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**THE
CONTINENTAL MONTHLY:**

DEVOTED TO

Literature and National Policy.

VOL. I. 1862

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THE
CONTINENTAL MONTHLY:
DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE AND NATIONAL POLICY.
VOL. I.—JANUARY, 1862.—No. I.

THE FEBRUARY NUMBER OF THE CONTINENTAL

Will be issued about the 15th of January, and will contain contributions from the following among other eminent writers: HON. HORACE GREELEY, HENRY T. TUCKERMAN, REV. F. W. SHELTON, RICHARD B. KIMBALL, BAYARD TAYLOR, J. WARREN NEWCOMB, JR., HENRY P. LELAND, THE AUTHOR OF "THE COTTON STATES," CHARLES G. LELAND, and CHARLES F. BROWNE.

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THE SITUATION.

In the month of November, 1860, culminated the plot against our National existence. The conspiracy originated in South Carolina, and had a growth, more or less checked by circumstances, of over thirty years.

For John C. Calhoun had conceived the idea of an independent position for that State some time previous to the passage of the 'nullification ordinance' in November, 1832. This man, although he bore no resemblance in personal qualities to the Roman conspirator, is chargeable with the same crime which Cicero urged against Cataline—that of 'corrupting the youth.' His mind was too logical to adopt the ordinary propositions about slavery, such as, 'a great but necessary evil;' 'we did not plant it, and now we have it, we can't get rid of it,' and the like; but, placing his back to the wall where it was impossible to outflank him, he defended it, by all the force of his subtle intellect, as a permanent institution. His followers refined on their master's lessons, and asserted that it was one of the pillars on which a republic must rest! Here was the origin of the most wicked and most audacious plot ever attempted against any government. This plot did not involve any contest for political power in the administration of public affairs. That, the Southern leaders already possessed, but with that they were not content. They were determined to destroy the Republic itself,—to literally blot it out of existence. And why? What could betray intelligent and educated men, persons esteemed wise in their generation, into an attempt which amazes the civilized world, and at which posterity will be appalled? We answer, it was the old leaven which has worked always industriously in the breast of man since the creation—AMBITION. Corrupted by the idea that a model republic must have slavery for its basis, knowing that the free States could not much longer tolerate the theory, certain leading individuals decided to dismember the country. They cast their eyes across Texas to the fertile plains of Mexico, and so southward. They indulged in the wildest dreams of conquest and of empire. The whole southern continent would in time be occupied and under their control. An aristocracy was to be built up, on which possibly a monarchy would be engrafted. In this way a new feudal system was to be developed, negro for serf, and a race of noble creatures spring forth, the admirable of the earth, whose men should be famed as the world's chivalry, and whose women should be the most beautiful and most accomplished of all the daughters of Eve. The peaceful drudge and artisan of the North, ox-like in their character, should serve them as they might require, and the craven man of commerce should buy and sell for their accommodation. For the rest, the negro would suffice. This was the extraordinary scheme of the South Carolina 'aristocrat,' and with which he undertook to infect certain unscrupulous leaders throughout the cotton and sugar States. It was no part of the plan of the conspirators to precipitate the border States into rebellion. O no! On the contrary, it was specially set forth in the programme entrusted to the exclusive few, that those States were to remain in the 'Old Union' as a fender between the 'South' and the free States; always ready in

Congress to stand up for a good fugitive slave-law, and various other little privileges, and prepared to threaten secession if Congress did not yield just what was demanded. In this way the free States would be perpetually entangled by embarrassing questions, and the new empire left to pursue unrestricted its dazzling plans of conquest and occupation.

A comfortable arrangement truly, and one very easy of accomplishment,—provided the free States would consent.

'Certainly they will consent. Trade, commerce, manufactures and mechanical pursuits, occupy them exclusively, and these promise better results under the new order of things than under the old. As to patriotism or public spirit, the North have neither. The people do not even resent a personal affront, much less will they go to war for an idea.'

So reasoned the South.

'It is not possible those fellows down yonder can be in earnest. They are only playing the game of "brag." In their hearts they are really devoted to the Union. They have not the least idea of separating from us.'

So reasoned the North.

Neither side thought the other in earnest. Both were mistaken.

Negro slaves were introduced into Virginia as early as 1620. In the year 1786 England employed in the slave-trade 130 ships, and that year alone seized and carried from their homes into slavery 42,000 blacks. Wilberforce experienced many defeats through the influence of the slave-trade interest, but at length carried his point, and the trade was finally abolished in England in 1807,—not a very remote period certainly. The same year witnessed the suppression of the slave-trade in our own country; but, unfortunately, not the abolition of *slave-holding*. All our readers understand how, when the Constitution of the United States was adopted, slavery was regarded entirely as a domestic matter, left to each of the States to manage and dispose of as each saw fit. But at that period there was no dissenting voice to the proposition, that, abstractly considered, slave-holding was wrong; yet the owner of a large number of negroes could honestly declare he was himself innocent of the first transgression, and ignorant of any practicable way to get rid of the evil,—for it was counted an *evil*. When the rice, cotton and sugar fields demanded larger developments, it was counted a *necessary* evil. Congress was called on for more guards and pledges, and gave them freely. It disclaimed any power to interfere with what had now become an institution; it had no power to do so. It went further, and by legislation sought fully to protect the slave-holding States in the perfect enjoyment of their rights under the Constitution.

Meanwhile many wise and good men, North and South, who regarded slavery as a blight and a curse upon the States where it existed, endeavored by all the means in their power to prepare the way for gradual emancipation. It seemed at one time that they would succeed in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky. In Virginia, an emancipation act failed of passing by a single vote.

About the time that Calhoun was spreading the heresy of his state-rights doctrine in South Carolina and taking his 'logical ground' on the slavery question, a class, then almost universally branded as fanatics, but whose proportions have since very largely swelled, arose at the North, which were a match for the South Carolina senator with his own weapons. Each laid hold of an extreme point and maintained it. We refer to the Abolitionists of thirty years ago, under Garrison, Tappan & Co. These people seized on a single idea, exclusive of any other, and went nearly mad over it. Apparently blind to the evils around them, which were close at hand, within their own doors, swelling perhaps in their own hearts, they were suddenly 'brought to see' the 'vile enormity' of slave-holding. Their argument was very simple. 'Slavery is an awful sin in the sight of God. Slave-holders are awful sinners. We of the North, having made a covenant with such sinners, are equally guilty of the sin of slavery with them. Slavery must be immediately abolished. *Fiat justitia ruat cœlum*. Better that the Republic fall than continue in the unholy league one day.' These men were ready to 'dissolve the Union,' to disintegrate the nation, to blast the hopes of perhaps millions of persons over the world, who were watching with anxious hearts the experiment of our government, trembling lest it should fail.

In South Carolina John C. Calhoun was ready to do the same. And thus extremes met.

Meanwhile the Southern conspirators pursued their labors. Gathering up the reports of the meetings of the Abolition Societies, and selecting the most inflammable extracts from the speeches of the most violent, they circulated them far and wide, as indications of the hostile spirit of the North, and as proofs of the impossibility of living under the same government with people who were determined to destroy their domestic institutions and stir up servile insurrections. The Abolitionists saw the alarm of the South, and pressed their advantage. Thus year after year passed, till the memorable November elections of 1860. The conspirators received the intelligence of the election of Lincoln with grim satisfaction. The Abolitionists witnessed the progress of secession in the various States with a joy they did not attempt to conceal. 'Now we can pursue our grand scheme of empire,' exclaimed the Southern traitors. 'Now shall we see the end of slavery,' cried the Abolitionists. Strange that neither gave a thought about the destruction of the glorious fabric which the wisest and best men, North and South, their own fathers, had erected. Strange, not one sigh was breathed in prospect of the death of a nation. Incredible that no misgiving checked the exultation of either party, lest, in destroying the temple of Liberty and scattering its fragments, it might never again be reconstructed. The conspirator, South, saw only

the consummation of his mad projects of ambition. The Abolitionist North, regarded only the *immediate* emancipation of a large number of slaves, most of whom, incapable, through long servitude, of self-control, would be thrown miserably on the world. Neither party thought or cared a jot about their common country. Neither regarded the stars and stripes with the least emotion. To one, it was secondary to the emblem of a sovereign State. To the other, there was no beauty in its folds, because it waved over a race in bondage.

The day after the battle of Bull Run found these two extremes still in sympathy. Both were still rejoicing. The rebel recognized the hand of Providence in the victory, so did the Abolitionist: one, because it would secure to the South its claims; the other, because it would rouse the North to a fiercer prosecution of the war, which had hitherto been waged with 'brotherly reluctance.' Here we leave these sympathizing extremes, and proceed to survey the situation.

The first point we note is, that in the South the war did not originate with the people, but with certain conspirators. In the North, the mighty armament to conquer rebellion is the work of the people alone, not of a cabinet. In the South, it was with difficulty the inhabitants were precipitated into 'secession.' Indeed, in certain States the leaders dared not risk a popular vote. In the North, the rulers, appalled by the extraordinary magnitude of the crisis, were timid and hesitating, until the inhabitants rose in a body to save their national existence.

It is no answer to this assertion, that large armies are arrayed against us, which engage with animosity in the war. The die cast, the several States committed to the side of treason, there was no alternative: fight they must. As the devil is said to betray his victims into situations where they are compelled to advance from bad to worse, so the conspirators adroitly hastened the people into overt acts from which they were told there was no retreat. We believe these facts to have had great influence with our Government; and in this way we can understand the generous but mistaken forbearance of the administration in the earlier stages of the contest,—we say mistaken, because it was entirely misunderstood by the other side, and placed to the account of cowardice, imbecility or weakness; and because there can be no middle course in carrying on a war. We have suffered enough by it already in money and men; we must suffer no more. Besides, we lose self-respect, and gain only the contempt of the enemy. When the bearer of General Sherman's polite proclamation, addressed 'to the *loyal* citizens of South Carolina,' communicated it to the two officers near Beaufort, they replied, with courteous *nonchalance*, 'Your mission is fruitless; there are no loyal citizens in the State.' The general's action in the premises reminds us of that of a worthy clergyman who gave notice that in the morning of the following Sunday he would preach to the young, in the afternoon to the old, in the evening to sinners. The two first services were respectably attended; to the last, not a soul came.

There are no 'sinners' in South Carolina, and General Sherman had better try his hand at something else besides paper persuasions. At all events, we suggest that future proclamations be addressed to those for whom such documents are usually framed, to wit, rebels in arms against constituted authority.^[1]

But to our case. We have a rebellion to crush,—a rebellion large in its proportions, threatening in its aspect, but lacking in elements of real strength, and liable to collapse at any moment. To put down this rebellion is the sole object and purpose of the war. We are not fighting to enrich a certain number of army contractors, nor to give employment to half a million of soldiers, or promotion to the officers who command them. Neither are we fighting to emancipate the slaves. It is true the army contractors do get rich, the half million of soldiers are employed, the officers who command them receive advancement, and the slaves *may* be liberated. But this is not what we fight *for*. On this head the people have made no mistake. In the outset they proclaimed that this war was to decide the question of government or no government, country or no country, national existence or no national existence. And we must go straight to this mark. We have nothing to do with any issue except how to save the nation. If this shall require the emancipation of every negro in the Southern States, then every negro must be emancipated. And this brings us to another proposition, to wit, that the day is past for discussing this slave question in a corner. This bug-bear of politicians, this ancient annoyance to the Northern Democrat and the Southern old-line Whig, this colored Banquo, will no longer 'down.' We can no longer affect ignorance of the spectre's presence. It is forced on us in the house and by the way. It follows the march of our armies. It is present at the occupation of our Southern ports and towns and villages. Martial law is impotent to deal with it. It frightens by its ugly shadow our Secretary of War; in vain our good President tries to avoid it; in vain we adopt new terms, talk about contrabands, and the like; the inevitable African will present himself, and we are compelled to recognize him.

Notwithstanding we fight for no other end than to save the Republic, we are absolutely driven into the consideration of the slave question, because it involves the very existence of any republic. This question is not whether bondage is to cease throughout the world; but whether it is compatible with a free government, such as we claim our own to be. In other words, is Slavery in the United States to-day on trial? We must *all* abandon our morbid sensitiveness and come squarely to the consideration of the vital point, to wit, can this great Republic be held together while the 'peculiar system' exists in a part of it? No matter who first posed this ugly query,—Calhoun or Garrison. We have now to answer it. We dare not, we can not, we will not give up our country to disunion and severance. To save it has already cost us an eye and a hand, and now this unhappy subject must be disposed of, disposed of honestly, conscientiously, with the temper of men who feel that the *principle* of our government is soon to fail or triumph. If to fail, the cause would seem to be lost forever. What then? Why only a monarchy on our Southern border, insolent provinces on our Northern; Spain strengthened in her position, and recovering her lost ground;

Mexico an empire; England audacious and overbearing as of yore, and France joining to fill our waters with mighty naval armaments. *We*, having witnessed the dismemberment of our country, and possessing no longer a nationality, but broken into fragments, to become the jest and laughingstock of the world, which would point to us and say, 'These people began to build, and were not able to finish!'

How do you fancy the picture? Do you think any morbid delicacy, any fear of giving offense to our 'loyal Southern brethren,' should prevent our examining this slave question? We raise, be it understood, no foregone conclusion, we do not even pronounce on the result of the examination; but examine it we must. Not the President, with his honest desire to preserve every guaranteed right to the South; not the Secretary of State, who unites the qualities of a timid man with those of a radical, and who is therefore by instinct temporizing and 'diplomatic;' not any other member of the cabinet, dare longer attempt to slide over or around it. We observe, we venture on no conclusion in advance. We are not prepared to say, if the South in a body should seek now to return to their allegiance, that they could not hedge in and save their 'institution.' But we should still desire to discuss the subject carefully.

