought to hand the letter and packet to Major Swann; but it occurred to her that, by so doing, she might place him in a delicate situation, between his duty to his employer, and his duty as a man. She resolved, therefore, to let things take their course, but at the same time to use effectual measures to keep the packet from falling into Montague's hands. We here quote a passage of much interest. Mary, it will be remembered, is writing to Balcombe.

Before I gave it to Mammy Amy, I had put it into a small toy trunk, which I locked, keeping the key myself. Near the hearth was a place where a hole had been burned in the floor, and here a short plank had been laid down. This was loose. I took it up, put down the trunk, and, with the broom handle, pushed it away to the wall. I had taken the precaution to tie a bit of tape to the handle, the end of which I left in reach, but too far under to be seen without stooping low, and putting the face to the hole. I did this while my nurse was out, so that I alone knew where it was. Having thus completed my arrangements, I patiently awaited the approach of the enemy. About noon Montague arrived. The constable was already there. Montague was a long time closeted with the Major. I supposed engaged in coining a suitable affidavit. At length they all came together to my room. The kind old gentleman apologized with the utmost courtesy and deference to my feelings, for what he was about to do, and handed me Montague's affidavit. This testified, that six years ago he had left at my mother's

a packet, which he described by external marks and seals; that he had reason to believe, and did believe, that I had got possession of it, and that it was secreted somewhere in the house. The search was now commenced, and every corner of the room was ransacked. Montague took little part in it, but kept his eyes on me, and pointed out suspected places. I became at last impatient of his insolent gaze; I felt my spirit rise, and was conscious of that flash of the eye before which his always quails, even when he sees it in the face of a woman. I now kept my eye on him, and he avoided it, though he occasionally stole a furtive glance. At length, walking across the floor, he felt the loose plank move under his feet. He stooped and raised it. I felt my courage give way; and as he lifted himself up after his short and fruitless search, our eyes met, and I was conscious that mine had blenched. I felt that thick throbbing of the heart which always displays itself in the countenance, and again stole a look at him to see if he had observed me. He had replaced the plank, and looked on the protracted search with less apparent interest than before. I saw, indeed, that he was weary of its continuance, and he soon expressed himself satisfied. They now left the room—Montague last of all. There is no fastening to the door but a large bar, inconveniently heavy, and a slight latch. This caught as he closed the door after him, and I was once more alone. I listened a moment, and heard the trampling of many feet, and the sound of many voices die away along the passage. My uneasiness now took its natural course. I ran to the hole and lifted the plank. At the moment the door opened, and Montague reappeared. The sagacity of the cunning wretch had taught him to expect what I would do under the influence of my alarmed and excited feelings. He had stopped at the door while the rest went on, and came in suddenly, as soon as he had allowed time for nature to do her work. He now sprang forward, while I, powerless with alarm, sank into a chair. He stooped down, and looked eagerly along the dark hole, and finally, groping, got hold of the end of the string. He drew it out, and I heard the little trunk come grating along over the laths below. I screamed, and sprang to him. He pushed me back, drew out the trunk, crushed it with his heel, and, seizing the packet, flung it into the fire.

It was a mild October day, and there was just so much fire as an old woman needs to comfort her rheumatic limbs. I rushed to it to rescue the packet. He seized and held me back, and I struggled, still screaming. The Major, who had missed Montague, and was returning to look for him, alarmed at my cries, hurried back. As soon as I saw him, I exclaimed, "In the fire—in the fire!" He understood me, and approached the hearth. Montague flung me across the room to my bed, on which I fell half insensible. But I saw Montague rudely seize the Major around the waist, and jerk him back, when, at the moment, Charles, my foster brother, entered. He darted at Montague, and, with one blow of his fist, felled him to the floor. The Major, disengaged, rescued the package from the fire, where its surface only was scorched, and turned to confront Montague, who slowly recovered his feet.

Here Montague's over-eagerness has again thwarted him. The only result of throwing the packet in the fire is, that the seals and other external marks of identification, sworn to in the affidavit, are melted and burned off. The Major offers, however, to deliver it up upon M's. identifying the contents. This, of course, the rogue declines, and the packet remains in the Major's possession, who declares his intention of resigning it, unopened, to the first person who shall show a just claim to it. The scene ends by Montague's being ordered to quit the premises. Shortly afterwards he attempts to fire the house, but fails, and in escaping, receives a shot through the shoulder.

But the difficulties touching the will are not yet altogether ended. The case is laid before an attorney. As there was no doubt of the result, if the papers could be secured, he determined to take such a course as would at once put them safely into the custody of the law. A bill is drafted, to which Mr. Edward Raby in England is made defendant, setting forth the whole transaction. Major Swann is also made defendant, charged with the possession of the will, and called on to produce it. As anticipated, he disclaims the possession of any such paper, unless such a one might be concealed with the packet, and files the packet with his answer. It is necessary that the papers shall reach the court (at Fredericksburg) without having ever been in possession of Mr. Napier, and they are accordingly given in charge of James. Mr. Napier, Balcombe, and Keizer accompany him. On the road, a short distance from Fredericksburg, the party are attacked by Montague, with some of his agents, and in the struggle which ensues, M. is killed by the hand of James, who, having accidentally discovered the secret of his sister's wrong, has been long burning for revenge. In conclusion—through the instrumentality of Keizer, our friends are saved a world of legal trouble, and Mr. Napier's claims to a large inheritance are finally established.

Thus is given—and given very scantily—only the general thread of the narrative—which is really crowded with incident. We have spoken of no love adventures of our hero—but it must not be supposed that he is therefore without them. They are omitted because altogether episodic—yet they form some of the most truly interesting portions of the book, and certainly the most original. In lieu of speaking farther on this head we copy a passage of rare beauty and full of a rich and meaning philosophy. Napier loves his cousin Ann, with whom his days of childhood and boyhood were spent in unreserved communion. He has reason to think himself beloved—but friends have their own plans to arrange, and a misunderstanding of each other's true feeling, arises between the lovers. Ann thus allows herself to be plighted to another, thinking the heart of her cousin pre-occupied. Things thus situated, N. as the protector and friend of Ann, speaks to her of her contemplated marriage. The passage we cite occurs in a conversation between Balcombe and Napier. The latter is confiding to B. the secret of his love.

"And what answer will you give?" I said.

She hesitated, changed color, trembled, and seemed to restrain her tears with great difficulty. I continued.

"Ann, dear Ann! if you knew how deep an interest I take in this question, you would not withhold the answer. Our lives from infancy have been spent together; each, as it were, a part of the other, 'like twin cherries growing on one stalk,' and shall we separate now?"

I saw her bite her lip, and her cheek flushed a little, while her countenance assumed an expression of slight indignation.

"Would you urge me then," said she, "to accept the hand of Howard?"

"To accept Howard's hand!" exclaimed I, "to place any man on earth between you and me! Oh, Ann, who can be dearer to you than I have been? And how can I endure that any other should ever occupy that place in your heart where I have lived so long; where all I know, all I can imagine of earthly bliss is centred?"

The fervor of my manner, I suppose, more than my words, made her at length perceive my meaning. She

started, drew back, and gazed at me with a countenance in which amazement and grief contended for the mastery. The latter presently prevailed, and exclaiming, "Oh William, this from *you*!" the sluices of her heart seemed to open all at once; and with a look and air of utter desolation and self-abandonment, she threw her face on the arm of the sofa and dissolved in a flood of tears. I was inexpressibly shocked and amazed. I tried to soothe her, but in vain. She wept, and wept on, speechless from sobbing, until exhausted, she sank down on the sofa, and I saw by her white lip and glazing eye that she had fainted. I screamed for help, and she was carried to her room. I saw her no more that evening. The next morning my sister Jane handed me this note.

"What I would have said yesterday, William, could I have found utterance, I say now. My astonishment and grief at the ungenerous conduct of one I had deemed faultless; at receiving insult from my only protector, and wrong from one whose whole life had been one act of kindness, need not be expressed in words. But I owe it to myself and all concerned, to insist that the subject of yesterday's conversation shall never be resumed. I will try to forget it, and deport myself towards you as if that conversation had never taken place. Help me, dear William, to forget that you have ever for a moment thought of being any thing but a brother to
A. N."

"There is surely some strange misunderstanding here," said I. "Can I see her?"

"Not at this moment, certainly, for she keeps her bed to day. But I will know whether she thinks it right to afford you another interview, when she can sit up."

"To afford me another interview?" said I. "This is indeed strange. Doubtful whether it be right that I should have an *interview* with one with whom my whole life has been spent as with a sister!"

"A sister, William!" said Jane. "You forget that your strange words, yesterday, have put an end to that relation. But I will let her know of your wish."

She left me, and soon returned with this pencilled paper.

"To what purpose, William, offer explanation of what could not be misunderstood? To what purpose resume a subject on which, after all that is passed, I cannot listen with propriety, nor you speak without offence? No, William, that subject must never be named between us again. You are soon to go on a distant journey; and I tell you distinctly that nothing but a solemn promise not to renew it, shall induce me to leave my room till you are gone. Don't force me to this, dear William. It would grieve me to have my earliest and dearest friend part from me without receiving a farewell, which may be the last."

"Saw you ever any thing like that?" said I, as Balcombe sat gazing at the paper with a musing and abstracted countenance. "Dear William!" "Her earliest and dearest friend! Are not those words there? Was ever any thing more affectionate, more tender? It had been just so all the time. And when she left her room (for of course I gave the promise) it was still the same. She was pale and sad, and I saw that she felt for me. In all things else her manner was the same as in the days of our most cordial intimacy. She had kept her room some days, and I was dreading the embarrassment of our first meeting. But she dispelled it all. She met me, indeed, with a slight tremor; I saw her lips quiver, but her eye was steady, and dwelt upon my face with an expression of holy and confiding affection. She walked directly up to me, put her arms about my neck, and kissed me as she had always done on like occasions. Her manner was graver and more tender; that was all the difference. She rested her cheek, too, a moment on my bosom, and murmured, 'Thank you, dear William, thank you for your promise.'"

"Was no one present?" said Balcombe.

"Oh yes! Jane accompanied her into the room; but

that very evening she took my arm and said. 'Come, let me show you my confidence in your word. Come, take a walk with me.'"

"And did you go alone?"

"Yes; Jane moved as if to go with us, but Ann stopped her."

"And what did you talk about?"

"Of old times; of the scenes and sports of infancy and early youth; of blended thoughts; of mingled feelings; of united hearts. She led the way herself. I could but listen to the soft tones of her voice, as she poured forth her feelings in language which showed how much her heart delighted in such recollections. 'Dear, dear William,' she said in conclusion, 'my own and only brother, let it be always thus.' You may believe that my heart responded to the wish. But is it not strange that while she was thus uttering words that condemned me to despair, I was supremely happy? It was no ordinary pleasure; it was a delirium of bliss. I felt as she seemed to feel at the moment, as if all my heart had ever coveted was mine. I responded to her sentiments in a like tone of chastened and refined tenderness; our hearts overflowed in the contemplation and actual fruition of this new scheme of happiness; we revelled in all the luxury of perfect sympathy and unbounded confidence; we seemed to have found a source of enjoyment too delicate to pall, too abounding ever to fail; our spirits rose as we quaffed the nectared flow of thoughts, and sentiments, and feelings, all congenial; and we returned to the house with faces glowing with affection and happiness. Is it not strange? How can it be that this, the paramount desire of my heart, by which I know that I love her, should be reciprocated by her without a corresponding sentiment?"

"If your metaphysics can find an answer to that question," said Balcombe, "I will consent that you shall believe that she does not love you. As it is, I have no doubt that her union with any other man would be more fatal to her than to you. But I see nothing unaccountable in what you tell me. Love, disguise it as you will, is the food that satisfies the heart of love; and that her conduct was the fruit of one of those strong delusions, with which love alone can cheat us, I have no doubt. I know something, William, of the joys of mutual passion; but never have I experienced, nor can I conceive, a scene of more thrilling rapture than you have described. Such things cannot last, indeed; but then what can? Illusions are dispelled, but *realities perish*."

The misunderstanding is finally rectified, through the agency of Balcombe, and the cousins are married. Besides this love affair, there are no passages of an episodic nature—unless we choose to speak of Balcombe's account of a skirmish with Indians—a duel scene between Balcombe and Howard, Ann's rejected lover—an anecdote relating to Colonel Boon, the backwoodsman—and a vividly drawn picture of a camp-meeting. This latter we will be pardoned for giving entire.

In the bosom of a vast forest, a piece of ground nearly an acre in extent, and in form almost a square, was enclosed on three sides by a sort of shed, sloping outward, and boarded up on the outside. This was divided into something like stalls, separated from each other, and closed in front by counterpanes, blankets and sheets, disposed as curtains. Some of these were thrown up, and within we saw coarse tables, stools, and preparations for eating and sleeping, such as piles of straw, beds tied up in bundles with bed-clothes, knives and forks, plates, porringers and platters, loaves of bread, skimmed-milk cheeses, jirked meat, hams, tongues, and cold fowls. Children and dogs were nestling in the straw, and mothers sat on stools, nursing their infants. The whole centre of the area was occupied by hewn logs, placed in extended parallel lines, with the ends resting on other transverse logs, so as to form rows of

rude benches. On these were seated a promiscuous multitude, of every age, sex, condition, and hue, crowded densely towards the front, and gradually thinning in the rear, where some seats were nearly vacant, or partially occupied by lounging youngsters, chatting, smoking, and giggling, and displaying, both in dress and manner, a disposition to ape the foppery and impertinence of fashion. Of this, indeed, they saw so little in these remote wilds, that the imitation was of course awkward, but none the less unequivocal.

At the open end of the area was the stand, as it is called. This was formed by raising a pen of logs to a convenient height, over which a platform of loose planks was laid, surmounted by a shelter to keep off the sun and rain. The platform was large enough for a dozen chairs, occupied by as many preachers. It was surrounded by a strong enclosure, about twenty yards square, over the whole of which a deep bed of straw was laid. This, as I understood, was intended to save the bones of those who might be unable to keep their feet, under the eloquence of the preacher, the workings of conscience, the conviction of sin, or the delirious raptures of new-born hope.

The preachers were, for the most part, men whose dress and air bespoke a low origin and narrow circumstances. Conspicuous among them was a stout old man, whose gray hair and compressed lips, enshrouded between a long nose and hooked chin, would hardly have escaped observation under any circumstances. He alone was on his feet, and moved about the platform with noiseless step, speaking in whispers to one or another of the preachers. At length he took his seat, and the officiating minister rose. He was a tall, slender youth, whose stripling figure lost nothing of its appearance of immaturity by being dressed in clothes which he had obviously outgrown. The bony length of naked wrist and ankle set off to the best advantage his broad hands and splay feet, the heels of which were turned out, as he moved forward to his place in front of the platform. His nearly beardless face was embrowned by the sun, his features were diminutive, and only distinguished by a full round forehead, and a hazel eye, clear, black, and imaginative. He gave out a hymn, which was sung, and then offered up a prayer, which, though apparently meant to pass for extemporaneous, was obviously spoken from memory, and made up, for the most part, of certain forms of speech, taken from all the prayers and all the creeds that have ever been published, and arranged to suit the taste of the speaker, and the peculiar doctrines of his sect. Then came another hymn, and then the sermon. It was a doctrinal essay, a good deal after the manner of a trial sermon, in which not a little acuteness was displayed. But the voice was untrained, the language ungrammatical, the style awkward, and the pronunciation barbarous. The thing went off heavily, but left on my mind a very favorable impression of the latent powers of the speaker. But he was not (to use the slang of the theatre) "a star." He was heard with decorous, but drowsy attention, and took his seat without having excited a shout or a groan. I could not help suspecting that the poor young fellow, being put forward as a foil for some popular declaimer, had had his discourse pruned of all exuberance of language or fancy, and reduced to a mere *hortus siccus* of theological doctrine. A closing prayer by an old minister, in which the effort of the "young brother" was complimented with a patronizing air, was followed by another hymn, and the temporary dispersion of the assembly.

Now came the turn of the old minister I first described. The audience had been wearied with a discourse not at all to their taste. They were now refreshed and eager for some stimulus to help digestion. At first I thought they would be disappointed; for he talked for a long time in a dull prosing way, about himself and the church; and was listened to with an air which led me to conclude that he had established a sort of understanding with his hearers, that whatever he

might say *must* be worth hearing, and taken with thankfulness. At length, however, he seemed to warm by slow degrees. His voice became louder, his utterance more rapid, his gestures more earnest; and an occasional groan from the crowd bespoke their awaking sympathy. Presently he began to catch his breath, to rant and rave and foam at the mouth, and to give all the conventional tokens of enthusiasm and eloquence. The signals were duly answered by the groans, the sobs, the cries, the shouts, the yells of the multitude. Some sprang to their feet and clapped their hands; some grasped the hands of others with smiles and tears of sympathy and mutual gratulation; some fell down and were hoisted over into the pen, where they lay tossing among the straw, and uttering the most appalling shrieks. The discourse was abruptly closed; and several of the preachers came down into the enclosure, and, kneeling among the prostrate penitents, poured forth prayer after prayer, and shouted hymn after hymn, in which the whole audience joined in one wild burst of discord broken down into harmony by the very clashing of jarring sounds. The sun went down on this tumultuous scene.

Of the *dramatis personæ* we will speak in brief. Elizabeth, the shrinking and matronly wife of Balcombe, rising suddenly into the heroine in the hour of her husband's peril, (we have not mentioned her in our outline) as a painting, is admirable—as a portrait, appears to want individuality. She is an exquisite specimen of her class, but her class is somewhat hack-nied. Of Jane, Napier's sister, (neither have we yet alluded to *her*) it is sufficient now to say that she is true to herself. Upon attentively considering the character of Mary Scott, who holds the most prominent female part in the drama, it will be perceived that, although deeply interesting, it cannot be regarded as in any degree original, and that she owes her influence upon the mind of the reader mainly to the incidents with which she is enveloped. There are some most effective touches, however, in her delineation. Of Ann we have already spoken. She is our favorite, and we doubt not the favorite of the author. Her nature is barely sketched—but the sketch betrays in the artist a creative vigor of no ordinary kind. Upon the whole, no American novelist has succeeded, we think, in female character, even nearly so well as the writer of George Balcombe.

Napier himself is, as usual with most professed heroes, a mere non-entity. James is sufficiently natural. Major Swann, although only done in outline, gives a fine idea of a decayed Virginia gentleman. Charles, a negro, old Amy's son, is drawn roughly, but to the life. Balcombe, frank, ardent, philosophical, chivalrous, sagacious—and, above all, glorying in the exercise of his sagacity—is a conception which might possibly have been entertained, but certainly could not have been executed, by a mind many degrees dissimilar from that of Balcombe himself, as depicted. Of Keizer, a character evidently much dwelt upon, and greatly labored out by the author, we have but one observation to make. It will strike every reader, not at first, but upon reflection, that George Balcombe, in John Keizer's circumstances, would have been precisely John Keizer. We find the same traits modified throughout—yet the *worldly difference* forms a distinction sufficiently marked for the purposes of the novelist. Lastly, Montague, with his low cunning, his arch-hypocrisy, his malignancy, his quibbling superstition, his moral courage and

physical pusillanimity, is a character to be met with every day, and to be recognized at a glance. Nothing was ever more minutely, more forcibly, or more thoroughly painted. He is not original of course; nor must we forget that were he so, he would, necessarily, be untrue, in some measure, to nature. But we mean to say that the merit here is solely that of observation and fidelity. Original characters, so called, can only be critically praised as such, either when presenting qualities known in real life, but never before depicted, (a combination nearly impossible) or when presenting qualities (moral, or physical, or both) which, although unknown, or even known to be hypothetical, are so skilfully adapted to the circumstances which surround them, that our sense of fitness is not offended, and we find ourselves seeking a reason why these things *might not have been*, which we are still satisfied *are not*. The latter species of originality appertains to the loftier regions of the *Ideal*.

Very few objections can be urged to the *style* of George Balcombe. The general manner is that of a scholar and gentleman in the best sense of both terms—bold, vigorous, and rich—abrupt rather than diffuse—and not over scrupulous in the use of energetic vulgarisms. With the mere English, some occasional and trivial faults may be found. Perhaps it would have been better to avoid such pure technicalities as "*anastomosing*." Of faulty construction, we might, without trouble, pick out a few instances. For example, "Returning to dinner, a note was handed to the old gentleman, which he read and gave to Balcombe." Here it is the note which returns to dinner. "Upon his return to dinner," or something of that kind, would have rendered the sentence less equivocal. Again—"My situation is any thing but pleasant, and so impatient of it am I that I trust I do not break faith with my client when I hint to you that Mr. Balcombe will have more need of the aid of counsel than he is aware of." The meaning here is, "I am so impatient of my situation that I even warn you of Balcombe's great danger, and advise you to seek counsel for him. In so doing I trust I am not breaking faith with my client." The original sentence implies, however, that the consequence of the speaker's impatience was the speaker's trusting that he would not break faith—whereas the *advice* was the consequence. The *trust* cannot in any manner be embodied with the sentence, and must be placed in a separate one, as we have placed it.

For the occasional *philosophy* of Balcombe himself, we must not, of course, hold the author responsible. It might now and then be more exact. For example, "I am not sure that we do not purchase all our good qualities by the exercise of their opposites. How else does experience of danger make men brave? If they were not scared at first, then they were brave at first. If they were scared, then the effect of fear upon the mind has been to engender courage." As much, perhaps, as the effect of truth is to engender error, or of black paint to render a canvass white. *All* our good qualities purchased by the exercise of their opposites! Generalize this dogma, and we have, at once, virtue derivable from vice. In the particular instance here urged—that courage is engendered by fear—the quibble lies in shifting the question from "danger" to "fear," and using the two ideas as identical. But "danger" is

no more "fear," than age is wisdom, than a turnip-seed is a turnip, or than any other cause is its own usual effect. In proportion, we grant, to the frequency of our "experience of danger," is our callousness to its usual effect, which is fear. But when, following Mr. Balcombe to the finale of his argument, we say that the effect of the frequent "experience of fear" upon the mind is to engender courage, we are merely uttering the silly paradox that we fear less in proportion as we fear more.

And again, "Value depends on demand and supply. So say the political economists, and I suppose they are right in all things but one. When truth and honor abound, they are most prized. They depreciate as they become rare." Now truth and honor form *no* exceptions to the rule of economy, that value depends upon demand and supply. The simple meaning of this rule is, that when the demand for a commodity is great, and the supply small, the value of the commodity is heightened, and the converse. Apply this to truth and honor. Let them be in demand—in esteem—and let the supply be small—that is, let there be few men true and honest; then truth and honor, as cotton and tobacco, rise in value—and, vice-versa, they fall. Mr. Balcombe's error is based upon the pre-supposition, (although this pre-supposition does not appear upon the face of his statement) that all who esteem truth and honor, are necessarily true and honest. To sustain the parallel, then, he should be prepared to admit the absurdity that the demanders of cotton and tobacco are necessarily stocked with cotton and tobacco. Let, however, the full extent of the question be seen. Truth and honor, it is asserted, are most prized where they most abound. They would be prized most of all then were no contrary qualities existing. But it is clear that were *all* men true and honest, then truth and honor, *beyond their intrinsic*, would hold no higher value, than would wine in a Paradise where all the rivers were Johannisberger, and all the duck-ponds Vin de Margaux.

We have thus spoken at length of George Balcombe, because we are induced to regard it, upon the whole, as *the best American novel*. There have been few books of its peculiar kind, we think, written in *any* country, much its superior. Its interest is intense from beginning to end. Talent of a lofty order is evinced in every page of it. Its most distinguishing features are invention, vigor, almost audacity, of thought—great variety of what the German critics term *intrigue*, and exceeding ingenuity and finish in the adaptation of its component parts. Nothing is wanting to a complete whole, and nothing is out of place, or out of time. Without being chargeable in the least degree with imitation, the novel bears a strong family resemblance to the Caleb Williams of Godwin. Thinking thus highly of George Balcombe, we still do not wish to be understood as ranking it with the more brilliant fictions of some of the living novelists of Great Britain.

In regard to the authorship of the book, some little conversation has occurred, and the matter is still considered a secret. But why so?—or rather, *how* so? The mind of the chief personage of the story, is the transcript of a mind familiar to us—an unintentional transcript, let us grant—but still one not to be mistaken. George Balcombe thinks, speaks, and acts, as no person, we are convinced, but Judge Beverly Tucker, ever precisely thought, spoke, or acted before.

ASTORIA.

Astoria: Or, Anecdotes of an Enterprize beyond the Rocky Mountains. By Washington Irving. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

Mr. Irving's acquaintance at Montreal, many years since, with some of the principal partners of the great North-West Fur Company, was the means of interesting him deeply in the varied concerns of trappers, hunters, and Indians, and in all the adventurous details connected with the commerce in peltries. Not long after his return from his late tour to the prairies, he held a conversation with his friend, Mr. John Jacob Astor, of New York, in relation to an enterprize set on foot, and conducted by that gentleman, about the year 1812,—an enterprize having for its object a participation, on the most extensive scale, in the fur trade carried on with the Indians in all the western and north-western regions of North America. Finding Mr. I. fully alive to the exciting interest of this subject, Mr. Astor was induced to express a regret that the true nature and extent of the enterprize, together with its great national character and importance, had never been generally comprehended; and a wish that Mr. Irving would undertake to give an account of it. To this he consented. All the papers relative to the matter were submitted to his inspection; and the volumes now before us (two well-sized octavos) are the result. The work has been accomplished in a masterly manner—the modesty of the title affording no indication of the fulness, comprehensiveness, and beauty, with which a long and entangled series of detail, collected, necessarily, from a mass of vague and imperfect data, has been wrought into completeness and unity.

Supposing our readers acquainted with the main features of the original fur trade in America, we shall not follow Mr. Irving in his vivid account of the primitive French Canadian Merchant, his jovial establishments and dependants—of the licensed traders, missionaries, voyageurs, and *coureurs des bois*—of the British Canadian Fur Merchant—of the rise of the great Company of the "North-West," its constitution and internal trade; its parliamentary hall and banquetting room; its boatings, its huntings, its wassailings, and other magnificent feudal doings in the wilderness. It was the British Mackinaw Company, we presume,—(a Company established in rivalry of the "North-West,") the scene of whose main operations first aroused the attention of our government. Its chief factory was established at Michilimackinac, and sent forth its perogues, by Green Bay, Fox River, and the Wisconsin, to the Mississippi, and thence to all its tributary streams—in this way hoping to monopolize the trade with all the Indian tribes on the southern and western waters of our own territory, as the "North-West" had monopolized it along the waters of the North. Of course we now began to view with a jealous eye, and to make exertions for counteracting, the influence hourly acquired over our own aborigines by these immense combinations of foreigners. In 1796, the United States sent out agents to establish rival trading houses on the frontier, and thus, by supplying the wants of the Indians, to link their interests with ours, and to divert the trade, if possible, into national channels. The enterprize failed—being, we suppose,

inefficiently conducted and supported; and the design was never afterwards attempted until by the individual means and energy of Mr. Astor.

John Jacob Astor was born in Waldorf, a German village, near Heidelberg, on the banks of the Rhine. While yet a youth, he foresaw that he would arrive at great wealth, and, leaving home, took his way, alone, to London, where he found himself at the close of the American Revolution. An elder brother being in the United States, he followed him there. In January, 1784, he arrived in Hampton Roads, with some little merchandize suited to the American market. On the passage he had become acquainted with a countryman of his, a furrier, from whom he derived much information in regard to furs, and the manner of conducting the trade. Subsequently he accompanied this gentleman to New York, and, by his advice, invested the proceeds of his merchandize in peltries. With these he sailed to London, and having disposed of his adventure advantageously, he returned the same year (1784) to New York, with a view of settling in the United States, and prosecuting the business thus commenced. Mr. Astor's beginnings in this way were necessarily small—but his perseverance was indomitable, his integrity unimpeachable, and his economy of the most rigid kind. "To these," says Mr. Irving, "were added an aspiring spirit, that always looked upward; a genius bold, fertile, and expansive; a sagacity quick to grasp and convert every circumstance to its advantage, and a singular and never wavering confidence of signal success." These opinions are more than re-echoed by the whole crowd of Mr. Astor's numerous acquaintances and friends, and are most strongly insisted upon by those who have the pleasure of knowing him best.

In the United States, the fur trade was not yet sufficiently organized to form a regular line of business. Mr. A. made annual visits to Montreal for the purpose of buying peltries; and, as no direct trade was permitted from Canada to any country but England, he shipped them, when bought, immediately to London. This difficulty being removed, however, by the treaty of 1795, he made a contract for furs with the North-West Company, and imported them from Montreal into the United States—thence shipping a portion to different parts of Europe, as well as to the principal market in China.