So long as slavery was tolerated as a domestic custom long established and difficult to deal with, it stood in the list of permitted evils which all condemn, yet which it seems impossible to get rid of. But it is one thing to *tolerate* an evil, quite another to adopt it as a good. And we declare that never in the world's history was there an attempt so shameless and audacious as that to found a government on slavery as a cornerstone! Is it possible to conceive of more ungoverned depravity or a madness more complete?^[2]

There have been contests innumerable on the earth. We read of wars for conquest, to avenge national insults, about disputed territory, against revolted provinces, and between dynasties; civil wars, religious wars, wars for the succession, to preserve the balance of power, and so forth. But never before was a war inaugurated to *establish* slavery as a principle of the government. We can predict no other fate for the leaders in this diabolical plot than discomfiture and defeat. We have an unwavering faith that the Republic will come out of this contest stronger than ever before; that it will become a light to lighten the nations, the hope of the lovers of liberty everywhere. But we will not anticipate.

In periods like the present, circumstances appear to be charged with vital and intelligent properties, working out and solving problems which have disturbed and puzzled the wisest and most astute. At such times impertinent intermeddlers abound, who claim to interpret the oracles, and who would hasten the birth of events by acting as midwife. It is impossible to dispose of or silence such people. We should be careful that we are not misled by their egregious pretensions. The fact is, the whole history of our race should teach us a lesson of profound humility. We do not accomplish half so much for ourselves as is accomplished for us. True, we have something to do. The seed will not grow if it be not planted; but all our skill and cunning can not make it spring up and blossom, and bear fruit in perfection. Neither can man work out events after a plan of his own. He is made, in the grand drama of this world, to work out the designs of the Almighty. We must accept this or accept nothing. In this light how futile are the intemperate ravings of one class, the unreasonable complaints of another, the cunning plots of a third. We see no escape from a threatening danger, we perceive no path out of a labyrinthine maze of evil; when, lo! through some apparently trifling incident, by some slight and insignificant occurrence, the whole order of things is changed, the impending danger vanishes, and we thread the labyrinth with ease.

We believe God will provide us a way out of our present troubles. Only we must do our duty, which is to maintain our common country, our flag, the Republic ENTIRE.

Thus much at present. Where this war is to carry us, what shall be its effect on us as a people, what great changes are in progress, and what may result from them, we will discuss at the proper time, in a future number.

IS PROGRESS A TRUTH?

'Human nature has been the same in all ages.'

'Men are pretty much the same wherever you find them.'

If there be anything in this world from which it would be desirable to see men delivered, it is from a certain small, cheap wisdom which expresses itself in general verdicts on all humanity, and enables the fribbler or dolt who can not see beyond his nose to give an offhand summary of the infinite. There is 'an aping of the devil' in this flippant assumption of our immutability, which strangely combines the pitiful and painful. Oh! if the *ne plus ultra* which antique Ignorance complacently inscribes on the gates of its world should ever be worn away, let it be replaced by this owlsh *credo* in the unchangeableness of man.

The refutation of these sayings has been the history of humanity, and yet no argument on political or social topics fails to contain them in one form or another. Even now, in the tremendous debate maintained by common logic and 'fist law' between our North and South, we find them enunciated with a clearness and precision unequaled in any state paper, unless we

except that in which William the Conqueror coolly styled himself king 'by the right of the sword.' Science, which modestly announces itself as incomplete the nearer it approaches completion, has been assumed to be perfect by those most ignorant of it, in order that its mere observations as to climate and races may be found to prove that as man is, so he was in all ages, and so must be, 'forever and forever as we rove.' Races now vanished in the twilight of time have been boldly declared to be the prototypes of others, now themselves changing into new forms, and we, unconsciously, like the old Hebrew in Heine's Italy, repeat curses over the ancient graves of long-departed foes—ignorant that those curses were long since fulfilled by the unconquerable and terrible laws which ever hurry us onward and upward, from everlasting to everlasting, from the first Darkness to the infinite word of Light.

The assumption that mankind always has been and will be the same, involves the conclusion that the elements of slavery and scoundrelism, of suffering and of disorder, are immutable in essence and in proportion, and that human exertion wastes itself in vain when it aspires to anything save a rank in the upper ten millions. As for the mass,—'tis a great pity,—*mais, que voulez vous?* It is the fortune of life's war; and then who knows? Perhaps they are as happy in their sphere as anybody. Only see how they dance! And then they drink—gracious goodness, how they swig it off! the gay creatures! Oh, 'tis a very fine world, gentlemen, especially if you whitewash it well, and keep up a plenty of Potemkin card cottages along the road which winds through the wilderness. But above all—never forget that they—drink.

It was well enough for a stormy past, but it may not be so well for the future, that man is prone to hero-worship. Under circumstances, varying, however, immensely, be it observed, humanity has produced Menus, Confuciuses, Platos, Ciceros, Sidneys, Spinozas, scholars and gentlemen, and the ordinary student, seeing them all through a Claude Lorraine glass of modern tinting, thinks them on the whole wonderfully like himself. Horace chaffs with Cæsar and Mæcenas, Martial quizzes the world and the reader very much as modern club-men and poets would do. It is very convenient to forget how much they have been imitated; still more so to ignore that in both are stores of recondite mode and feeling as yet unpenetrated by any scholar of these days. You think, my brave *Artium Baccalaureus*, that you feel all that Hafiz felt,—surely he topped and bussed like a good fellow of all times,—and yet for seven centuries the most embracing of scholars have folioed and disputed over the real meaning of that Song of Solomon which is now first beginning to be understood from Hafiz. Man, I tell you that in the old morning of history there were races whose life-blood glowed hotter than ever yours did, with a burning faith, such as you never felt, that all which you now believe to be most execrably infamous was intensely holy. Your wisest scholars lose themselves in trying to unthread the mazes and mysteries of those incomprehensible depths of diabolical worship and intertwined beauty and honor, now known only from trebly diminished mythologic reflection. Perhaps some of those undecipherable hieroglyphs of the East are not so unintelligible to you now as they would be if translated. Do you, for that matter, fully understand why a Hindu yoghi torments himself for thirty years? I observe that the great majority of our good, kind missionaries have no glimmering of an idea why it is done. Brother Zeal, of the first part, says it is superstition. Father Squeal, of the second part, says it is the devil. Very good indeed—so far as it goes.

But look to later ages, and see whether man has been so strikingly similar to us of the present day. There are manias and mysteries of the Middle Ages whose history is smothered in darkness; lost to us out of sheer incapacity to be understood from any modern standpoint of sense or feeling whatever. What do you make out of that crusade of scores of thousands of unarmed, delirious Christians, who started eastward to redeem the holy sepulchre; all their faith and hope of safety being in a goose and a pig which they bore with them? And they all died, those earnest Goose-and-Pigites; died in untold misery and murder—unhappy 'superstition again.' That bolt is soon shot; but I have my misgivings whether it reaches the mark.

Or what do you make of untold and unutterable horrors, or crimes, as they were deemed, which to us seem bewildering nonsense? What of were-wolf manias, of districts made horrible by nightmare and vampyreism, urged to literal and incredible reality; of abominations which no modern wickedness dare hint at, but which raged like epidemics? Or what of the Sieur de Gilles, with his thousand or two of girl children elaborately tortured to death—and he a type and not a sporad?

'But,' we are told, 'men would do all this over again, if they dared. The vice is all here, safely housed away snug as ever, only waiting its time.' I grant it—just as I grant that the same atoms and elements which once formed mastodons and trilobites are here—and with about as much chance of reappearing as mastodons as humanity has of reproducing those antique horrors. The fragments of witch-madness and star-faith may be still raked in tolerably perfect lumps out of the mire or chaff of mankind; but I do not think, young lady, that you will ever be accused of riding on a broom, though you unquestionably had an ancestress, somewhere before or after Hengist, who enjoyed the reputation of understanding that unpopular mode of volatility. *Pommade Dupuytren* and *Eau de toilette* have taken the place of the witch-ointments; and if the spice-powder of the old alchemist Mutio di Frangipani has risen from the recipes of the Middle Ages into modern fashion, rest assured that it will never work wonder more, save in connection with bright eyes, rustling fans, and Valenciennes-edged pocket-handkerchiefs.

To the student to whom all battles of the past are not like the dishes of certain Southern hotels,—all served in the same gravy, possessing the same agrarian, muttony flavor,—and to whom Zoroaster and Spurgeon are not merely clergymen, differing only in dress and language, it must appear plain enough that as there are now on earth races physically differing from one another

almost as much as from other mammalia, just so in the course of ages have been developed in the same single descent even greater mental and moral differences. In fact, when we remember that the same lust, avarice, ambition and warfare have mingled with our blood at all times, it becomes wonderful when we reflect how marvelously the mind has been molded to such myriad varieties. It has in full consciousness of its power sacrificed all earthly happiness, toiled and died for rulers, for ideas of which it had no idea, for vague war-cries—it has existed only for sensuality, or beauty, or food—for religion or for ostentation, according to different climate or age or soil—it has groveled for ages in misery or roamed free and proud—and between the degraded slave and the proud free-man there is, as I think, a very terrible difference indeed. But, quitting the vast variety of mental developments, faiths, and *feelings*, let us cast a glance on the general change which history has witnessed in man's physical condition.

First let us premise with certain general laws, that intelligence, physical well-being and freedom have a decided affinity, and are most copiously unfolded in manufacturing countries. That as labor is developed and elaborated, it becomes allied to science and art, and, in a word, 'respectable.' That as these advance it becomes constantly more evident that he who strives to accomplish his labor in the most perfect manner is continually becoming a man of science and an artist, and rising to a well deserved intellectual equality with the 'higher classes.' That, in fine, the tendency of industry—which in this age is only a synonym for the action of capital—is towards Republicanism.

I have already remarked to the effect that so far as the welfare of man in the future is concerned, it is to be regretted that hero-worship should still influence men so largely. When Mr. Smith runs over his scanty historical knowledge, things do not seem so bad on the whole with anybody. Mark Antony and Coriolanus and Francis the First, the plumed barons of the feudal days, and their embroidered and belaced ladies, with the whole merrie companie of pages, fools, troubadours and heralds, seem on the whole to have had fine times of it. 'Bloweth seed and groweth mead'—assuredly the sun shone then as now, people wassailed or wailed—oh, 'twas pretty much the same in all ages. But when we come to the most unmistakable *facts*, all this sheen of gilded armor and egret-plumes, of gemmed goblet and altar-lace, lute, mandolin, and lay, is cloth of gold over the ghastly, shrunken limbs of a leper. Pass over the glory of knight and dame and see how it was then with the multitude—with the millions. Almost at the first glance, in fact, your knight and dame turn out unwashed, scantily lined, living amid scents and sounds which no modern private soldier would endure. The venison pasty of high festival becomes the daily pork and mustard of home life, with such an array of scrofula and cutaneous disorders as are horrible to think on. The household books of expenditure of the noblest families in England in the fourteenth century scarcely show as much linen used annually among a hundred people as would serve now for one mechanic. People of the highest rank slept naked to save night-clothes. If in Flanders or in Italy we find during their high prosperity some exceptions to this knightly and chivalric piggishness and penury, it is none the less true that they outbalanced it by sundry and peculiar vices. And yet, bad as life then was, it is impossible for us to guess at, or realize, all its foulness. We know it mostly from poets, and the poet and historian, like the artist, have in every age lived quite out of the actual, and with all the tact of repulsion avoided common facts.

But it is with the multitude that truth and common sense and humanity have to deal. And here, whether in Greece or in England, in Italy or in France, lies in the past an abyss of horror whose greatest wonder is, that we, who are only some three centuries distant, know so little of it. There is a favorite compensative theory that man is miraculously self-adaptive to all circumstances, and that deprived of modern comforts and luxuries he would only become more vigorous and independent—that in fact he was on the whole considerably happier under a feudal baron than he has been since. I will believe in this when I find that a man who has exchanged a stinging gout for a mere rheumatism finds himself entirely free from pain. No, the serfs of the Middle Ages were in no sense happy. Stifled moans of misery, a sense of their unutterable agonies, steal up from proverb and by-corners of history—we feel that they were more miserable than jail prisoners at the present day—for then, as now, man groaned at being an inferior, and he had much more than that to groan over in those days of strifes and dirt. And yet every one of those serfs was God's child, as well as the baron who enslaved him. To himself he was a world with an eternity, and of as much importance as all other men. Through what strange heresies and insurrections, based either on innate passion or religious conviction, do we not find Republicanism bursting out in every age, from remote Etruscan rebellions down to Peasants' wars, Anabaptist uprisings, and Jack Cade out-flamings. It was always there, that sense of political equality and right—it always goaded and tormented man, in the silent darkness of ignorance as in the broad light of learning.

So long as European society consisted in a great measure of war tempered by agriculture, there could be but little progress towards a better state of things. But the germ of industry sprouted and grew, though slowly. Merchants bought social privileges for money; even law was grudgingly sold them, and they continued to buy. Against the old idealism, against bugbears and mythology, fairy tales and astrology, dreams, spells, charms, muttered exorcisms, commandments to obey master, ship and serfdom, *de jure divino*, clouds, mists, and lies infinite; slowly rose that stupendous power of truth and of Nature which had hitherto in humanity only visited the world in broken gleams. We may assume different eras for this dividing point between immutability and progress, between slavery and freedom. In religion, Christianity appears as first offering future happiness for the people and for all. The revival of letters and the Reformation were glorious storms, battering down thousands of old barriers. But in a temporal and worldly point of view the name of Bacon, perhaps, since a name is still necessary, best distinguishes between the old and

the new. From him—or his age—dates that grappling with facts, that classifying of all knowledge so soon as obtained, that *Wissenschaft* or *Science* which never goes backward; in fine, that information which by its dissemination continually equalizes men and renders rank futile. With science, labor and the laboring man began at once to rise. Comfort and cleanliness and health for the many took the place of ancient deprivation and dirt—whether of body or of soul. Humanity began to improve—for, with all the legends of the bravery of the Middle Ages, it is apparent enough that their heroes or soldiers were not so strong or large as the men of the present day. And through all, amid struggles and strivings and subtle drawbacks and deceits, worked and won its way the great power of Republicanism or of Progress, destroying, one by one, illusions, and building up in their stead fair and enduring realities.

It is but a few decades since the greater portion of all intellectual or inventive effort was devoted to setting off rank, to exalting the exalted, and, by contrast, still further degrading the lowly. What were the glorious works of those mediæval artists in stone and canvas, in orfavery and silver, in marble and bronze, nielloed salvers, golden chasing, laces as from fairy-land, canopies, garments and gems? All beautiful patents of rank, marks to honor wealthy rank—nothing more, save that and the imperishable proof of genius, which is ever lovely, as a slave or free. But where goes the inventive talent now? Beaumarchais worked for a year to make a watch which only 'the king' could buy. Had he lived to-day he would have striven to invent some improvement which should be found in every man's watch. It 'pays better,' in a word, to invent for the poor many than for the rich few—and invention has found this out. Something which must be had in every cottage,—soap for the million, medicine for the masses, cheap churns, cheap clocks, always something of which one can sell many and much,—such are the objects which claim the labor of genius now. Fools grieve that Art is dead; 'lives at best only in imitation;' and that we have chanced on a godless, humdrum, steam and leather age—one of prose and dust, facts and factories. Sometimes come gasping efforts—sickly self-persuasions that all is not so bad as it seems. Mr. Slasher of the Sunday paper is quite certain that the Creek Indian Girl statue is far superior to anything antique, while Crasher, just back from Europe, shakes his head, and assures the younger hadjis—expectant that the old masters are old humbugs, and that it is generally understood to be so now in France—you can get better pictures at half price any day in the shops. It will not do. The art of small details, the art of pieces and bits, went out with the last architecture. It went over to the people, and from them a higher Art will yet bloom again in a beauty, a freshness, and grandeur never before dreamed of. It will live again in Nature. For it is towards Nature that progress tends—towards real beauty, and not towards the false 'ideal.'

Yet so clearly and beautifully as social progress is defined for us in history—so indisputably distinct as are the outlines in which it rises before us, there are no lack of men to believe that humanity was never so agonized as at present, never so wicked. 'Our cities are more badly governed than were ever cities before,'—'look at the Lobby'—everything is bad. Ah, it moves slowly, no doubt, this progress—and yet it does move. Across rumors and lies and discouraging truths it ever moves,—moves with the worlds through seas of light, but, unlike the worlds, goes not back again to the point of starting. And why should it not be slow, this progress, when an Egypt could lie four thousand years in one type of civilization, when an India could believe itself millions of ages old? Slowly the locomotive gets under way. Long are the first intervals of its piston, long the wheezing sounds of its first breaths. But puff, puff, they come, and ever a little faster. Do we not 'make history rapidly in these days,' since England and France have entered on their modern career? What place has the nineteenth century in the long list of ages?

Everywhere the action of capital, the ringing of the plane, now and then, as in those times, the sound of arms, but all tending to far other ends than the welfare of a reigning family, or to satisfy the revengeful whim of a royal mistress, or the bigotry of a monarch. Public opinion has its say now in all things. Even the rascality of which the conservative complains is individual rascality for private aims, tempered by public opinion, and no longer the sublimely organized rascality of all power and government. Do these things prove nothing? Do they not show that WORK—good, hard, steady, unflinching work—is enlarging man's destiny, and freeing itself step by step from the primeval curse?

It is only during the present century and within the memory of man that in France and Russia the welfare of the people has become the steady object of diplomacy, and this because any other object would now be ruinous. But it is chiefly in America that the most wonderful advance has been made, and it is here, and at the present moment, that the most tremendous struggle has arisen between the adherents of the old faith and the new. In the South, the old feudal baron under a new name, in the North the man of labor and of science, fight again the battle of might and right—the one strong in ignorance, the other stronger in knowledge. Who can doubt what the end thereof shall be? Amid storms and darkness, through death and hell-carnivals, the great truth has ever held its way onwards, slowly, for its heritage is eternal Time, but oh! how surely. And yet there be those who doubt the end and the issue! Doubt—oh, never doubt! For this faith all martyrs have died, in this battle all men have, knowingly or unknowingly, lived—they who fought against it fought for it—for of a verity there was never yet on earth one active deed done which tended not towards the great advance, and to bring on the great jubilee of Freedom.

Among the surviving octogenarians of New York and its vicinity, there are few of such interesting reminiscence as one who is passing an honored old age at his residence on Staten Island. Those who live in Port Richmond will have anticipated his name, and will perceive at once that we refer to the Hon. Ogden Edwards. Judge Edwards is of an ancient and noble stock, being grandson of the author of the treatise on the *Freedom of the Will*. The family emigrated from England with the first colony of the Puritans, having previously to this suffered persecution in one of its members. This man—a minister—had an only son, who became the founder of a line illustrious for genius and piety. The latter of these traits was illustrated in the lives of both Daniel Edwards, of Hartford, and his son Timothy, who was for sixty years pastor of the church at Windsor, but in the person of Jonathan Edwards we see the outcropping of genius. He was the son of Timothy, and followed his father's profession in an obscure New England village, whose meadows were washed by the waters of the Connecticut.

Jonathan Edwards, during a life of close study, developed one of the clearest and most powerful intellects which was ever united to so rare a degree of patience and humility. In that day of small things it could hardly have been dreamed that the Puritan preacher, who for a quarter of a century filled the Northampton pulpit, would ever rank among the giants of intellect. At the distance of one hundred years no name is more powerfully felt in the theology of America than his, while in metaphysics, and in the sphere of pure thought, his position, like that of Shakspeare in literature, is one of enviable greatness. This man is not to be confounded with his son of the same name, who, though of distinguished ability, was far from equaling his father; both, however, were academic presidents, the one of Nassau Hall, at Princeton, the other of Union College; to which it may be added that Dwight, grandson of the first, was for many years the honored president of Yale. Judge Edwards is the son of Pierrepont Edwards, who was bred at Stockbridge, among the Indians. Here his father labored as missionary, having been driven from his parish by an ill-disposed people, many of whom were, it may be, like the Athenian of old, who was tired of hearing Aristides called 'the Just.'

While laboring at Stockbridge, in the midst of poverty and privation, Jonathan Edwards wrote the treatise on the Freedom of the Will, the greatest of all existing polemics. A portion of the old parsonage remains in the village, and there are still shown marks and scratches on the wall, made by him, as it is said, in the night, to recall by daylight the abstruse meditations of his wakeful hours.

The children learned the Indian tongue, and when Pierrepont Edwards was established at New Haven, the old sachems used to visit the boy-companion of their early days, when the pipe of peace was smoked in his kitchen in ancient form.

Having studied law with Judge Reeve of Litchfield, who married Edwards's niece, the only sister of Aaron Burr, he became highly distinguished in his profession. It is said, indeed, that Alexander Hamilton pronounced him the most eloquent man to whom he had ever listened. Pierrepont Edwards bore the name of his mother's family, an old English stock, which reckons its descent from the days of the Conqueror. The Pierreponts dwelt near Newstead Abbey, the seat of Byron, and not far from Sherwood Forest, the home of Robin Hood and his merry men of old. The name of Sarah Pierrepont, wife of Jonathan Edwards, is still fresh in honored memory for wisdom and piety. She rests by her husband's side, among the tombs of the presidents of Nassau Hall, in Princeton cemetery, and is the only female name in that array of the mighty dead. It was once suggested that these remains should be conveyed to Northampton, but this was refused. Having banished this pair after the service of a quarter of a century, it was not meet to grant to that place the honor of their graves, and hence of the whole family but one rests at Northampton. This is Jerusha, a lovely girl of seventeen, of whom it is recorded by her father, in the simple terms of primitive piety, that she said on her death-bed that 'she had not seen one minute for several years wherein she desired to live one minute longer for the sake of any other good in life, but doing good and living to the glory of God.' A cenotaph has been placed by her grave to the memory of her father, but it can not wipe away the error of the past, and this expression of regret only recalls a biting line from Childe Harold:

'Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar.'

Pierrepont Edwards was the government attorney during the Revolution, and prosecuted the confiscation of tory estates. When Benedict Arnold became a traitor his property was at once seized, and his homestead at Norwich, and all its contents, were confiscated. The pecuniary value of this seizure was small, since Arnold's wasteful habits forbade any increase of wealth, but there was his dwelling, and the little store, with its uncouth sign, 'B. Arnold,' in which in his early day he had carried on a petty trade. In Arnold's house were found large quantities of papers, both of a private and public character. Among the former were certain letters to his first wife, which we have read, and from which we learned that her life was embittered by his habits of neglect and dissipation. In one of these he alludes to a winter trip to Canada, with a sleigh-load of whisky, on speculation. It is possible that this journey prompted that grand expedition in which the whisky merchant figured as a military leader. How strange the contrast between the lonely pedlar, dealing out strong drink in the streets of Quebec, and the victorious chieftain who, in company with Montgomery, attacked its citadel! Some of these domestic letters contain confessions made to an outraged wife, of a character too disgusting for recital. They show a reach of depravity, which, considering those primitive times, in the land of steady habits, was indeed strange. They prove that for years Arnold had been rotten at heart, and that his treason, like that of Floyd, arose from no sudden temptation, but was the end toward which his whole life had been tending. It seemed impossible that such a man could die without achieving infamy in some new and

wondrous way. After reading these revelations of domestic treachery, we need not be surprised at the cool perfidy exhibited at West Point. Who but a monster of treason could have penned the papers found in André's boot? Thus, 'No. 3, a slight wood work—*very dry*—no bomb proof—a single abattis—no cannon—*the work easily set on fire.*' 'No. 4, a wooden work about 10 feet high—no bomb proof—2 six-pounders—a slight abattis.' 'North redoubt—stone work 4 feet high—above the stone, wood filled in with earth—*very dry*—bomb proof—no ditch—3 batteries within the fort—a poor abattis—*the work easily fired with faggots dipped in pitch.*' We quote the above, from the André papers in the State Library, to show the culmination of a life morally base, and whose only redeeming feature, *courage*, was rather the nerve of a desperado.

The Arnold papers were for years in Judge Edwards's possession, and the more valuable of them have been presented by him to the New York Historical Society. As Arnold was fully aware of the character of his papers, it is possible that, connected with his bloody foray upon the shores of Connecticut, there was a desire to repossess such adverse testimony.

Pierrepont Edwards died in 1825, having lived to see his son filling the station of Circuit Judge upon the New York bench, where he remained until his sixtieth year.

Those who have ever visited Judge Edwards at his seat at Port Richmond, will not soon forget the pleasant flow of conversation which brings out the incidents of the past. Such a man's life is a series of valuable reminiscences, weaving together the men and manners of generations both past and present. Judge Edwards commenced the practice of the law in New York in 1800, at the early age of nineteen. His progress was marked by rapid promotion, and he was at once accorded a high rank in that galaxy which clustered around the bar. At that time Hamilton was in the fullness of his glory, and his opulent style was set off by the concise and pungent oratory of Burr, who was likewise in his prime. De Witt Clinton was developing that breadth of intellect which afterward made him the pride of New York, and was about to take his seat in the State Senate. It was an era remarkable for brilliance of wit and eloquence, as well as for fierce political strife. The duel was a common method of settling disputes among lawyers and politicians, and few men then entered the political arena who were not good shots. Looking back to this distant point, one is astonished at the simplicity of those beginnings which have ended in colossal greatness. The vast landed estates which now acknowledge lordly owners were then only in inception. The Lenox estate was a range of wild land, far away even from the suburbs of the city, and owned by a plain, plodding merchant, whose son is the munificent and benevolent James Lenox, of whom New York may be justly proud. A strong-minded German of unpolished aspect, and with something of a foreign accent, kept a fur store at the corner of Pearl and Pine Streets, and displayed upon his sign the name of John Jacob Astor. He was then buying up from time to time pieces of land in the vicinity of the city, and the advance of price has at length rendered his estate the most valuable in America.

Turning to literary matters, one might have found Washington Irving reading law in Wall Street, and little dreaming of the fame which awaited his advancing years. Such are among the changes which the retrospect of a long life affords. Among the events which marked Judge Edwards's advent to New York was the fearful duel between Burr and Hamilton. Burr and Edwards were cousins, but the former was more than twenty years the senior, and the blow which he received could not but be felt by the young attorney. However, their friendship remained unbroken through life, and Edwards watched over the unfortunate old man during his declining years. Burr in his better days owned an estate nearly equal to those just referred to, and one which, had he retained it, would have rendered him immensely rich; but, although not a wasteful man, yet his schemes were of a ruinous character, and his property in due time fell into the hands of Astor. In fact, no one could be on friendly terms with Burr without suffering pecuniarily, since his powers of persuasion were beyond refusal. No man had ever been known in America with such fascinating address, and such plausible schemes for carrying out some great enterprise, which, however great, must perish for the lack of endorsing a note, whose payment, of course, one would not expect him to trouble himself with. In his latter days, when all his schemes had exploded, and when his moral character was ruined, and men shunned him as though he were an object of dread, Burr found a friend in his cousin, Ogden Edwards. The one had ascended in popular favor as the other had sunk, and now sat as Circuit Judge of New York. Burr was shattered by paralysis, and being nearly helpless, was removed to a house at Port Richmond, where he received every attention. His pension as colonel in the Continental army gave him a limited support, and his friends clung to him to the last. Much interest was felt to ascertain his views in respect to religion, or at least as to whether any change had taken place since the approach of age. On this point, however, he would not converse, and it is supposed that the infidelity of his early years remained unchanged. He died perfectly conscious, and appeared desirous of communicating something to a son of Judge Edwards, who attended him, but was unable to speak.