By the treaty just spoken of, the British possessions on our side of the Lakes were given up, and an opening made for the American fur-trader on the confines of Canada, and within the territories of the United States. Here, Mr. Astor, about the year 1807, adventured largely on his own account; his increased capital now placing him among the chief of American merchants. The influence of the Mackinaw Company, however, proved too much for him, and he was induced to consider the means of entering into successful competition. He was aware of the wish of the Government to concentrate the fur-trade within its boundaries in the hands of its own citizens; and he now offered, if national aid or protection should be afforded, "to turn the whole of the trade into American channels." He was invited to unfold his plans, and they were warmly approved, but, we believe, little more. The countenance of the Government was nevertheless of much importance, and, in 1809, he procured, from the legis-

lature of New York, a charter, incorporating a Company, under the name of the "American Fur Company," with a capital of one million of dollars, and the privilege of increasing it to two. He himself constituted the Company, and furnished the capital. The board of directors was merely nominal, and the whole business was conducted with his own resources, and according to his own will.

We here pass over Mr. Irving's lucid, although brief account of the fur-trade in the Pacific, of Russian and American enterprize on the North-western coast, and of the discovery by Captain Gray, in 1792, of the mouth of the river Columbia. He proceeds to speak of Captain Jonathan Carver, of the British provincial army. In 1763, shortly after the acquisition of the Canadas by Great Britain, this gentleman projected a journey across the continent, between the forty-third and forty-sixth degrees of northern latitude, to the shores of the Pacific. His objects were "to ascertain the breadth of the continent at its broadest part, and to determine on some place on the shores of the Pacific, where Government might establish a post to facilitate the discovery of a north-west passage, or a communication between Hudson's Bay and the Pacific Ocean." He failed twice in individual attempts to accomplish this journey. In 1774, Richard Whitworth, a member of Parliament, came into this scheme of Captain Carver's. These two gentlemen determined to take with them fifty or sixty men, artificers and mariners, to proceed up one of the branches of the Missouri, find the source of the Oregon, (the Columbia) and sail down the river to its mouth. Here a fort was to be erected, and the vessels built necessary to carry into execution their purposed discoveries by sea. The British Government sanctioned the plan, and every thing was ready for the undertaking, when the American Revolution prevented it.

The expedition of Sir Alexander Mackenzie is well known. In 1793, he crossed the continent, and reached the Pacific Ocean in latitude $52^{\circ} 26' 48''$. In latitude $52^{\circ} 30'$ he partially descended a river flowing to the South, and which he erroneously supposed to be the Columbia. Some years afterwards he published an account of his journey, and suggested the policy of opening an intercourse between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and forming regular establishments "through the interior and at both extremes, as well as along the coasts and islands." Thus, he thought, the entire command of the fur trade of North America might be obtained from latitude 48° north to the pole, excepting that portion held by the Russians. As to the "American adventurers" along the coast, he spoke of them as entitled to but little consideration. "They would instantly disappear," he said, "before a well regulated trade." Owing to the jealousy existing between the Hudson's Bay and North-west Company, this idea of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's was never carried into execution.

The successful attempt of Messieurs Lewis and Clarke was accomplished, it will be remembered, in 1804. Their course was that proposed by Captain Carver in 1774. They passed up the Missouri to its head waters, crossed the Rocky Mountains, discovered the source of the Columbia, and followed that river down to its mouth. Here they spent the winter, and retraced their steps in the spring. Their reports declared it practi-

cable to establish a line of communication across the continent, and first inspired Mr. Astor with the design of "grasping with his individual hands this great enterprize, which for years had been dubiously yet desirously contemplated by powerful associations and maternal governments."

His scheme was gradually matured. Its main features were as follows. A line of trading posts was to be established along the Missouri and Columbia, to the mouth of the latter, where was to be founded the chief mart. On all the tributary streams throughout this immense route were to be situated inferior posts trading directly with the Indians for their peltries. All these posts would draw upon the mart at the Columbia for their supplies of goods, and would send thither the furs collected. At this latter place also, were to be built and fitted out coasting vessels, for the purpose of trading along the North-west coast, returning with the proceeds of their voyages to the same general rendezvous. In this manner the whole Indian trade, both of the coast and the interior, would converge to one point. To this point, in continuation of his plan, Mr. Astor proposed to despatch, every year, a ship with the necessary supplies. She would receive the peltries collected, carry them to Canton, there invest the proceeds in merchandize, and return to New York.

Another point was also to be attended to. In coasting to the North-west, the ship would be brought into contact with the Russian Fur Company's establishments in that quarter; and as a rivalry might ensue, it was politic to conciliate the good will of that body. It depended chiefly for its supplies upon transient trading vessels from the United States. The owners of these vessels, having nothing beyond their individual interests to consult, made no scruple of furnishing the natives with fire arms, and were thus productive of much injury. To this effect the Russian government had remonstrated with the United States, urging to have the traffic in arms prohibited—but, no municipal law being infringed, our government could not interfere. Still it was anxious not to offend Russia, and applied to Mr. Astor for information as to the means of remedying the evil, knowing him to be well versed in all the concerns of the trade in question. This application suggested to him the idea of paying a regular visit to the Russian settlements with his annual ship. Thus, being kept regularly in supplies, they would be independent of the casual traders, who would consequently be excluded from the coast. This whole scheme Mr. Astor communicated to President Jefferson, soliciting the countenance of Government. The cabinet "joined in warm approbation of the plan, and held out assurance of every protection that could, consistently with general policy, be afforded."

In speaking of the motives which actuated Mr. Astor in an enterprize so extensive, Mr. Irving, we are willing to believe, has done that high-minded gentleman no more than the simplest species of justice. "He was already," says our author, "wealthy beyond the ordinary desires of man, but he now aspired to that honorable fame which is awarded to men of similar scope of mind, who by their great commercial enterprizes have enriched nations, peopled wildernesses, and extended the bounds of empire. He considered his projected establishment at the mouth of the Columbia, as the em-

porium to an immense commerce; as a colony that would form the germ of a wide civilization; that would, in fact, carry the American population across the Rocky Mountains, and spread it along the shores of the Pacific, as it already animated the shores of the Atlantic."

A few words in relation to the North-west company. This body, following out in part the suggestion of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, had already established a few trading posts on the coast of the Pacific, in a region lying about two degrees north of the Columbia—thus throwing itself between the Russian and American territories. They would contend with Mr. Astor at an immense disadvantage, of course. They had no good post for the receipt of supplies by sea; and must get them with great risk, trouble and expense, over land. Their peltries also would have to be taken home the same way—for they were not at liberty to interfere with the East India company's monopoly, by shipping them directly to China. Mr. Astor would therefore greatly undersell them in that, the principal market. Still, as any competition would prove detrimental to both parties, Mr. A. made known his plans to the North-west company, proposing to interest them one third in his undertaking. The British company, however, had several reasons for declining the proposition—not the least forcible of which, we presume, was their secret intention to push on a party forthwith, and forestall their rival in establishing a settlement at the mouth of the Columbia.

In the meantime Mr. Astor did not remain idle. His first care was to procure proper coadjutors, and he was induced to seek them principally from among such clerks of the North-west company, as were dissatisfied with their situation in that body—having served out their probationary term, and being still, through want of influence, without a prospect of speedy promotion. From among these (generally men of capacity and experience in their particular business), Mr. A. obtained the services of Mr. Alexander McKay (who had accompanied Sir Alexander Mackenzie in both of his expeditions), Mr. Donald McKenzie, and Mr. Duncan McDougal. Mr. Wilson Price Hunt, a native citizen of New Jersey, and a gentleman of great worth, was afterwards selected by Mr. Astor as his chief agent, and as the representative of himself at the contemplated establishment. In June 1810, "articles of agreement were entered into between Mr. Astor and these four gentlemen, acting for themselves, and for the several persons who had already agreed to become, or should thereafter become, associated under the firm of "*The Pacific Fur Company*." This agreement stipulated that Mr. A. was to be the head of the company, to manage its affairs at New York, and to furnish every thing requisite for the enterprise at first cost and charges, provided an advance of more than four hundred thousand dollars should not at any time be involved. The stock was to consist of a hundred shares, Mr. Astor taking fifty, the rest being divided among the other partners and their associates. A general meeting was to be held annually at Columbia river, where absent members might vote by proxy. The association was to continue twenty years—but might be dissolved within the first five years, if found unprofitable. For these five years Mr. A. agreed to bear all the loss that might be incurred. An agent, appointed for a like term, was to reside at the

main establishment, and Mr. Hunt was the person first selected.

Mr. Astor determined to begin his enterprise with two expeditions—one by sea, the other by land. The former was to carry out every thing necessary for the establishment of a fortified post at the mouth of the Columbia. The latter, under the conduct of Mr. Hunt, was to proceed up the Missouri and across the Rocky Mountains to the same point. In the course of this over-land journey, the most practicable line of communication would be explored, and the best situations noted for the location of trading rendezvous. Following Mr. Irving in our brief summary of his narrative, we will now give some account of the first of these expeditions.

A ship was provided called the *Tonquin*, of two hundred and ninety tons, with ten guns, and twenty men. Lieutenant Jonathan Thorn of the United States navy, being on leave of absence, received the command. He was a man of courage, and had distinguished himself in the Tripolitan war. Four of the partners went in the ship—McKay and McDougal, of whom we have already spoken, and Messieurs David and Robert Stuart, new associates in the firm. McDougal was empowered to act as the proxy of Mr. Astor in the absence of Mr. Hunt. Twelve clerks were also of the party. These were bound to the service of the company for five years, and were to receive one hundred dollars a year, payable at the expiration of the term, with an annual equipment of clothing to the amount of forty dollars. By promises of future promotion, their interests were identified with those of Mr. Astor. Thirteen Canadian voyageurs, and several artisans, completed the ship's company. On the 8th of September, 1810, the *Tonquin* put to sea. Of her voyage to the mouth of the Columbia, Mr. Irving has given a somewhat ludicrous account. Thorn, the stern, straight-forward officer of the navy, having few ideas beyond those of duty and discipline, and looking with supreme contempt upon the motley "lubbers" who formed the greater part of his company, is painted with the easy yet spirited pencil of an artist indeed; while McDougal, the shrewd Scotch partner, bustling, yet pompous, and impressed with lofty notions of his own importance as proxy for Mr. Astor, is made as supremely ridiculous as possible, with as little apparent effort as can well be imagined;—the portraits, however, carry upon their faces the evidence of their own authenticity. The voyage is prosecuted amid a series of petty quarrels, and cross purposes, between the captain and his crew, and, occasionally, between Mr. McKay and Mr. McDougal. The contests between the two latter gentlemen were brief, it appears, although violent. "Within fifteen minutes," says Captain Thorn in a letter to Mr. Astor, "they would be caressing each other like children." The *Tonquin* doubled Cape Horn on Christmas day, arrived at Owhyhee on the eleventh of February, took on board fresh provisions, sailed again with twelve Sandwich islanders on the 28th, and on the 22d of March arrived at the mouth of the Columbia. In seeking a passage across the bar, a boat and nine men were lost among the breakers. On the way from Owhyhee a violent storm occurred; and the bickerings still continued between the partners and the captain—the latter, indeed, grievously suspecting the former of a design to depose him.

The Columbia for about forty miles from its mouth is, strictly speaking, an estuary, varying in breadth from three to seven miles, and inundated by deep bays. Shoals and other obstructions render the navigation dangerous. Leaving this broad portion of the stream in the progress upwards, we find the mouth of the river proper—which is about half a mile wide. The entrance to the estuary from sea is bounded on the south by a long, low, and sandy beach stretching into the ocean, and called Point Adams. On the northern side of the frith is Cape Disappointment, a steep promontory. Immediately east of this cape is Baker's bay, and within this the *Tonquin* came to anchor.

Jealousies still continued between the captain and the worthy McDougal, who could come to no agreement in regard to the proper location for the contemplated establishment. On April the fifth, without troubling himself farther with the opinions of his coadjutors, Mr. Thorn landed in Baker's bay, and began operations. At this summary proceeding, the partners were, of course, in high goodgeon, and an open quarrel seemed likely to ensue, to the serious detriment of the enterprise. These difficulties, however, were at length arranged, and finally on the 12th of April, a settlement was commenced at a point of land called Point George, on the southern shore of the frith. Here was a good harbor, where vessels of two hundred tons might anchor within fifty yards of the shore. In honor of the chief partner, the new post received the title of *Astoria*. After much delay, the portion of the cargo destined for the post was landed, and the *Tonquin* left free to proceed on her voyage. She was to coast to the north, to trade for peltries at the different harbors, and to touch at *Astoria* on her return in the autumn. Mr. McKay went in her as supercargo, and a Mr. Lewis as ship's clerk. On the morning of the 4th of June she stood out to sea, the whole number of persons on board amounting to three and twenty. In one of the outer bays Captain Thorn procured the services of an Indian named Lamazee, who had already made two voyages along the coast, and who agreed to accompany him as interpreter. In a few days the ship arrived at Vancouver's island, and came to anchor in the harbor of Newetee, much against the advice of the Indian, who warned Captain Thorn of the perfidious character of the natives. The result was the merciless butchery of the whole crew, with the exception of the interpreter and Mr. Lewis, the ship's clerk. The latter, finding himself mortally wounded and without companions, blew up the ship and perished with more than a hundred of the enemy. Lamazee, getting among the Indians, escaped, and was the means of bearing the news of the disaster to *Astoria*. In relating at length the thrilling details of this catastrophe, Mr. Irving takes occasion to comment on the headstrong, although brave and strictly honorable character of Lieutenant Thorn. The danger and folly, on the part of agents, in disobeying the matured instructions of those who deliberately plan extensive enterprises such as that of Mr. Astor, is also justly and forcibly shown. The misfortune here spoken of, arose, altogether, from a disregard of Mr. A's often repeated advice—to admit but few Indians on board the *Tonquin* at one time. Her loss was a serious blow to the infant establishment at *Astoria*. To this post let us now return.

The natives inhabiting the borders of the estuary

were divided into four tribes, of which the Chinooks were the principal. Commonly, a one-eyed Indian, was their chief. These tribes resembled each other in nearly every respect, and were, no doubt, of a common stock. They live chiefly by fishing—the Columbia and its tributary streams abounding in fine salmon, and a variety of other fish. A trade in peltries, but to no great amount, was immediately commenced and carried on. Much disquiet was occasioned at the post by a rumor among the Indians that thirty white men had appeared on the banks of the Columbia, and were building houses at the second rapids. It was feared that these were an advance party of the North-west company endeavoring to seize upon the upper parts of the river, and thus forestall Mr. Astor in the trade of the surrounding country. Bloody feuds in this case might be anticipated, such as had prevailed between rival companies in former times. The intelligence of the Indians proved true—the "North-west" had erected a trading house on the Spokan river, which falls into the north branch of the Columbia. The Astorians could do little to oppose them in their present reduced state as to numbers. It was resolved, however, to advance a counter-check to the post on the Spokan, and Mr. David Stuart prepared to set out for this purpose with eight men and a small assortment of goods. On the fifteenth of July when this expedition was about starting, a canoe, manned with nine white men, and bearing the British flag, entered the harbor. They proved to be the party dispatched by the rival company to anticipate Mr. Astor in the settlement at the mouth of the river. Mr. David Thompson, their leader, announced himself as a partner of the "North-west"—but otherwise gave a very peaceable account of himself. It appears, however, from information subsequently derived from other sources, that he had hurried with a desperate haste across the mountains, calling at all the Indian villages in his march, presenting them with British flags, and "proclaiming formally that he took possession of the country for the North-west company, and in the name of the king of Great Britain." His plan was defeated, it seems, by the desertion of a great portion of his followers, and it was thought probable that he now merely descended the river with a view of reconnoitering. McDougal treated the gentlemen with great kindness, and supplied them with goods and provisions for their journey back across the mountains—this much against the wishes of Mr. David Stuart, "who did not think the object of their visit entitled them to any favor." A letter for Mr. Astor was entrusted to Thompson.

On the twenty-third of July, the party for the region of the Spokan set out, and after a voyage of much interest, succeeded in establishing the first interior trading post of the company. It was situated on a point of land about three miles long and two broad, formed by the junction of the Okanogan with the Columbia. In the meantime the Indians near *Astoria* began to evince a hostile disposition, and a reason for this altered demeanor was soon after found in the report of the loss of the *Tonquin*. Early in August the settlers received intelligence of her fate. They now found themselves in a perilous situation, a mere handful of men, on a savage coast, and surrounded by barbarous enemies. From their dilemma they were relieved, for the present,

by the ingenuity of McDougal. The natives had a great dread of the small-pox, which had appeared among them a few years before, sweeping off entire tribes. They believed it an evil either inflicted upon them by the Great Spirit, or brought among them by the white men. Seizing upon this latter idea, McDougal assembled several of the chieftains whom he believed to be inimical, and informing them that he had heard of the treachery of their northern brethren in regard to the Tonquin, produced from his pocket a small bottle. "The white men among you," said he, "are few in number, it is true, but they are mighty in medicine. See here! In this bottle I hold the small-pox safely corked up; I have but to draw the cork and let loose the pestilence, to sweep man, woman and child from the face of the earth!" The chiefs were dismayed. They represented to the "Great Small-Pox Chief" that they were the firmest friends of the white men, that they had nothing to do with the villains who murdered the crew of the Tonquin, and that it would be unjust, in uncorking the bottle, to destroy the innocent with the guilty. McDougal was convinced. He promised not to uncork it until some overt act should compel him to do so. In this manner tranquillity was restored to the settlement. A large house was now built, and the frame of a schooner put together. She was named the Dolly, and was the first American vessel launched on the coast. But our limits will not permit us to follow too minutely the details of the enterprize. The adventurers kept up their spirits, sending out occasional foraging parties in the Dolly, and looking forward to the arrival of Mr. Hunt. So wore away the year 1811 at the little post of Astoria. We now come to speak of the expedition by land.

This, it will be remembered, was to be conducted by Mr. Wilson Price Hunt, a native of New Jersey. He is represented as scrupulously upright, of amiable disposition, and agreeable manners. He had never been in the heart of the wilderness, but having been for some time engaged in commerce at St. Louis, furnishing Indian traders with goods, he had acquired much knowledge of the trade at second hand. Mr. Donald McKenzie, another partner, was associated with him. He had been ten years in the interior, in the service of the North-west Company, and had much practical experience in all Indian concerns. In July 1816, the two gentlemen repaired to Montreal, where every thing requisite to the expedition could be procured. Here they met with many difficulties—some of which were thrown in their way by their rivals. Having succeeded, however, in laying in a supply of ammunition, provisions, and Indian goods, they embarked all on board a large boat, and with a very inefficient crew, the best to be procured, took their departure from St. Ann's, near the extremity of the island of Montreal. Their course lay up the Ottawa, and along a range of small lakes and rivers. On the twenty-second of July, they arrived at Mackinaw, situated on Mackinaw Island, at the confluence of Lakes Huron and Michigan. Here it was necessary to remain some time to complete the assortment of Indian goods, and engage more voyageurs. While waiting to accomplish these objects, Mr. Hunt was joined by Mr. Ramsay Crooks, a gentleman whom he had invited, by letter, to engage as a partner in the expedition. He was a native of Scotland, had served under the North-west

Company, and been engaged in private trading adventures among the various tribes of the Missouri. Mr. Crooks represented, in forcible terms, the dangers to be apprehended from the Indians—especially the Black-foot and Sioux—and it was agreed to increase the number of the party to sixty upon arriving at St. Louis. Thirty was its strength upon leaving Mackinaw. This occurred on the twelfth of August. The expedition pursued the usual route of the fur-trader—by Green bay, Fox and Wisconsin rivers, to Prairie du Chien, and thence down the Mississippi to St. Louis, where they landed on the third of September. Here, Mr. Hunt met with some opposition from an association called the Missouri Fur Company, and especially from its leading partner, a Mr. Manuel Lisa. This company had a capital of about forty thousand dollars, and employed about two hundred and fifty men. Its object was to establish posts along the upper part of the river and monopolize the trade. Mr. H. proceeded to strengthen himself against competition. He secured to Mr. Astor the services of Mr. Joseph Miller. This gentleman had been an officer of the United States' Army, but had resigned on being refused a furlough, and taken to trading with the Indians. He joined the association as a partner; and, on account of his experience and general acquirements, Mr. Hunt considered him a valuable coadjutor. Several boatmen and hunters were also now enlisted, but not until after a delay of several weeks. This delay, and the previous difficulties at Montreal and Mackinaw, had thrown Mr. H. much behind his original calculations, so that he found it would be impossible to effect his voyage up the Missouri during the present season. There was every likelihood that the river would be closed before the party could reach its upper waters. To winter, however, at St. Louis would be expensive. Mr. H. therefore, determined to push up on his way as far as possible, to some point where game might be found in abundance, and there take up his quarters until spring. On the twenty-first of October he set out. The party were distributed in three boats—two large Schenectady barges and a keel boat. By the sixteenth of November they reached the mouth of the Nedowa, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles, where they set up their winter quarters. Here, Mr. Robert McLellan, at the invitation of Mr. Hunt, joined the association as a partner. He was a man of vigorous frame, of restless and impetuous temper, and had distinguished himself as a partisan under General Wayne. John Day also joined the company at this place—a tall and athletic hunter from the backwoods of Virginia. Leaving the main body at Nedowa, Mr. Hunt now returned to St. Louis for a reinforcement. He was again impeded by the machinations of the Missouri Fur Company, but finally succeeded in enlisting one hunter, some voyageurs, and a Sioux interpreter, Pierre Dorian. With these, after much difficulty, he got back to the encampment on the seventeenth of April. Soon after this period the voyage up the river was resumed. The party now consisted of nearly sixty persons—five partners, Hunt, Crooks, McKenzie, Miller, and McLellan; one clerk, John Reed; forty Canadian voyageurs; and several hunters. They embarked in four boats, one of which, of a large size, mounted a swivel and two howitzers.

We do not intend, of course, to proceed with our travellers through all the hard series of adventures encountered in their passage through the wilderness. To the curious in these particulars we recommend the book itself. No diary more honestly telling and to be found in any work of travels within our knowledge. At times full of life and enjoying the whole luxury to be found in the career of the hunter—at times suffering every extremity of fatigue, hunger, thirst, anxiety, terror, and despair—Mr. Hunt still persisted in his journey, and finally brought it to a successful termination. A bare outline of the route pursued is all we can attempt.

Proceeding up the river, our party arrived, on the twenty-eighth of April, at the mouth of the Nebraska, or Platte, the largest tributary of the Missouri, and about six hundred miles above its junction with the Mississippi. They now halted for two days, to supply themselves with wares and poles from the tough wood of the ash, which is not to be found higher up the river. Upon the second of May, two of the hunters insisted upon abandoning the expedition, and returning to St. Louis. On the tenth, the party reached the Omaha village, and encamped in its vicinity. This village is about eight hundred and thirty miles above St. Louis, and on the west bank of the stream. Three men here deserted, but their place was luckily supplied by three others, who were prevailed upon, by liberal promises, to enlist. On the fifteenth, Mr. Hunt left Omaha, and proceeded. Not long afterwards, a canoe was descried navigated by two white men. They proved to be two adventurers who, for some years past, had been hunting and trapping near the head of the Missouri. Their names were Jones and Carson. They were now on their way to St. Louis, but readily abandoned their voyage, and turned their faces again toward the Rocky Mountains. On the twenty-third Mr. Hunt received, by a special messenger, a letter from Mr. Manuel Lisa, the leading partner of the Missouri Fur Company, and the gentleman who rendered him so many disservices at St. Louis. He had left that place, with a large party, three weeks after Mr. H., and, having heard rumours of hostile intentions on the part of the Sioux, a much dreaded tribe of Indians, made great exertions to overtake him, that they might pass through the dangerous part of the river together. Mr. H., however, was justly suspicious of the Spaniard, and pushed on. At the village of the Pottaw, about a league south of the river Quivert, he stopped only long enough to procure a supply of dried buffalo meat. On the morning of the twenty-fifth, it was discovered that Jones and Carson had deserted. They were pursued, but in vain. The next day three white men were observed, in two canoes, descending the river. They proved to be three Kentucky hunters—Edward Robinson, John Hoback, and Jacob Rizer. They also had passed several years in the upper wilderness, and were now on their way home, but willingly turned back with the expedition. Information derived from these recruits induced Mr. Hunt to alter his route. Hitherto he had intended to follow the course pursued by Messieurs. Lewis and Clarke—ascending the Missouri to its forks, and thence, by land, across the mountains. He was informed, however, that, in so doing, he would have to pass through the country of the Blackfeet, a savage tribe of Indians, exasperated

against the whites, on account of the death of one of their men by the hands of Captain Lewis. Robinson advised a more southerly route. This would carry them over the mountains direct where the head waters of the Platte and the Yellowstone take their rise, a much more practicable pass than that of Lewis and Clarke. To this counsel Mr. Hunt agreed, and resolved to leave the Missouri at the village of the Arickaras, at which they would arrive in a few days. On the first of June, they reached "the great bend" of the river, which here winds for about thirty miles round a circular peninsula, the neck of which is not above two thousand yards across. On the morning of June the third, the party were overtaken by Lisa, much to their dissatisfaction. The meeting was, of course, far from cordial, but an outward appearance of civility was maintained for two days. On the third, a quarrel took place, which was near terminating seriously. It was, however, partially adjusted, and the rival parties coasted along opposite sides of the river, in sight of each other. On the twelfth of June, they reached the village of the Arickaras, between the forty-sixth and forty-seventh parallels of north latitude, and about fourteen hundred and thirty miles above the mouth of the Missouri. In accomplishing this mark of his journey, Mr. Hunt had not failed to meet with a crowd of difficulties, at which we have not even hinted. He was frequently in extreme peril from large bodies of the Sioux, and, at one time, it was a mere accident alone which prevented the massacre of the whole party.

At the Arickara village our adventurers were to abandon their boats, and proceed westward across the wilderness. Horses were to be purchased from the Indians; who could not, however, furnish them in sufficient numbers. In this dilemma, Lisa offered to purchase the boats, now no longer of use, and to pay for them in horses, to be obtained at a fort belonging to the Missouri Fur Company, and situated at the Mandan villages, about a hundred and fifty miles further up the river. A bargain was made, and Messieurs Lisa and Crooks went for the horses, returning with them in about a fortnight. At the Arickara village, if we understand, Mr. Hunt engaged the services of one Edward Rose. He enlisted as interpreter when the expedition should reach the country of the Umparekas or Crow Indians, among whom he had formerly resided. On the eighteenth of July the party took up their line of march. They were still insufficiently provided with horses. The cavalcade consisted of eighty-two, most of them heavily laden with Indian goods, beaver traps, ammunition, and provisions. Each of the partners was mounted. As they took leave of Arickara, the veterans of Lisa's company, as well as Lisa himself, predicted the total destruction of our adventurers amid the innumerable perils of the wilderness.

To avoid the Blackfeet Indians, a ferocious and implacable tribe of which we have before spoken, the party kept a south-western direction. This route took them across some of the tributary streams of the Missouri, and through immense prairies bounded only by the horizon. Their progress was at first slow, and, Mr. Crooks falling sick, it was necessary to make a litter for him between two horses. On the twenty-third of the month, they encamped on the banks of a little stream nicknamed Big River, where they remained several days,

meeting with a variety of adventures. Among other things they were enabled to complete their supply of horses from a band of the Cheyenne Indians. On the sixth of August the journey was resumed, and they soon left the hostile region of the Sioux behind them. About this period a plot was discovered on the part of the interpreter, Edward Rose. This villain had been tampering with the men, and proposed, upon arriving among his old acquaintances the Crows, to desert to the savages with as much booty as could be carried off. The matter was adjusted, however, and Mr. Rose, through the ingenuity of Mr. Hunt, quietly dismissed. On the thirteenth Mr. H. varied his course to the westward, a route which soon brought him to a fork of the Little Missouri, and upon the skirts of the Black Mountains. These are an extensive chain, lying about a hundred miles east of the Rocky Mountains, stretching north-easterly from the south fork of the river Platte to the great north bend of the Missouri, and dividing the waters of the Missouri from those of the Mississippi and Arkansas. The travellers here supposed themselves to be about two hundred and fifty miles from the village of the Arickaras. Their more serious troubles now commenced. Hunger and thirst, with the minor difficulties of grizzly bears, beset them at every turn, as they attempted to force a passage through the rugged barriers in their path. At length they emerged upon a stream of clear water, one of the forks of Powder river, and once more beheld wide meadows and plenty of buffalo. They ascended this stream about eighteen miles, directing their march towards a lofty mountain which had been in sight since the seventeenth. They reached the base of this mountain, which proved to be a spur of the Rocky chain, on the thirtieth, having now come about four hundred miles since leaving Arickara.