Burr was buried at Princeton with military honors. His father and grandfather lie in the row of college presidents, and his grave was made just opposite theirs, leaving only room for a path between. That spot contained the remains of his parents and grandparents, who died in his childhood. Seventy-eight years had passed away since they had fallen asleep, and during that interval not a member of the family had been buried there. For some years Burr's grave was without a stone. At last, a plain but elegant slab of Italian marble was placed at its head. The inscription is simple, yet one can not but start when for the first time he reads that name of thrilling memories. It has been said that the monument was placed there by some mysterious lady, and this romantic statement has gone the rounds of the press. This, however, is incorrect; it

was the work of the Edwardses, a family which not only watched over the last years of the unfortunate man, but thus honored his grave.^[3]

Among the interesting trials which have occurred under Judge Edwards's jurisdiction, we may mention the famous conspiracy case, in which Jacob Barker, Mathew L. Davis and Henry Eckford were jointly indicted for conspiracy. The object of this conspiracy was to break several of the city banks, and the trial excited intense interest throughout the Union.

The parties were convicted, but carried the case up to the Court of Error, and at last escaped. Hugh Maxwell, who was prosecuting attorney at the time, received a service of plate from the merchants of New York as an acknowledgment of his faithfulness in so important a cause. Another case, which is still remembered for its dramatic interest and for its thrilling details, was that of the notorious Richard P. Robinson. We doubt if any murder case has ever occurred in our country which brought up so many new points to embarrass the bench, or in which that bench bore a higher responsibility.

Robinson was a youth of nineteen, but recently from Connecticut, and was a clerk in the reputable jobbing house of Joseph Hoxie. He was arrested early in the morning at his boarding house in Dey Street, and aroused from a sound sleep, under a charge of murder. The victim was an unfortunate woman, who was found slain in her bed, in a disreputable house in Thomas Street, and who had obtained an escape from youthful misery by the hand of an unknown assassin. But under what name should that assassin be found? It was undeniable that the prisoner had been one of her intimates, but was the crime limited to himself alone? Had he partners in the deed? Was he implicated at all? Was not he wholly innocent of the murder, and only guilty of an unfortunate acquaintance? These were the questions which surrounded the case. It is twenty-four years since the trial absorbed and excited the American public, and at this distance we can not but review the matter as one of singular interest, while the question of guilt is not yet wholly solved. In this point it resembles the affair known as the Mary Rogers mystery, which four years afterward thrilled New York with fresh horror.

This case attracted the genius of Edgar A. Poe, who was then elaborating those complex tales into whose labyrinths he leads the trembling reader, until, when he almost feels himself lost, the clue suddenly brings him to daylight and to upper air. Poe founded upon this terrible tragedy the tale of *Marié Roget*, in which he effects a plausible solution of the question of guilt. Why did he not also solve that question, equally perplexing, as to who murdered Ellen Jewett? The deed was committed with a hatchet, and as this was proved to have belonged to Hoxie's store, it was a strong proof of Robinson's guilt; but this was rebutted by the assertion that it had been used only to open a trunk, for the purpose of recovering a portrait and sundry gifts,—an act which by no means involved the further crime of murder. Whoever had committed the deed had attempted to hide it by arson, and had fired the bedding by a lighted candle, but a timely discovery had avoided this danger.

Robinson's defence was conducted by Ogden Hoffman, whose acknowledged eloquence rendered him the most desirable of advocates, and he proved himself worthy of the expectation reposed in him. Who that heard can forget his appeals in behalf of *the poor boy*, which moved the audience to tears, and shook even the equanimity of the jury? The main strength of the defence lay in charging the deed upon the keeper of the house, Rosina Townsend, who was in debt to the murdered girl for such a sum as would make her death desirable. The trial continued two weeks; the interest increased in intensity, and the public were canvassing testimony as fast as it was published, as though life and death to thousands hinged upon the verdict. At last, as a conclusion to all other testimony, Hoffman produced a witness who established an alibi. At twelve o'clock at night word was given that the jury had agreed. The court was opened at that late hour, the prisoner confronted with the jury, and an acquittal pronounced. The prisoner flushed, turned pale, and then sunk to his seat, while Hoffman caught him to his arms, and the aged father became convulsed with sobbing emotion.

Whatever may have been the mystery enshrouding this tragedy, we have long been satisfied as to Robinson's guilt, and we believe that it is now admitted that the alibi was but a bold stroke of well-paid perjury.

Robinson became a wanderer and died in Texas, and Rosina Townsend, having abandoned her infamous career, led a reformed life for some years, and died recently, at Catskill, in the communion of the church. Hoffman, too, is no more; and, as the old court-house and Bridewell, which stood in the Park, have been torn down, naught remains to recall the tragedy but the house where it occurred. Even this exhibits proof of the changes of time, and now, expurgated of its early shame, one may find 41 Thomas Street serving the honest purpose of a carpenter's shop.

Among the chief objects of curious interest which adorn Judge Edwards's residence, are the family portraits. Here we may look upon the lineaments of the great metaphysician, exhibiting the calm simplicity of greatness. A fitting companion to this is found in Sarah, his wife. As one gazes upon it he can not help admiring the serene beauty of her who softened the stern Puritanism of her age by all the graces of life, and whose beauty of person was set off by a still higher beauty of character. In contrast with these is the fine portrait of their unfortunate grandson, and his daughter, almost as unfortunate, from the pencil of Vanderleyn. The countenance of the first of these is full of life,—the brilliant eye eloquent with power, and the whole features instinct with that strange and fascinating beauty for which Burr was famed. That of Theodosia has a noble bust draped after the antique, and the superb hauteur which pervades

her features would have made Cleopatra proud. Yet, under all this there is an expression of girlish loveliness and tender affection, which proved a true heart. No wonder that both Burr and Allston worshiped at the shrine of parental and conjugal love, united as they were in such a one, or that, when she was lost at sea, the one felt the curse scathing him with hopeless desolation, while the other went heart-broken to an early grave.

SONNET.

This age may not behold it; we may lie
Sepultured and forgotten, and the mold
Of e'er-renewing earth may first enfold
New matter to its bosom, and the sky
New nations arch beneath its canopy,
Ere this misshapen thing, the world, be rolled
And sphered to perfect freedom, ere the old
Incrusted statutes that our God defy
Be crushed in its rotation, and those die
That lived defiance through them. Then man's gold
No more shall manhood buy, or men be sold
For pottage messes. We may not be nigh
To see the glory, but if true and bold
Our hands may haste what others shall behold.

THE GREEN-CORN DANCE.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MS. BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, AUTHOR OF
"HOME, SWEET HOME"

[The following letter was written by the late JOHN HOWARD PAYNE to a relative in New York, in 1835. The Green-Corn Dance which it describes was, it is believed, the last ever celebrated by the Creeks east of the Arkansas. Soon after, they were removed to the West, where they now are.]

MACON, GEORGIA, —, 1835.

MY DEAR —.

... I have been among the Indians for a few days lately. Shall I tell you about them? You make no answer, and silence gives consent;—so I will tell you about the Indians.

The State of Alabama, you may remember, has been famous as the abode of the Creek Indians, always regarded as the most warlike of the southern tribes. If you will look over the map of Alabama, you will find, on the west side of it, nearly parallel with the State of Mississippi, two rivers,—one the Coosa and the other the Talapoosa,—which, descending, unite in the Alabama. Nearly opposite to these, about one hundred miles across, you will find another river,—the Chatahoochie, which also descends to form, with certain tributaries, the Apalachicola. It is within the space bounded by these rivers, and especially at the upper part of it, that the Creeks now retain a sort of sovereignty. The United States have in vain attempted to force the Creeks to volunteer a surrender of their soil for compensation. A famous chief among them made a treaty a few years ago to that effect; but the nation arose against him, surrounded his house, ordered his family out, and bade him appear at the door after all but he had departed. He did so. He was shot dead, and the house burned. The treaty only took effect in part, if at all. Perpetual discontents have ensued. The United States have assumed a sort of jurisdiction over the territory, leaving the Creeks unmolested in their national habits and their property, with this exception in their favor, beyond all other tribes but the Cherokees,—they have the right, if they wish to sell, to sell to individuals, at their own prices, but are not bound to treat with the republic at a settled rate,—which last mode of doing business they rather properly looked upon as giving them the appearance of a vanquished race, and subject to the dictation of conquerors. So, what the diplomatists could not achieve was forthwith attempted by speculators;—and among those the everlasting Yankee began to appear, and the Indian independence straightway began to disappear. Certain forms were required by government to give Americans a claim to these Creek lands. The purchaser was to bring the Indian before a government agent;—in the agent's presence, the Indian was to declare what his possessions were, and for how much he would sell them;—the money was paid in presence of the agent, who gave a certificate, which, when countersigned by the President, authorized the purchaser to demand protection from the national arms, if molested. All this was well enough; but it was soon discovered that the speculators would hire miscreants and drunken Indians to personate the real possessors of lands, and, having paid them the money, would take it back as soon as the purchase was completed, give the Indian a jug of whiskey, or a small bag of silver, for the fraud, and so become lords of the soil. Great dissatisfaction arose, and lives were lost. An anonymous letter opened the eyes of government.

The white speculators were so desperate and dangerous that any other mode of information was unsafe. Investigators were appointed to examine into the validity of Creek sales, and the examiners met at the time I went to witness a great Indian religious festival, concerning which I will inform you presently; for it was by my curiosity to view this relic of their remotest times that the visit among the Indians, alluded to in the beginning of my letter, was prompted. It has been necessary for me to be thus prolix, to make you understand the nature of the society—and a sort of danger too—by which we were surrounded. On one side, white rogues—border cutthroats—contending, through corrupted red men, for the possessions of those among them, who, though honest, are unwary. On another side, the cheated Indian-robber of his brethren, wheedled by some fresh white cheat into a promise to sell (payable in over-charged goods) at a higher price to the last comer, on condition of the latter individual getting the earlier inadequate sale set aside by the agent of the United States, through evidence from its pretended victim that the payment for it had only been nominal, and was forthwith fraudulently withdrawn. Even the judges are accused of being, covertly, sometimes as bad as any of the rest, and it is said that instances are not unknown wherein some of them have, not long after withdrawing from the seat of justice, proved to be full of wealth in lands, which could only be accounted for by a supposed collusion with accusers who have supplied them with pretexts for cancelling prior sales by Indians in favor of better offers, when contrasted with the preceding ones, though offers really amounting to nothing at all in comparison with the true worth of the purchase. Amid these scenes of complicated villany, it is not unusual, after the session of a commission representing the United States for trying the validity of titles, to see a foiled thief rush at the successful overreaching one, with fist and bowie-knife; and it is then accounted a case of uncommon good luck if either live to look upon what both have stolen from the red-man, and one not only from the red-man, but the white.

I beheld a fine, gentle, innocent-looking girl,—a widow, I believe,—come up to the investigator to assert that she had never sold her land. She had been counterfeited by some knave. The Investigator's court was a low bar-room. He saw me eyeing him, and some one told him I was travelling to take notes. He did not know but government had employed me as a secret supervisor. He seemed to shrink, and postponed a decision. I have since heard that he is a rascal of the sort at which I have just hinted.

The ill-starred red people here are entirely at the mercy of interpreters, who, if not negro-slaves of their own, are half-breeds,—a worse set, generally, than the worst of either slaves or knaves. In the jargon of the border, they are called *linkisters*,—some say because they form, by interpreting, a *link* between the Indian nations and ours; but I should rather regard the word as a mere corruption of *linguist*.

The Indians become more easily deluded by the borderers than by others, because the borderers know that they never esteem any one to be substantial who does not keep a shop. So your rascal of the frontier sets up a shop, and is pronounced a *sneezer*. If his shop be large, he is a *sneezer-chubco*; if larger than any other, he is a *sneezer-chubco-mico*. But, in any of his grades, a *sneezer* is always considered as a personage by no means to be sneezed at. The *sneezer* will pay for land in goods, and thinks himself very honest if he charges his goods at five hundred times their worth, and can make it appear by his account against the Indian's claim that he has paid him thousands of dollars, when in fact he may scarcely have paid him hundreds of cents.

Well! So much for the beautiful state of our national legislation and morals, as civilizers and protectors of the red-men. It is time for me to relieve you from these details, so uncomplimentary to us of the superior order, and to tell you something about the famous religious festival which took me amongst the Indians, and thereby caused, the foregoing first preamble,—the ennui produced by which I proceed to cure, like a quack doctor, *by doubling the dose*. Accordingly, here comes a second preamble, by way of introductory explanation of what is to come at last.

The festival in question is called the Green-Corn Festival. All the nation assemble for its celebration at a place set apart for the purpose, as the Temple at Jerusalem was for the religious assemblages of all the Jewish tribes. It has been kept by the Creeks, and many other Indian nations,—indeed, perhaps, by the entire race,—from time immemorial. It is prepared for, as well as fulfilled with, great form and solemnity.

When the green corn is ripe, the Creeks seem to begin their year. Until after the religious rites of the festival with which their New Year is ushered in, it is considered as an infamy to taste the corn. On the approach of the season, there is a meeting of the chiefs of all the towns forming any particular clan. First, an order is given out for the manufacture of certain articles of pottery to be employed in the ceremonies. A second meeting gives out a second order. New matting is to be prepared for the seats of the assembly. There is a third meeting. A vast number of sticks are broken into parts, and then put up in packages, each containing as many sticks as there are days intervening previous to the one appointed for the gathering of the clans. Runners are sent with these. One is flung aside every day by each receiver. Punctually, on the last day, all, with their respective families, are at the well-known rendezvous.

That you may the more clearly understand the whole matter, I will so anticipate my story as to put you in possession of many essential particulars concerning the place set apart by the Creeks for gathering their people to the festival in question. This will provide you with the unexpected gratification of even a third preamble, as an explanatory avenue extra to the main subject.