For one or two days they endeavored in vain to find a defile in the mountains. On the third of September they made an attempt to force a passage to the westward, but soon became entangled among rocks and precipices, which set all their efforts at defiance. They were now too in the region of the terrible Upsarokas, and encountered them at every step. They met also with friendly bands of Shoshonies and Flatheads. After a thousand troubles, they made some way upon their journey. On the ninth they reached Wind river, a stream which gives its name to a range of mountains consisting of three parallel chains, eighty miles long and about twenty-five broad. "One of its peaks," says our author, "is probably fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea." For five days Mr. Hunt followed up the course of Wind river, crossing and recrossing it. He had been assured by the three hunters who advised him to strike through the wilderness, that by going on up the river, and crossing a single mountain ridge, he would come upon the head waters of the Columbia. The scarcity of game, however, determined him to pursue a different course. In the course of the day after coming to this resolve, they perceived three mountain peaks, white with snow, and which were recognized by the hunters as rising just above a fork of the Columbia. These peaks were named the Pilot Knobs by Mr. Hunt. The travellers continued their course for about forty miles to the south-west, and at length found a river flowing to the west. This proved to be a branch of the Colorado. They followed its current for fifteen miles.

On the eighteenth, abandoning its main course, they took a north-westerly direction for eight miles, and reached one of its little tributaries issuing from the bosom of the mountains, and running through green meadows abounding in buffalo. Here they encamped for several days, a little repose being necessary for both men and horses. On the twenty-fourth the journey was resumed. Fifteen miles brought them to a stream about fifty feet wide, which was recognized as one of the head waters of the Columbia. They kept along it for two days, during which it gradually swelled into a river of some size. At length it was joined by another current, and both united swept off in an unimpeded stream, which from its rapidity and turbulence had received the appellation of Mad river. Down this they anticipated an uninterrupted voyage, in canoes, to the point of their ultimate destination—but their hopes were very far from being realized.

The partners held a consultation. The three hunters who had hitherto acted as guides, knew nothing of the region to the west of the Rocky Mountains. It was doubtful whether Mad river could be navigated, and they could hardly resolve to abandon their horses upon an uncertainty. The vote, nevertheless, was for embarkation, and they proceeded to build the necessary vessels. In the meantime Mr. Hunt, having now reached the head waters of the Columbia, reputed to abound in beaver, turned his thoughts to the main object of the expedition. Four men, Alexander Carson, Louis St. Michel, Pierre Detayé and Pierre Delaunay, were detached from the expedition, to remain and trap beaver by themselves in the wilderness. Having collected a sufficient quantity of peltries, they were to bring them to the depot at the mouth of the Columbia, or to some intermediate post to be established by the company. These trappers had just departed, when two Snake Indians wandered into the camp, and declared the river to be unnavigable. Scouts sent out by Mr. Hunt finally confirmed this report. On the fourth of October, therefore, the encampment was broken up, and the party proceeded to search for a post in possession of the Missouri Fur company, and said to be somewhere in the neighborhood, upon the banks of another branch of the Columbia. This post they found without much difficulty. It was deserted—and our travellers gladly took possession of the rude buildings. The stream here found was upwards of a hundred yards wide. Canoes were constructed with all despatch. In the meantime another detachment of trappers was cast loose in the wilderness. These were Robinson, Rezner, Hoback, Carr, and Mr. Joseph Miller. This latter, it will be remembered, was one of the partners—he threw up his share in the expedition, however, for a life of more perilous adventure. On the eighteenth of the month (October) fifteen canoes being completed, the voyagers embarked, leaving their horses in charge of the two Snake Indians, who were still in company.

In the course of the day the party arrived at the junction of the stream upon which they floated, with Mad river. Here Snake river commences—the scene of a thousand disasters. After proceeding about four hundred miles, by means of frequent portages, and beset with innumerable difficulties of every kind, the adventurers were brought to a halt by a series of frightful cataracts, raging, as far as the eye could reach, between

stupendous ramparts of black rock, rising more than two hundred feet perpendicularly. This place they called "The Caldron Linn." Here Antoine Clappine, one of the voyageurs, perished amid the whirlpools, three of the canoes stuck immovably among the rocks, and one was swept away with all the weapons and effects of four of the boatmen.

The situation of the party was now lamentable indeed—in the heart of an unknown wilderness, at a loss what route to take, ignorant of their distance from the place of their destination, and with no human being near them from whom counsel might be taken. Their stock of provisions was reduced to five days allowance, and famine stared them in the face. It was therefore more perilous to keep together than to separate. The goods and provisions, except a small supply for each man, were concealed in *caches* (holes dug in the earth), and the party were divided into several small detachments which started off in different directions, keeping the mouth of the Columbia in view as their ultimate point of destination. From this post they were still distant nearly a thousand miles, although this fact was unknown to them at the time.

On the twenty-first of January, after a series of almost incredible adventures, the division in which Mr. Hunt enrolled himself struck the waters of the Columbia some distance below the junction of its two great branches, Lewis and Clarke rivers, and not far from the influx of the Wallah-Wallah. Since leaving the Caldron Linn, they had toiled two hundred and forty miles through snowy wastes and precipitous mountains, and six months had now elapsed since their departure from the Arikara village on the Missouri—their whole route from that point, according to their computation, having been seventeen hundred and fifty-one miles. Some vague intelligence was now received in regard to the other divisions of the party, and also of the settlers at the mouth of the Columbia. On the thirty-first, Mr. Hunt reached the falls of the river, and encamped at the village of Wish-Ram. Here were heard tidings of the massacre on board the Tonquin. On the fifth of February, having procured canoes with much difficulty, the adventurers departed from Wish-Ram, and on the fifteenth, sweeping round an intervening cape, they came in sight of the long-desired *Astoria*. Among the first to greet them on their landing, were some of their old comrades who had parted from them at the Caldron Linn, and who had reached the settlement nearly a month before. Mr. Crooks and John Day, being unable to get on, had been left with some Indians in the wilderness—they afterwards came in. Carriere, a voyageur, who was also abandoned through the sternest necessity, was never heard of more. Jean Baptiste Prevost, likewise a voyageur, rendered frantic by famine, had been drowned in the Snake river. All parties had suffered the extremes of weariness, privation and peril. They had travelled from St. Louis, thirty-five hundred miles. Let us now return to Mr. Astor.

As yet he had received no intelligence from the Columbia, and had to proceed upon the supposition that all had gone as he desired. He accordingly fitted out a fine ship, the *Beaver*, of four hundred and ninety tons. Her cargo was assorted with a view to the supply of *Astoria*, the trade along the coast, and the wants of the Russian fur company. There embarked in her, for the set-

tlement, a partner, five clerks, fifteen American laborers, and six Canadian voyageurs. Mr. John Clarke, the partner, was a native of the United States, although he had passed much of his life in the north-west, having been employed in the fur trade since the age of sixteen. The clerks were, chiefly, young American gentlemen of good connexions. Mr. Astor had selected this reinforcement with the design of securing an ascendancy of American influence at *Astoria*, and rendering the association decidedly national. This, from the peculiar circumstances of the case, he had been unable to do in the commencement of his undertaking.

Captain Sowle, the commander of the *Beaver*, was directed to touch at the Sandwich islands, to enquire about the fortunes of the Tonquin, and ascertain, if possible, whether the settlement had been effected at *Astoria*. If so, he was to enlist as many of the natives as possible and proceed. He was to use great caution in his approach to the mouth of the Columbia. If every thing was found right, however, he was to land such part of his cargo as was intended for the post, and to sail for New Archangel with the Russian supplies. Having received furs in payment, he would return to *Astoria*, take in the peltries there collected, and make the best of his way to Canton. These were the strict letter of his instructions—a deviation from which was subsequently the cause of great embarrassment and loss, and contributed largely to the failure of the whole enterprise. The *Beaver* sailed on the tenth of October, 1811, and, after taking in twelve natives at the Sandwich islands, reached the mouth of the Columbia, in safety, on the ninth of May, 1812. Her arrival gave life and vigor to the establishment, and afforded means of extending the operations of the company, and founding a number of interior trading posts.

It now became necessary to send despatches over land to Mr. Astor at New York, an attempt at so doing having been frustrated some time before by the hostility of the Indians at Wish-Ram. The task was confided to Mr. Robert Stuart, who, though he had never been across the mountains, had given evidence of his competency for such undertakings. He was accompanied by Ben. Jones and John Day, Kentuckians; Andri Vallar and Francis Le Clere, Canadians; and two of the partners, Messieurs M'Lellan and Crooks, who were desirous of returning to the Atlantic states. This little party set out on the twenty-ninth of June, and Mr. Irving accompanied them, in detail, throughout the whole of their long and dangerous wayfaring. As might be expected, they encountered misfortunes still more terrible than those before experienced by Mr. Hunt and his associates. The chief features of the journey, were the illness of Mr. Crooks, and the loss of all the horses of the party through the villainy of the Upsarokas. This latter circumstance was the cause of excessive trouble and great delay. On the thirtieth of April, however, the party arrived in fine health and spirits at St. Louis, having been ten months in performing their perilous expedition. The route taken by Mr. Stuart coincided nearly with that of Mr. Hunt, as far as the Wind river mountains. From this point the former struck somewhat to the south-east, following the Nebraska to its junction with the Missouri.

War having at length broken out between the United States and England, Mr. Astor perceived that the har-

bor of New York would be blockaded, and the departure of the annual supply ship in the autumn prevented. In this emergency he wrote to Captain Sowle, the commander of the *Beaver*, addressing him at Canton. The letter directed him to proceed to the factory at the mouth of the Columbia, with such articles as the establishment might need, and to remain there subject to the orders of Mr. Hunt. In the meantime nothing had yet been heard from the settlement. Still, not discouraged, Mr. A. determined to send out another ship, although the risk of loss was so greatly enhanced that no insurance could be effected. The *Lark* was chosen—remarkable for her fast sailing. She put to sea on the sixth of March, 1813, under the command of Mr. Northrop, her mate—the officer first appointed to command her having shrunk from his engagement. Within a fortnight after her departure, Mr. A. received intelligence that the North-west company had presented a memorial to Great Britain, stating the vast scope of the contemplated operations at Astoria, expressing a fear that, unless crushed, the settlement there would effect the downfall of their own fur trade, and advising that a force be sent against the colony. In consequence, the frigate *Phoebe* was ordered to convoy the armed ship *Isaac Todd*, belonging to the North-west company, and provided with men and munitions for the formation of a new establishment. They were directed “to proceed together to the mouth of the Columbia, capture or destroy whatever American fortress they would find there, and plant the British flag on its ruins.” Upon this matter’s being represented to our government, the frigate *Adams*, Captain Crane, was detailed for the protection of Astoria; and Mr. A. proceeded to fit out a ship called the *Enterprize*, to sail in company with the frigate, and freighted with additional supplies. Just, however, as the two vessels were ready, a reinforcement of seamen was wanted for Lake Ontario, and the crew of the *Adams* were, necessarily, transferred to that service. Mr. A. was about to send off his ship alone, when a British force made its appearance off the Hook, and New York was effectually blockaded. The *Enterprize* therefore was unloaded and dismantled. We now return to the *Beaver*.

This vessel, after leaving at Astoria that portion of her cargo destined for that post, sailed for New Archangel on the fourth of August, 1812. She arrived there on the nineteenth, meeting with no incidents of moment. A long time was now expended in negotiations with the drunken Governor of the Russian fur colony—one Count Baranoff—and when they were finally completed, the month of October had arrived. Moreover, in payment for his supplies, Mr. Hunt was to receive seal-skins, and none were on the spot. It was necessary, therefore, to proceed to a seal-catching establishment belonging to the Russian company at the island of St. Paul, in the sea of Kamshatka. He set sail for this place on the fourth of October, after having wasted forty-five days at New Archangel. He arrived on the thirty-first of the month—by which time, according to his arrangement, he should have been back at Astoria. Now occurred great delay in getting the peltries on board; every pack being overhauled to prevent imposition. To make matters worse, the *Beaver* one night was driven off shore in a gale, and could not get back until the thirteenth of November. Having at length taken in the cargo and put to sea, Mr. Hunt was in

some perplexity as to his course. The ship had been much injured in the late gale, and he thought it imprudent to attempt making the mouth of the Columbia in this boisterous time of the year. Moreover, the season was already much advanced; and should he proceed to Astoria as originally intended, he might arrive at Canton so late as to find a bad market. Unfortunately, therefore, he determined to go at once to the Sandwich islands, there await the arrival of the annual ship from New York, take passage in her to the settlement, and let the *Beaver* proceed on her voyage to China. It is but justice to add that he was mainly induced to this course by the timid representations of Captain Sowle. They reached Woahoo in safety, where the ship underwent the necessary repairs, and again put to sea on the first of January, 1813, leaving Mr. Hunt on the island.

At Canton, Captain Sowle found the letter of Mr. Astor, giving him information of the war, and directing him to convey the intelligence to Astoria. He wrote a reply, in which he declined complying with these orders, saying that he would wait for peace, and then return home. In the meantime Mr. Hunt waited in vain for the annual vessel. At length, about the twentieth of June, the ship *Albatross*, Captain Smith, arrived from China, bringing the first news of the war to the Sandwich islands. This ship Mr. H. chartered for two thousand dollars, to land him, with some supplies, at Astoria. He reached this post on the twentieth of August, where he found the affairs of the company in a perishing condition, and the partners bent upon abandoning the settlement. To this resolution Mr. Hunt was finally brought to consent. There was a large stock of furs, however, at the factory, which it was necessary to get to a market, and a ship was required for this service. The *Albatross* was bound to the Marquesas, and thence to the Sandwich islands; and it was resolved that Mr. H. should sail in her in quest of a vessel, returning, if possible, by the first of January, and bringing with him a supply of provisions. He departed on the twenty-sixth of August, and reached the Marquesas without accident. Commodore Porter soon afterwards arrived, bringing intelligence that the British frigate *Phoebe*, with a store-ship mounted with battering pieces, together with the sloops of war *Cherub* and *Raccoon*, had all sailed, from Rio Janiero, on the sixth of July, bound for the mouth of the Columbia. Mr. H. after in vain attempting to purchase a whale ship from Commodore Porter, started, on the twenty-third of November, for the Sandwich islands, arriving on December the twentieth. Here he found Captain Northrop, of the *Lark*, which had suffered shipwreck on the coast about the middle of March. The brig *Pedlar* was now purchased for ten thousand dollars, and, Captain N. being put in command of her, Mr. H. sailed for Astoria on the twenty-second of January, 1814, with the view of removing the property there, as speedily as possible, to the Russian settlements in the vicinity—these were Mr. Astor’s orders sent out by the *Lark*. On the twenty-eighth of February the brig anchored in the Columbia, when it was found that, on the twelfth of December, the British had taken possession of the post. In some negotiations carried on, just before the surrender, on the part of the North-west company and McDougal, that worthy personage gave full evidence that Captain Thorn was not far wrong in suspecting him to be no better than he

should be. He had been for some time secretly a partner of the rival association, and shortly before the arrival of the British, took advantage of his situation as head of the post, to barter away the property of the company at less than one third of its value.

Thus failed this great enterprize of Mr. Astor. At the peace, Astoria itself, by the treaty of Ghent, reverted with the adjacent country to the United States, on the principle of *status ante bellum*. In the winter of 1815, Congress passed a law prohibiting all traffic of British traders within our territories, and Mr. A. felt anxious to seize this opportunity for the renewal of his undertaking. For good reasons, however, he could do nothing, without the direct protection of the government. This evinced much supineness in the matter; the favorable moment was suffered to pass unimproved; and, in despite of the prohibition of Congress, the British finally usurped the lucrative traffic in peltries throughout the whole of our vast territories in the Northwest. A very little aid from the sources whence he had naturally a right to expect it, would have enabled Mr. Astor to direct this profitable commerce into national channels, and to render New York, what London has now long been, the great Emporium for furs.

We have already spoken of the masterly manner in which Mr. Irving has executed his task. It occurs to us that we have observed one or two slight discrepancies in the narrative. There appears to be some confusion between the names of McLellan, McLennon and McLennan—or do these three appellations refer to the same individual? In going up the Missouri, Mr. Hunt arrives at the Great Bend on the first of June,—the third day after which (the day on which the party is overtaken by Lisa) is said to be the third of July. Jones and Carson join the expedition just above the Omaha village. At page 187, vol. 1, we are told that the two men “who had joined the company at the Maha village” (meaning Omaha, we presume), deserted and were pursued, but never overtaken—at page 199, however, Carson is recognized by an Indian who is holding a parley with the party. The Lark too, only sailed from New York on the sixth of March, 1813, and on the tenth, we find her, much buffeted, somewhere in the near vicinity of the Sandwich islands. These errors are of little importance in themselves, but may as well be rectified in a future edition.

SOUTH-SEA EXPEDITION.

Address on the subject of a Surveying and Exploring Expedition to the Pacific Ocean and South Seas. Delivered in the Hall of Representatives on the Evening of April 3, 1836. By J. N. Reynolds. With Correspondence and Documents. New York: Published by Harper and Brothers.

In the Messenger for last August we spoke briefly on this head. What we then said was embraced in the form of a Critical Notice on the “Report (March 21, 1836,) of the Committee on Naval Affairs to whom was referred Memorials from sundry citizens of Connecticut interested in the Whale Fishery, praying that an exploring expedition be fitted out to the Pacific Ocean and South Seas.” It is now well known to the community that this expedition, the design of which has been for

ten years in agitation, has been authorized by Congress; sanctioned, and liberally provided for, by the Executive; and will almost immediately set sail. The public mind is at length thoroughly alive on the subject, and, in touching upon it now, we merely propose to give, if possible, such an outline of the history, object, and nature of the *projet*, as may induce the reader to examine, for himself, the volume whose title forms the heading of this article. Therein Mr. Reynolds has embodied a precise and full account of the whole matter, with every necessary document and detail.

In beginning we must necessarily begin with Mr. Reynolds. He is the originator, the persevering and indomitable advocate, the life, the soul of the design. Whatever, of glory at least, accrue therefore from the expedition, this gentleman, whatever post he may occupy in it, or whether none, will be fairly entitled to the lion's share, and will as certainly receive it. He is a native of Ohio, where his family are highly respectable, and where he was educated and studied the law. He is known, by all who know him at all, as a man of the loftiest principles and of unblemished character. “His writings,” to use the language of Mr. Hamer on the floor of the House of Representatives, “have attracted the attention of men of letters; and literary societies and institutions have conferred upon him some of the highest honors they had to bestow.” For ourselves, we have frequently borne testimony to his various merits as a gentleman, a writer and a scholar.

It is now many years since Mr. R's attention was first attracted to the great national advantages derivable from an exploring expedition to the South Sea and the Pacific; time has only rendered the expediency of the undertaking more obvious. To-day, the argument for the design is briefly as follows. No part of the whole commerce of our country is of more importance than that carried on in the regions in question. At the lowest estimate a capital of twelve millions of dollars is actively employed by one branch of the whale fishery alone; and there is involved in the whole business, directly and collaterally, not less probably than seventy millions of property. About one tenth of the entire navigation of the United States is engaged in this service—from 9 to 12,000 seamen, and from 170 to 200,000 tons of shipping. The results of the fishery are in the highest degree profitable—it being not a mere interchange of commodities, but, in a great measure, the creation of wealth, by labor, from the ocean. It produces to the United States an annual income of from five to six millions of dollars. It is a most valuable nursery for our seamen, rearing up a race of hardy and adventurous men, eminently fit for the purposes of the navy. This fishery then is of importance—its range may be extended—at all events its interests should be protected. The scene of its operations, however, is less known and more full of peril than any other portion of the globe visited by our ships. It abounds in islands, reefs and shoals unmarked upon any chart—prudence requires that the location of these should be exactly defined. The savages in these regions have frequently evinced a murderous hostility—they should be conciliated or intimidated. The whale, and more especially all furred animals, are becoming scarce before the perpetual warfare of man—new generations will be found in the south, and the nation first to discover them will reap

nearly all the rich benefits of the discovery. Our trade in ivory, in sandal-wood, in biche le-mer, in feathers, in quills, in seal-oil, in porpoise-oil, and in sea-elephant oil, may here be profitably extended. Various other sources of commerce will be met with, and may be almost exclusively appropriated. The crews, or at least some portion of the crews, of many of our vessels known to be wrecked in this vicinity, may be rescued from a life of slavery and despair. Moreover, we are degraded by the continual use of foreign charts. In matters of mere nautical or geographical science, our government has been hitherto supine, and it is due to the national character that in these respects something should be done. We have now a chance of redeeming ourselves in the Southern Sea. Here is a wide field open and nearly untouched—"a theatre peculiarly our own from position and the course of human events." Individual enterprize, even acting especially for the purpose, cannot be expected to accomplish all that should be done—dread of forfeiting insurance will prevent our whale-ships from effecting any thing of importance incidentally—and our national vessels on general service have elsewhere far more than they can efficiently attend to. In the meantime our condition is prosperous beyond example, our treasury is overflowing, a special national expedition could accomplish every thing desired, the expense of it will be comparatively little, the whole scientific world approve it, the people demand it, and thus there is a multiplicity of good reasons why it should immediately be set on foot.

Ten years ago these reasons were still in force, and Mr. Reynolds lost no opportunity of pressing them upon public attention. By a series of indefatigable exertions he at length succeeded in fully interesting the country in his scheme. Commodore Downes and Captain Jones, with nearly all the officers of our navy, gave it their unqualified approbation. Popular assemblages in all quarters spoke in its favor. Many of our commercial towns and cities petitioned for it. It was urged in Reports from the Navy and Messages from the Executive Department. The East India Marine Society of Massachusetts, all of whose members by the constitution must have personally doubled either Cape Horn, or the Cape of Good Hope, were induced to get up a memorial in its behalf; and the legislatures of eight different states—of New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, North Carolina, and, we are happy to add, of Virginia, recommended the enterprize in the most earnest manner to the favorable consideration of Congress.

As early as January 1828, Mr. Reynolds submitted to the Speaker of the House of Representatives, a letter upon the subject accompanied with memorials and petitions. Among these memorials was one from Albany, dated October 19th, 1827, and signed by his Excellency Nathaniel Pitcher, lieutenant governor of the State of New York; the honorable Erastus Root, speaker of the house of delegates; and by nearly all the members of the legislature. Another, dated Charleston, South Carolina, May 31st, 1827, was signed by the mayor of the city; the president of the chamber of commerce; and by a very long list of respectable citizens. A third was dated Raleigh, North Carolina, December 24th, 1827, and contained the signatures of his Excellency James Iredell, the governor; the hono-

table B. Yancey, speaker of the senate; the honorable James Little, speaker of the house of commons; and a large proportion of each branch of the legislature. A fourth was dated Richmond, Virginia, January 1st, 1828, and was sustained by a great number of the most influential inhabitants of Virginia; by the honorable Linn Banks, speaker of the house of delegates; and by a majority of the delegates themselves. For reference, Mr. Reynolds handed in at the same period a preamble and resolution of the Maryland Assembly, approving in the strongest terms the contemplated expedition. The matter was thus for the first time, we believe, brought into a shape for the official cognizance of the government.

The letter was referred to the committee on Naval Affairs. That body made application to Mr. R. for a statement, in writing, of his views. It was desired that this statement should contain his reasons for general results, a reference to authorities for specific facts, as well as a tabular statement of the results and facts, so far as they might be susceptible of being stated in such form. To this application Mr. R. sent a brief yet comprehensive reply, embracing a view of the nature and extent of our whale-fisheries, and the several trades in the sea otter skin, the fur seal skin, the ivory sea elephant tooth, land animal fur, sandal wood, and feathers, together with observations on the general benefits resulting from these branches of commerce, independent of the wealth they bring into the country.

The Secretary of the Navy was also called upon for his opinion. In his reply he strongly commended the design, using the main arguments we have already adduced. He stated, moreover, that Mr. Reynolds' estimate of the value of our commerce in the regions in question, had been much augmented, in the view of the department, through the reports, *made under its orders*, of our naval officers, who had commanded vessels of war in the Pacific.

Nothing was done, however, until the next session of Congress. A bill was then proposed but did not become a law. In consequence of its failure, the House of Representatives passed a resolution requesting the President of the United States "to send one of our small vessels to the Pacific Ocean and South Seas, to examine the coasts, islands, harbors, shoals, and reefs in those seas, and to ascertain their true situation and description," and authorizing the use of such facilities as could be afforded by the Navy Department without further appropriation during the year. There was, however, no suitable national vessel in condition, at the time, to be despatched upon the service. The Peacock, therefore, was placed at the New York navy yard, to be repaired and fitted out, and an additional vessel of two hundred tons engaged, upon the agreement that Congress should be recommended to authorize the purchase—the vessel to be returned if the recommendation were not approved. These arrangements the Secretary of the Navy communicated to Congress in November, 1828. A bill now passed one house, but was finally lost.

Mr. Reynolds did not cease from his exertions. The subject of the expedition was not effectually resumed, however, until January 1835. Mr. Dickerson then transmitted to Congress, a Report by Mr. R., dated September 24th, 1828. This report had been drawn

up at the request of Mr. Southard, in June, when that gentleman was called upon by the Committee on Naval Affairs. It comprises about forty pages of the volume now before us, and speaks plainly of the assiduity and energy of the reporter. He repaired, immediately, upon Mr. Southard's expressing a wish to that effect, to New-London, Stonington, New-Bedford, Edgartown, Nantucket, and other places where information might be found of the Pacific Ocean and South Seas. His desire was to avail himself of personal data, afforded by the owners and masters of the whaling vessels sailing from these ports. His main objects of inquiry were the navigation, geography and topography presented by the whole range of the seas from the Pacific to the Indian and Chinese oceans, with the extent and nature of our commerce and fisheries in those quarters. He found that "all he had before heard was confirmed by a long train of witnesses, and that every calculation he had previously made fell very far short of the truth." In February 1835, the Committee on Commerce strongly recommended Mr. Reynolds' design, and in March 1836 the Committee on Naval Affairs made a similar report. On May the 10th, a bill authorizing the expedition, but leaving nearly every thing to the discretion of the Chief Magistrate, finally passed both houses of Congress. The friends of the bill could have desired nothing better. The President gave orders forthwith to have the exploring vessels fitted out with the least possible delay. The frigate *Macedonian*, now nearly ready, will be the main vessel in the enterprise. Captain Thomas Ap C. Jones will command her. She has been chosen instead of a ship of war, on account of the increased accommodations she will afford the scientific corps, which is to be complete in its organization, including the ablest men to be procured. She will give too, extended protection to our commerce in the seas to be visited, and her imposing appearance will avail more to overawe the savages, and impress upon them a just idea of our power, than even a much larger real force distributed among vessels of less magnitude. She will be accompanied by two brigs of two hundred tons each, two tenders, and a store-ship.

In regard to the time of sailing there can be but little choice—the vessels will put to sea as soon as every thing is ready. The scientific corps, we believe, is not yet entirely filled up; nor can it be well organized until the preparations in the frigate are completed. Many gentlemen of high celebrity, however, have already offered their services. In the meantime, Lieutenant Wilkes of the Navy has been despatched to England and France, for the purpose of purchasing such instruments for the use of the expedition, as cannot readily be procured in this country. In all quarters he has met with the most gratifying reception, and with ardent wishes for the success of the contemplated enterprise.

Mr. Reynolds has received the highest civil post in the expedition—that of corresponding secretary. It is presumed that he will draw up the narrative of the voyage, (to be published under the patronage of government) embodying, possibly, and arranging in the same book, the several reports or journals of the scientific corps. How admirably well he is qualified for this task, no person can know better than ourselves. His energy, his love of polite literature, his many and various attainments, and above all, his ardent and ho-

norable enthusiasm, point him out as the man of all men for the execution of the task. We look forward to this *frigate*—to the published record of the expedition—with an intensity of eager expectation, which we cannot think we have ever experienced before.

And it has been said that envy and ill-will have been already doing their work—that the motives and character of Mr. Reynolds have been assailed. This is a matter which we fully believe. It is perfectly in unison with the history of all similar enterprises, and of the vigorous minds which have conceived, advocated, and matured them. It is hardly necessary, however, to say a word upon this topic. We will not insult Mr. Reynolds with a defence. Gentlemen have impugned his motives—have these gentlemen ever seen him or conversed with him half an hour?

We close this notice by subjoining two interesting extracts from the eloquent Address now before us:

It is the opinion of some, as we are aware, that matters of this description are best left to individual enterprise, and that the interference of government is unnecessary. Such persons do not reflect, as they ought, that all measures of public utility which from any cause cannot be accomplished by individuals, become the legitimate objects of public care, in reference to which the government is bound to employ the means put into its hands for the general good. Indeed, while there remains a spot of untrodden earth accessible to man, no enlightened, and especially commercial and free people, should withhold its contributions for exploring it, wherever that spot may be found on the earth, from the equator to the poles!

Have we not shown that this expedition is called for by our extensive interests in those seas—interests which, from small beginnings, have increased astonishingly in the lapse of half a century, and which are every day augmenting and diffusing their beneficial results throughout the country? May we not venture on still higher grounds? Had we no commerce to be benefited, would it not still be honorable; still worthy the patronage of Congress: still the best possible employment of a portion of our naval force?

Have we not shown, that this expedition is called for by national dignity and honor? Have we not shown, that our commanding position and rank among the commercial nations of the earth, makes it only equitable that we should take our share in exploring and surveying new islands, remote seas, and, as yet, unknown territory? Who so unenlightened as to assert, that all this has been done? Who so presumptuous as to set limits to knowledge, which, by a wise law of Providence, can never cease? As long as there is mind to act upon matter, the realms of science must be enlarged; and nature and her laws be better understood, and more understandingly applied to the great purpose of life. If the nation were oppressed with debt, it might, indeed it would, still be our duty to do something, though the fact, perhaps, would operate as a reason for a delay of action. But have we any thing of this kind to allege, when the country is prosperous, without a parallel in the annals of nations?

Is not every department of industry in a state of improvement? Not only two, but a hundred blades of grass grow where one grew when we became a nation; and our manufactures have increased, not less to enrich the philosopher and patriot, than to benefit the nation; and have not agriculture and manufactures, wrought up by a capital of intelligence and enterprise, given a direct impulse to our commerce, a consequence to our navy? and if so, do they not impose new duties on every statesman?

Again, have we not shown that this expedition is demanded by public opinion, expressed in almost every form? Have not societies for the collection and diffusion of knowledge, towns and legislatures, and the commanding voice of public opinion, as seen through the public press, sanctioned and called for the enterprise? Granting, as all must, there is no dissenting voice upon the subject, that all are anxious that our country should do something for the great good of the human family, is not now the time, when the treasury, like the Nile in fruitful seasons, is overflowing its banks? If this question is settled, and I believe it is, the next is, what shall be the character of the expedition? The an-

swer is in the minds of all—one worthy of the nation! And what would be worthy of the nation? Certainly nothing on a scale that has been attempted by any other country. If true to our national character, to the spirit of the age we live in, the first expedition sent out by this great republic must not fall short in any department—from a defective organization, or from adopting too closely the efforts of other nations as models for our own. We do, we always have done things best, when we do them in our own way. The spirit evinced by others is worthy of all imitation; but not their equipments. We must look at those seas; what we have there; what requires to be done;—and then apply the requisite means to accomplish the ends. It would not only be injurious simply to follow a track pointed out by others, but it could never content a people proud of their fame and rejoicing in their strength! They would hurl to everlasting infamy the imbecile voyagers, who had only coasted where others had piloted. No; nothing but a goodly addition to the stock of present knowledge, would answer for these most moderate in their expectations.

But, not only to correct the errors of former navigators, and to enlarge and correct the charts of every portion of sea and land that the expedition might visit, and other duties to which we have alluded; but also to collect, preserve, and arrange every thing valuable in the whole range of natural history, from the minute madrapore to the huge spermæcti, and accurately to describe that which cannot be preserved; to secure whatever may be hoped for in natural philosophy; to examine vegetation, from the hundred masses of the rocks, throughout all the classes of shrub, flower and tree, up to the monarch of the forest; to study man in his physical and mental powers, in his manners, habits, disposition, and social and political relations; and above all, in the philosophy of his language, in order to trace his origin from the early families of the old world; to examine the phenomena of winds and tides, of heat and cold, of light and darkness; to add geological to other surveys, when it can be done in safety; to examine the nature of soils—if not to see if they can be planted with success—yet to see if they contain any thing which may be transplanted with utility to our own country; in fine, there should be science enough to bear upon every thing that may present itself for investigation.

How, it may be asked, is all this to be effected? By an enlightened body of naval officers, joining harmoniously with a corps of scientific men, imbued with the love of science, and sufficiently learned to pursue with success the branches to which they should be designated. This body of men should be carefully selected, and made sufficiently numerous to secure the great objects of the expedition. These lights of science, and the naval officers, so far from interfering with each other's fame, would, like stars in the milky-way, shed a lustre on each other, and all on their country!

These men may be obtained, if sufficient encouragement is offered as an inducement. They should be well paid. Scholars of sufficient attainments to qualify them for such stations, do not hang loosely upon society; they must have fixed upon their professions or business in life; and what they are called to do, must be from the efforts of ripe minds; not the experiments of youthful ones to prepare them for usefulness. If we have been a by-word and a reproach among nations for pitiful remuneration of intellectual labors, this expedition will afford an excellent opportunity of wiping it away. The stimulus of fame is not a sufficient motive for a scientific man to leave his family and friends, and all the charms and duties of social life, for years together; but it must be united to the recompense of pecuniary reward, to call forth all the powers of an opulent mind. The price you pay will, in some measure, show your appreciation of such pursuits. We have no stars and ribbons, no hereditary titles, to reward our men of genius for adding to the knowledge or to the comfort of mankind, and to the honor of the nation. We boast of our men of science, our philosophers, and artists, when they have paid the last tribute to envy by their death. When mouldering in their graves, they enjoy a reputation, which envy and malice and detraction may hawk at and tear, but cannot harm! Let us be more just, and stamp the value we set on science in a noble appreciation of it, and by the price we are willing to pay.

It has been justly remarked, that those who enlighten their country by their talents, strengthen it by their philosophy, enrich it by their science, and adorn it by their genius, are Atlases, who support the name and dignity of their nation, and transmit it un-

impaired to future generations. Their noblest part lives and is active, when they are no more; and their names and contributions to knowledge, are legacies bequeathed to the whole world! To those who shall thus labor to enrich our country, if we would be just, we must be liberal, by giving to themselves and families an honorable support while engaged in these arduous duties!

If the objects of the expedition are noble, if the inducements to undertake it are of a high order—and we believe there can be no difference of opinion on this point—most assuredly the means to accomplish them should be adequate. No narrow views, no scanty arrangements, should enter the minds of those who have the planning and directing of the enterprise. At such a time, and in such a cause, *liberality is economy, and parsimony is extravagance*.

Again, if the object of the expedition were simply to attain a high southern latitude, then two small brigs or barks would be quite sufficient. If to visit a few points among the islands, a sloop of war might answer the purpose. But are these the objects? We apprehend they only form a part. From the west coast of South America, running down the longitude among the islands on both sides of the equator, though more especially south, to the very shores of Asia, is the field that lies open before us, independent of the higher latitudes south, of which we shall speak in the conclusion of our remarks. Reflecting on the picture we have sketched of our interests in that immense region, all must admit, that the armament of the expedition should be sufficient to protect our flag; to succor the unfortunate of every nation, who may be found on desolate islands, or among hordes of savages; a power that would be sufficient by the majesty of its appearance, to awe into respect and obedience the fierce and turbulent, and to give facilities to all engaged in the great purposes of the voyage. The amount of this power is a question upon which there can be but little difference of opinion, among those thoroughly acquainted with the subject; the best informed are unanimous in their opinion, that there should be a well-appointed frigate, and five other vessels—twice that number would find enough, and more than they could do. The frigate would form the nucleus, round which the smaller vessels should perform the labors to which we have already alluded, and which you will find pointed out in all the memorials and reports hitherto made on this subject, and which may be found among the printed documents on your tables. Some might say, and we have heard such things said, that this equipment would savor of individual pride in the commander; but they forget that the calculations of the wise are generally secured by the strength of their measure. The voyage is long—the resting places uncertain, which makes the employment of a storeship, also, a matter of prudence and economy. It would not do to be anxious about food, while the expedition was in the search of an extended harvest of knowledge.

The expectations of the people of the United States from such an expedition, most impressively would be great. From their education and past exertions through all the history of our national growth, the people are prepared to expect that every public functionary should discharge his duty to the utmost extent of his physical and mental powers. They will not be satisfied with any thing short of all that men can perform. The appalling weight of responsibility of those who serve their country in such an expedition, is strikingly illustrated by the instructions given to Lewis and Clark, in 1803, by President Jefferson. The extended views and mental grasp of this distinguished philosopher no one will question, nor can any one believe that he would be unnecessarily minute.

The same, who had conceived and matured the plan of the expedition to the far west, in his instructions to its commander under his own signature, has left us a model worthy of all imitation. With the slight variations growing out of time and place, how applicable would those instructions be for the guidance of the enterprise we have at present in view? The doubts of some politicians, that this government has no power to encourage scientific inquiry, most assuredly had no place in the mind of that great apostle of liberty, father of democracy, and strict constructionist! We claim no wider range than he has sanctioned; including as he does, *on mate and inanimate nature, the heavens above, and all on the earth beneath*! The character and value of that paper are not sufficiently known. Among all the records of his genius, his patriotism, and his learning, to be found in our public archives, this paper deserves to take, and in time will take rank, second only to the Declaration of our Independence.

The first, embodied the spirit of our free institutions, and self-government; the latter, sanctioned those *liberal pursuits*, without a just appreciation of which, our institutions cannot be preserved, or if they can, would be scarcely worth preserving.

To complete its efficiency, individuals from other walks of life, we repeat, should be appointed to participate in its labors. No professional pique, no petty jealousies, should be allowed to defeat this object. The enterprise should be national in its object, and sustained by the national means,—belongs of right to no individual, or set of individuals, but to the country and the whole country; and he who does not view it in this light, or could not enter it with this spirit, would not be very likely to meet the public expectations were he entrusted with the entire control.

To indulge in jealousies, or feel undue solicitude about the division of honors before they are won, is the appropriate employment of carpet heroes, in whatever walk of life they may be found. The qualifications of such would fit them better to thread the mazes of the dance, or to shine in the saloon, than to venture upon an enterprise requiring men, in the most emphatic sense of the term.

There are, we know, many, very many, ardent spirits in our navy—many whom we hold among the most valued of our friends—who are tired of inglorious ease, and who would seize the opportunity thus presented to them with avidity, and enter with delight upon this new path to fame.

Our seamen are hardy and adventurous, especially those who are engaged in the seal trade and the whale fisheries; and inured as they are to the perils of navigation, are inferior to none on earth for such a service. Indeed, the enterprise, courage and perseverance of American seamen are, if not unrivalled, at least unsurpassed. What man can do, they have always felt ready to attempt,—what man has done, it is their character to feel able to do,—whether it be to grapple with an enemy on the deep, or to pursue their gigantic game under the burning line, with an intelligence and ardor that insure success, or pushing their adventurous barks into the high southern latitudes, to circle the globe within the Antarctic circle, and attain the Pole itself; yea, to cast anchor on that point where all the meridians terminate, where our eagle and star-spangled banner may be unfurled and planted, and left to wave on the axis of the earth itself!—where, amid the novelty, grandeur and sublimity of the scene, the vessels, instead of sweeping a vast circuit by the diurnal movements of the earth, would simply turn round once in twenty-four hours!

We shall not discuss, at present, the probability of this result, though its possibility might be easily demonstrated. If this should be realized, where is the individual who does not feel that such an achievement would add new lustre to the annals of American philosophy, and crown with a new and imperishable wreath the nautical glories of our country!

ANTHON'S CICERO.

Select Orations of Cicero: with an English Commentary, and Historical, Geographical, and Legal Indexes. By Charles Anthon, LL. D. Jay-Professor of Ancient Literature in Columbia College, and Rector of the Grammar School. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Last May, we had occasion to express our high opinion of Professor Anthon's Sallust, and of his literary labors in general. We then said what we have long thought, and still think, that this gentleman has done more for sound scholarship at home, and for our classical reputation abroad, than any other individual in America. In England he is particularly appreciated. His vast additions to Lempriere are there justly regarded as evincing a nice perception of method, great industry, and extensive as well as accurate erudition. We know that two separate editions of his Sallust have appeared in London from the hands of different editors, and without any effort on the part of the author to procure a republication—this fact speaks plainly of the value set

upon the work. His books, too, have been adopted as text-books at Cambridge and Oxford (for which meridian, indeed, they are especially intended)—an honor to be properly understood only by those acquainted with the many high requisites for attaining it.

The present edition of Cicero, the text of which is based upon the work of Ernesti, embraces only the four orations against Catiline, together with those for Archias, Marcellus, the Manilian Law, and Murena. The statutes of Columbia College require that the first six of these orations shall be read by candidates for admission into the Freshman Class, and they have accordingly been selected with an eye to this regulation. The orations for the Manilian Law, and for Murena, "have been added," says Mr. Anthon, "as favorable specimens of Cicero's more elaborate style of eloquence, especially the latter; and they may, it is conceived, be read with advantage at the beginning of an undergraduate course." Without reference to the rules of particular colleges (most of which, however, accord with the institution of New York in regard to the speeches against Catiline and for Archias), it may be assumed that no better selection of Cicero could be made—if the intention be, as it mainly should, to convey the spirit of the orator and of the man. We confess, however, and we believe Professor Anthon will half accord with us in our confession, that we should have been pleased to see the vivacious defence of the dissolute Coelius, and (that last oration of the noble Roman,) the fourteenth of his indignant Philippics against Antony.

The work is gotten up in the same beautiful style as the Sallust. It is a thick duodecimo of 518 pages. Of these, 380 are well occupied with Explanatory Notes; Legal, Geographical, and Historical Indexes. An acute analysis of the life and writings of Cicero fills about 40 pages in the front of the book, and will be recognized as an imitation, in manner, of the *Brutus, sive de Claris Oratoribus*, of the Latin author under examination.

As a critic and commentator, Professor Anthon must be regarded with the highest consideration. Although still young, he has evinced powers of a nature very unusual in men whose lives, like his own, have been mainly devoted to the *hortus siccus* of classical erudition. The simplicity and perfect obviousness of most of the readings wherein he has differed from commentators of the first celebrity, entitle to him respect as the philosopher, no less than as the philologist. He has dared to throw aside the pedant, and look *en homme du monde* upon some of the most valued of the literary monuments of antiquity. In this way he has given the world evidence of a comprehensive as well as of an acute and original understanding, and thus the abundant notes to his editions of the Latin classics will do him lasting honor among all who are qualified to give an opinion of his labors, or whose good word and will he would be likely to consider as worth having.

Mr. Poe's attention being called in another direction, he will decline, with the present number, the Editorial duties of the Messenger. His Critical Notices for this month end with Professor Anthon's Cicero—what follows is from another hand. With the best wishes to the Magazine, and to its few foes as well as many friends, he is now desirous of bidding all parties a peaceable farewell.

THE PARTISAN LEADER.*

The Partisan Leader. A Tale of the Future. By Edward William Sydnay. Washington City: James Catton.

This is a Virginian story, affording strong internal evidence that it is written by a Virginian. That state has perhaps contributed less than its fair proportion to the current literature of the day: a fact, which, if we may judge from the work before us, is not attributable to any want of the requisite talent. The truth is, that most of the works of imagination, with which the press has teemed, of late years, have not been calculated to add much to the literary character of the country. They seem, with a few very distinguished exceptions, to have been designed only for the amusement of the passing hour, and destined to be forgotten as soon as read. The work before us, however, is of a very different sort. The author, whatever be his real name, is no novice in writing, and no sophomore in scholarship. This book, although well calculated to amuse our lighter hours, is also filled with the traces of deep thought upon grave subjects. It is calculated to excite attention in more than the mere readers of novels; it presents subjects for serious reflection to the politician of every party, and the patriot of every place, in our country. It demands a different sort of criticism from that which we should think it necessary to apply to most of the romances of the day.

The scene is laid in Virginia, near the close of the year 1849. By a long series of encroachments by the federal government on the rights and powers of the states, our federative system is supposed to be destroyed, and a consolidated government, with the forms of a republic and the powers of a monarchy, to be established on its ruins. The various steps, by which this great change has been effected, are pointed out, partly in actual detail, and partly by inference from the incidents narrated. Mr. Van Buren is supposed to be at the end of his third presidential term, to have been just elected for the fourth time, and to have guarded himself, not only by active and submissive tools at his court at Washington, and in all the offices in the country, but also by a strong army devoted to his service. The southern states, with the exception of Virginia, have seceded from the Union, and formed a confederacy among themselves. Virginia however has theretofore been kept in subjection, chiefly by the artful management of certain small politicians, to whom accidental circumstances have given influence, and the means of deceiving the people. Yet even Virginia, at the date of the story, has shaken off her lethargy, and become sensible of the necessity of uniting herself with her sister states of the south. She is, of course, an object of peculiar interest and attention at Washington. Although sound policy forbids the employment of direct force against her, yet every art is used to break down

the spirit of her people. Armed troops are stationed in various parts of her territory, to over-awe, and, if necessary, to coerce them. They have, on their part, made the necessary arrangements, although not yet openly avowed, for the defence of their rights and independence. Such is the political condition of the country, when the *dramatis personæ* are brought upon the stage. Among these, the greater part are purely imaginary. The President alone is given by name, and the rest are politicians who now figure conspicuously on the political stage, and who are easily known by the parts they respectively play in the drama. The author's portraiture is so true to the life, that the originals cannot possibly be mistaken. In the progress of the narrative, we have a very vivid description of the various modes in which the political revolution already commenced is to be carried out. The people kept poor in order that they may be without the means of resistance; the forms of suffrage preserved, while its freedom is overawed by the presence of armed troops; a standing army under the pretence of guarding the southern frontier, but in fact to sustain the government in all its usurpations; a court of high commission at Washington for the trial of offences committed within the state; corrupt judges ready to do their master's will, in defiance of the law and the constitution; and finally, a people driven to desperation by these oppressions, and struggling to shake them off, by means of that irregular partisan war, which is the only resource of an oppressed people against the organized power of their own government. The action of these various causes is shown, in a way perfectly natural, and without the least extravagance. The ultimate result, however, is not given. In this respect the author does great violence to the excited feelings and deep interest of the reader, but it is precisely here that he displays the greatest tact, and the most consummate art. The influences which he has called into play are all perfectly natural, and their *modos* of action, and their tendencies, such as every one can readily comprehend. So far, therefore, the credulity of the reader is not over-tasked; there is nothing to produce a re-action in his feelings, by shocking his ideas of probability. Having seen the causes at work, and having witnessed some of their first and most natural effects, it is wisely left to his own imagination to supply the rest. In this way his interest is kept up, and the deep and serious reflections which it was the author's chief object to inspire, are sustained by the very obscurity through which a glimpse of the future is but dimly seen. The reader rises from the perusal of the book with solemn impressions of the probable truth of all the writer's speculations; and he naturally asks himself, by what means the evils he has seen depicted may be prevented. His patriotic emotions are not suffered to waste themselves, in witnessing the triumph of liberty, nor to sink in despondency under the thought that the despot's power is confirmed, and that freedom struggles against it in vain. The ultimate success of the struggle is incidentally intimated, and that is all.

Apart from the political character of the work, there is an agreeable under-play of love and domestic life, which cannot fail to interest the reader. The author is peculiarly happy in this part of his book. His female characters are all his own. There is not a heroine of

*The review of the "Partisan Leader" is from the pen of one of the most accomplished scholars in Virginia. With the political opinions which it avows, we have nothing to do, and neither claim nor disclaim them, as our own. But although the Messenger has no connexion with the politics of the day, we see no reason for excluding from it, proper criticisms upon political works. The "Partisan Leader," is of a literary as well as of a political character, and, therefore, the strict neutrality of our miscellany cannot be impeached, on account of any such criticism as the work itself may demand or justify.

romance among them, yet there are some superior to any heroine of romance that ever was described. They are the *ladies* of real life, decked with no tawdry qualities of character or person, but possessing all those higher virtues of the sex, which are so commonly found in the better circles of the southern states, and particularly in country life. Their manners have not been learned in the boarding school, and therefore naturally display all that genuine and true refinement which proceeds from amiable feelings, and which cannot proceed from any thing else. Few gentlemen of Virginia, who have seen their fortieth year, will fail to recognize some of their own female acquaintances in the portraits of our author's gallery. We fear they will be less apt to recognize their male acquaintances in the same place, for, although the Virginia gentleman of the old school is no where more accurately drawn, yet such is our degeneracy, that comparatively few of us have had the good fortune to see the original of the picture. Among the most interesting and striking parts of the book, is the representation which it gives of the institution of domestic slavery. We recommend this view of the subject, in an especial manner, to all abolitionists; not to those only who are so professedly, but to those also whose principles lead to that result. They will probably find in it some reason to doubt their success, however they may fail to be convinced that their principles are unsound.

It is not however merely as an interesting story, told agreeably, that this book is likely to attract public attention. If the author has succeeded in amusing the reader, it is only by a condescension from the dignity of the principal design. He went to his task with the feelings of the politician and the patriot. He desired to interest his reader, because he desired to make him reflect. Deeply impressed with the portentous character of recent public events, and anxious to impart the same impressions to others, he has written strongly, because he *felt* strongly. His opinions are certainly not peculiar, but they are not *yet* so generally entertained, even by his own school of politics, as to be received without deep interest, when presented in a form so imposing. We think it altogether probable that he has exposed himself to misconstruction, and that the chances are that he will not escape the charge of disaffection to the Union. There are those in our country, and in *all parts* of our country, who are prompt to raise that cry, whenever a question arises between the states and the federal government. On more than one occasion the glories and blessings of our Union have been invoked to sanction the usurpations of federal power, by repressing the spirit of resistance in the people, and withdrawing their attention from the boldest attacks on the sovereignty of the states. The manœuvre is not without precedent. In England, the attachment of the people to the protestant religion has often been used with similar designs, and very rarely without effect. There the most lawless exercises of power, and the most grinding oppressions of the people have been sanctioned by a supposed necessity to guard the protestant religion against attacks which were never meditated: here the people have, as often, been induced to overlook or pardon the most glaring and dangerous violations of the constitution, by persuading them that every effort of resistance on the part of the states

would bring the Union into danger. This indeed has now become the watch-cry of party, and, for that reason, if for no other, should be listened to with distrust and caution by all temperate thinkers. It is quite clear that the author before us had a *political design*, in writing the present work, but there is nothing in the work itself to warrant the belief that it is a blow aimed at the integrity of the Union. Such a supposition would be as rash as it would be to accuse our best friend of hostility merely because he admonished us of our faults, and warned us of the dangers to which they might subject us. That this is the light in which the author ought to be regarded, is sufficiently plain from the whole scope and manner of his work. His mind has evidently been long engaged in the study of the politics of his country. He has thought profoundly and with deep interest on the remarkable public events of the last few years; has understood their true character and tendencies, and has formed his own conclusions in regard to their probable effects on our future destiny. What these conclusions are he plainly tells us; but whether they are right or wrong, the future alone can determine. But that he feels no desire to precipitate the events which he has imagined and portrayed, is sufficiently apparent from the tone of solemn feeling, the lofty patriotism, and filial devotion to Virginia which appear in every part of the work.

A love of the Union is the strongest feeling of the people of the United States. This is but the natural consequence of their relation to each other. Descended from a common stock, and exiles from a common country, they were bound together by the strongest ties of sympathy, even while in a colonial state. Their resistance to the mother country was caused by oppressions which operated on all of them alike, and drove them to a still closer union of interest and feeling. In the war of the revolution they encountered the same dangers, suffered the same hardships, fought in the same ranks, and triumphed in the same glorious success. The unexampled prosperity which ensued on this event; agriculture untaxed, and yielding a superfluity of all the necessities and luxuries of life; commerce free as air, and bringing its rich returns from every quarter of the world; every branch of industry successful beyond all precedent; the perfect freedom of opinion on all subjects; the perfect security of all the rights of life, of liberty, and of property, and the general happiness diffused over the land by these causes, attested the wisdom of that unity of purpose and concert in action, which led to our first confederation. The constitution of the United States only drew closer the same ties, and gave them additional strength and sacredness. To all this must be added the impressive advice of the father of his country; advice which could not have been heard without a deep impression, under any circumstances, but which fell with double effect upon hearts already convinced of its truth and wisdom. Causes such as these, all co-operating together to the same end, could scarcely fail of their effect. It is not surprising then, that the present generation in the United States should have grown up with a love of Union impressed upon their minds, with a strength little short of that of religious veneration. It is the first political lesson inculcated on the infant mind; it is the chief topic of praise, congratulation, and thanks,

in anniversary orations: candidates for popular favor dwell on it as the great and only security of public liberty; on all occasions the love of the Union is regarded as the chief test of patriotism, and the necessity of preserving it is inculcated as the highest maxim of political wisdom. Even the young men of the present day remember the time, (if indeed the time has yet passed by) when any suggestion against the necessity and sacredness of Union would have been received with indignation and abhorrence, as little short of absolute treason.

And why should it not be so? A confederation of independent states, such as ours was designed to be, affords better securities for civil liberty than any other form of government which was ever devised. It admits of stronger checks and more accurate balances, while in its very nature it encourages a feeling of independence and a spirit of liberty. The very love of that liberty is in itself sufficient reason for preferring such a form of government. But if we look also to the other advantages and blessings which good government is calculated to confer on the people, we shall find our own system best adapted to the circumstances of our own states. Our territory embraces every variety of soil, climate and pursuit. To the superficial observer this would probably appear to be a strong cause of difference and alienation in political feeling; but rightly understood it presents the most obvious motive to close and perfect union. So long as the wants of a country are not limited to its own productions, its most natural ally will be found in that country which can supply its deficiencies. Mutual wants create mutual dependence, and mutual dependence is the strongest bond of union. Applying this truth to our own condition, we find that the southern states are, almost of necessity, a purely agricultural people, while the northern states are, from a necessity equally strong, a commercial and manufacturing people. All that the south produces and wishes to sell, the north does not produce and wishes to buy; all that the north imports from abroad or manufactures at home finds a ready market at the south. From this single fact spring innumerable relations of interest which would be sufficient to bind together in inseparable alliance any two sovereign states of the world. As between the states of our Union, this tie can scarcely be made stronger, although it is certainly rendered more sacred, by that express compact by which they have bound themselves to one another as friends. Left at large by the constitution as to all their peculiar municipal concerns, retaining their sovereignty in all things, and agreeing to exercise a portion of that sovereignty through a common agent, and strictly for the common benefit, there cannot be any real cause of disagreement between them. So long as they preserve inviolate the faith which they pledged to one another in the constitution, their Union will be strong enough to resist every attack; and the attachment of the people to it will be sanctified by its object, and approved in the blessings which it will confer upon them.

With such motives to love our political union, is our attachment to it, so long the cherished habit of the American mind, weaker at this day than formerly? Is there any political or sectional party in the United States, who entertain designs against, or feel hostility to the Union, as established by the constitution? We

confess that to us it appears deplorably manifest that there *is* such a party; but *it cannot be found in the south.*

It would be a work not less interesting than curious, to trace the rise, progress, and various phases of political parties in the United States. It is sufficient for our present purpose to remark, that from the adoption of the constitution to the great political revolution of 1801, their contests with each other were strictly those of principle. That revolution established a construction of the constitution which has been so generally adopted by the people, that every political aspirant, from that day to this, has found it necessary to profess his approbation of it. From Mr. Jefferson to the present incumbent, every President has come into power upon the strength of the principles which were then established; and it may safely be affirmed that no President *could* have come into power professing any other principles. Even at this day they are known to be so strongly held by the great body of the people, that the very measures which prostrate and destroy them, are carried in their name!! These principles assert that ours is a federative system, and not a consolidation; that the states which formed that system were, and still are, *sovereign states*; that the federal government is their creature, to whom they have granted no portion of their sovereignty, although they have appointed it, as their agent, to *exercise* a portion of that sovereignty; that this portion, and all the powers that it confers, are granted by the constitution alone, and consequently that no power can be properly exercised by that government, except such as are expressly granted by the constitution, and such as may be necessary to give effect to the granted powers; that the states, as the constituents, necessarily hold in their own hands a check upon the conduct of their agent—that is, that they have a right to resist any unauthorized exercise of power by the federal government; that public offices belong to the people, were created for their benefit, and should be filled only by those who are faithful *to them*; that public officers are merely trustees of power for limited periods, and for strictly limited purposes. The same party which established these principles, established also the following doctrines as their necessary consequences. That the federal government being a government of strictly limited powers, should scrupulously decline the exercise of every doubtful power; that as that government was established for the common benefit of *all* the states, it cannot properly use any of its powers for the benefit of a part, to the prejudice of the rest; that it is in its constitution, and ought to be in its practice, a cheap and economical government, calling on the people for no contribution, direct or indirect, beyond its natural necessities; that public officers abuse their trusts, transcend their own powers, and violate the rights of the people, whenever they bring the authority or the influence of their public stations to bear on the freedom of popular elections; and finally, as public virtue is the only true basis of republican government, that it is impossible for ours to last without scrupulous integrity of motive, and perfect purity of conduct in those who administer it. That these are the true doctrines of the constitution, no man who calls himself a republican will venture to deny. They have been uniformly held, with great unanimity, by all the people of the south, and by the southern states, as such, without a single exception.

That they have not, in some recent instances, been rightly observed in practice, is true, and "pity 'tis 'tis true." But as General Jackson is himself an anomaly, and can afford no rule for any other man, we may reasonably hope that the feeling which led some of the southern states to vindicate his monstrous violations of their own principles, sprang from no settled convictions, but was the mere madness of the hour—the outpourings of an extravagant personal devotion. This at least we *know*, that in no instance in which that peculiar man has laid his death-grasp upon the constitution, has he failed to do it in the name of the people, and professedly in vindication of the very principles which he was in the act of violating. The people, therefore, may correctly be said to have held those principles "uniformly," however they may occasionally have been deceived in regard to certain public measures which violated and overthrew them. And they hold the same principles still. If then the constitution of the United States be such as is here supposed, the southern states can scarcely be said to hold principles unfriendly to the Union, since all their principles tend to support that very constitution from which the Union derives its being. And if we look to their conduct as states, or to the conduct of their people, they will be found, under all circumstances, true to their country, abounding in proofs of steady loyalty to the constitution. If a patient endurance of wrongs, if a long toleration of abuses which strike at their highest interests, are proofs of disaffection to the Union, the south are fairly amenable to the charge. These are the only proofs they have ever given that the charge is true.