The chosen spot is remote from any habitations, and consists of an ample square, with four large log houses, each one forming a side of the square, at every angle of which there is a broad

opening into the area. The houses are of logs and clay, and a sort of wicker-work, with sharp-topped, sloping roofs, like those of our log houses, but more thoroughly finished. The part of the houses fronting the square is entirely open. Their interior consists of a broad platform from end to end, raised a little more than knee-high, and so curved and inclined as to form a most comfortable place for either sitting or lying. It is covered with the specially-prepared cane matting, which descends in front of it to the ground. A space is left open along the entire back of each house, to afford a free circulation of air. It starts from about the height of my thigh, so that I could peep in from the outside through the whole of each structure, and obtain a clear view of all that was going on. Attached to every house towers a thick, notched mast. Behind, the angle of one of the four broad entrances to the square, rises a high, cone-roofed building, circular and dark, with an entrance down an inclined plane, through a low door. Its interior was so obscured that I could not make out what it contained; but some one said it was a council-house. I occupied one corner of an outer square, next to the one I have already described, two sides of which outer square were formed by thick corn-fields, a third by a raised embankment apparently for spectators, and a fourth by the back of one of the buildings before mentioned. In the center of this outer square was a very high circular mound. This, it seems, was formed from the earth accumulated yearly by removing the surface of the sacred square thither. At every Green-Corn Festival, the sacred square is strewn with soil yet untrodden; the soil of the year preceding being taken away, but preserved as above explained. No stranger's foot is allowed to press the new earth of the sacred square until its consecration is complete. A gentleman told me that he and a friend chanced once to stroll along through the edge, just after the new soil had been laid. A friendly chief saw him and remonstrated, and seemed greatly incensed. He explained that it was done in ignorance. The chief was pacified, but nevertheless caused every spot which had been polluted by their unhallowed steps to be upturned, and a fresh covering substituted.

The sacred square being ready, every fire in the towns under the jurisdiction of the head chief is, at the same moment, extinguished. Every house must also at that moment have been newly swept and washed. Enmities are forgotten. If a person under sentence for a crime can steal in unobserved and appear among the worshippers when their exercises begin, his crime is no more remembered. The first ceremonial is to light the new fire of the year. A square board is brought, with a small circular hollow in the center. It receives the dust of a forest tree, or of dry leaves. Five chiefs take turns to whirl the stick, until the friction produces a flame. From this sticks are lighted and conveyed to every house throughout the tribe. The original flame is taken to the center of the sacred square. Wood is heaped there, and a strong fire lighted. Over this fire the holy vessels of new-made pottery are placed. Drinking-gourds, with long handles, are set around on a bench. Appointed officers keep up an untiring surveillance over the whole, never moving from the spot; and here what they call the black drink is brewed, with many forms and with intense solemnity.

Now, then, having rendered you, by these numerous prefaces, much better informed about the Creek Jerusalem and its paraphernalia than I was when I got there, I will proceed with my travel story, just as if I had not enabled you to ponder all that I saw so much more understandingly than I myself did.

I cannot describe to you my feelings when I first found myself in the Indian country. We rode miles after miles in the native forest, seeing neither habitation nor an inhabitant to disturb the solitude and majesty of the wilderness. At length we met a native in his native land. He was galloping on horseback. His air was oriental;—he had a turban, a robe of fringed and gaudily-figured calico, scarlet leggings, and beaded belts and garters and pouch. We asked how far it was to the Square. He held up a finger, and we understood him to mean one mile. Next we met two Indian women on horseback, laden with water-melons. In answer to our question of the road, they half covered a finger, to express that it was half a mile further, and, smiling, added, '*sneezer*—*much*,' meaning that we should find lots of our brethren, the sneezers, there, to keep us company. We passed groups of Indian horses tied in the shade, with cords long enough to let them graze freely. We then saw the American flag—a gift from the government—floating over one of the hut-tops in the square. We next passed numbers of visitors' horses and carriages, and servants, and under the heels of one horse a drunken vagabond Indian, or half-Indian, asleep. And, finally, we found ourselves at the corner of the sacred square, where the aborigines were in the midst of their devotions.

As soon as I left the carriage, seeing an elevation just outside of one of the open corners of the sacred square, whence a clear view could be obtained of what was going on within, I took my station there. I was afterwards told that this mound was composed of ashes which had been produced during many preceding years by such fires as were now blazing in the center; and that ashes of the sort are never permitted to be scattered, but must thus be gathered up, and carefully and religiously preserved.

Before the solemnities begin,—and, some one said, though I am not sure it was on good authority, ere new earth is placed,—the women dance in the sacred square, and entirely by themselves. I missed seeing this. They then separate from the men, and remain apart from them until after the fasting and other religious forms are gone through, when they have ceremonies of their own, of which I shall speak in due course.

As I gazed from my stand upon the corner mound, the sacred square presented a most striking

scene. Upon each of the notched masts, of which I have already spoken as attached to each of the structures within, was a stack of tall canes, hung all over with feathers, black and white. There were rude paint-daubs about the posts and roof-beams of the open house-fronts, and here and there they were festooned with gourd vines. Chiefs were standing around, the sides and corners, alone, and opposite to each other, their eyes riveted on the earth, and motionless as statues. Every building was filled with crowds of silent Indians,—those on the back rows seated in the Turkish fashion, but those in front with their feet to the ground. All were turbaned, all fantastically painted, all in dresses varying in ornament but alike in wildness. One chief wore a tall black hat, with a broad, massive silver band around it, and a peacock's feather; another had a silver scull-cap, with a deep silver bullion fringe down to his eyebrows, and plates of silver from his breast to his knee, descending his tunic. Most of them had the eagle plume, which only those may wear who have slain a foe; numbers sported military plumes in various positions about their turbans; and one had a tremendous tuft of black feathers declining from the back of his head over his back; while another's head was all shaven smooth, excepting a tuft across the center from the back to the front, like the crest of a helmet.

I never saw an assembly more absorbed with what they regarded as the solemnities of the occasion.

The first sounds I heard were a strange low, deep wail,—a sound of many voices drawn out in perfect unison, and only dying away with the breath itself, which indeed was longer sustained than could be done by any singer I ever yet heard. This was followed by a second wail, in the same style, but shrill, like the sound of musical glasses, and giving a similar shiver to the nerves. And after a third wail in another key, the statue-like figures moved and formed two diagonal lines opposite to each other, their backs to opposite angles of the square. One by one, they then approached the huge bowls in which the black drink was boiling, and, in rotation, dipped a gourd, and took, with a most reverential expression, a long, deep draught each. The next part of the ceremony with them was somewhat curious; but the rapt expression of the worshippers took away the effect which such an evolution would be apt to produce on a fastidious stomach if connected with an uninterested head. In short, these dignitaries, without moving a muscle of the face, or a joint of the body, after a few seconds, and with great solemnity, ejected what had been swallowed upon the ground. It seemed as if given forth in the spirit of a libation among the ancients. The chiefs having afterwards tasted, each replacing the gourd, and returning to his stand before the next came forward, they all went to their seats, and two old men approached and handed round gourds full to the other parties present who had remained stationary. The looks on each side were as full of solemn awe as I have ever seen at any Christian ceremony; and certainly the awe was more universal than usually pervades our churches.

This done, a chief made a speech, but without rising. It was listened to with profound attention, and in one place, at a pause, called forth a very unanimous and emphatic shout of approbation,—a long sound, seemingly of two syllables, but uttered by all in the same breath. I asked a professed *linkister* what the speech was about; but he was either indifferent or ignorant, for he only replied that it was an appeal to them not to forsake their ancient ceremonies, but to remain faithful in their fulfilment to the last, and that it wound up with a sort of explanatory dissertation upon the forms which were to follow.

One chief then walked round, and, in short, abrupt sentences, seemed to give directions; whereupon some whitened, entire gourds, with long handles, and apparently filled with pebbles, were produced; and men took their stations with them on mats, while those who had been seated all arose, and formed in circles around the fire, led by a chief, and always beginning their movement towards the left. The gourds were shaken;—there arose a sort of low sustained chant as the procession went on; and it was musical enough, but every few seconds, at regular intervals, a sound was thrown in by all the dancers, in chorus, like the sharp, quick, shrill yelp of a dog. The dance seemed to bear reference to the fires in the center. Every time they came to a particular part of the square, first the head chief turned and uplifted his hands over the flame, as if invoking a benediction, and all the people followed his example in rotation. The dance was very unlike anything I ever saw before. The dancers never crossed their feet, but first gave two taps each with the heel and toe of one foot, then of the other, making a step forward as each foot was tapped on the earth; their bodies all the while stately and erect, and each, with a feather fan,—their universal and indispensable companion,—fanning himself, and keeping time with his fan as he went on. The dance was quickened, at a signal, till it became nearly a measured run, and the cries of the dancers were varied to suit the motion, when, suddenly, all together uttered a long, shrill whoop, and stopped short, some few remaining as guards about the sacred square, but most of the throng forthwith rushing down a steep, narrow ravine, canopied with foliage, to the river, into which they plunged; and the stream was black on every side with their heads as they swam about, playing all sorts of antics; the younger ones diving to fetch up pieces of silver money which the visitors flung into the water, to put their dexterity to the test.

Returning to the sacred square, they went through other dances around the fire, varying in figure and accompaniment. All were generally led by some aged chief, who uttered a low, broken sound, to which the others responded in chorus. Sometimes the leader, as he went around, would ejaculate a feeble, tremulous exclamation, like *alleluliah*, *alleluliah*, laying the stress upon the last syllable, to which all would respond in perfect accord, and with a deep, sonorous bass, '*alleluliah*,' and the same alternation continued to the close, which was invariably sudden, and after a long general whoop.

Each dance seemed to have a special form and significance;—one in particular, where the

dancers unstacked the tall canes with feathers suspended from them, each taking one from the mast sustaining it; and this one, I was told, meant to immortalize triumphs won at ball-plays. The feathered canes are seized as markers of points gained by the bearers in the ball-play, which is the main trial of strength and skill among rival clans of the same tribe, in friendship, and even between tribe and tribe, when in harmony. The effect of these canes and feathers, as they glanced around, with an exulting chorus, was very inspiriting, and the celebrants became almost wild with their delight as it drew near its climax, ending their closing whoop with a general laugh of triumphant recollection.

Other dances were represented as alluding to conquests over bears and panthers, and even the buffalo, which last memorial is remarkable enough, having among them survived all traces of the buffalo itself. But, excepting these vague hints, I could not find any bystander capable of giving me a further explanation of any point on which I inquired, than that it was 'an old custom;' or, if they wished to be more explicit, with a self-satisfied air, they would gravely remark that it was 'the green-corn dance,'—which I knew as well as they. Could I have been instructed even in their phrases and speeches, I might have made valuable conjectures. But even their language, on these occasions, seems, by their own admission, beyond the learning of the '*linkisters*.' It is a poetical, mystical idiom, varying essentially from that of trading and of familiar intercommunication, and utterly incomprehensible to the literal minds of mere trafficking explainers. Even were it otherwise, the persons hovering upon the frontier most ingenuously own, when pressed for interpretations of Indian customs, that they care nothing for the Indians excepting to get their lands, and that they really consider all study concerning them as egregious folly, save only that of finding out how much cotton their grounds will yield, and in what way the greatest speculations can be accomplished with the smallest capital.

The last of the ceremonies of the day consisted of a sort of trial of fortitude upon the young.

Old chiefs were seated at the back of the council-house, and of the four houses of the square. They had sharp instruments,—sail-needles, awls, and flints. Children of from four to twelve, and youths, and young men, presented their limbs, and the instrument was plunged into the thighs and the calves of the legs, and drawn down in long, straight lines. As the blood streamed, the wounded would scoop it up with bark or sticks, and dash it against the back of the building; and all the building thus became clotted with gore. The glory of the exercise seemed to be to submit without flinching, without even consciousness. The youngest children would sometimes show the most extraordinary self-control. All offered themselves to the experiment voluntarily. If a shudder were detected, the old chiefs gashed deeper. But where they saw entire firmness, an involuntary glow of admiration would flit over their stony faces.

We now left, and went to an infant town—and a savage infant it seemed—over the river to break our fast,—an indulgence which to our Indian friends is not permitted. They may neither eat nor sleep until the ceremonies close. The town we went to is named Talassee. It has but about a dozen houses as yet, but is delightfully situated, and I should not wonder to see a large place there in another twelvemonth. It belongs to the region of a clan different from the one we left, though part of the same tribe. Here the investigating agent held his court; and the place was crowded with drunken Indians, and more uncivilized speculators, parading about, as some had done among the spectators at the festival, with blacked eyes and lacerated faces,—the trophies of *civil* war for *savage* plunder. At the house where we dined, I found the landlady and her family implacable Indian haters. I was afterwards told the cause. Her husband is continually marrying Indian wives,—probably to entitle himself to their lands. He, being a *sneezer*, and keeping a tavern, is a great man among them. I saw a very comely young squaw promenading, who believed herself to be one of the *sneezer-chubco-mico's* last wives. The man's white and original wife and daughters made an excuse to walk by, to have a look at the aboriginal interloper. The latter had just received from my landlord a present of a pair of gaudy bracelets, for which he had paid eighteen dollars at another *sneezer's*,—bracelets worth about four. I was told how the man came by this red mate of his. He had taken a young chief's wife in her husband's absence. The chief, returning while my landlord was absent, got his young wife back. The landlord, on reappearing, is said to have threatened the chief with General Jackson and big guns. The chief said he was partial to his wife; but he had a sister much prettier, and, for the sake of peace, if nothing were said about the matter, Mr. Landlord should have her for a wife. The bargain was struck. The handsome little squaw I have spoken of is that same young chief's sister. This stealing of wives is beginning to excite some commotion. I heard that there had been a council of chiefs in the neighborhood of Talassee. It was a very animated one, and the wrong of wife-stealing was violently discussed. It was thought by some almost as bad as land-stealing. Others felt rather relieved by it. One of the drunken Indians whom I saw reeling and whooping about, as I stood at the door of the log hut where we dined, seemed of the latter party. I asked a *linkister* the meaning of a song the Indian was singing with such glee. The black *linkister* laughed, and was reluctant to explain; but when I pressed him, the following proved to be the meaning of the burthen:—

A man may have a wife,
And that wife an untrue one;
And yet the man won't die,
But go and get a new one.