We are aware that the measures adopted by South Carolina, on a late memorable occasion, are considered by a certain party among us, not only as an open breach of the constitution in themselves, but as evidence of a fixed design to overthrow it. We have no purpose, at present, to enter into an examination of that question. It has not yet, for the last time, engaged public attention, nor has public opinion yet fixed the true character of those measures. Their efficacy is sufficiently proved by their results; and whether it was prudent or imprudent to adopt them on the particular occasion, is a question which does not enter into our judgment of their constitutionality. Even if we conclude, for the sake of argument, (the concession cannot be made for any other purpose) that the occasion did not warrant the *application* of the principles asserted, the principles themselves may not, for that reason, be the less true. That they are true is easily shown, not only by the general reasoning which belongs to the subject, but by the fact that at least six of the sovereign states of this Union have solemnly asserted them. The time is not distant when, throughout the southern states at least, this bold and manly act of South Carolina will be universally regarded as a triumphant *vindication* of the constitution, offering a wise lesson and a fit example to all other states which are not disposed to surrender all their rights at the feet of the federal government.

Tested by the constitution in its most approved and well settled construction, the principles of the south have been always found to vindicate and sustain it. How stand the principles of the north when brought to the same test? It is remarkable that in all the

changes of political opinion which the last thirty years have witnessed, (and they have been almost without number,) there never has been more than an inconsiderable party at the north who held the doctrines established by the republicans in 1793. From the adoption of the constitution to the present time, that entire portion of the country has held the opinion that the constitution of the United States was adopted by the people of all the states, as one great political community, and not by the people of the several states, in their character of sovereign states. As a consequence of this doctrine, they have denied the sovereignty of the states; denied that they held, as states, any check upon the usurpations of the federal government; have asserted for that government the exclusive right to judge of the constitutionality of its own measures; thus giving it, in effect, all power, whether granted by the constitution or not. Some of their ablest men have devoted themselves to the establishment of these extraordinary doctrines by long and labored treatises. It was not enough that Mr. Jay denied that the states *ever were sovereign*, and that others, of scarcely less standing and influence, fell into the same strange historical mistake. In more recent times, two of their ablest jurists, Judges Story and Kent, have published learned commentaries upon the constitution, to establish the same monarchical doctrines. In the Congress of the United States they are constantly asserted, and so popular have they become north of a certain parallel of latitude, that Mr. Webster, their great champion in the Senate, has acquired, by his efforts in sustaining them, the title of "Defender of the Constitution!!" These gentlemen seem to forget that *Consolidation is not Union*. The Union is the creature of the constitution. It exists *according* to the constitution, or else it does not exist at all. It is a great mistake to suppose that the Union can be preserved, merely by keeping the states together under the same government, whatever the powers of that government may be. This is indeed Union in a certain sense—the making of one thing by melting up many other things together. But the constitution recognizes no such political chemistry as this. If the Union may be destroyed by opposing the federal government, and actually severing the states, it may be as effectually destroyed by giving to that government powers unknown to the constitution, and destroying the separate and sovereign character of the states. If ours be a Union at all, it is a federal compact: if a compact at all, it was made by parties *competent to make it*; and that competency implies, in this case, sovereign power, and nothing short of it. What then becomes of the Union, when the very elements of which it is composed are destroyed? He who denies that the states are sovereign, denies the validity of that compact which exists only by the exercise of that sovereignty. The states might exist together under a monarchy in *form*, as well as in substance? Would this be Union? Yes; it is the very Union for which the northern states have ever contended. Their principles tend directly towards it, and it will presently appear that their measures have already gone a great way to establish it. They seem to think, with Mr. Hugh Trevor, in the work before us, that "Union upon any terms is better than disunion under any circumstances." But in this opinion the people of the south have not yet concurred, nor will

they concur in it, until they lose that proud feeling of independence, and that ardent love of liberty and of their country, by which they have heretofore been distinguished.

The results of these consolidation doctrines have already been realized in some of the leading measures of the present administration. In the earlier periods of our political history, attacks upon the constitution were generally made indirectly, and under plausible pretences. The public mind was not then prepared to see that instrument openly defied. The alien and sedition laws did indeed violate it plainly enough, and those laws cost the administration which passed them their places. The power of the people displayed itself effectually on that occasion, and established principles which promised to secure the states and the people against any similar attack upon their constitutional rights for ages to come. It required that generations should pass away before the exploded doctrines of 1798 could be again openly brought into the administration of the government. In the meantime, however, those doctrines were still cherished at the north, and were secretly and treacherously working their way, step by step, into power. Their progress may be easily traced, for it was not so secret as to be unobserved. At every stage they were boldly met by the south, and in every contest they triumphed. Nothing was wanting but a fit occasion to bring them again before the public, as the avowed doctrines of the government; and unhappily, that occasion was soon presented. It was reserved for the uncalculating hardihood of General Jackson to aim the first blow at the Union, through the heart of state sovereignty. The proclamation asserted every principle necessary to make ours a consolidated government, and not a federative union of independent states. It is true that this blow was struck by a southern hand; but that hand, it is notorious, was guided by northern influence. It cost the administration its ablest friends at the south, whilst at the north it was hailed with one general acclaim of approbation and praise. Instantly, and as if actuated by one irresistible impulse, those who had been the most firm in their support of the preceding administration, and who boasted that the principles which fell with the elder Adams should rise again with the younger, rushed to the support of General Jackson, and became his warmest and most approved friends. In this they were perfectly consistent. In supporting the proclamation they did but support their own cherished principles, long openly denounced by all administrations, and now again brought into power with fresh éclat and redoubled strength. The force bill was the natural and necessary consequence of the principles asserted in the proclamation. From the moment that bill passed, the wisest and most devoted patriots at the south considered the constitution as virtually destroyed. They were willing to struggle yet a little longer (and they have struggled) for the restoration of the true principles of the government; but hitherto they have struggled in vain, so far as its actual administration is concerned. With as little success they have invoked the aid of the northern states. The doctrines of the proclamation are still *their* doctrines, and the force bill still dishonors the statute book. Nay, the south has not forgotten that that bill was regarded as the peculiar and distinguishing triumph of northern

principles. Notwithstanding the perilous position in which it placed the country; notwithstanding the absolute certainty that, if carried out in practice, it would produce civil war, and thus at once dissolve the Union; notwithstanding the countless evils which that event, occurring under such circumstances, must have brought in its train, the detestable measure was urged with a zeal and perseverance wholly uncalled for by the occasion. Indeed, Mr. Webster, the great leader of the triumphant party at the north, did not hesitate to place the propriety and necessity of the measure upon his own peculiar ground. The south heard him, with astonishment, declare that the occasion was a fit one, and ought for that reason to be embraced, to *test the powers of the federal government!* Such an appeal could scarcely be heard with indifference by those who had been endeavoring, ever since the adoption of the constitution, to enlarge the powers of that government. Accordingly, the northern members of Congress, almost without a dissenting voice, voted for the force bill, and their constituents approved and sustained them.

The principles thus established, denying the sovereignty of the states, and subjecting them to military coercion whenever they should presume to resist the usurpations of the federal government, necessarily declared that government to be supreme and irresponsible. All that has since followed has been but the natural course of events, and therefore should not excite any surprise whatever. All experience proves that the distribution of the powers of government between the three separate and co-ordinate branches, the legislative, executive, and judiciary, affords no substantial security to the people. The independence of those departments is merely nominal. It is the natural tendency of all power to increase; and it is not in human wisdom to contrive any balance so accurate as to prevent it. The check must be *extraneous* of the government itself, or else it cannot be found any where. Of all the departments of government, the executive has the strongest temptation to enlarge its own powers. The other departments are composed of many persons, to whom in the *aggregate* their powers belong, and who cannot individually exert any considerable portion of them. On the other hand, the executive is *one*, and the powers of his office rest in him alone. It requires more virtue than we usually find in public rulers, to distinguish between the personal rights and powers of such an executive, and those which belong to his public station. Every addition to the powers of his office soon comes to be considered an addition to his own; and thus he is under the strongest personal temptation to make them as great as possible. Thus invited to encroach upon the other departments, his very position enables him to do so. Even in England, where a free House of Commons and an independent Judiciary now exert a salutary check upon the powers of the crown, the encroachments of the king have cost the country more than one revolution. So far as our own executive is concerned, we have ample evidence, in the experience of the last few years, that he possesses abundant means to subject all the other powers of the government to his own. To declare, therefore, that the federal government is supreme, is in effect to declare that the President is supreme. Why, then, should we be surprised that Congress and the Judiciary are his creatures; that all

the offices of the country are held at his will and for his pleasure; that the entire legislation of the country is under his control; that he has seized upon the public treasure in spite of Congress, who are directed by the constitution to keep and manage it; that he controls the legislation of the states, and appoints his own successor!!!

Many of those who rejoiced in the proclamation, and triumphed in the force bill, are now foremost to cry out against these enormities. Some of those measures affect their peculiar interests rather too closely to be patiently endured. *Their* complaints are without justice. They have no right to murmur at the necessary consequences of their own principles—principles which they even now will not abandon, with all these disastrous results before them. They have themselves laid the train, and they ought not to complain if they suffer in the explosion.

It ought not, perhaps, to surprise us, that the people of the north have, with such remarkable unanimity, adopted principles such as these. Destructive as they are of the constitution, and at war with the very being of our federal Union, those people believe that no other principles can so well advance their own peculiar interests. And if the existence of free government is nothing—if the preservation of the rights of the states and of the people is nothing—if it is more important to grow rich than to be independent and free, they are right. Their principles have indeed advanced their own interests with giant strides; and precisely in the same degree they have repressed and destroyed those of the south. In all countries the measures of government necessarily exert a material influence upon private interests. Hence, when those interests are distinctly marked, it becomes an object of importance to each one to obtain the possession and control of the government. The numerical majority of the people is at the north; and of course they have the government in their own hands, whenever they establish the doctrine that ours is a government of the people of the United States, and not of the people of the several states. In that case, the majority, to whom the right to govern is conceded, is a majority of all the people—that is, of their representatives in Congress, where New York speaks as forty, and Delaware as one. A government thus constituted, and relieved of all the checks imposed upon it by state sovereignty, possesses all the power which is necessary for any purpose. It becomes a most convenient and effective machine in the hands of a majority holding an interest peculiar to themselves—an interest which flourishes precisely as those of the minority are repressed. Here is reason enough for the principles of the north. The truth is, they are not so much attached to *the union* as to the *unity* of these states. The Union would be worthless to them with the check and balance left in the state governments by the constitution. They find their *interests* in a strong federal government. It is not *the Union* which they love, but the strong chain (and the stronger it is the more they love it) which binds together the states indissolubly, under the same government, or under any government, which gives to their own numerical majority free scope, in speculating on the rights and interests of the minority.

That this is the true source of their principles, they

have afforded, in their own conduct, abundant reason to believe. When the embargo laws pressed heavily on their commercial interests, they denied the constitutional power of Congress to pass them. Congress were not then the rightful judges of the constitutionality of their own measures, for the north was not then in possession of the government. The tariff of 1816 was a reduction of the war duties. That tariff was supposed to operate unfavorably on the commercial interests of the north, and accordingly it was complained of as too high, and vehemently opposed. It was in vain to tell them that a debt of two hundred millions of dollars, brought upon the country by the war, rendered such a measure absolutely necessary. The "Defender of the Constitution" affected to believe, that it was, at least, very doubtful, whether that instrument did not forbid Congress to enact any tariff, beyond the current demands of the government. Where were those scruples in 1825? At that time the capital of the north had taken a direction towards manufactures. Indeed that had already become the predominant interest. From that time no northern man was heard to urge a doubt of the power of Congress to impose any rate of duties whatever. The tariff built up their manufactories, and gave them a monopoly of the southern market, both to buy and to sell. Every year they clamored for more protection, until every species of their manufactures, from a button to a piece of broad cloth, was made the subject of special legislation. In the meantime the public debt had been annually reduced, until there was no longer the least pretext for high duties in reference to that. Still the odious system was pressed upon the south, with none the less force, because every pretext of public necessity which had originally suggested it, had ceased to exist. The whole series of measures upon this subject, is a history of gross oppression on the one part, and patient suffering on the other. They afford a happy illustration of that patriotism which values the government, only as it enables the strongest or the most cunning to oppress the weak; a striking proof of that "love of the Union," which does not hesitate to bring all the institutions of the country into jeopardy, rather than surrender one farthing of extorted gain—that love of the Union, which is measured only by the advantages to be derived from the exercise of powers not properly belonging to it, can scarcely claim the respect of any sincere friend of the constitution. We freely admit that this picture appears somewhat harsh in some of its features, but the history of the country proves, that it is nowise unfaithful to the truth. It appears to us that they whose principles strike at the very nature of our federal government, and introduce the worst abuses into the administration of it, demand too much when they claim to be considered the exclusive friends of the Union. The south makes no boast of its patriotism. It is the singular fate of that people to be suspected of disaffection to the Union, precisely in proportion as they upheld its true principles. But, in their view of the subject, *the federal government is not the Union*. If they be charged with disaffection to that government, as now expounded by northern politicians, and understood by almost the entire body of northern men, they not only acknowledge, but proclaim it. Believing that he alone can claim to be the friend of the Union, who not only holds its theoretical principles,

but promptly and boldly resists every practical violation of them, it is not possible for them to love a government which saps those principles by insidious measures, or brings them into jeopardy by open violence.

No man who remembers the tone of public sentiment in regard to the principles and practices of the government, only eight years ago, could possibly realize the present condition of things, if he had not seen it. To those who carry their recollections still farther back, to the eras of Jefferson and Madison, the picture now exhibited must be still more strange and appalling. The history of the world exhibits no instance of so rapid a declension in government from the purity of its first principles. Here, the spirit of corruption has, within a few short years, effected changes, such as have never been witnessed in other countries, except by the same means, acting through many generations, or by violence and revolution. The President of the United States, adding to great personal popularity the influence acquired by a profligate abuse of the public patronage, has asserted principles absolutely at war with free government, and has carried measures, by his own mere will, which would have brought any limited monarch in Europe to the block. He has effectually overthrown all the co-ordinate branches of the government. It was not enough to assert, that every power of every office connected with the executive, was in him; that he was the chief of every bureau, and that all the nominal heads were *his* officers, bound to do *his* will. He has also denied to the senate the power expressly granted in the constitution, of controlling his appointments to office. It is true, he has not ventured to do this in terms, but he has done it in effect, by refusing to nominate any other than his own creatures, even after the senate has pronounced those same creatures unworthy of confidence. In this way some of the most important trusts of the country have been left unfilled, and some of its most important interests neglected for years together. He has assumed upon himself the faculty of exclusive legislation, by a capricious and tyrannical use of the veto power. He has denied to the judiciary its legitimate function of interpreting the laws, whenever that interpretation interfered with his own views. He has seized, by violence, upon the public treasure, and has asserted, in a deliberate official communication, that the custody of that treasure belonged only to *him*, and that the representatives of the people in Congress could not constitutionally take it away! The constitution gave him the sword of the country, and the force bill assured him that he would encounter but few checks in the use of it. Nothing more was necessary than this lawless grasp at the treasury, to clothe him with absolute power. Having thus possessed himself of the public money, he has wasted millions upon millions without any known public object, until the expenses of the government have become three fold greater than at any former period. He has deposited the public moneys with political favorites, and encouraged the use of them for the purpose of gaining partisans by corrupting the people. He has issued capricious and unnecessary orders from the treasury, by which the currency of the country has been deranged, and its business disastrously hindered and embarrassed. He has countenanced the worst disorders, the most profligate corruption, and the boldest

violations of law in the heads of departments; and has insulted the country by appointing public defaulters and men of dissolute habits and blasted fame, to places of great trust and profit. He has notoriously lent himself to the fraudulent purposes of speculators in the public lands. And to crown the climax of abuses, he has openly interfered in state elections; has tampered with state legislatures, and employed himself, with shameless indelicacy and treasonable hardihood, in prostrating the last bulwark of public liberty, by imposing upon the people a President of *his* choosing, as his own successor. To effect all these things, it was absolutely necessary to corrupt in an extreme degree, the great body of the people, or to impose upon their confidence and credulity by practices unknown in the purer days of the republic. Whatever be the means by which he has worked, the result is before the country. The will of the President, under this administration at least, is the law of the land.

If it should be said that these objections apply only to the present incumbent of office, and not to the federal government as such, we reply, that they are founded on no temporary causes. It is not at all surprising that General Jackson has been sustained in all his measures of fraud, violence and usurpation, nor that he now exerts an influence far beyond that of his most accomplished predecessor. The proclamation drew to him, not only the entire remains of the old and honest federal party, but also that whole section of country which saw, in the principles of that document, an assurance of profit to themselves. Add to these an hundred thousand office holders, who depend on the will of the President for bread, and thrice that number of hungry expectants, who look for their reward only in consulting and obeying that will; and thrice that number again, whose personal interests are connected by a thousand ramifications, either with the incumbents or the expectants of office; add to these the still more numerous herd who live upon the treasury in consideration of partizan services, and we see at once the entire source of General Jackson's remarkable success. There is no mystery in his popularity. Any other President who shall use the same means will be equally popular and equally successful; and unhappily there is too much danger that the example will be followed. The fault is not in the government, but in its abuses; in the introduction of principles unknown to the constitution, and of practices which such principles alone could tolerate.

This view of the federal government in its present theory and actual practice, presents a strong appeal to all the people of the United States indiscriminately. It ought, we think, to excite alarm every where; but we dare not hope that it will awaken the people of the north to that impartial examination of the character and tendencies of their own principles, which would induce them to co-operate heartily in the establishment of the constitution upon its true foundations. But the south have other and peculiar causes of complaint. The pertinacity with which the tariff system was adhered to; the air of triumph with which its most extreme measures were carried; the contumelious indifference with which the complaints of the south were heard, and the long suffering of the south under it, have done more to disgust those people and to alienate them from the federal government, than all other causes

combined. It appeared quite clear to them, that it was not within the legitimate province of the government, to foster the industry of one part of the country, at the expense of that of the other. It was not enough to tell them that the tariff laws were general in their operation, and that they might become manufacturers as well as the people of the north. They felt this to be a mere mockery, since from the very nature of their country and its institutions, no such change in their habits and pursuits was practicable. Neither could they be satisfied with specious arguments designed to convince them that the system was in fact the very best for their own agricultural interests. As they alone felt the claim, they claimed the exclusive right to say whether it galled them or not. They *believed* that the tariff laws were unconstitutional; and they *knew*, that whether constitutional or not, they were oppressive and odious to them. Conscious that the wealth and prosperity of the country depended mainly upon their industry; that the very manufactures which this system established could not exist without the products of their labor; they felt that something was due even to their honest errors of opinion, if errors they were. It is to be borne in mind, that the questions growing out of the tariff system, very soon became altogether sectional in their character. North of a certain meridian, all were tariff men; south of that meridian, all were opposed to it. The north perceived that it was growing daily richer and richer, by means of that system; while the south perceived, that although it produced almost the whole material of the national wealth, it daily grew poorer and poorer. Looking around them for the cause of this extraordinary state of things, they saw, or thought they saw it in the tariff laws. During ten whole years, they labored to prove those laws unconstitutional, unwise and impolitic. Year after year they entreated, remonstrated, and threatened, in order to obtain at least some mitigation of these intolerable evils. Then was the time for a liberal and enlightened spirit of patriotism in the north, to display itself; then was the time for that love of the Union, which they so loudly boast, to step in and appease these dangerous dissensions. A reasonable concession to the deep and settled convictions of the south upon this subject, would have gone far to conciliate them, and might have secured the Union for ages to come, against all danger of disaffection at the south. Instead of this, however, their complaints were heard with open contumely; the advocates of their rights were derided as the "administrators de bonis non, of deceased principles." Every year witnessed some new effort to extend the odious system, or to render its provisions more and more intolerable to the south. A combination among all the manufacturing interests of the north, secured the success of every measure, for the protection of each of them, until at length the system was so infinitely extended and ramified, that the most obscure manufacturer, in the most obscure place, drew its share of the spoils of the south. At length, when the power of longer endurance was utterly worn out; when patience was exhausted and hope destroyed, one southern state was bold enough to place itself in an attitude of resistance, not by arms but by the peaceful action of its judiciary power. Instantly the federal sword was drawn, and the "*defenders of the constitution!*" one and all, were seen harking on

the federal executive to make war on one of their own confederated states!!

This is an elegant commentary on their principles. Those who saw a system of laws as odious as the tariff, and of doubtful constitutionality at least, ready to be enforced at the point of the sword, could not doubt the power of the government to enforce by the same means any and every other law, constitutional or not, by which their own peculiar interests might be advanced!!

But the just complaints of the south do not stop here. For years past, they have seen the people of the north organizing themselves for a systematic attack upon the most important of their institutions. It is not enough to plunder us indirectly, through the agency of federal laws; but we are now boldly told, that we have no right to the property which we have inherited from our fathers, or acquired by our own industry. So long as the abolitionists confined themselves to their own personal exertions, they afforded the south no just ground of complaint against the federal government. We looked on them indeed as our worst enemies, as the most heartless and atrocious conspirators against our peace and our lives. We considered their conduct also as the most conclusive proof of the temper of the people among whom they originated, and by whose countenance and support they have multiplied to a most formidable extent. Still, however, they were but individuals, and did but show in this as in other things, that there can be no true affinity between the Roundhead and the Cavalier. The south has long perceived that any progress which a mere private association could hope to make in overthrowing all the social institutions of an entire country, must be altogether too slow for the impatient ardor of the fanatic. Besides, there is an obvious *political* reason why slavery at the south should be obnoxious to northern feelings. A portion of that population is now represented in Congress. Destroy slavery, and you diminish the weight of the south, and thus increase the numerical majority which is so favorable to the views and interests of the north. The south therefore were prepared to expect, though they hoped for better things, that the power of the federal government would be invoked to carry out the designs of the abolitionists. But they were not prepared to witness, at least in so short a time, the firm lodgement which that party has acquired in Congress. It is already the settled doctrine of that body, that they have a perfect right to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. What more can they desire? The same constitution which guards the rights of property in the states, guards them also in the District of Columbia. That instrument gives Congress no authority to invade those rights any where. It is easy to perceive therefore, that this claim of power over the District of Columbia is but a pretence for the claim of the same power over the states. The fit occasion has not yet arrived, nor is the power of the federal government yet so firmly consolidated as to promise success to so bold an undertaking. But if the principles which have been so actively at work for the last twenty years, should continue much longer unrebuked, the abolition of slavery at the south, by an act of Congress, will not be the most striking violation of the constitution which we shall witness in the usurpations of federal power.

Every candid mind must admit that these things

afford a just ground of uneasiness to the people of the south. It is altogether natural that they should not look with filial fondness to a government which protects them against all the rest of the world, only that they may be the more secure prey to their own fellow citizens. Accordingly, a feeling of disaffection to that government is rapidly extending among them. No fair criterion of its extent or strength can be found in popular elections. Many a man, like Mr. Hugh Trevor in the book before us, yet supports the government from an undefined fear of worse evils from opposing it, and perhaps also, from a lingering hope that it will ere long come back again to the purity of its original principles. But the subject is deeply considered by more than have yet chosen to avow it; and the true bearings of the question are better and better understood every day. We have long since "calculated the value of the Union," and we have found it above price. But the Union which we love is the union of independent, sovereign states, upon equal footing, and possessing in each of those states a legitimate check upon the usurpations of their common agent. We recognize no union which consolidates all power in the federal head, and degrades the sovereign states into petty municipal corporations.

We sincerely hope that the future history of the country may falsify all these speculations. If, however, a change in our institutions should take place, as there is too much reason to fear, we have in the book before us, a striking view of the course which events will probably take. The south, although the most patient people on earth, of the abuses of government, cannot bear every thing. When they see the President of the United States appointing his successor, and that successor as a matter of course his own son; when they see our representative democracy thus gliding into hereditary monarchy; when they see their own institutions crushed, their own industry paralyzed, and themselves virtually the bondsmen of the north; a confederacy among themselves for common protection, will be the necessary result. Then follows of course the strife of arms; the contests of mercenary troops on one hand, with bold spirits determined to be free, on the other; the irregular and partisan war of which the author has given us so lively a picture, and it is to be hoped, the ultimate triumph of the oppressed over the oppressor.

It did not escape the sagacity of the author, that one of the first measures which a southern confederacy would adopt, would be the formation of advantageous foreign alliances. This view of the subject has not been sufficiently attended to by those who have been accustomed to think that the south cannot stand alone. Unconnected with the north, she would hold precisely that position which would invite the nations of Europe to the closest alliance with her. She would then hold to them the same relation which she now holds to the north. Producing every thing which they wish to buy, and nothing which they wish to sell, each would be the best customer to the other. The north, on the other hand, would be their rivals and competitors in every thing. England cannot send her manufactures to any market of the world, without meeting American manufactures of the same sort. The same thing is true of all the more considerable nations of Europe. What motive, then, could they have to form alliances with the northern states, their rivals in every thing, to the pre-

judice of their best customers in the south? Those who are urging, with such intemperate zeal, measures, which to say the least of them, may lead to a separation of the states, would do well to view the subject coolly in this light. To the south it presents much material for reflection, and in the present posture of our affairs, it is not unworthy to engage the serious attention of the politicians of Europe.

As a mere literary production, we consider this a work of very high order. The style is unusually flowing, easy, and chaste. It is evident the writer has taken no pains to polish his language, simply because his language is habitually polished and classical. He writes as he would speak, as every author must do, who would acquire a natural and graceful style. His dialogue is animated, natural and easy, and his delineation of character distinguished for accuracy and nice discrimination. We would gladly present to the reader some specimens of his power in this way, but it would be difficult to do this without making longer extracts from the work than our limits would allow. Although our author frequently indicates the individual alluded to, by presenting some single, yet striking feature, he rarely descends to particular description; and it is only by contemplating his personages in the various situations in which he has chosen to place them, that their *whole* characters are to be understood. Thus it is impossible to mistake Judge Baker, when we find him teaching his son "a certain sort of chopt logic, elaborately employed in proving what no one ever pretended to deny. Condescending to prove, by elaborate argument, the profound maxim that two and two make four;" and "establishing as unquestionable the *premises* from which other men *begin* to reason." But his *full* character is only to be collected from his conduct in a variety of trying scenes, in which his own unsteady and yielding principles have placed him. The eager humility of his manner to the President; his timidity and irresolution in circumstances of danger and difficulty; the struggle produced by his clear perception of the constitution, between his sense of duty, and his desire to conform to the wishes of the "dispenser of honor and emolument," and the final triumph of ambition and selfishness over the better feelings of his nature. These are all so perfectly characteristic, that no man acquainted with the political events of the last five years can possibly misapply them. In like manner the Prime Minister—the Oliver le Diable of modern times, and the President himself, are described with irresistible force and truth, by the characteristics which they display in a variety of interesting scenes and situations. It would be difficult even for the self-love of those individuals to render them insensible to the truth of their own portraits. However this may be, at least one half the country, who have never regarded them with an eye of particular favor, will readily acknowledge that our author fully understands and justly appreciates them.

We have no room for as many extracts as we desire to present as specimens of the general character and style of the work. Indeed it would be difficult to select any one passage more worthy of such distinction than others; for there is no falling off in any part of the book. Besides, a work of this sort could not be justly appreciated from such extracts as the critic would feel authorized to make. Its true character can only be

understood by him who reads the *whole* work, and reads it with a disposition to judge impartially of its *design and object*, as well as of its execution.

We commence our extracts with a passage of some length, at the beginning of the work, exhibiting a picturesque view of a state of things, the bare possibility of which startles the reader into a thrilling interest, which is never permitted to subside.

Toward the latter end of the month of October, 1849, about the hour of noon, a horseman was seen ascending a narrow valley at the eastern foot of the Blue Ridge. His road nearly followed the course of a small stream, which, issuing from a deep gorge of the mountain, winds its way between lofty hills, and terminates its brief and brawling course in one of the larger tributaries of the Dan. A glance of the eye took in the whole of the little settlement that lined its banks, and measured the resources of its inhabitants. The different tenements were so near to each other as to allow but a small patch of arable land to each. Of manufactures there was no appearance, save only a rude shed at the entrance of the valley, on the door of which the oft-repeated brand of the horse-shoe gave token of a smithy. There too the rivulet, increased by the innumerable springs which afforded to every habitation the unappreciated, but inappreciable luxury of water, cold, clear and sparkling, had gathered strength enough to turn a tiny mill. Of trade there could be none. The bleak and rugged barrier, which closed the scene on the west, and the narrow road, fading to a foot-path, gave assurance to the traveller that he had here reached the *ne plus ultra* of social life in that direction.

Indeed, the appearance of discomfort and poverty in every dwelling well accorded with the scanty territory belonging to each. The walls and chimneys of unhewn logs, the roofs of loose boards laid on long rib-poles, that projected from the gables, and held down by similar poles placed above them, together with the smoked and sooty appearance of the whole, betokened an abundance of timber, but a dearth of every thing else. Contiguous to each was a sort of rude garden, denominated, in the ruder language of the country, a "truck-patch." Beyond this lay a small field, a part of which had produced a crop of oats, while on the remainder the Indian corn still hung on the stalk, waiting to be gathered. Add to this a small meadow, and the reader will have an outline equally descriptive of each of the little farms which, for the distance of three miles, bordered the stream.

But, though the valley thus bore the marks of a crowded population, a deep stillness pervaded it. The visible signs of life were few. Of sounds there were none. A solitary youngster, male or female, alone was seen loitering about every door. These, as the traveller passed along, would skulk from observation, and then steal out, and, mounting a fence, indulge their curiosity, at safe distances, by looking after him.

At length he heard a sound of voices, and then a shrill whistle, and all was still. Immediately, some half a dozen men, leaping a fence, ranged themselves across the road and faced him. He observed that each, as he touched the ground, laid hold of a rifle that leaned against the enclosure, and this circumstance drew his attention to twenty or more of these formidable weapons, ranged along in the same position. The first impulse of the traveller was to draw a pistol; but seeing that the men, as they posted themselves, rested their guns upon the ground and leaned upon them, he quietly withdrew his hand from his holster. It was plain that no violence was intended, and that this movement was nothing but a measure of precaution, such as the unsettled condition of the country required. He therefore advanced steadily but slowly, and, on reaching the party, reined in his horse, and silently invited the intended parley.

The men, though somewhat variously attired, were all chiefly clad in half-dressed buckskin. They seemed to have been engaged in gathering corn in the adjoining field. Their companions, who still continued the same occupation, seemed numerous enough (including women and boys, of both of which there was a full proportion,) to have secured the little crop in a few hours. Indeed, it would seem that the whole working population of the neighborhood, both male and female, was assembled there.

As the traveller drew up his horse, one of the men, speaking in a low and quiet tone, said, "We want a word with you, stranger, before you go any farther."

"As many as you please," replied the other, "for I am tired and hungry, and so is my horse; and I am glad to find some one, at last, of whom I may hope to purchase something for both of us to eat."

"That you can have quite handy," said the countryman, "for we have been gathering corn, and were just going to our dinner. If you will only just 'light, sir, one of the boys can feed your horse, and you can take such as we have got to give you."

The invitation was accepted; the horse was taken in charge by a long-legged lad of fifteen, without hat or shoes; and the whole party crossed the fence together.

At the moment, a man was seen advancing toward them, who, observing their approach, fell back a few steps, and threw himself on the ground at the foot of a large old apple-tree. Around this were clustered a motley group of men, women and boys, who opened and made way for the stranger. He advanced, and, bowing gracefully, took off his forage cap, from beneath which a quantity of soft curling flaxen hair fell over his brow and cheeks. Every eye was now fixed on him, with an expression rather of interest than mere curiosity. Every countenance was serious and composed, and all wore an air of business, except that a slight titter was heard among the girls, who, hovering behind the backs of their mothers, peeped through the crowd, to get a look at the handsome stranger.

He was indeed a handsome youth, about twenty years of age, whose fair complexion and regular features made him seem yet younger. He was tall, slightly, but elegantly formed, with a countenance in which softness and spirit were happily blended. His dress was plain and cheap, though not unfashionable. A short grey coat, waistcoat and pantaloons, that neatly fitted and set off his handsome person, showed by the quality of the cloth that his means were limited; or that he had too much sense to waste, in foppery, that which might be better expended in the service of his suffering country. But, even in this plain dress, he was apparelled like a king in comparison with the rustics that surrounded him; and his whole air would have passed him for a gentleman, in any dress and any company, where the constituents of that character are rightly understood.

In the present assembly there seemed to be none, indeed, who could be supposed to have had much experience in that line. But dignity is felt, and courtesy appreciated by all, and the expression of frankness and truth is every where understood.

As the youth approached, the man at the foot of the tree arose, and returned the salutation, which seemed unheeded by the rest. He advanced a step or two, and invited the stranger to be seated. This action, and the looks turned toward him by the others, showed that he was in authority of some sort among them. With him, therefore, our traveller concluded that the proposed conference was to be held. There was nothing in his appearance which would have led a careless observer to assign him any pre-eminence. But a second glance might have discovered something intellectual in his countenance, with less of boorishness in his air and manner than the rest of the company displayed. In all, indeed, there was the negative courtesy of that quiet and serious demeanor which solemn occasions impart to the rudest and most frivolous. It was plain to see that they had a common purpose, and that neither ferocity nor rapacity entered into their feeling toward the new-comer. Whether he was to be treated as a friend or an enemy, obviously depended on some high consideration, not yet disclosed.

He was at length asked whence he came, and answered from the neighborhood of Richmond. From which side of the river? From the north side. Did he know anything of Van Courtlandt? His camp was at Bacon's branch, just above the town. What force had he?

"I cannot say, certainly," he replied, "but common fame made his numbers about four thousand."

"Is that all, on both sides of the river?" said his interrogator.

"O, no! Col. Loyal's regiment is at Petersburg, and Col. Coles's at Manchester; each about five hundred strong; and there is a piquet on the Bridge island."

"Did you cross there?"

"I did not."

"Where then?" he was asked.

"I can hardly tell you," he replied, "it was at a private ford, several miles above Cartersville."

"Was not that mightily out of the way? What made you come so far around?"

"It was safer travelling on that side of the river."

"Then the people on that side of the river are your friends?"

"No. They are not. But, as they are all of a color there, they would let me pass, and ask no questions, as long as I travelled due west. On this side, if you are one man's friend, you are the next man's enemy; and I had no mind to answer questions."

"You seem to answer them now mighty freely."

"That is true. I am like a letter that tells all it knows as soon as it gets to the right hand; but it does not want to be opened before that."

"And how do you know that you have got to the right hand now?"

"Because I know where I am."

"And where are you?"

"Just at the foot of the Devil's Back-bone," replied the youth.

"Were you ever here before?"

"Never in my life."

"How do you know then where you are?" asked the mountaineer.

"Because the right way to avoid questions is to ask none. So I took care to know all about the road, and the country, and the place, before I left home."

"And who told you all about it?"

"Suppose I should tell you," answered the young man, "that Van Courtlandt had a map of the country made, and gave it to me."

"I should say, you were a traitor to him, or a spy upon us," was the stern reply.

At the same moment, a startled hum was heard from the crowd, and the press moved and awayed for an instant, as if a sort of spasm had pervaded the whole mass.

"You are a good hand at questioning," said the youth, with a smile, "but, without asking a single question, I have found out all I wanted to know."

"And what was that?" asked the other.

"Whether you are friends to the Yorkers and Yankees, or to poor old Virginia."

"And which are we for?" added the laconic mountaineer.

"For old Virginia forever," replied the youth, in a tone in which exultation rung through a deeper emotion, that half stifled his voice.

It reached the hearts of his auditors, and was echoed in a shout that pealed along the mountain sides their proud war-cry of "*old Virginia forever*." The leader looked around in silence, but with a countenance that spoke all that the voices of his comrades had uttered.

"Quiet boys," said he, "never shout till the war is ended—unless it be when you see the enemy." Then turning again to the traveller, he said, "And how did you know we were for old Virginia?"

"I knew it by the place where I find you. I heard it in *your voice*; I saw it in *their eyes*; and I felt it in *my heart*," said the young man, extending his hand.

His inquisitor returned the cordial pressure with an iron grasp, strong, but not convulsive, and went on: "You are a sharp youth," said he, "and if you are of the right metal that will hold an edge, you will make somebody feel it. But I don't know rightly yet who that is to be, only just I will say, that if you are not ready to live and die by old Virginia, your heart and face are not of the same color, that's all."

He then resumed his steady look and quiet tone, and added, "You must not make me forget what I am about. How *did* you learn the way here?"

"I can answer that *now*," said the youth. "I learned it from Captain Douglas."

"Captain Douglas!" exclaimed the other. "If you were never here before, you have never seen him since he knew it himself."

"True enough," was the reply. "But I have heard from him."

"I should like to see his letter."

"I have no letter."

"How then?"

"Go with me to my horse, and I will show you."

The youth, accompanied by his interrogator, now returned toward the fence. Many of the crowd were about to follow; but the chief (for such he seemed) waved them back with a silent motion of his hand, while a glance of meaning at two of the company invited them to proceed. As soon as the stranger reached

his horse, he drew out, from between the padding and seat of his saddle, a paper closely folded. On opening this, it was found to be a map of his route from Richmond to a point in the mountains, a few miles west of the spot where they stood. On this were traced the roads and streams, with the names of a few places, written in a hand which was known to the leader of the mountaineers to be that of Captain Douglas. A red line marked the devious route the traveller had been directed to pursue.

He said that, after crossing the river, between Lynchburg and Cartersville, to avoid the parties of the enemy stationed at both places, he had lain by, until dark, at the house of a true Virginian. Then, turning south, and riding hard all night, he had crossed the Appomattox above Farmville (which he avoided for a like reason), and, before day, had left behind him all the hostile posts and scouting parties. He soon reached the Staunton river, and, having passed it, resumed his westward course in comparative safety.

"You know this hand," said he to the chief, "and now, I suppose, you are satisfied."

"I am satisfied," replied the other, "and glad to see you. I have not a doubt about you, young man, and you are heartily welcome among us—to all we can give you—and that ain't much—and all we can do for you; and that will depend upon whether stout hearts, and willing minds, and good rifles, can help you. But you said you were hungry; so, I dare say, you'll be glad enough of a part of our sorry dinner."

Returning to the party which they had left, they found the women in the act of placing their meal before them, under the apple-tree. There was a patch of grass there, but no shade; nor was any needed in that lofty region; the frost had already done its work by stripping the trees of their leaves, and letting in the welcome rays of the sun through the naked branches. The meal consisted of fresh pork and venison, roasted or broiled on the coals, which looked tempting enough, though served up in wooden trays. There were no knives but such as each hunter carries in his belt. Our traveller's dirk supplied the place of one to him. Their plates were truly classical, consisting of cakes of Indian corn, baked in the ashes—so that, like the soldiers of Æneas, each man ate up his platter before his hunger was appeased.

Our traveller, though sharp set, could not help perceiving a woful insipidity in his food, for which his entertainer apologized. "We ha'n't got no salt to give you, stranger," said he. "The little that's made on the waters of Holston, is all used there; and what comes by way of the sound is too dear for the like of us, that fight one half the year, and work the other half, and then with our rifles in our hands. As long as we let the Yankees hold James river, we must make up our minds to eat our hogs when they are fat, and to do without salt to our bread. But it is not worth grumbling about; and bread without salt is more than men deserve that will give up their country without fighting for it."

When the meal was finished, our traveller, expressing a due sense of the courtesy of his entertainers, asked what was to pay, and proposed to continue his journey.

"As to what you are to pay, my friend," said the spokesman of the party, in the same cold, quiet tone, "that is just nothing. If you come here by Captain Douglas's invitation, you are one of us; and if you do not, we are bound to find you as long as we keep you. But, as to your going just yet, it is quite against our rules."

"How is that?" asked the traveller, with some expression of impatience.

"That is what I cannot tell you," replied the other.

"But what right," exclaimed the youth—then checking himself, he added: "But I see you mean nothing but what is right and prudent; and you must take your own way to find out all you wish to know about me. But I thought you said you did not doubt me."

"No more I do," replied the other; "but that is not the thing. May be, our rules are not satisfied, though I am."

"And what are your rules?"

"It is against our rule to tell them," said the mountaineer, drily.

"But make yourself easy, stranger. We mean you no harm, and I will see and have every thing laid straight before sun-rise. You are heartily welcome. Such as we've got we give you; and that is better than you will find where you are going. For our parts, except it be for salt, we are about as well off here as common; because there is little else we use that comes from foreign parts. I dare say, it will go hard with you for awhile, sir; but,

if your heart's right, you will not mind it, and you will soon get used to it."

"It would be a great shame," said the youth, "if I cannot bear for awhile what you have borne for life."

"Yes," said the other, "that is the way people talk. But (axing your pardon, sir,) there ain't no sense in it. Because the longer a man bears a thing, the less he minds it; and after awhile, it ain't no hardship at all. And that's the way with the poor negroes that the Yapkees pretended to be so sorry for, and tried to get them to rise against their masters. There's few of them, stranger, but what's happier than I am; but I should be mighty unhappy, if you were to catch me now, in my old days, and make a slave of me. So when the Yankees want to set the negroes free, and to make me a slave, they want to put us both to what we are not fit for. And so it will be with you for awhile, among these mountains, sleeping on the ground, and eating your meat without salt, or bread either, may be. But after awhile you will not mind it. But as to whether it is to be long or short, young man, you must not think about that. You have no business here, if you have not made up your mind to stand the like of that for life; and may be, that not so mighty long neither."

Our next extract exhibits the attitude of Virginia at the beginning of Mr. Van Buren's fourth term, when the action of the piece commences. It is prefaced by a sketch of character which every reader who is so fortunate as to be acquainted with a single individual of high talents and distinguished probity in the ranks of the administration, will be sure to think is drawn from that individual, whoever he may be.

Arthur Trevor was the youngest son of a gentleman who resided in the neighborhood of Richmond. He was a man in affluent circumstances, and had long and honorably filled various important and dignified stations in the service of his native State. Endowed with handsome talents, an amiable disposition, and all the accomplishments that can adorn a gentleman, he added to these the most exemplary virtues. His influence in society had, of course, been great, and though now, at the age of seventy, withdrawn from public life, his opinions were inquired of, and his counsel sought, by all who had access to him. Through life he had been remarkable for firmness, and yet more for prudence. The steadiness of his principles could never be questioned, but, it was thought, he had sometimes deemed it wise to compromise, when men of less cautious temper would have found safety in prudent boldness.

To this temperament had been attributed his conduct in regard to the politics of the last twenty years. Bred up in the school of State rights, and thoroughly imbued with its doctrines, he had, even before that time, been accustomed to look, with a jealous eye, on the progressive usurpations of the Federal Government. In the hope of arresting these, he had exerted more than his usual activity in aiding to put down the younger Adams, and to elevate his successor. Though no candidate for the spoils of victory, no man rejoiced more sincerely in the result of that contest; and, until the emanation of the proclamation of December 1832, he had given his hearty approbation, and steady, though quiet support, to the administration of Andrew Jackson.

From that moment he seemed to look with fearful bodings on the affairs of his country. His disapprobation of that instrument was expressed with as much freedom and force as was consistent with his habitual reserve and moderation. He was, indeed, alarmed into a degree of excitement unusual with him, and might have gone farther than he did, had he not found that others were disposed to go, as he thought, too far. He had entirely disapproved the nullifying ordinance of South Carolina; and though he recognized the right of secession, he deprecated all thought of resorting to that remedy. He was aware that many of his best friends, thinking that its necessity would be eventually felt by all, feared that that conviction might come too late. They remarked the steady tendency of federal measures to weaken the mal-content States in the South, and to increase the resources of their northern oppressors and those of the General Government. Hence they feared, that whenever Virginia, or any other of the slave-holding States, should find itself driven to secession, the other party, in the confidence of superior strength, might be tempted forcibly to resist the exercise of the right. They thus

arrived at the conclusion that separation (which they deemed inevitable) to be peaceable, must be prompt.

These ideas had been laid before Mr. Trevor, and, in proportion to the urgency with which they were pressed, was his alarm and his disposition to adhere to the Union. He, at last, had brought himself to believe union, on any terms, better than disunion, under any circumstances. As the lesser evil, therefore, he determined to forget the proclamation, and, striving to reconcile himself to all the acts of the administration, he regarded every attempt to unite the South, in support of a southern President, as a prelude to the formation of a Southern Confederacy. By consequence, he became a partisan of Martin Van Buren; and united with Ritchie, and others of the same kidney, in endeavoring to subdue the spirit, and tame down the State pride of Virginia. These endeavors, aided by the lavish use of federal patronage in the State, were so far successful, that when, at the end of Van Buren's second term, he demanded a third election, she alone, in the South, supported his pretensions.

By the steady employment of the same pernicious influences, the elections throughout the State had been so regulated, as to produce returns of a majority of members devoted to the views of the usurper. This had continued until the spring of 1848, at which time the results of the elections were essentially the same which had taken place since the memorable 1836; when Virginia, at one stroke of the pen, *expunged* her name from the chronicles of honor, *expunged* the history of all her glories, *expunged* herself. From that time the land of Washington, and Henry, and Mason, of Jefferson, Madison, and Randolph, sunk to the rank of a province, administered and managed by the Riveses and Ritchies, the Barhours and Stevensons, the Watkinses and Wilsons, whose chance to be remembered in history depends, like that of Erostratus, on the glories of that temple of liberty which they first desecrated and then destroyed.

"Where once the Cæsars dwelt,

"There dwelt, tuneless, the birds of night."

From some cause, not understood at the time, an unexpected reaction had taken place between the spring elections and the recurrence of that *form* of presidential election in the fall, the observance of which was still deemed necessary to display, and, by displaying, to perpetuate the usurper's power. This reaction appeared to show itself chiefly in those counties heretofore most distinguished for their loyalty. It would have seemed as if the spirit of John Randolph had risen from the sleep of death, and walked abroad through the scenes where his youthful shoulders had received the mantle of his eloquence from the hand of Henry. For the first time, in twelve years, the vote of Virginia was recorded against the re-election of Martin Van Buren to the presidential throne.

But not the less subservient were the proceedings of the Legislature elected for his use, the spring before. Yet enough had been done to justify the hope that the ancient spirit of old Virginia would yet show itself in the descendants of the men who had defied Cromwell, in the plenitude of his power, and had cast off the yoke of George the Third, without waiting for the co-operation of the other colonies. At the same time, the power and the will of a fixed majority in the North, to give a master to the South, had been made manifest. It was clearly seen, too, that he had determined to use the power thus obtained, and to administer the government solely with a view to the interest of that sectional faction, by which he had been supported. "*Fæ victis!*" "*Woe to the vanquished!*" was the word. It had gone forth; and northern cupidity and northern fanaticism were seen to march, hand in hand, to the plunder and desolation of the South.

Under these circumstances, the southern States had been, at length, forced to see that the day for decisive action had arrived. They therefore determined no longer to abide the obligations of a constitution, the forms of which alone remained, and having, by a movement nearly simultaneous, seceded from the Union, they had immediately formed a Southern Confederacy. The suddenness of these measures was less remarkable than the prudence with which they had been conducted. The two together left little doubt that there had been a preconcert among the leading men of the several States, arranging provisionally what should be done, whenever circumstances should throw power into the hands of those whom, at the bidding of the usurper, the people had once driven from their councils. It is now known that there was such concert. Nor was it confined to the seceding States alone. In Virginia, also, there were men who entered into

the same views. But while the President believed that no decisive step would be taken by the more southern States without her co-operation, he had devoted all his power, direct and indirect, to control and influence her elections. Of tumultuary insurrection he had no fear. The organized operation of the State Government was what he dreaded. By this alone could the measure of secession be effected; and this was effectually prevented by operating on the elections of members of the Legislature. From the November vote on the presidential election, less evil had been apprehended, and less pains had been taken to control it. In consequence of this, something more of the real sentiments of the people had been allowed to appear on that occasion; and, from this manifestation, the more southern States were encouraged to hope for the ultimate accession of Virginia to their confederacy. They had therefore determined to wait for her no longer, but to proceed to the execution of their plan, leaving her to follow.

The disposition of the usurper, at first, was to treat them as revolted provinces; and to take measures for putting down, by force, their resistance to his authority. But circumstances, to be mentioned hereafter, made it impolitic to resort to this measure. But these did not operate to prevent him from using the most efficacious means to prevent Virginia from following their example. Though restrained from attacking them, nothing prevented him from affecting to fear an attack from them. This gave a pretext for raising troops; and the position of Virginia, as the frontier State, afforded an excuse for stationing them within her borders. Under these pretences, small corps were established in many of the disaffected counties. Should the presence of these be ineffectual to secure the return of delegates devoted to the crown, an ultimate security was taken against the action of the Legislature. Richmond, the seat of government, became the head-quarters of the army of observation, as it was called, and, surrounded by this, the mock deliberations of the General Assembly were to be held.

The money thus thrown into the country seduced the corrupt, while terror subdued the timid. On Mr. Trevor, who was neither, these things had a contrary effect. He now, when it was too late, saw and lamented the error of his former overcaution. He now began to suspect that they had been right who had urged him, eighteen years before, to lend his aid in the work of arousing the people to a sense of their danger, and preparing them to meet it as one man.

The worthy gentleman spoken of in the foregoing extract is the father of the hero of the work, a young man brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, and awakened to a sense of his duty to Virginia, by being made a witness of scenes hardly less startling than the light from heaven that shone around St. Paul. The character of this youth is only to be collected from the whole work. But he has an elder brother, a personage of some consequence in the story, who is yet in the camp of the Philistines. He is thus introduced:

It happened unfortunately, that, about the time of Mr. Van Buren's accession to the presidency, his eldest son had just reached that time of life when it is necessary to choose a profession. Without any particular purpose of devoting him to the army, he had been educated at West Point. The favor of President Jackson had offered this advantage, which, by the father of so large a family, was not to be declined. But the young man acquired a taste for military life, and as there was no man in Virginia whom the new President was more desirous to bind to his service than Mr. Hugh Trevor, his wishes had been ascertained, and the ready advancement of his son was the consequence. The promotion of Owen Trevor had accordingly been hastened by all means consistent with the rules of the service. Even these were sometimes violated in his favor. In one instance, he had been elevated over the head of a senior officer of acknowledged merit. The impatience of this gentleman, which tempted him to offer his resignation, had been soothed by a staff appointment, accompanied by an understanding that he should not, unnecessarily, be placed under the immediate command of young Trevor. The latter, at the date of which we speak, had risen to the command of a regiment, which was now encamped in the neighborhood of Washington, in daily expectation of being ordered on active duty.

Colonel Owen Trevor had received his first impressions, on political subjects, at a time when circumstances made his father anxious to establish in his mind a conviction that union was the one thing needful. To the maintenance of this he had taught him to devote himself, and, overlooking his allegiance to his native State, to consider himself as the sworn soldier of the federal government. It was certainly not the wish of Mr. Trevor to teach his son to regard Virginia merely as a municipal division of a great consolidated empire. But while he taught him to act on precepts which seemed drawn from such premises, it was natural that the young man should adopt them.

He did adopt them. He had learned to deride the idea of State sovereignty; and his long residence in the North had given him a disgust at all that is peculiar in the manners, habits, institutions, and character of Virginia. Among his boon companions he had been accustomed to express these sentiments; and, being repeated at court, they had made him a favorite there. He had been treated by the President with distinguished attention. He seemed honored, too, with the personal friendship of that favorite son, whom he had elevated to the chief command of the army. Him he had consecrated to the purple; proposing to cast on him the mantle of his authority, so as to unite, in the person of his chosen successor, the whole military and civil power of the empire.

It was impossible that a young man, like Col. Trevor, should fail to feel himself flattered by such notice. He had been thought, when a boy, to be warm hearted and generous, and his devotion to his patrons, which was unbounded, was placed to the account of gratitude by his friends. The President, on his part, was anxiously watching for an opportunity to reward this personal zeal, which is so strong a recommendation to the favor of the great. It was intimated to Col. Trevor that nothing was wanting to ensure him speedy promotion to the rank of brigadier, but some act of service which might be magnified, by a pensioned press, into a pretext for advancing him beyond his equals in rank. Apprised of this, he burned for active employment, and earnestly begged to be marched to the theatre of war.

This theatre was Virginia. But he had long since ceased to attribute any political personality to the State, and it was a matter of no consequence to him that the enemies, against whom he was to act, had been born or resided there. Personally they were strangers to him; and he only knew them as men denying the supremacy of the federal government, and hostile to the President and his intended successor.

We have already spoken of the slight sketch of Judge Baker. That of the modern "Oliver Diable" is given in two soliloquies of his master.

Having thus possessed himself of his master's will, this modern Sejanus withdrew to give necessary orders for effecting it.

"The only truly wise man that I know in the world," said the President, looking after him. "The only one who knows man as he is; who takes no account of human virtue, but as one form of human weakness. In his enemies, it gives him a power over them which he always knows how to use. In his instruments, he desires none of it. Why cannot I profit more by his instruction and example? Fool that I am! I will try to practise a lesson."

The instrument of the royal pleasure again withdrew. Again the President looked after him, and said, musingly: "Were I not myself, I would be that man. I should even owe him a higher compliment could one be devised, for, but for him, I had never been what I am. What then? Is he the creator, and am I his creature? No. I am wrong. Could he have made himself what I am, he would have done so. He has but fulfilled my destiny, and I his. He has made me what I alone was capable of becoming, and I, in turn, have made him all that he ever can be. I owe him nothing, therefore; and should he ever be guilty of any thing like virtue, there is nothing to hinder me from lopping off any such superfluous excrescence, even if his head should go with it. But he is in no danger on that score. If he held his life by no other tenure, his immortality would be sure."

Resistance to military coercion at an election, is made the foundation of a charge of treason against our hero and his uncle, who had been the successful candidate on the side of the opposition. A warrant, backed by a military guard, under the command of a subaltern, is

sent to take them before Judge Baker's court at Washington. The attempt is defeated, by means shown in the following extract:

They, meantime, quietly awaited the return of their officer at the great gate, a quarter of a mile from the house. Rather as a point of military etiquette than from an idea that any precaution was necessary, they had stacked their arms in form before the gate, and stationed a sentry, who, with head erect and military step, walked his post in front of them. They had not long been there, before they heard a negro's voice, who, as he approached from the house, sang merrily a song, of which only the following lines could be distinguished:

"Peep froo de winder; see break o' day;
Run down to river; canoe gone away.
Put foot in water; water mighty cold;
Hear O'sur call me; hear Missis scold.
O dear! my dear! what shall I do?
My Massa whip me, cause I love you."

The song ceased, and cuflee advanced in silence, but with a heavy swinging step, that rung audibly on the hard ground. As soon as his dusky figure began to be distinguishable, which was not until he was quite near, he was arrested by the sharp challenge of the sentry.

"High!" exclaimed the negro, in a tone of amazement and alarm: "Law Gorrarnighty! what dis?"

"Advance!" said the sentry, mechanically, "and give the countersign."

"What dat, Massa? I never see sich a ting in my life."

"Advance!" repeated the sentry, bringing his piece down with a rattling sound against his right side.

The metal glimmered in the light from the windows. The negro caught the gleam, and, falling flat on his face, roared lustily for mercy.

The Sergeant now went to him, raised him up, calmed his fears, and, as soon as he could be made to understand any thing, asked if Lieutenant Whiting was at the house.

"I hear 'em say, sir, one mighty grand gentleman went there while ago. Oh! Tom say, he Mass Douglas' old crony, and Massa and Mass Douglas, and all, mighty glad to see him."

"The devil they are!" said the Sergeant. "Well, I hope they'll be mighty glad to see us, too. I do not care how soon, for this night air is something of the sharpest; and I have drawn better rations than we had at that d—d tavern. I say, darkee; the old man keeps good liquor, and plenty of belly timber, don't he?"

"Ah, Lord! Yes, Massa, I reckon he does. But it an't much I knows about it. Old Massa mighty hard man, sir. Poor negur don't see much o' he good ting."

"But, I suppose, he gives his friends a plenty?"

"Oh, to be sure, sir! Massa mighty proud. Great gentleman come see him, he an't got nothing too good for him. But poor white folks and poor negur!—pshaw!"

"A bad look out for us, Rogers," said the Sergeant to one of his men. "D—n the old hunk, I hope he don't mean to leave us to bivouack here all night. Well, we must wait our hour, as the Lieutenant told us, and then he'll come back to us, or we have to march to the house. D—n it! I shall be pretty sharp set by that time, and, if it comes to that, the old gentleman's kitchen and wine cellar may look out for a storm."

"You talk like you hungry, Massa," said the negro, in a tone of sympathy. "I mighty sorry I an't got nothing to give you."

"But could not you get something, cuflee? Is there no key to your master's cellar and smoke house besides the one he keeps? Don't you think, now, you could get us some of his old apple brandy? I hear he has it of all ages."

"Ah, Lord, Massa; dat you may be sure of. I hear old Tom say brandy dare older an he; and he most a hundred. 'Spose I bring you some o' dat, Massa, what you gwine give me?"

"Will a quarter do for a bottle of it?"

"Law, Massa! why he same like gold. Half a dolla, Massa!"