No doubt the poor fellow had been robbed in the same way, and, between music and whiskey, was providing himself with consolation.

I was invited to 'camp out,' as they call it, near the sacred square. A Mr. Du Bois, a man with an Indian wife and family, had arrangements for the purpose in a neighboring field; so I went to the evening dance, and left my party to the enjoyment of a sheltering roof at the frontier Blue Beard's in Talassee; having made up my mind, after I had seen enough more of the Indian festival for the night, to accept the proffered 'field-bed' which was so conveniently nigh, and sleep, for the first time, in a real 'sky parlor.'

I sat to look at the evening dances till very late. The blazing fire through the darkness gave a new aspect and still more striking wildness to the fantastic scene. Some ceremonies yet unattempted seemed to be going on over the drinks in the deep cauldrons; and the figures around them, with those of the dancers, reminded me of the witch scenes in Macbeth, as conceived by Shakspeare, not by the actors of them upon the stage. Four grim figures were stirring the cauldrons incessantly, with a sort of humming incantation, the others dancing around. In one of their dances they used a sort of small kettle-drum, with a guitar-like handle to it. But after a while, the evening dances seemed to vary from the devotional to the complimentary and to the diverting; but the daylight ones were altogether devotional. Apotheola led one of the less lofty order, and he is one of the most popular and respected of their chiefs. Its music seemed to consist of an exclamation from him of Yo, ho, ho! yo, ho, ho!—to which the response appeared as if complimentary, and to contain only the animated and measured repetition of *ApotheOLA! ApotheOLA!* Another dance, which excited most boisterous mirth, was led by a chief who is called by the borderers Peter the Gambler. He is a great humorist, and famous for his love of play,—famous even among the Indians, who are all gamblers. Once throwing dice with a chief, he staked himself against a negro slave, and won the negro. I never saw a party more diverted than were the lookers-on at this dance. It was all monkey capers, but all with a meaning to the Indians beyond the perception of the whites. The Indian spectators made their remarks from their couches as the solemn mockeries proceeded, and the object of the remarks seemed to be to provoke the dancers to laugh by making fun, and the object of the dancers to provoke the fun-makers to laugh by performing extravagant caricatures with imperturbable gravity.

Our semi-civilized inviter got a bench for us. Some Indians, when it was not entirely filled, tried to pull it away. Several young ones, as a fellow was trying to tug it from under us, seemed vastly amused at Du Bois for saying, 'Keep your seats! keep your seats!' and mimicked him and laughed. But we were entirely unmolested in any other way, excepting for an instant by one white rascal on the road, as I was coming, who galloped up towards me violently, in the dark, and shouted, 'Who the hell may you be, if one were to let you alone?' Just then, however, I got up to my party, and he said no more.

I have not mentioned, I believe, that no one is allowed in the sacred square who tastes food during the devotional part of the ceremonies; but to get drunk on this occasion is a specially great offence. It is also considered as a desecration for an Indian to allow himself to be touched by even the dress of a white man, until the ceremony of purification is complete. There was a finely, though slightly, built Indian,—more French than Tartar in his look and manner,—a *linkister*, too,—the whites called him Charley,—and Charley had got very drunk. He was, of course, *compelled* to keep among the crowd outside. During the evening dance, a chief censured those who stayed from the ceremony, and those who dishonored it by appearing in this unworthy state. Charley was by that time very drunk indeed, but very good humored. He came nearly naked to listen. He heard the lecture; and, as he reeled around, pretending to cover his face for shame, it was amusing to see his tricks to evade tumbling against any of the bystanders, lifting his hands with an air of dandified disdain as he staggered to one side, and repeating the mock contemptuousness when rolling towards the same peril on the other. Next morning I heard numbers of the natives, sitting all along the outside of the sacred square, laughing very loud, and very good-naturedly quizzing poor Charley, who had slept off somewhat of his exhilaration, but none of his good humor. Charley laughed, too, and looked foolish, and laughed again.

So, to go back and resume my story.

We went to our 'field-bed.' It consisted of a shed of loose boards on tall stakes, and under it a raised platform of loose boards upon shorter stakes. There were several human forms already wrapped in blankets and asleep upon the platform. One of our party, attempting to get among them, was told by Milly,—Du Bois's Indian wife,—who just then awoke, 'No here,—no here! dat not de rule!' It seems this was the female side of the house. My buffalo robe was spread at the opposite end. I pulled off my boots, and set them in the grass under the bed, and slept delightfully. The only time I awoke, I saw the eyes of a towering black figure fixed upon me. The chap was seeking a spot for a snooze among us; but finding every inch of room occupied, gazed for a moment at a tree, flung down his blanket, and tumbled on the grass, the tall tree he had been eyeing, at his head, and a lesser one at his heels. The female side of my house was divided from the male side by Du Bois, who slept between the ladies and the gentlemen. Our party consisted of nine in all, Indian ladies included. In the morning, at day-break, we were up. With a joke to Milly about 'de rule,'—which she answered with a good-humored smile, covering her face as she smiled,—we went back to the sacred square among the Indians, who had been all night awake and at their devotions.

I found them preparing for the ceremonies which close the fast. Many were standing about, and all intent on the preparations for the morning forms. They went through the taking of the black drink, repeating all they had done the day previous. But on this occasion I more particularly observed two circular plates of brass and steel, which appeared the remains of very antique shields. They were borne with great reverence by two chiefs. The natives do not pretend to

explain whence they came. They keep them apart, as something sacred. They are only produced on great occasions. I was told, too, that ears of green corn were brought in at a part of the ceremony to-day, which I missed, and that they were presented to a chief. He took them, and, after an invocation that the corn might continue plentiful among them the year through, handed them back.

This seemed the termination of the peace-offerings, and the religious part of the affair was now to wind up with emblems of war. These were expressed in what they call a Gun-Dance. When the dispositions were making for it, some persons in carriages were desired by a white *linkister* to fall back and to remove their horses to a distance. Some ladies, especially, were warned. 'Keep out of their way, ma'am,' said the *linkister* to a lady, 'for when they come racing about here with their guns, they gits powerful sarcy.' I saw them dressing for the ceremony, if it may be called dressing to throw off nearly every part of a scanty covering. But the Indians are especially devoted to dress, in their way. Some of them went aside to vary their costume with nearly every dance.

Now appeared a procession of some forty or fifty women. They entered the square, and took their seats together in one of the open houses. Two men sat in front of them, holding gourds filled with pebbles. The gourds were shaken so as to keep time, and the women began a long chant, with which, at regular intervals, was given a sharp, short whoop from male voices. The women's song was said to be intended for the wail of mothers, wives, and daughters at the departure of the warriors for the fight; the response conveyed the resolution of the warriors not to be withheld, but to fight and conquer. And now were seen two hideous-looking old warriors, with tomahawks and scalping-knives, painted most ferociously. Each went half round the circle, exchanged exclamations, kept up a sort of growl all the while, and at length stopped with a war-whoop.

At this juncture, we were told to hurry to the outer square. The females and their male leaders left their places inside, and went to the mound in the centre of the outer square. The mound became entirely covered with their forms, and the effect was very imposing. Here they resumed their chant. The spectators mounted on the embankment. I got on a pile of wood,—holy wood, I believe, and heaped there to keep up the sacred fires. There were numbers of Indian women in the crowd. Four stuffed figures were placed, one in each of the four corners of the square.

We now heard firing and whooping on all sides. At length in the high corn on one side we saw crouching savages, some with guns of every sort, some, especially the boys, with corn-stalks to represent guns. A naked chief with a long sabre, the blade painted blood color, came before them, flourishing his weapon and haranguing vehemently. In another corn-field appeared another party. The two savages already mentioned as having given the war dance in the sacred square, now hove in sight on a third side, cowering. One of them I understood was the person who had shot the chief I mentioned in the first part of this letter—the chief who made an objectionable treaty, and whose house was burned. Both these warriors crept slyly towards the outer square. One darted upon one of the puppets, caught him from behind, and stole him off; another grasped another puppet by the waist, flung him in the air, tumbled on him as he fell, ripped him with his knife, tore off the scalp, and broke away in triumph. A third puppet was tomahawked, and a fourth shot. These were the emblems of the various forms of warfare.

After the first shot, the two parties whooped, and began to fire indiscriminately, and every shot was answered by a whoop. One shot his arrow into the square, but falling short of the enemy, he covered himself with corn and crept thither to regain the arrow, and bore it back in safety, honored with a triumphant yell as he returned. After much of this bush skirmishing, both parties burst into the square. There was unremitting firing and war-whooping, the music of chanting and of the pebbled gourd going all the while. At length the fighters joined in procession, dancing a triumphal dance around the mound, plunging thence headlong into the sacred square and all around it, and then scampering around the outside, and pouring back to the battle square; and the closing whoop being given, the entire multitude from the battle square rushed, helter-skelter, yelping, some firing as they went, and others pelting down the spectators from their high places, with the corn-stalks that had served for guns, and which gave blows so powerful that those who laughed at them as weapons before, rubbed their shoulders and walked away ashamed.

We resumed our conveyances homeward, and heard the splashing and shouting, as we departed, of the warriors in the water.

Leave was now given to taste the corn, and all ate their fill, and, I suppose, did not much refrain from drinking; for I heard that every pathway and field around was in the morning strewed with sleeping Indians.

We passed the day following in visits to the picturesque scenery of the neighborhood. We saw the fine falls of the Talapoosa, where the broken river tumbles over wild and fantastic precipices, varying from forty to eighty or a hundred feet in height; and when wandering among the slippery rocks, we passed an old Indian with his wife and child and bow and arrows. They had been shooting fishes in the stream, from a point against which the fishes were brought to them by the current. The scenery and the natives would have formed a fine picture. An artist of the neighborhood made me a present of a view of these falls, which I will show you when we meet.

The next part of the festival among the red folks—and which I did not see, being that day on my 'tour in search of the picturesque'—consisted, I was told, in the display of wives urging out their husbands to hunt deer. When, from our travels among fine scenery, we went down to the sacred square, towards night, we met Indians with deer slung over their horses. The skin of the first that

is shot is presented to a priest, who flings it back to the slayer to be retained by him as a trophy, and at the same time asks from the Great Spirit that this may prove only the harbinger of deer in abundance whenever wanted. There was some slight dancing that evening in the sacred square, but not of significance enough to make it an object with me to remain for it, and as so many were reserving themselves for the winding-up assembly of the ladies, on Sunday morning, I thought I would do the same. Some of our party stayed, however, for the night. They found a miscellaneous dance at a house in the vicinity,—negroes, borderers, and reprobate Indians, all collected in one incongruous mass. A vagabond frontier man there asked a girl to dance. She refused, and was going to dance with another. The first drew his pistol, and swore if she would not dance with him she should not dance at all. Twenty pistols were clicked in an instant; but the borderer, with a horse-laugh, asked if they thought he didn't know there was not a soul in that section of country who dared to draw a trigger against him? He was right, for the pistols were dropped and the room cleared on the instant; whereupon the bully borderer clapped his wings and crowed and disappeared.

The assemblage of the females I was rather solicitous to see, and so I was at my post betimes. I had long to wait. I heard the gathering cry from the men on all sides, in the corn-fields and bushes; it was like the neighing to each other of wild horses. After a while the ladies began to arrive. The spectators crowded in.

The Indian men went to their places, and among them a party to sing while the women danced, two of the men rattling the gourds. The cauldrons had disappeared from the centre of the sacred square.

And now entered a long train of females, all dressed in long gowns, like our ladies, but all with gay colors, and bright shawls of various hues, and beads innumerable upon their necks, and tortoise-shell combs in their hair, and ears bored all around the rim, from top to bottom, and from every bore a massive ear-drop, very long, and generally of silver. A selected number of the dancers wore under their robes, and girded upon their calves, large squares of thick leather, covered all over with terrapin-shells closed together and perforated and filled with pebbles, which rattled like so many sleigh-bells. These they have the knack of keeping silent until their accompaniment is required for the music of the dance. The dresses of all the women were so long as nearly to conceal the feet, but I saw that some had neither shoes nor stockings on, while others were sandalled. The shawls were principally worn like mantles. Broad ribbons, in great profusion and of every variety of hue, hung from the back of each head to the ground, and, as they moved, these, and the innumerable sparkling beads of glass and coral and gold, gave the wearers an air of graceful and gorgeous, and, at the same time, unique wildness.

The procession entered slowly, and wound around the central fire, which still blazed gently there, although the cauldrons had been removed; and the train continued to stretch itself out, till it extended to three circles and a half. The shorter side then became stationary, and stood facing the men, who were seated in that building which contained the chanters. This last rank of dancers seemed to include the principal wearers of the terrapin leg-bands, which they continued to rattle, keeping time with the chant, without shifting their position. At each end of their line was a leader, one an old woman and the other not young, both bearing a little notched stick, with two feathers floating from it. At a particular turn of the general figure of the dance, these two broke off from their fixed rank, and made a circuit outside of all the rest, and more briskly, while the main body of the dancers, the three circles before mentioned, which had never ceased to move, still proceeded slowly round and round, only turning at a given signal to face the men, as the men had turned to face the emblem of the Deity, the central fire. Every eye among the women was planted on the ground. I never beheld such an air of universal modesty. It seemed a part of the old men's privilege to make comments aloud, in order to surprise the women into a laugh. These must often have been very droll, and always personal, I understand, and not always the most delicate. I saw a few instances among the young girls where they were obliged to smother a smile by putting up their handkerchiefs. But it was conquered on the instant. The young men said nothing; but the Indian men, whether old or young, seemed all to take as much interest in the show as we. The chief, Apotheola, had two daughters there. Both are very elegant girls, but the eldest delighted me exceedingly. She seemed about seventeen or eighteen. She is tall, a fine figure; her carriage graceful and *distingué*, and quite European. She had a white muslin gown; a black scarf, wrought all over with flowers in brilliant colors; an embroidered white *collarette*, I believe you call it; gold chains, coral beads, gold and jewelled ear-rings,—single ones, not in the usual Indian superabundance,—her hair beautifully dressed in the Parisian style; a splendid tortoise-shell comb, gemmed; and from one large tuft of hair upon one temple to that upon the other there passed a beautiful gold ornament. Her sister's head-dress was nearly the same. The aforesaid elder Princess Apotheola, I am happy to say, looked only at me. Some one must have told her that I meant to run away with her, for I had said so before I saw her to many of her friends. There was a very frolicsome, quizzical expression in her eye; and now and then it seemed to say, 'No doubt you think all these things wonderfully droll. It diverts me to see you so puzzled by them.' But, excepting the look at me, which only proved her excellent taste, her eye dwelt on the ground, and nothing could have been more interestingly reserved than her whole deportment.

The dance over, all the ladies went from the square in the same order that they entered it.

In about an hour, the same dance was repeated. When it ended, signal was made for what they call The Dance of the Olden Time,—the breaking up of the ceremonial, when the men and women are again allowed to intermingle.

This was done in a quick movement around and around and around again, all the men yelping wildly and merrily, as struck their fancy, and generally in tones intended to set the women laughing, which they did, and heartily. The sounds most resembled the yelpings of delighted dogs. Finally came the concluding whoop, and all the parties separated.

Between these two last dances, I sent for a chief, and desired him to take charge of some slight gifts of tobacco and beads which I had brought for them. The chief took them. I saw the others cut the tobacco, and share it. Ere long my ambassador returned, saying, 'The chiefs are mighty glad, and count it from you as very great friendship.' I had been too bashful about my present, and kept it back too long, through over-shyness. If I had sent it before, I might have seen the show to more advantage. As it was, I was immediately invited to sit inside the square, and witness the last dance from one of the places of honor.

But I was now obliged to depart, and to give up all hopes of ever again seeing my beautiful Princess Apotheola. My only chance of a guide through the wilderness would have been lost had I delayed. So I reluctantly mounted my pony; and I left the Indians of Tuckabatchie and their Green-Corn Festival, and their beautiful Princess Apotheola.

It was a great gratification to me to have seen this festival; with my own eyes to have witnessed the Indians in their own nation, with my own ears to have heard them in their own language. Nor was it any diminution of the interest of the spectacle to reflect that this ceremony, so precious to them, was now probably performing in the land of their forefathers for the last, last time. I never beheld more intense devotion; and the spirit of the forms was a right and a religious one. It was beginning the year with fasting, with humility, with purification, with prayer, with gratitude. It was burying animosities, while it was strengthening courage. It was pausing to give thanks to Heaven, before daring to partake its beneficence. It was strange to see this, too, in the midst of my own land; to travel, in the course of a regular journey in the New World, among the living evidences of one, it may be, older than what we call the Old World;—the religion, and the people, and the associations of the untraceable past, in the very heart of the most recent portion of the most recent people upon earth. And it was a melancholy reflection for ourselves, that, comparing the majority of the white and red assemblage there, the barbarian should be so infinitely the more civilized and the more interesting of the two.

ROSIN THE BOW.

A FANTASIA.

In Paris, a famous city in France,
That lies by the banks of the sluggish Seine,
Where you and I may never have been,
But which we know all about in advance;—
A place of wild and wicked romance,
A place where they gamble, and fiddle and dance,
And the slowest coach has always a chance
To get put over the road, I ween,
Where women are naughty, and men are gay,
And the suicides number a dozen a day,
And one of the gallant *jeunesse dorée*
Will spend the night at prodigious play,
And in the morning go out and slay
His bosom friend with a rapier keen,
Because he loses and cannot pay,—
Lived a nice young man named DIDIER.

This nice young man had run aground,
As such young men are apt to do;
His creditors swore and his mistress frowned,
His breeches pockets held ne'er a *sou*,
His boots were getting out at the toes,
His hat was seedy, and so were his clothes,
And, as he wandered the city around,
He could not think of a single friend
Slow to dun and prompt to lend,
Whose purse he thought he could venture to sound;
In such extremities friends are few;
At least I think so, friend, don't you?

At length, on the brink of a grim despair,
He happened to think of a quaint old fellow,
A comical customer, rusty and slow,

But who used to be an elegant beau,
In dress and manner quite *comme il faut*;
And who, because he happened to know
How to play on the violoncello,
Which he'd learned for fun long time ago,
Before his finances got so low,
 Had obtained a place in an orchestra choir,
 And played that beautiful instrument there;
And to him monsieur determined to go;
 And so,
 Up to the top of a rickety stair,
 To a little attic cold and bare,
He stumbled, and found the artist there.
He told his tale; how his former pride
Was crushed and humbled into the dust;
He swore he had thought of suicide,
 But the charcoal venders wouldn't trust;
 He had no profession or trade or art,
 Money or food, and perish he must;
And then like a blacksmith's forge he sighed,
 A sigh that touched the fiddler's heart.
'Cheer up, *mon cher*, and never mind;
You're the very man I was trying to find.
 You know at the grand Theatre Français
 The leading violoncello I play,
 And my salary is two francs a day.
There's a vacant place; if you are inclined
 To take the same, you'll find 'twill pay.'

DIDIER looked up in a vast amaze:
 'Why, I can't do so, you very well know,
For I never fiddled in my born days.'
'*Qu'a cela ne tienne*,' his friend replied,
'Don't be too certain,—you never have tried;
 You ought to give your abilities scope;
There is an anxiety most of us feel,
 We may be out of time or tune,
 Leave off too late, or begin too soon,
 May pitch too sharp, or perhaps too flat;
 So here is a cake of excellent soap,
The old, original, pure Castile,
 Just rosin your bow with that.'

He took his seat in an orchestra chair,
 'Twould have made you stare
 Had you been there
To see his knowing and confident air,
And to hear the considerate manager say,
'There is nobody like young *Didier*;
So nice and exact, so quite *au fait*,
With a style so thoroughly *recherché*,
Some other concern may get him away,
So I think I shall have to double his pay!'

In clover the youth continues to graze,
And still in the orchestra he plays;
He's the man who never was known to make
The smallest shadow of a mistake,
And there's only one drawback on his praise,—
He is too modest by fifty per cent
 For such a master of the art,
For the story went he would never consent
 To play a *solo* part.

There's a MORAL, my juvenile friend, in this,
 And you need not stumble and grope;
Just look for it sharp, and you can't go amiss;
 You will find, there is nothing like soap!
Don't suffer yourself to be cast down
If capricious luck should happen to frown,
Go through with the motions, and if you're acute
None will ever suspect that your fiddle is mute;
But be sure and do as the rest of us do,
And don't flourish your stick till you get your cue.
Thus, let prosperity ebb or flow,

Still bate no jot of hope,
You may draw the longest kind of a bow
If 'tis only rosined with soap!

THE GRAVEYARD AT PRINCETON.

Reader, have you ever visited the pleasant village of Princeton, New Jersey, renowned alike in the annals of the country and of the church? While traveling from New York to Philadelphia by the New Jersey Railroad, you have doubtless obtained a glimpse of it, for it is 'a city set on a hill, which can not be hid,' and from the 'station,' a mile or two distant, its spires and belfries, gleaming from amid its thick embowering trees, present an interesting and picturesque appearance.

Passing onward from the station, the first notable object that meets the eye of the traveler is the Theological Seminary, a large, plain building of stone, the head-quarters in America of that branch of the Christian Church of whose stern, unflinching orthodoxy John Knox was at once the type and exponent. Near it stands its Library, an elegant Gothic structure erected through the munificence of James Lenox, of New York, and containing many works of great value. The street on which these buildings stand is appropriately named Mercer Street, for beyond them, at a short distance, lies the battle-field of Princeton, and the spot where the gallant Hugh Mercer fell. That spot was formerly marked by a large tree, but a few years ago the hallowed landmark was cut down and removed by heartless barbarians. The house to which the wounded hero was carried, where the 'two Quaker ladies waited on him' so assiduously, still stands, and on the floor of the room in which he died are certain marks, of doubtful origin, said to be blood-stains from his death-wound. Over the now peaceful battle-field, reddened with nothing more terrible than the ruddy clover-heads, a tall flag-staff, surmounted by a gilded eagle, uprears the glorious stars and stripes, and attests the loyalty of the people of Princeton.

About midway of the long, shady street of which Princeton chiefly consists, stands the crowning glory of the place, the venerable College of New Jersey. The college proper is a long, four-story edifice of stone, its center adorned with a tower and belfry, conspicuous from afar. At either side of it are clustered other buildings, embracing its halls, recitation rooms, and chapel.

It stands a little distance back from the street, between it and which lies the 'Campus,' a beautiful grassy slope of vivid green, surrounded with an iron fence, laid out with neat gravel walks, and shaded by noble and magnificent trees of more than a century's growth. Nothing can be more beautiful in summer time than this shady lawn. Here, at all hours of the day, students may be seen reading alone, or conversing in groups, seated on the benches placed at intervals among the trees, or stretched at full length on the fragrant grass, kicking their heels gymnastically in the air, or sauntering with arms interlocked along the gravel walks, singing, perhaps, some college song, such as

'Gaudeamus igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus,'

or others less classical and more uproarious.

Here, too, those known to their class-mates as the 'hard fellows,' are wont to prowl in the darkened hours, making night hideous with terrific voices, or stealing in darkness and silence to play some trick on the 'Profs.' or 'Tutes.'

From the gates of the Campus, every afternoon at the hour of five, or after prayers, the whole troop of students, to the number of three hundred, issue, for the purpose of taking their evening walk. Down the street they march, by twos and threes, chatting, laughing, telling college stories, or rehearsing the gossip of the day, into the extreme lower end of the long street, a locality known as Orthodox Corner, where they turn and march back in the same order. As they proceed, their ranks are gradually swelled by a couple of hundreds of 'Seminary' students (distinguishable by their more mature appearance, their heavier beards, and their 'stove-pipe hats'), and their walk enlivened by the sight of numerous ladies, who, by a remarkable coincidence, have also chosen the hour between five and six as the most fashionable for promenading, the dames of course usually going *up* the street as the students are going *down*, and *down* as the students are going *up*, in order to afford them opportunities to exercise their graces in bowing to those whom they know, and staring at those whom they do not. For one brief hour, the quiet street presents the appearance of a crowded city, the pedestrians jostling each other as they pass and repass; but soon as the hour of six arrives, all is still again, for youths and maidens are alike engaged in discussing that meal for which their long walk has served as a whet.

But it was of the dead, not the living, that I was about to speak. Nearly opposite the college Campus we find Witherspoon Street, named after that brave and good man who was president of the college in the days of the Revolution, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Following this street a short distance, we come to the city of the dead. It is situated on an eminence, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country, embracing the village of Kingston, the distant spires of Trenton, and the blue range of hills beyond which roll the dark waters of the Atlantic. In natural advantages it can not compare with some of our

modern cemeteries, but the historic interest which attaches to it more than compensates for the lack of picturesque effect.

The first spot to which the visitor is directed, is the inclosure containing the graves of the presidents of Princeton College. They are all of the old-fashioned style of 'table tombs,' now so seldom constructed; a flat slab, stretched on four walls of solid masonry, covering the whole grave. It was on such a tombstone that, in the old Greyfriars churchyard in Edinburgh, the solemn League and Covenant, from which resulted events so important to Scotland, was signed. No 'storied urn or animated bust' records the virtues of these venerable men,—not even marble in its simplest form has been used to mark their resting-place. The slabs are of coarse, grey stone, with long inscriptions in Latin occupying their entire surface. Many of them, especially that of the pious and renowned JONATHAN EDWARDS, who left his New England home only to find a grave in New Jersey, having died a month after his removal to Princeton, have been most shamefully mutilated by relic-hunters and curiosity-mongers; innumerable pieces having been chipped off the edges of the slabs, until even the inscriptions have been encroached upon. To prevent, if possible, further mutilation, the following unique and elaborate, but eloquent notice, enclosed in an iron frame, has been placed over the graves of these reverend fathers. It was written by Professor, now Dr. Giger, of the college.

Keep your sacrilegious hands off these venerable stones! Parian marble, wrought with consummate skill, could not replace them. Connected with these homely monuments are historical associations that ought not to be forgotten. The scarcity of better materials, the rudeness of monumental sculpture, the poverty of the country, the early struggles and pecuniary embarrassments of the colony, at the period when these monuments were erected, as well as the self-denial and hardships and labors of the distinguished men who gave fame and usefulness to Nassau Hall, are indicated by these rough stones. Nothing modern, nothing polished or magnificent, could suggest the early history of New Jersey. Spare what remains of these broken memorials. Thoughtless young man! why do you break and deface these old monuments? A few fragments carried in your pocket, or placed in your cabinet, will not impart to you the activity and energy of Burr, or the profound and logical intellect of Edwards, or the eloquence of Davies, or the piety and triumphant death of Finley, or the poetical wisdom, the power of governing and inspiring youth, the love of knowledge, and the stern, unflinching patriotism of Witherspoon. If you admire and reverence the character of these great and good men, read their works imitate their example; and forbear, we beseech you, to add to the shameful mutilation of the frail memorials intended to protect their bones from insult.

But there is a strange and startling incongruity observable in this enclosure. At the foot of the grave where rest the remains of the venerable Aaron Burr, first president of the College of New Jersey, stands a tall white marble monument of modern form and appearance, so utterly out of keeping with the rest of the tombs, that the visitor at once turns to it, and is none the less startled to find that it marks the last resting-place of that other Aaron Burr, the traitor, the duellist, the libertine, whose remains, brought hither in the night, were surreptitiously buried at the feet of his venerated father, and this monument placed over them, years afterwards, in the same manner. And for his father's sake, there they were suffered to remain. 'After life's fitful fever he sleeps well,' in the midst of these old grey stones, and surrounded by the honored dead. The monument bears no record, except his name, the dates of his birth and death, and the statement that he was Vice-President of the United States from 1801 to 1805. It is as if it said,—

'No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode.'