"Well, bring us a bottle of the right old stuff, mind!—and you shall have half a dollar. And see, darkee; cannot you bring us a little cold bread and meat?"

"I don't know, Massa, what de cook say. I try her."

"Well, go; and, while your hand is in, help yourself well. If the liquor is good, may be we'll take two or three bottles."

"Well, Massa, I try old Tom. He keep de key. Ah, Lord? Old Massa tink Tom mighty desperate honest; and he tink Tom

love him so—better an he own self. He better mind; one o' dese days Tom show him how dat is."

"I don't think you love him much yourself, Sambo!"

"Who?—I, Massa? My name Jack, sir. Lord, no sir! What I love him for? Hard work and little bread, and no meat? No, Massa, I love soldier; cause I hear 'em say soldier come after awhile, set poor negur free."

"That is true enough. I hope it will not be long before we set you all free from these d—d man-stealers. How would you like to go with us?"

"Lord, Massa, you joking. Go wid you? I reckon the old man find it right hard to get somebody to saddle his horse if all our folks was here."

"Well, cuflee, the old man's in hockley by this time; and when we march him off in the morning, you will have nobody to stop you. But bring us the brandy, and then we'll talk about it."

"Ees, Massa! tank ye, Massa! But, Massa, I got two boys big as me, and my brother, and my wife, and all; I don't want to leave them. And, Massa, my boys got some apples. You want some, sir?"

"To be sure I do. Bring them along; but mind and bring the brandy, at all events."

The negro disappeared, and the soldiers occupied themselves in discussing the means of making a profitable speculation on their disposition to leave their master. They were still on this topic when they heard Jack returning, with several more. One brought a chunk of fire; another a basket of apples; another one of eggs; a fourth came provided with some cold provisions; Jack himself brandished a couple of bottles of brandy; and one of his boys brought a pail of water and a tin cup. The liquor was tasted, approved, paid for, and eagerly swallowed. A torch of lightwood being kindled, a chaffering commenced, interrupted by occasional allusions to the interesting subjects of slavery, hard masters, and emancipation. The brandy, however, chiefly engaged the attention of the soldiers. The sentry, whose duty was but formal, was permitted to join, as the guns were but a few feet off, just without the gate, which stood open. The light of the torch glittered strongly on the arms, and seemed to make all things distinct, while in fact its unsteady flickering did little more than dazzle their eyes. The negro held it aloft, and, as if to brighten the flame, occasionally waved it to and fro. Suddenly it dropped from his hand into the pail of water, and in an instant the blackness of impenetrable darkness shrouded every eye.

At the same moment, a heavy trampling, as from a rush of many feet, was heard without the gate, and a shivering clash from the stack of arms, as if it had fallen down. The soldiers groped their way towards it, feeling where they supposed it to be. They felt in vain. They winked hard, as if to free their eyes from the blinding impression left by the flaring light, then opened them, and looked about. Judge their astonishment when, as they began to recover their sight, they found themselves surrounded by a dusky ring, from which issued a voice, not unlike that of their friend Jack, which informed them, in good English, that they were prisoners. The prick of a bayonet on one or two who endeavored to pass through the circle, convinced them that such was the fact; and, after a short parley, they permitted themselves to be marched off, and safely stowed away in a strong out-house.

The following conversation in the bar-room of a village tavern in North Carolina, throws some light on the causes of the change of public sentiment on the south side of James river:

"I cannot say I like it altogether, Squire," said the planter. "It may suit my neighbor Jones, here, well enough to have one of them high-headed Roanoke planters to come here with his family, and spend his money. I dare say he will make a pretty good spee out of them; but, for my part, I would rather they would stay at home, and live under their own laws. I ha'n't got no notion, after they saddled that d—d rascal Van Buren upon us so long, that now, the minute we have shook him off and made a good government, and good treaties, and all, they should be wanting to have a sop in our pan. If that's what they are after, in rebelling against their government, I don't want to give them no countenance. What we have done, we have done for ourselves, and we have a right to all the good of it. They have fixed their market to their liking, and let it stand so. If we can get thirty dollars for our tobacco, and they cannot get ten, I reckon

we ha'n't got nobody to thank for it but ourselves. I dare say, now they see how the thing works, they would be glad enough to share with us, but I see plain enough that all they would get by joining us, we would lose, and may be more too."

"You are right there, Mr. Hobson," said the merchant; "and that is not all. There's an advantage in buying as well as selling. Now as to this Mr. Trevor, or whatever his name is, coming over here, and buying things cheaper than he could get them at home—why that he is welcome to. Though you may be sure, neighbor, I don't let him have them as cheap as I sell to you. But as to letting in the Norfolk merchants to all the advantage of our treaty with England, that is another matter. For though, when we deepen the bar at Ocracoke, I have no doubt our town down there will be another sort of a place to what Norfolk ever was, yet if Virginia was to join us now, right away, the most of the trade would go to Norfolk again, and they would get their goods there as cheap as we get them here, and may be a little cheaper. So you see it is against my interest as well as yours; and I don't like the thoughts of putting in a crop, and letting another man gather it, any more than you do."

"It would be harder upon me than any of you," said the wagoner; "for if that was the case, that d—d rail-road would break up my business, stock and fluke. As it is, there never was such a time for wagoning before. Instead of just hauling the little tobacco that is made here to the end of the rail road, now I have the hauling of the Virginia tobacco, and all, down to Commerce."

It is hard to say whether surprise or disgust most prevailed in the mind of Douglas at hearing these remarks. The idea of the advantages lost to Virginia, by her connexion with the North, had never entered his mind; but still less had he conceived it possible that a sordid desire to monopolize these advantages, could stifle, in the minds of the North Carolinians, every feeling of sympathy with the oppressed and persecuted asserters of the rights of Virginia. The reply of Mr. Hobson to the remark of the wagoner gave him a yet deeper insight into that dark and foul corner of the human heart, where self predominates over all the better affections.

"I don't think that's right fair in you wagoners," said he. "You haul the Virginia tobacco down to Commerce, and when it gets there it is all the same as mine. Now, if it was not for that, I am not so mighty sure but I'd get forty dollars instead of thirty; and I don't like to lose ten dollars to give you a chance to get one."

"It is all one to me," said the wagoner. "You may just pay me the same for not hauling that they pay me for hauling, or only half as much, and I will not haul another hoghead."

"But if you won't, another will," said Hobson.

"Like enough," replied the wagoner; "for all trades must live; and if them poor devils get a chance to sell a hoghead or two, instead of leaving it all to rot, you ought not to grudge them that."

"Certainly not," said the merchant, "for I guess that whatever they get, they take care to lay it all out in goods on this side of the line. So the money stays with us after all, and friend Stubbs's hauling does good to more besides him."

"I see," said Hobson, "how it does good to you, but none to me."

"But that an't all, Mr. Hobson," said the landlord, who had entered while this conversation was going on. "Them hot-headed fellows over the line there, like this old Squire Trevor, will be getting themselves into hot water every now and then; and when they run away and come to us, if they did not bring no money, we'd have to feed them free gratis for nothing. Now Stubbs hauls Squire Trevor's tobacco to Commerce, and he gets a good price; and then he gets into trouble, and comes over here to stay with me, and so he is able to pay me a good price; and here it is," added he, showing a roll of notes.

"Still," said Hobson, "I don't see how that does me any good. If they were to come here begging, d—n the mouthful I'd give them."

"Then you would leave the whole burden on the poor tavern-keepers," said the landlord.

*The reader will look, in vain, on the map, for the name of this place. It was somewhere on the waters of the Sound, and, doubtless, would have become a place of some consequence, had not the union of Virginia to the Southern Confederacy laid the foundation for a degree of prosperity in Norfolk, which bids fair to make it the first city on the continent. The town of Commerce, of course, went down with the necessity which gave rise to it.

"No—I would not. I would not let them come; or, if they did, just give them up to their own government. If they had not a chance to be running over here, as soon as they got into trouble, they would keep quiet, and never get a chance to separate, and so ruin our business, whether they joined us or no."

"Old Rip is wide awake at last," said a voice from behind; "but it is to his interest only."

Douglas turned to the voice of the speaker, the tone of which expressed a scorn and derision most acceptable to his feelings. He was a tall and fine looking man, powerfully made, and inclined to be fat, but not at all unwieldy. The half laughing expression of his large, blue eye, and the protrusion of his under lip, spoke his careless contempt of those whose conversation had called forth his sarcasm. The attention of the whole company was drawn to him at the same moment; all looking as if they wished to say something, without knowing what. At length the wagoner spoke, on the well understood principle that, when men talk of what they understand imperfectly, he who knows least should be always first to show his ignorance.

"I cannot say I understand rightly what you mean, stranger," said he; "but I guess, by the cut of your jib, that you are one of them high dons from South Carolina, that always have money to throw away, and think a body ought never to care any more for himself than another. But this business don't concern you, no how, because these people don't interfere with your cotton crop."

"Yes, but they do, though," said Hobson; "for if they drive me from tobacco, I shall make cotton. But, if I can keep them out of the tobacco market, I shall be willing to give up the making of cotton to South Carolina."

"Why that is true," said the stranger, with a sudden change of his countenance, from which he discharged, in a moment, every appearance of intelligence, but that which seemed to reflect the superior wisdom of Mr. Hobson. "That is true," said he, looking as if making a stupid attempt to think; "I had not thought of that before."

As he said this, he sunk slowly and thoughtfully into a chair, his knees falling far asunder, his arms dropping across his thighs, his body bent forward, and his face turned up toward Mr. Hobson, with the look of one who desires and expects to receive important information. The whole action spoke so eloquently to Mr. Hobson's self-esteem, that he went on, with an air of the most gracious complacency.

"You see, stranger, just shutting only a part of the Virginia tobacco out of the market, makes a difference of ten dollars, at the very least, in the price of mine. Now, we used to make a heap of cotton in this country, but we are all going to give it up quite entirely, and then, you see, it stands to reason it will make a difference of five cents a pound, or may be ten, in your cotton."

This interesting proposition was received by the stranger with a sluggish start of dull surprise, from which he sunk again into the same appearance of stolid musing. "To think what a fool I have been," said he, after a long pause. Then, scratching his head, and twisting in his chair, he added: "You are right. You are right; and the only way to manage the matter, is to get your Legislature to pass a law, as you say, to make those fellows stay at home."

"To be sure it would," said the gratified Hobson; "but then there are so many conceited fellows in the Legislature, with a fool's notion in their heads about taking sides with them that cannot help themselves, that there is no getting anything done."

"Well," said the stranger, "this gentleman guessed right when he said I was from South Carolina. So I don't know any thing about your laws here. But I suppose you have no law to hurt a man for taking up one that runs away from the law in Virginia, and carrying him back. I expect old Van would pay well for them."

Hobson looked hard at the stranger, and only answered with that compound motion of the head, which, partaking at once of a shake and a nod, expresses both assent and caution.

The landlord and merchant both exclaimed against this suggestion, the one illustrating his argument by the freedom with which his guest had ordered wine from the bar; the other, by his former experience of his liberality as a purchaser of goods, while he kept a store in Mr. Trevor's neighborhood, which he had withdrawn since the revolution. Among the bystanders there was no expression of opinion, but that sort of silence which betokens an idea that what has been said is well worth considering.

The views presented in the following extract are familiar to many, but, being strikingly displayed here, they may help to attract attention to a subject on which too much thought cannot be bestowed:

"You must be sensible," said B—, "that the southern States, including Virginia, are properly and almost exclusively agricultural. The quality of their soil and climate, and the peculiar character of their laboring population, concur to make agriculture the most profitable employment among them. Apart from the influence of artificial causes, it is not certain that any labor can be judiciously taken from the soil to be applied to any other object whatever. When Lord Chatham said that America ought not to manufacture a hob-nail for herself, he spoke as a true and judicious friend of the colonies. The labor necessary to make the hob-nail, if applied to the cultivation of the earth, might produce that for which the British manufacturer would gladly give two hob-nails. By coming between the manufacturer and the farmer, and interrupting this interchange by perverse legislation, the government broke the tie which bound the colonies to the mother country.

"When that tie was severed and peace established, it was the interest of both parties that this interchange should be restored, and put upon such a footing as to enable each, reciprocally, to obtain for the products of his own labor as much as possible of the products of the labor of the other.

"Why was not this done? Because laws are not made for the benefit of the people, but for that of their rulers. The monopolizing spirit of the landed aristocracy in England led to the exclusion of our bread-stuffs, and the necessities of the British treasury tempted to the levying of enormous revenue from our other agricultural products. The interchange between the farmer and manufacturer was thus interrupted. In part it was absolutely prevented; the profit being swallowed up by the impost, the inducement was taken away.

"What did the American government under these circumstances? Did they say to Great Britain, 'relax your corn-laws; reduce your duties on tobacco; make no discrimination between our cotton and that from the East Indies; and we will refrain from laying a high duty on your manufactures. You will thus enrich your own people, and it is by no means sure that their increased prosperity may not give you, through the excise and other channels of revenue, more than an equivalent for the taxes we propose to you to withdraw.'

"Did we say this? No. And why? Because, in the northern States, there was a manufacturing interest to be advanced by the very course of legislation most fatal to the South. With a dense population, occupying a small extent of barren country, with mountain streams tumbling into deep tide-water, and bringing commerce to the aid of manufactures, they wanted nothing but a monopoly of the southern market to enable them to enrich themselves. The alternative was before us. To invite the great European manufacturer to reciprocate the benefits of free trade, whereby the South might enjoy all the advantages of its fertile soil and fine climate, or to transfer these advantages to the North, by meeting Great Britain on the ground of prohibition and exaction. The latter was preferred, because to the interest of that section, which, having the local majority, had the power.

"Under this system, Great Britain has never wanted a pretext for her corn-laws, and her high duties on all our products. Thus we sell all we make, subject to these deductions, which, in many instances, leave much less to us than what goes into the British treasury.

"Here, too, is the pretext to the government of the United States for their exactions in return. The misfortune is, that the southern planter had to bear both burthens. One half the price of his products is seized by the British government, and half the value of what he gets for the other half is seized by the government of the United States.

"This they called retaliation and indemnification. It was indemnifying an interest which had not been injured, by the farther injury of one which had been injured. It was impoverishing the South for the benefit of the North, to requite the South for having been already impoverished for the benefit of Great Britain. Still it was 'indemnifying ourselves.' Much virtue in that word, 'ourselves.' It is the language used by the giant to the dwarf in the fable; the language of the brazen pot to the earthen pot; the language of all dangerous or interested friendship.

"I remember seeing an illustration of this sort of indemnity in the case of a woman who was whipt by her husband. She went complaining to her father, who whipped her again, and sent her back. 'Tell your husband,' said he, 'that as often as he whips my daughter, I will whip his wife.'

"But what remedy has been proposed for these things?" asked Douglas.

"A remedy has been proposed and applied," replied B—. "The remedy of legislation for the benefit, not of the rulers, but of the ruled."

"But in what sense will you say that our legislation has been for the benefit of the rulers alone? Are we not all our own rulers?"

"Yes," replied B—, "if you again have recourse to the use of that comprehensive word '*we*,' which identifies things most dissimilar, and binds up, in the same bundle, things most discordant. If the South and North are one; if the Yankee and the Virginian are one; if light and darkness, heat and cold, life and death, can all be identified; then *we* are our own rulers. Just so, if the State will consent to be identified with the Church, then *we* pay tithes with one hand, and receive them with the other. While the Commons identify themselves with the Crown, '*we*' do but pay taxes to *ourselves*. And if Virginians can be fooled into identifying themselves with the Yankees—a fixed tax-paying minority, with a fixed tax-receiving majority—it will still be the same thing; and they will continue to hold a distinguished place among the innumerable *we*s that have been gulled into their own ruin ever since the world began. It is owing to this sort of deception, played off on the unthinking multitude, that, in the two freest countries in the world, the most important interests are taxed for the benefit of lesser interests. In England, a country of manufacturers, *they* have been starved that agriculture may thrive. In this, a country of farmers and planters, *they* have been taxed that manufacturers may thrive. Now I will requite Lord Chatham's well-intentioned declaration, by saying that England ought not to make a barrel of flour for herself. I say, too, that if her rulers and the rulers of the people of America were true to their trust, both sayings would be fulfilled. She would be the work-house, and here would be the granary of the world. What would become of the Yankees? As I don't call them *we*, I leave *them* to find the answer to that question."

The impression made on Douglas by these observations was so strong and so obvious, that his friend paused and left him to meditate upon them. Some minutes elapsed before he made any reply. When he did speak, he acknowledged the existence and magnitude of the grievance, and again inquired, with increased solicitude, what remedy had been found.

"You heard what passed in the bar-room, just now," said the stranger.

"I did," replied Douglas; "and I was as much surprised at the facts hinted at, as disgusted at the sentiments of the speakers."

"Then your surprise must have been extreme," said the other; "for I hardly know which amused me most: their unblushing display of selfish meanness, or the glow of indignation in your countenance, which showed how little you know of this world of philanthropy and benevolence that we live in. But had you no suspicion of the cause of those enviable advantages which these sons of Mammon are so anxious to monopolize?"

"Not at all, and hence my surprise; for I had supposed heretofore, that, between the two States, all the advantage lay on the side of Virginia."

"You judged rightly," replied the other. "In the way of commerce, nature has done nothing for the one, and every thing for the other. But the conversation you have heard is a proof that the sand which chokes the waters of the Sound is a trivial obstacle, in comparison with the legislative barriers which have shut out prosperity from the noble Chesapeake. Look at your rivers and bay, and you will see that Virginia ought to be the most prosperous country in the world. Look at the ruins which strew the face of your lower country, the remains of churches and the fragments of tombstones, and you will see that she once was so. Ask for the descendants of the men whose names are sculptured on these monuments, and their present condition will tell you that her prosperity has passed away. Then ask all history. Go to the finest countries in the world—to Asia Minor, to Greece, to Italy; ask what has laid them desolate, and you will receive but one answer, 'misgovernment.'"

"But may not the fault be in the people themselves?" asked Douglas.

"The fault of submitting to be misgoverned, certainly. But no more than that. Let the *country* enjoy its natural advantages, and they who are too ignorant or too slothful to use them, will soon give place to others of a different character. What has there been to prevent the Yankee from selling his barren hills at high prices and coming South, where he might buy the fertile shores of the Chesapeake for a song? No local attachment, certainly; for his home is every where. What is there now to prevent the planter of this neighborhood from exchanging his thirsty fields for the rich and long coveted low grounds of James river or Roanoke, in Virginia? Are these people wiser, better, more energetic and industrious than they were twelve months ago, that their lands have multiplied in value five fold? Is it your uncle's fault, that, were he now at home the tame slave of power, he could hardly give away his fine estate? The difference is, that this country now enjoys its natural advantages, while Virginia remains under the crushing weight of a system devised for the benefit of her oppressors."

"I see the effect," said Douglas. "But tell me, I beseech you, the cause of this change in your condition here."

"The cause is free trade."

"And how has that been obtained?"

"I will answer that," said B—; "because my friend's modesty might restrain him from giving the true answer. It has been obtained by intelligence, manly frankness, and fair dealing. It has been obtained by offering to other nations terms most favorable to their peculiar and distinctive interests, in consideration of receiving the like advantage. Instead of nursing artificial interests to rival the iron and cotton fabrics, and the shipping of England, the wine of France, the silk and oil of Italy, and enviously snatching at whatever benefit nature may have vouchsafed to other parts of the world, this people only ask to exchange for these things their own peculiar productions. A trade perfectly free, totally discharged from all duties, would certainly be best for all. But revenue must be had, and the impost is the best source of revenue. No State can be expected to give that up. But it has been found practicable so to regulate that matter as to reduce the charges which have heretofore incumbered exchanges to a mere trifle."

"How has that been effected?" asked Douglas.

"If that question were to be answered in detail," said B—, "I should leave the answer to him by whom the details have been arranged. I will give you the outline in a few words. These States were first driven to think of separation by a tariff of protection. Their federal constitution guards against it by express prohibition, and by requiring that the impost, like the tax laws of Virginia, should be annual."

"They have felt the danger to liberty from excessive revenue. Their constitution requires that the estimates of the expense of the current year shall be made the measure of revenue to be raised for that year. The imports of the preceding year are taken as a basis of calculation, and credit being given for any surplus in the treasury, a tariff is laid which, on that basis, would produce the sum required."

"Then there can never be any surplus for an emergency," said Douglas.

"Always," replied B—; "in the right place, and the only safe place,—the pockets of a prosperous people. There is no place in the treasury to keep money. The till of the treasury has a hole in the bottom, and the money always finds its way into the pockets of sharpers, parasites, man-worshippers, and pseudo patriots. But let that pass. You see that a small revenue alone will probably be wanting, and being raised annually, the tariff can be annually adjusted."

"Now, what says justice, as to the revenue to be raised by two nations on the trade between the two, seeing that it is equally levied on the citizens of both?"

"On that hypothesis each should receive an equal share of it," said Douglas.

"Precisely so," answered B—; "and let these terms be held out to all nations, and if one will not accept them another will. On this principle a system of commercial arrangements has been set on foot, which, by restoring to these States the benefit of their natural advantages, is at once producing an effect which explains their former prosperity. It places in stronger relief the evils of the opposite system to Virginia, and really leaves her, while she retains her present connexion with the North, without any resource. Tobacco she cannot sell at all. *Invita natura*, she will have to raise cotton to supply the beggared manufactories of the

North, from which she will not receive in return the third part as much of the manufactured article as the Carolina planter will get for his. This is her fate. She sees it, and would throw off the yoke. But her northern masters see it too. She is all that remains to them of their southern dependencies, which, though not *their* colonies, they have so long governed as colonies. Take her away, and they are in the condition of the wolf when there are no sheep left. Wolf eat wolf, and Yankee cheat Yankee. This they will guard against by all means lawful and unlawful, for Virginia alone mitigates the ruin that their insatiate rapacity has brought upon them. They will hold on to her with the gripe of death; and she must and will struggle to free herself, as from death."

"And now, how say you? Are you prepared to do your part in furtherance of this object?"

"I am," replied Douglas promptly; "and I now eagerly ask you to show me the means by which I can advance it."

"You asked for men," said B—, "and you shall have them. They are already provided, and want but a leader."

"But what authority can I have to be recognized as such?"

"You have heard your uncle, aunt, or cousins, speak of Jacob Schwartz?"

"I believe I have; but what can such a fellow have to do with such affairs as we now speak of. Is he not an ignorant clown?"

"He is all that," said B—. "But he writes as good a hand as Marshal Saxe, and has probably read as many books as Cincinnatus. But to speak seriously, he is no common clown."

The author has connected together the incidents of his story with much dramatic skill, and has rendered them exceedingly interesting, as a mere narrative of events, notwithstanding their political character. It required no small power to manage such a plan as his with success. When the writer of fiction lays his scene in *past* times, there is no great difficulty in persuading the reader that the events narrated have actually occurred. Indeed every reader of a novel goes to it with a *wish* to be deceived; for it is necessary to the interest of the subject that he should throw an illusion over his own mind and feelings. It is not easy to do this, however, when the scene is laid in time yet to come. In this case the reader's mind is apt to struggle in vain against the consciousness that, as it is impossible for any thing to have happened in time which has not yet arrived, all that he reads must necessarily be purely imaginary. It requires, therefore, more than moderate powers, and a great confidence in those powers, to attempt a work of fiction upon such a plan. Our author has done no more than justice to himself in this respect. It is impossible to read his book, without imagining that the scenes he describes are actually passing before us. The incidents are all so probable, and follow each other so regularly and naturally, that we are forced to forget that we are not in the very career of the revolution which he imagines. Apart from the political lesson which it conveys, the interest of the work, considered only as an agreeable story, will amply repay the reader.

Upon the whole, we recommend this book as worthy, in a high degree, of public attention. The author is not a light thinker on any subject, and it is evident he has thought, with deep and anxious interest, on the subject of this book. It ought to be read in the north, as well as in the south. To the north it presents a lesson of solemn warning, and to the south it inculcates the necessity of vigilance and caution. As a mere political speculation, it is but too probably correct. We trust that a benign Providence will so order events, as that it may not also prove a **POLITICAL PROPHECY**.

BULWER'S NEW PLAY.

The Duchess de la Valliere: A Play, in Five Acts. By the author of "Eugene Aram," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," &c. New York: Saunders & Olley.

"It seems among the caprices of literature, that one whose life has excited an interest so unfading and universal, and whose destinies invest—even more than the splendors of his reign, the solemn graces of his court, or the stately *muses* [muse] of Racine—with no unreal poetry the memory of Louis XIV—that one whose very fate was a poem, whose very struggles were a drama, should have furnished so little inspiration to a poet, and escaped altogether the resuscitation of the stage."

The above is not our own. It is the first sentence of a sort of *critique raisonnee*, under the name of a preface, prefixed by Mr. Bulwer himself to his play. We have given the thought in his own words, by way of furnishing the style-fanciers, who copy Mr. Bulwer's fashions, with a specimen of the latest cut, in the art of involution, convolution, and obscurity. Having said this, we beg leave to add, for ourselves, that we do not altogether dissent from the opinion here expressed. It would not have been strange, if the taste, which introduced Jane Shore upon the stage, as a heroine, had selected, for the like use, a person whose crimes did not so deeply dishonor her sex, and whose redeeming virtues are certainly far less apocryphal than those of the abandoned adulterous paramour of Edward IV. The age which tolerated the one, might perhaps have smiled favorably on the other, and the tragedy of Madame de la Valliere, might, in that day, have taken its turn upon the stage, with the obscene comedies of Congreve and Farquhar.

These have had their day; and a change in the manners and tastes of society has driven them from the stage. The same change has probably deterred dramatic writers from other adventures in that line. It is worthy of remark that, while the stage is said to hold the mirror up to nature, and to exhibit her to the audience, it has the farther property of exhibiting the audience themselves to the rest of the world. Plays which do not please, can never attract full houses; and no judgment that criticism can pronounce in their favor, will prevent them from being laid aside for such as *do* please. The success of these is the test of the only merit about which the managers of theatres feel any concern. They thus retain their place upon the stage; they find their way to the press; they become one of the amusements of the drawing-room; and go down to posterity, an unerring criterion of the taste and manners of the age which favored them.

We know enough of the private life and character of men who figured in the world in the days of Queen Ann and the first George, to be pretty sure that the manners and the drama of that day were, alike, different from the manners and the drama of this; and the connexion between the two is not only proved by the reason and nature of the thing, but established by history.

While we concur, then, with Mr. Bulwer, in wondering that the corrupt taste of a corrupt society did not seize upon the character of Madame de la Valliere, as a *bonne bouche* for an appetite at once dainty and voracious, at once refined and gross—an object in the contemplation of which, lewdness and sentiment might take their turn of enjoyment; we may again be allow-

ed to wonder, what he has seen in the character of his contemporaries, which leads him to suppose that such an exhibition can be acceptable to them. Are we to infer that the vice of incontinence has preferred its claim to Mr. Bulwer's good offices, and insists on being exhibited to the public in the same favorable light with theft and murder? Is it necessary to the completion of his exhibition gallery, that the pictures of the generous highwayman, the philosophic assassin, and the virtuous demagogue, should be accompanied by that of the sentimental and devout courtesan? Does he mean to content himself with thus painting all the cardinal sins of both sexes, *couleur de rose*, or does he propose to go on and complete the series, by showing up the amiable and attractive accompaniments of minor offences; the grace and address of the blackleg, the surly honesty of the drunkard, and the uproarious and infectious mirth of the heroes of the Corinthian school? Perhaps not. Mr. Bulwer may probably think these less hardy offenders unworthy of his offices good or ill, and may leave their fame to the care of Mr. Pierce Egan.

We do not profess to have much acquaintance with the character and tastes of the playgoing public, either of Great Britain, or the larger cities of the United States. In such vast assemblages of people, there may be enough of that class who delight to gloat over exhibitions of splendid villainy and alluring sensuality, to fill the pockets of the actors, although there may be another and more numerous class banished from the theatre by such scenes. If so, they may act wisely in their generation, in thus catering for the tastes of their best customers. Of thus much, thank God! we are sure. We are *absolutely sure*, that, in our unrefined, unenlightened, unpretending, uncanting community of white and black, no such dramas as this of Mr. Bulwer's would draw together such audiences as would pay the candle-snuffer. We have—and again we say thank God!—we have no titled libertines, no demi-reps of quality, no flaunting *divorcees*—none either rich, or great, or noble, who seek their wives from the stage or the stews. What we may come to with proper training; how we may be infected by the example of sin in high places, and the outrageous violation of all the decencies of life on our very borders, we are not prepared to predict. But, as yet, we can speak of the maidens and matrons of Virginia with a proud confidence, that the example of her degenerate sons has not yet inclined them to dishonor the memory of their chaste mothers, by frequenting and favoring exhibitions intended to gloss over that crime, which unfits a woman for all the duties of life.

Among the Romans the name of virtue was given, *excellentia gratia*, to that one quality, without which no man in that iron commonwealth was capable of performing the duties of a citizen. In like manner, among ourselves, and in reference to the softer sex, the word is applied to that, without which no woman is worthy to become a wife and a mother. There is nothing arbitrary in this nomenclature. Its universal acception is nature's testimony to important truths. What dependence on the principles of any man, however extensive and correct his code of morals, whose firmness is sure to fail him at the approach of danger? Then look at the condition of woman in a virtuous, enlightened, and refined society. Estimate the advantages of her position. Her every

comfort cared for; her slightest wishes attended to; the father, the brother, the friend, the lover, the husband, all on the alert to anticipate her desires, and prevent her caprices; her glances watched; her slightest words drunk in with eager ears; her person screened as a thing too tender for the breath of heaven, too sacred for the profane glare of gaudy day; and the mines of the South, and the luxuries of the East—the splendors of Barbaric pomp and cultivated elegance, and the labors of science, and literature, and wit, and genius, and wisdom, all ransacked and tasked for her pleasure, ornament, and cultivation; all these blessings held on no other condition than that she shall not dishonor her sex by staining the purity of her name. Observe, at the same time, that she is hedged around by the forms of society, and so guarded from the near approach of temptation, that to be exposed to it, she must seek, or at least invite or encourage it. Let us think of these things, and we shall be slow to decide that the judgment which utterly degrades her, who offends under such circumstances, is unjust, or unnecessarily harsh. Under what conditions can it be hoped that her inducements to persevere in any virtuous resolution, will prevail over the temptations to *any* crime? It is a solecism to predicate *virtue* at all, of one who has failed under such circumstances.

We are aware that the principles of this judgment do not apply to those who yield to the temptations of a corrupt court, where virtue is exposed to all the arts of the seducer, and where rewards and honors (such honors!) await her who offends, not through weakness, but from policy. But female delicacy is no nice casuist, and accepts no such apologies. We are persuaded that most women of refinement will be displeased with the importance which we attach to the circumstances which we have spoken of, as the safeguards of female virtue. *They* have never felt the need of such safeguards, and to *them*, the actual character of woman, as she is among us, appears to be of the very essence of her nature, while violations of Diana's law seem hardly less monstrous than cannibalism.

If we are right then, in our estimate of that being which we designate in Virginia as *A LADY*, it is hardly to be expected that the exhibition of Mr. Bulwer's drama would be tolerated among such. Sure we are, that Madame la Valliere could find no favor in their eyes; while there is no other class capable of appreciating the virtues, in behalf of which our sympathies are invoked. In short, we are at a loss to understand from what quarter such sympathies are to be expected, unless it be from those who, like Mrs. Parley, in listening to the history of the Lady Lurewell's fall, can say, "Ah! just the way I was served myself." In a country, whose prime minister, not long since, made a common prostitute his wife; whose dukes and marquises swap wives, and then interchange family visits; and where women of doubtful virtue, or no virtue at all, are leaders of fashionable *cliques* and literary *coteries*, and write novels to improve the morals of the community, suitable audiences may perhaps be collected. Here, the thing is impossible.

But we detain the reader too long from Mr. Bulwer. Yet we must beg his indulgence for another moment, while we express our admiration of the versatility and variety of this gentleman's talents. When Walter

Scott, after having won a fame as a poet, which well might satisfy the aspirations of any man, suddenly threw aside the lyre, and betook himself to novel writing, we suspected, what he has since avowed, that he gave way before the overpowering march of Byron's genius. But for this, the Waverley Novels might never have been written. But Mr. Bulwer has not been forced to yield to any such necessity. Though not among his warmest admirers, and by no means thinking, as he obviously does, that he has thrown Sir Walter into the shade, we still admit his superiority over the stiff, inflated, and unnatural James, or the dull, prosaic Ritchie. In short, we freely award him the first place (as D'Israeli withdraws from the contest) among living novelists; and we must therefore ascribe his adventure, in a new line of composition, to the promptings of a generous ambition, the instinct of conscious genius. We see him, like Alexander, set forth in quest of new worlds to conquer, and offer him our regrets, that he has but invaded a barren province, in which he is not likely to reap many laurels. We cannot promise him success, and proceed to tell the reader why.

In the first place, then, we infer from Mr. Bulwer's preface, (which, by the way, we invite the reader to read and compare with Mr. Bays' commentary on the acting of his own play) that he thinks himself particularly fortunate in the selection of his subject and materials, and that he is conscious of having worked them up with his best skill. *Materiam superat opus*. So he thinks. Now let us examine both.

Mademoiselle de la Valliere is represented by Mr. Bulwer as the only and orphan child of a valiant noble, who had betrothed her in childhood to his friend and comrade in arms, the gallant Bragelone. Why it is that this bearded warrior, who is a very knight of romance, chooses for his *Lady Love* an infant in the nurse's arms, and perils all his hopes of domestic bliss on the chance of making himself acceptable to her, when he had grown out of fashion with every body else, is not explained. So it is; he wears her in his heart, and cultivates the romantic enthusiasm of a devoted knight, until it becomes passionate love. The lady does not return his passion, but requites it with the highest esteem and admiration. Under these circumstances they part, he to the wars, and she to change the solitude of her mother's chateau for the splendors of the court.

She goes to court, (apparently by invitation) and we find her there in the capacity of a maid of honor. Of course, although the very soul of purity and honor, she presently falls in love with the king. He is indeed another woman's husband, but what of that? The poor child, it seems, had been addicted to dreaming, and from childhood had a trick of dreaming of a royal lover.

A proud form,
Upon whose brow nature had written "empire;"
While, on the lip,—love, smiling, wrapt in sunshine
The charmed world that was its worshipper—
A form like that which clothed the gods of old,
Lured from Olympus by some mortal maid,—
Youthful it seemed—but with AMBROSIAL youth;
(ambrosial! ??)

*And beautiful—but half as beauty were
A garb too earthly for a thing divine.*

This rhapsody, made up of common-place extra-

gance and extravagant absurdity, (for which last, note the words *in italics*) the very conception of which bespeaks a mind combustible as tinder, is uttered in the old baronial castle, to her mother, on the eve of her departure for court. What wonder then, that when she sees the incarnation of this *beau ideal* of her dreams, in the person of the king, her passion bursts into flame. Unconscious of the nature of her feelings, she does not attempt to conceal them, but prattles to the ladies of the court of her high reaching passion, in a strain, which the writer would have us take as a proof of purity unsuspecting its own weakness.

By a most clumsy contrivance, the king is made to overhear this language of passionate admiration; and, "on this hint, he speaks." Suddenly the lady freezes, and assumes a coy and shrinking reserve, which only renders her more attractive.

The affair now goes on with due despatch and due decorum, when Bragelone suddenly makes his appearance at court. First he meets with the Duc de Lauzun, of whom he asks the *on dits* of the day, in regard to this amour; and requites his intelligence by playing the braggart, in a style of ruffian magnanimity, which puts to shame all the artificial rules of those who quarrel by the book. They fight; the duke is disarmed, and spared; and the lover goes raging in quest of his mistress. Her he finds, loads her with billingsgate in blank verse, and scolds her into a consent to steal away from court under his protection.

He leaves her in a convent, from which, "nothing loath," she is taken by the king, returns to Fontainebleau, and, on due terms, becomes Madame la Duchesse de la Valliere.

In this elevation she is not happy. The idea of having dishonored her father's name, and broken the heart of her mother, is quite disagreeable; and she sins with so bad a grace, that her lover becomes excessively ennuyé. This alternation of crime and repentance is, no doubt, consoling to ladies, who can thus persuade themselves that guilt has not yet reached the heart; and a gallant lover should not deny them the comfort of filling up the pauses of passion with luxurious tears. The king, however, is at a loss to understand, how any woman can reproach herself for yielding to the fascinations of his person, his crown, and his glory, and is quite vexed that the lady cannot be brought to see the matter in the same light; but, overlooking the two latter, and loving him only for himself, considers her case as that of

"Some poor village Phæbe,
Whom her false Lubin has betrayed."
"I would not have it so," he adds. "My fame, my glory,
The purple and the orb are part of me;
And thou shouldst love them for my sake, and feel
I were not Louis, were I less the king."

There is no disputing with tastes, and least of all with royal tastes. But nature is nature in kings as in other men; and such a taste as is here attributed to Louis, has never before been predicated by truth or fiction for human nature, under any circumstances. But we must take Mr. Bulwer's account of the matter, for on this strange taste is founded the plot of his drama.

But the capital error of Madame de la Valliere is,

that she is, in other things, quite too conscientious for her situation; and, instead of making herself the medium through which the favor of the king may be obtained, she provokes the malice as well as the envy of his courtiers, by making herself the judge of the reasonableness of the suits she is requested to prefer. This was carrying the matter too far. If she chose to compound for her indulgence in one darling sin, by a rigid observance of all the forms of devotion—and to dress herself in sackcloth, when her lover wished to see her fluttering in brocade, that was her affair and his. But that the partner of the monarch's lawless love should make herself the keeper of his conscience, to the prejudice of all vices but her own, was not to be endured. The aim therefore of the whole court was to supplant her, and accordingly the Duc de Lauzun, a profligate minion, contrives to introduce and to palm upon the king, his own mistress, the Marchioness de Montespan.

It so happens, that, about this time, news arrives of the death of Bragelone, and the king, in speaking of it to his mistress, discovers the secret of her friendship for him, and their early betrothal. The thought, that she perhaps had *once* loved another, and that he was not the first who ever had a place in her heart, strikes with horror the refined and fastidious voluptuary, and disposes him to seek consolation in the arms of one, who was already the wife of one man, and the mistress of another. With the philosophy of this we have nothing to do, and here again allow Mr. Bulwer to arrange his catenation of cause and consequence to his own mind. It results accordingly, that, within twelve hours after the conversation about Bragelone, the king falls in love with Madame de Montespan, whom he had never thought of before, and that she is instantly and openly installed before the whole court in the place of Madame de la Valliere, who is dismissed.

Bragelone all this time is not dead, but has retired from the world, and taken the habit of a Franciscan monk. In this character he visits Madame de la Valliere in her retirement, and passing himself upon her as the brother of her lover, they talk quite pathetically of his sorrows and death, and those of the lady's mother, until she, too, determines to take the veil. Within the hour, here comes the king upon some unimaginable fool's-errand, and, entering the chateau unattended, blunders through the ante-chamber, until he stumbles on Bragelone. Then ensues quite a scene between the holy father and the royal sinner, in which the latter is, of course, overwhelmed, and struck dumb by the eloquent reproaches of the other.

About this time it occurs to Lauzun, that the rich provision on which Madame de la Valliere had retired, may mend his shattered fortune; and as he had handed over his mistress to the king, he probably thought a fair exchange the fairest of all possible things. He prefers his suit to the lady, and is, of course, rejected. The story gets to the ears of Madame de Montespan, whose resentment is aroused against Lauzun (whom alone she had ever loved), and she announces to him her determination to ruin him. He gets the start of her, and ruins her. *How*, is not told, but she is dismissed, and the king is left without a mistress.

Now, as the king is capable of living without a mistress about as long as a courtier can live out of favor, a

patriot in a minority, or a fish out of water, and as he is at the moment unprovided with this necessary of life, he bethinks himself of Madame de la Valliere—goes in quest of her, and finds her in the act of taking the veil. This time she perseveres, goes through with the ceremony, assures the king of her constancy, comforts him with the hope that her prayers in his behalf may now be heard, and *exeunt omnes*.

Such is the outline of our drama. In its execution, whether we consider the mere composition, the picture of manners, or the conception or developement of character, we see little adequate to Mr. Bulwer's pretensions, his previous reputation, or even our own former estimate of his merits. Madame de la Valliere is a character with which, we suspect, few young men of libertine habits have failed to form an acquaintance. An amiable, benevolent courtesan is nothing new under the sun. Nor is there any thing strange in her alternate penitence and indulgence, nor in the final triumph of the former. The very weakness which yields to temptation in youth, is most apt to crouch before the threatenings of God's displeasure, and to accept the invitations of his love. We have no fastidious doubts of the genuineness and sufficiency of such repentance. We profess and we cherish the tenderest sympathy for it; nor have we any wish to see an expurgated edition of the Bible, in which the history of Mary Magdalene shall be omitted. But the poetry of that character is all exhausted. The picture which represents her sitting at her Saviour's feet, washing them with her tears, and wiping them with the hairs of her head, admits of no coloring or varnish which will not impair its distinctness and its pathos. We can hardly conceive a higher reach of presumption than to attempt any improvement upon it. Traced, like the rainbow in the hues of heaven, any imitation in mere earthly colors must fail entirely.

The character of Bragelone, on which apparently Mr. Bulwer prides himself, is of the very common-place of romance; and we venture the belief, that there is no work of romance, from Amadis de Gaul to Miss Baillie's plays, in which there is not some such character. Of the other characters we will but remark, that the unmixed profligacy of Lauzun and his Marchioness, can excite no interest of any sort, and that we never found our old and witty friend Grammont so dull as he appears here. As to the Marquis de Montespan, he is made the fool of the piece, and is formally set up to be laughed at. But he is so insufferably dull that we cannot laugh at him, nor can we even laugh at the author. This part of his exhibition is so offensively absurd, that we cannot laugh for very anger. What must the reader think of a character introduced neither to say nor to do any thing, but merely to be dressed in red stockings, and to be made the subject of clumsy tricks and jests, at once lewd and stale, played off in full court, and in the majestic presence of a king, with whose dignity no man ever trifled?

The style of this work is ambitious in the last degree; and so intent is the writer on seizing every opportunity of throwing off a striking sentence, that he puts them in mouths entirely unfit for them.

"They tell me that to serve the king for nothing,
To deem one's country worthier than one's self,

To hold one's honor not a phrase to swear by,
They tell me now all this is out of fashion."

From whom does this string of apothegms proceed? From an old follower of the family of Bragelone, who in the next breath asks his master in sober earnestness the meaning of the word Satirist, and receives the following answer, which, to the asker of such a question, must be highly edifying:

"Satire on vice is wit's revenge on fools
That slander virtue."

To our own poor judgment, this definition is not more remarkable for being misplaced, than for its insufficiency and inaccuracy. If we understand it aright, slander is the only vice which can be properly the subject of satire. It may be truly said, that "Satire on vice is wit's revenge on vice," but why restrict it to one particular vice we see not.

But let that pass. There are some good thoughts, original and well expressed; and as we like to garnish our pages with such things, we shall faithfully copy some, if not all, of the best of them. Take the following. Old Madame La Valliere says to her daughter:

"Some natures take from innocence the love
Experience teaches; and their delicate leaves,
Like the soft plant, shut out all wrong, and shrink
From vice, by instinct, as the wise by knowledge."

Grammont says of the budding love of the young lady:

"She bears the smiling malice of her comrades
With an unconscious and an easy sweetness;
As if alike *her* virtue and *his* greatness
Made love impossible; so down the stream
Of purest thought her heart glides on to danger."

In the spirit here indicated, the lady herself says to her jeering companions:

"Who spoke of love?
The sun-flower, gazing on the Lord of Heaven,
Asks but its sun to shine. Who spoke of love?
And who would wish the bright and lofty Louis
To stoop from glory."

This is very sweet and pretty, though we are not sure that we have not met with that image of the sun-flower before. This is more original:

"The people, like the air,
Is rarely heard, save when it speaks in thunder."

Madame de Montespan, when new to the court, asks Lauzun:

"Does this round
Of gaudy pomps—this glare of glit'ring nothings;
Does it ne'er pall upon you? To my eyes
'Tis as the earth would be if turfed with scarlet,
Without one spot of green."

In the same scene he thus compliments her talents for rising at court:

"Your head most ably counterfeits the heart,
But never, like the heart, betrays itself."

Of Madame de la Valliere, she says:

"Her meek nature shrinks

Even from our homage, and she wears her state,
As if she pray'd the world to pardon greatness."

Again, Lauzun says of her :

"She has too much conscience for the king !
He likes not to look up, and feel how low,
Ev'n on the throne that overlooks the world,
His royal greatness dwarfs beside that heart
That never stooped to sin, *save when it loved it.*"

O! most lame and impotent conclusion to a noble passage ! What it ? *Sin ?*

The conversations between Louis and his mistress, afford some hints of which even virtuous love might profit. He says to her :

"Nay, smile, Louise !—love thinks himself aggrieved
If care cast shadows o'er the heart it seeks
To fill with cloudless sunshine!"

Bragelone, after conversing with the penitent Duchess, says :

"The angel hath not left her !—if the plumes
Have lost the whiteness of their younger glory,
The wings have still the instinct of the skies,
And yet shall bear her up!"

The scene between him and the king is good on the whole ; but there are some ugly blemishes, and nothing worthy to be transcribed here. The scene, too, between the king and the duchess at the foot of the altar is good, and with fewer faults, but with nothing original and striking, and the whole too long for insertion.

We believe the above extracts contain nearly every original and brilliant thought in the whole play. The rest is made up of common-place, and hacknied thoughts of other writers, and extravagancies which betoken at once a poverty of conception and a want of taste. Of the first sort we shall give no specimens. Of the use made of other men's thoughts, take the following examples. Bragelone says to his mistress :

"Yes, if thou hearest men speak of Bragelone,
If proudest chiefs confess he bore him bravely,
Come life, come death, his glory shall be thine,
And all the light it borrowed from thine eyes,
Shall gild thy name."

How much expanded and weakened is this thought when compared with the original.

"I'll make thee famous with my pen,
"And glorious with my sword."

The comparison of the blush of morning light with that of nascent love, is so hacknied, that, though beautiful, we thought it had lost its place in poetry ; but here we have it :

"The rose grows richer on her cheek, like hues,
That, in the silence of the virgin dawn,
Predict, in blushes, light that glads the earth."

"Blight with a gesture—wither with a sneer."
Bulwer.

"Damn with faint praise,—assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer."
Pope.

"Alas ! each slanderer bears a weapon
No honest arm can baffle."

On the principle "*suum cuique*," we do not venture to name any one of the hundred who might claim this thought. It is common property. Mr. B's right to use it is unquestionable, but he has no more right to claim credit for it as his own, than to pay a sterling debt in cowries.

"The hope that was the *garner* for affection."

That *garner* is Shakspeare's, though the use of it is somewhat changed.

"Unhallowed fire is raging in my veins—
Heaven on my lips, but earth within my heart."

Does Mr. Bulwer expect to find admirers, except among those who can repeat the beautiful passage in Pope's *Eloisa*, where this thought is displayed in all its power ? Let the reader remark, too, that it is *Made-moiselle de la Valliere* before her fall, who utters these delicate lines :

"She gives refusal
A voice, that puts e'en passion to the blush
To own one wish so soft a heart denies it."
Act 2. Scene 3.

"Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind,
E'en passion blushed to plead for more."—*Byron.*

But enough of these things. A single larceny denominates a man a thief—and plagiarism is the *crimen falsi* of poets. Yet we can hardly think, that, in giving the scenes between the lady and Bragelone, Mr. Bulwer thought of that in Cumberland's *Carmelite*, between St. Valori and his wife. He could not otherwise have rested in such manifest inferiority. For the same reason, we must suppose that he wrote the following without thinking of Miss Baillie, though she cannot fail to recognize her property. But she is rich, and can spare it. Bragelone is made to say to the duchess :

"On the day
That gives thee to the veil, we'll meet once more ;
Let mine be man's last blessing in this world.
O ! tell me then, thou'rt happier than thou hast been ;
And when we part, I'll seek some hermit cell
Beside the walls that compass thee, and prayer,
Morning and night, shall join our souls in heaven."

Who can read these lines, and remember the rich scene that Miss Baillie has drawn from this thought, without a smile at the vanity of Mr. Bulwer's high pretensions ?

It is to these pretensions that we must attribute this extended notice, so disproportioned to the size of the work. We have hardly allowed ourselves room for specimens to justify our other charges of extravagance and bad taste. But we cannot make good our case without presenting a few :

"The purple light
Bathing the cold earth from a Hebe's urn."

"The golden words in which
The honest heart still coins its massive ore."

"These shadows, minioned to the royal sun."

Here is an elaborate image. We have the shadow and the sun. Where is the substance? An unimaginative man might read this without missing any thing. Not so with him before whose mental vision the images of the poet's dream "flit palpably."

"And thou, grey convent, whose inspiring chime
Measures the hours with prayer, that morn and eve,
Life may ascend the ladder of the angels
And climb to heaven."

We give this as a specimen of common-place rhapsody, stolen, apparently, from the Methodist pulpit. It is such a thought as might be supposed to have a place in one of Mr. Irving's sermons in an unknown tongue, the proper vehicle for incomprehensible ideas.

"At court,
Vice, to win followers, takes the front of virtue,
And looks the dull plebeian things called *moral*
To scorn, until they blush to be unlike her."

What means this? Vice pays to virtue the tribute of hypocrisy, and takes its semblance, and at the same time treats it with scorn!!! Can this be so?—

"If love's sun, once set, bequeaths a twilight,
'Twould only hover o'er some form, whom chance
Had linked with Louis."

Bragelone, foreboding the fate of the Bourbon race, says to Louis:

"When the sage, who saddens o'er the end,
Tracks back the causes, tremble lest he find
The seeds—thy wars, thy pomp, and thy profusion
Sowed in a heartless court and breadless people,
Grew to the tree from which men shaped the scaffold."

"When, on the music on the leaves of life,
Chill silence falls."

Unriddle this who can.

We will but add some notice of Mr. Bulwer's wit. This shows itself chiefly in puns, and puns in a *French court* on English idioms.

Grammont. "The women say she's plain,"

(the modern English for homely).

Lauzun. "The women. Oh!
The case it is that's plain. She must be beautiful."

They stick a pair of long white feathers on the fool Montespan's head, and Lauzun tells him:

"Would you be safe, show always the white feather."

Then the feathers are likened to horns, and he is told

"You are not the first courtier who has plumed
Himself upon his horns."

Lauzun, when disgraced, is told

"You've played the knave, and thrown away the king."

And this (the last is borrowed from George Selwyn) is the wit of the Augustan court of Louis XIV.

LOAN TO THE MESSENGER.

NO. VI.

My Dear Messenger,—The following lines were addressed by one of the sweetest poets of our country, to a mutual friend on her wedding day. Having been favored with an opportunity to steal a copy, I transcribe them for you with much pleasure.

Yours, &c. J. F. O.

Beautiful bride! 'tis thine
Of opening years, of joyfulness to dream,
Like morning breaking with a golden gleam:
To weep, alas! is mine!

For I, in other years,
The mountain path, with footsteps free,
And gorge, and green glen trod, *with thee*
In joy,—*alone*, in tears!

Beautiful bride! 'twas thine
To pour a living lustre round those days,
When thine eye kindled with a glorious gaze,—
To dream of them is mine!

But go! and on thy brow
Meet, in a band that time nor change shall sever,
Those lights of love that beam anew *forever*,
Radiant and warm as now! G. M.
November 10, 1836.

LINES.

Oh Lady, I told you, that since I've been old,
No vision of fancy my brain has inspired,
That to beauty I'm blind, and my bosom is cold,
To whatever in youth I had loved or admired.
And so truly I thought; for alas! 'tis so long
Since the gay dream of life's early morning has fled,
And my soul's warm emotions were poured out in song,
That my heart, I supposed, "was as grey as my head."
But when you fixed on me those heavenly eyes,
Which the silken lash shaded while bent to the ground,
The icicles melting, I felt with surprise,
That hung round the heart, I had fancied ice-bound.

ENIGMA DE J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Enfant de l'art, enfant de la nature,
Sans prolonger les jours J'empeche de mourir.
Plus je suis vrai, plus je fais d'impoture,
Et je devins trop jeune a force de vieillir.
Le môt est "*Portrait*."

TRANSLATED.

Child of art and not less child of nature,
To each alike I owe my every feature;
Features that age ne'er wrinkles, since I'm told,
I grow too young by dint of growing old.
But what perhaps you scarcely will believe,
When I'm most faithful, I the most deceive;
And though 'tis far beyond my feeble power,
To add to mortal life one fleeting hour,
Your pensive tears confess that I can save
A friend beloved from dark oblivion's grave.
The word is "*Portrait*."

TO MISS L. H. W.

To thee, my Fair, I must not speak
Of Auld Lang-syne,
For, only youthful years, as yet,
And pleasures have been thine:
Of Auld Lang-syne, my Fair,
Of Auld Lang-syne;
It is not thine to think, as yet,
Of Auld Lang-syne.

But yet may'st thou remember me,
When childish days were thine;
That thou hast sat upon the knee,
Of Auld Lang-syne;
Of Auld Lang-syne, my Fair,
Of Auld Lang-syne;
And frown'd (when he would ask a kiss)
On Auld Lang-syne.

Long may thy days of bliss remain,
And happiness be thine;
When the green turf, and willow tree,
Are all that's left of mine:
Of Auld Lang-syne, my Fair,
Of Auld Lang-syne,
Thy Father's friend!—Then may'st thou think
Of Auld Lang-syne.

Williamsburg, April 17, 1822.

TO FANCY.

I hail thee, lightsome spirit of air,
Than whom no essence was e'er more fair!
I hail thee, companion of boyish hours!
Let us trip through the world and gather its flowers.
Bouyant and light, with the spirits of night,
We'll free the beam from its cloudy net,
O'er sea and o'er land, with the fairy band,
We'll chase the ray till the moon shall set.
We'll ride the breeze with the thistle-down;
Night's dewy bath shall be our own:
We'll wake the flowers with the voice of spring,
And we'll lead the dance of the fairy ring.
We'll offer the Mermaid vows of love,
And chase the nymph through the coral grove;
We'll sport with the spray while the billows rave,
And we'll gather the gems of the foamy wave.
With the nymphs of the sea we'll sport where they dwell,
Till they sing us to sleep in some ruby shell;
Or we'll sound the shell in the ocean's bed,
Till the voice of the storm is unheard o'er head.
We'll come on the sulky gnome, by stealth,
As he glowers and guards his useless wealth.
We'll sport where the wings of the zephyr repose,
Or we'll rest with the dew on the breast of a rose.
We'll go where the tints of the lily are made;
We'll go where the loveliest flower is arrayed:
Whilst unsullied its tints, its hues we'll assume,
And we'll borrow the breath of its new perfume.
We'll sport awhile with the Muse's wire,
Though the harp be strung with chords of fire;
Or unfurl our wings where their song is known,
And we'll fly away with some dulcet tone.

FERGUS.

LA FEUILLE DESECHÉE.

De ta tige détachée
Pauvre feuille deséchée
Ou va tu?—Je n'en sais rien:
L'Orage a brisé le chene,
Qui seul était mon soutien:
De son inconstante haleine,
Le Zephyre on L'Aquilon,
Depuis le jour me promène,
De la forêt a la plaine,
De la montagne au vallon;
Je vais on le vent me mene,
Sans me plaindre ou m'effrayer,
Ou va la feuille de la rose
Et la feuille de laurier!

TRANSLATED.

THE WITHERED LEAF.

"Poor withering leaflet! oh where are you going,
While the loud thunder rolls, and the night wind is
blowing?"

"Ah! that I can't tell, for the lightning's fierce stroke
Has shivered the trunk of my guardian oak;
And torn from its stem, I've been hurrying since dawn,
Over mountain and plain, over valley and lawn.
On—on with the tempest, wherever it blows,
Unresisting I go,—but where—nobody knows.
Yet I, fearless, go onward, without sigh or tear,
For why should I weep, or for what should I fear,
Since I only am going where every thing goes,
Whether leaf of the laurel, or leaf of the rose."

TO THE PATRONS OF THE

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

In issuing the present number of the Messenger (the first of a new volume), I deem it proper to inform my subscribers, and the public generally, that Mr. Poe, who has filled the editorial department for the last twelve months, with so much ability, retired from that station on the 3d inst.; and the entire management of the work again devolves on myself alone. Mr. P. however, will continue to furnish its columns, from time to time, with the effusions of his vigorous and popular pen,—and my old contributors, among whom I am proud to number some of the best writers in our state and country, will doubtless continue to favor me with their valuable contributions. I shall hope, therefore, with some confidence, that the Messenger will not lose any portion of the interest or reputation which it has acquired, and which I shall, of course, anxiously endeavor to preserve. At any rate, I can most honestly promise my patrons, that I shall continue to use my utmost exertions to make it every way worthy of their favor and support.

It is perhaps due to Mr. Poe to state, that he is not responsible for any of the articles which appear in the present number, except the Reviews of *Bryant's Poems*, *George Balcombe*, *Irving's Astoria*, *Reynolds's Address on the South Sea Expedition*, *Anthon's Cicero*,—the first number of *Arthur Gordon Pym*, a sea story,—and two *Poetical effusions*, to which his name is prefixed.

I have only to add, that in prosecuting my publication, whilst I shall hope and ask nothing for myself but the fair reward which is due, under the blessing of Divine Providence, to honest industry and good intention, I shall leave my contributors and subscribers to divide among themselves the honor of making and supporting a work, which shall be worthy of them and creditable to the literary character of our common country, and more particularly of our Southern States.

THOMAS W. WHITE.

Richmond, January 26, 1837.