Not a quarter of a mile from where his dust thus reposes, there sleeps, in a neglected grave in a small grove of trees behind the college, one of his hapless victims, a young lady of Philadelphia, who died, as the mouldering headstone, half sunken in the turf, informs us, 'at the early age of twenty-two.'

The next point of interest is the spot where seven or eight elegant shafts of white marble, erected by their class-mates, mark the graves of students who have died during their collegiate course. They are all remarkable for the beauty and chaste simplicity of their design, and the appropriateness of their inscriptions. No historic interest attaches to them; no well-earned fame gilds them with a halo of glory; but a feeling touching and sad creeps over the heart as we read on the tomb the name of each sleeper's distant home, and think of the poor young man dying in the midst of strangers, while doubtless

'There was weeping far away,
And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Were sorrowful and dim.'

Passing on, we reach the graves of the three Alexanders, father and two sons, whose writings are dear to so many Christian hearts. Side by side they repose, under three slabs of pure white marble, inscribed with appropriate epitaphs. That of the father, Archibald Alexander, for fifty years professor in the Theological Seminary, is a simple, unadorned record of his personal history; that of the younger brother, Joseph Addison, who was a man of immense learning, able to read, write, and converse in sixteen languages, tells us that 'his great talents and vast learning

were entirely devoted to the exposition and elucidation of the Word of God;' but to New Yorkers that of the elder brother, Dr. James W. Alexander, is fraught with the greatest interest, from his having so lately occupied a prominent place among the first divines and scholars of our country. It runs thus:

**SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
JAMES WADDEL ALEXANDER.**

A man of God, thoroughly furnished unto all good works; a learned, elegant, and accomplished scholar; a faithful, affectionate, and beloved pastor; an able, eloquent, and successful preacher; professor of mathematics in the College of New Jersey; professor of ecclesiastical history in Princeton Theological Seminary; pastor of the Presbyterian Church, corner of Fifth Avenue and Nineteenth Street, New York.

Throughout his life and labors, he illustrated those gifts and graces that exalt humanity and adorn the church of God.

Scattered about the graveyard are many monuments, attractive and interesting from their artistic beauty alone. One of the most chaste and elegant designs I have ever seen is the tomb erected by a gentleman of Philadelphia, to the memory of his wife, son, and daughter, who perished in the burning of the 'Henry Clay' on the Hudson River. It is in the form of a casket, of white marble, beautifully carved and of graceful form, elevated on a pedestal of polished stone, of a blueish tint. On one end of the casket are inscribed the words

WIFE
DAUGHTER
SON

on the other end,

MOTHER
SISTER
BROTHER

while one side bears the appropriate text of Scripture:—

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee;

and the other the comforting words:—

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

Under a drooping cypress tree, half hidden amid its dark green foliage, is a monument of white marble, in the form of a Greek cross, low but massive, on which there is no epitaph or inscription whatever; but on the little foot-stone beyond it are the simple words:—

GENEVIEVE.
Died 1851,
Aged 18.

Numerous 'broken rosebuds' mark the graves of children, and the device is so often repeated as to become tiresome; but on one handsome monument is carved a wreath of flowers, from which a rose has apparently dropped, and fallen on the pedestal,—a beautiful illustration of the loss the family circle had sustained in the death of her who rests below. Another child-grave, the tombstone a small upright slab surmounted by a wreath of flowers, bears the touching inscription:—

Our only Son,
JOHN AGUR E—.—
Aged 2 years.

Many graves here, as elsewhere, are adorned with examples of 'graveyard poetry;' but most of it is of that humble character which is illustrated by the following:—

'Farewell, beloved wife: I must go
And leave you in this world of woe.
A few short years, then we shall meet
Together at our Saviour's feet.'

One more epitaph, before we leave this interesting and time-honored place of graves. It is from a plain horizontal slab, not far from the entrance; and is, to our thinking, one of the most beautiful and touching monumental inscriptions ever penned.

SARAH B—.—,
Wife of the Rev. C—.— K—.—.

A humble worshiper of Christ, she lived in love and died in faith. Truthful woman, delightful companion, ardent friend, devoted wife, self-sacrificing mother, we lay

you gently here, our best beloved, to gather strength and beauty for the coming of the Lord.

AMONG THE PINES.

Some winters ago I passed several weeks at Tallahassee, Florida, and while there made the acquaintance of Colonel J—, a South Carolina planter. Accident, some little time later, threw us together again at Charleston, when I was gratified to learn that he would be my *compagnon du voyage* as far north as New York.

He was accompanied by his body-servant, 'Jim,' a fine specimen of the genus darky, about thirty years of age, born and reared in his master's family. As far as possible we made the journey by day, stopping at some convenient resting-place by night; on which occasions the Colonel, Jim, and myself would occupy the same or adjoining apartments, 'we white folks' sleeping on four posts, while the more democratic negro spread his blanket on the floor. Thrown together thus intimately, it was but natural that we should learn much of each other.

The 'Colonel' was a highly cultivated and intelligent gentleman, and during this journey a friendship sprung up between us,—afterward kept alive by a regular correspondence,—which led him, with his wife and daughter, and the man Jim, to my house on his next visit at the North, one year later. I then promised,—if I should ever again travel in South Carolina,—to visit him on his plantation in the extreme north-eastern part of the State.

In December last, a short time prior to the passage of the ordinance of secession, I had occasion to again visit Charleston, and, previous to setting out, dispatched a letter to the Colonel with the information that I was then ready to be led of him 'into the wilderness.' On arriving at the headquarters of Secession, I found a missive awaiting me, in which he cordially renewed his previous tender of hospitality, gave me particular directions how to proceed, and stated that his 'man Jim' would meet me with a carriage at Georgetown, and convey me thence, seventy miles, to 'the plantation.'

Having performed the business which led me to Charleston, I set out for the rendezvous five days before the date fixed for the meeting, intending to occupy the intervening time in an exploration of the ancient town and its surroundings. Having passed the half of one day and the whole of one night in that delectable place,—during which night I was set on and nearly annihilated, while lying defenceless in my bed, by a myriad of Carolina *big-bugs*,—I found it so intolerably dull that, to escape a siege of 'the blues,' I hired a horse and a negro driver at a livery-stable, and started off for the plantation.

I make this preliminary statement to give the reader a satisfactory reason for taking him over wretched roads, at so inclement a season, with no companion but an ebony Jehu, into the very heart of Secessiondom.

My companion was a very intelligent native African, of the name of Scipio, who 'hired his time' of his mistress, and obtained his living by doing odd jobs around the streets and wharves of Georgetown. Portions of the country through which we passed were almost as wild as the forests of Oregon, and in some places the feeling against the North and Northern travelers ran very high. I had some strange encounters with swollen streams and roaring secessionists, in which my negro driver was of great service to me; and the knowledge I thus gained of him led me for the first time to the opinion, that real elevation and nobility of character may exist under an ebony skin.

Our first day on the road was clear, sunshiny, and of delicious temperature—one of those days so peculiar to the Southern winter, when the blood bounds through every vein as if thrilled by electricity, and a man of lively temperament can scarcely restrain his legs from dancing a breakdown. Night found us thirty miles on our way, and under the roof of a hospitable planter. A storm came on with the going down of the sun, and lasted during the following day; but, desiring to arrive at my destination before the servant should set out to meet me, I decided to push on in the rain.

Our second day's travel was attended with sundry interruptions and adventures, and night overtook us in the midst of a forest, uncertain where we were, and half dead from exposure to the storm; but after several hours of hard riding, we found ourselves, drenched to the skin and benumbed with the cold, before the door of a one-story log cabin, tenanted by a family of

POOR WHITES.

The rain was falling in torrents, and the night was as 'dark as the darkest corner of the dark place below.' We were in the midst of what seemed an endless forest of turpentine pines, and had seen no human habitation for hours. Not knowing where the road might lead us, and feeling totally unable to proceed, we determined to ask shelter at the shanty for the night.

In answer to our summons a wretched-looking, half-clad, dirt-bedraggled woman thrust her head from the door-way, with the inquiry, 'Who are ye?'

'We'm only massa and me, and de hoss, and we'm half dead wid de cold,' said Scipio; 'can't we cum in out ob de rain?'

'Wal, strangers,' replied the woman, eying us as closely as the darkness would permit, 'you'll find mighty poor fixins har, but I reckon ye can come in.'

Entering the house, we saw, by the light of a blazing pile of pine knots, which roared and crackled on the hearth, that it contained only a single apartment, about twenty feet square. In front of the fire-place, which occupied the better half of one side of the room, the floor was of the bare earth, littered over with pine chips, dead cinders, live coals, broken pots, and a lazy spaniel dog. Opposite to this, at the other end of the room, were two low beds, which looked as if they had been 'slept in forever, and never made up.' Against the wall, between the beds and the fire-place, stood a small pine table, and on it was a large wooden bowl, from whose mouth protruded the handles of several unwashed pewter spoons. On the right of the fire was a razeed rocking-chair, evidently the peculiar property of the mistress of the mansion, and three blocks of pine log, sawn off smoothly, and made to serve for seats. Over against these towered a high-backed settle, something like that on which

'sot Huldy all alone,
When Zeke peeked thru the winder;'

and on it, her head resting partly on her arm, partly on the end of the settle, one small, bare foot pressing the ground, the other, with the part of the person which is supposed to require stockings, extended in a horizontal direction,—reclined, not Huldy, but her Southern cousin, who, I will wager, was decidedly the prettier and dirtier of the two. Our entrance did not seem to disconcert her in the least, for she lay there as unmoved as a marble statue, her large black eyes riveted on my face as if seeing some nondescript animal for the first time. I stood for a moment transfixed with admiration. In a somewhat extensive observation of her sex, in both hemispheres, I had never witnessed such a form, such eyes, such faultless features, and such wavy, black, luxuriant hair. A glance at her dress,—a soiled, greasy, grayish linsey-woolsey gown, apparently her only garment,—and a second look at her face, which, on closer inspection, had precisely the hue of a tallow candle, recalled me to myself, and allowed me to complete the survey of the premises.

The house was built of unhewn logs, separated by wide interstices, through which the cold air came, in decidedly fresh if not health-giving currents, while a large rent in the roof, that let in the rain, gave the inmates an excellent opportunity for indulging in a shower-bath, of which they seemed greatly in need. The chimney, which had intruded a couple of feet into the room, as if to keep out of the cold, and threatened momentarily to tumble down, was of sticks, built up in clay, while the windows were of thick, unplanned boards.

Two pretty girls, one of perhaps ten and the other of fourteen years, evidently sisters of the unadorned beauty, the middle-aged woman who had admitted us, and the dog,—the only male member of the household,—composed the family. I had seen negro cabins, but these people were whites, and these whites were *South Carolinians*. Who will say that the days of chivalry are over, when such counterparts of the feudal serfs still exist?

After I had seated myself by the fire, and the driver had gone out to stow the horse away under the tumble-down shed at the back of the house, the elder woman said to me,—

'Reckon yer wet. Ben in the rain?'

'Yes, madam, we've been out most of the day, and got in the river below here.'

'Did ye? Ye mean the "run." I reckon it's right deep now.'

'Yes, the horse had to swim for it,' I replied.

'Ye orter strip and put on dry cloes to onst.'

'Thank you, madam, I will.'

Going to my portmanteau, which the darky had placed near the door, I found it dripping with wet, and opening it, discovered that every article in it had undergone the rite of total immersion.

'Everything is thoroughly soaked, madam. I shall have to dry myself by your fire. Can you get me a cup of tea?'

'Right sorry, stranger, but I can't. Hain't a morsel to eat or drink in the house.'

Remembering that our excellent hostess of the night before had insisted on filling our wagon-box with a quantity of 'chicken fixins,' to serve us in an emergency, and that my brandy flask was in my India-rubber coat, I sent Scipio out for them.

Our stores disclosed boiled chicken, bacon, sandwiches, sweet potatoes, short cake, corn bread, buttered waffles, and 'common doin's' too numerous to mention, enough to last a family of one for a fortnight, but all completely saturated with water. Wet or dry, however, the provisions were a godsend to the half-starved family, and their hearts seemed to open to me with amazing rapidity. The dog got up and wagged his tail, and even the marble-like beauty arose from her reclining posture and invited me to a seat with her on the bench.

The kettle was soon steaming over the fire, and the boiling water, mixed with a little brandy,

served as a capital substitute for tea. After the chicken was re-cooked, and the other edibles 'warmed up,' the little pine table was brought out, and I learned—what I had before suspected—that the big wooden bowl and the half dozen pewter spoons were the only 'crockery' the family possessed.

I declined the proffered seat at the table, the cooking utensils being anything but inviting, and contented myself with the brandy and water; but, forgetting for a moment his color, I motioned to the darky—who was as wet and jaded, and much more hungry than I was—to take the place offered to me. The negro did not seem inclined to do so, but the woman, observing my gesture, yelled out, her eyes flashing with anger,—

'No, sar! No darkies eats with us. Hope ye don't reckon *yerself* no better than a good-for-nothin, no-account nigger!'

'I beg your pardon, madam; I intended no offense. Scipio has served me very faithfully for two days, and is very tired and hungry. I forgot myself.'

This mollified the lady, and she replied,—

'Niggers is good enuff in thar place, but warn't meant to 'sociate with white folks.'

There may have been some ground for a distinction in that case; there certainly was a difference between the specimens of the two races then before me; but, not being one of the chivalry, it struck me that the odds were on the side of the black man. The whites were shiftless, ragged, and starving; the black well clad, cleanly, energetic, and as much above the others in intellect as Jupiter is above a church steeple. To be sure, color was against him, and he was, after all, a servant in the land of chivalry and of servant-owners. Of course the woman was right, after all.

She soon resumed the conversation, with this remark:—

'Reckon yer a stranger in these parts; whar d'ye come from?'

'From New York, madam.'

'New York! whar's that?'

'It's a city at the North.'

'Oh! yas; I've heern tell on it; that's whar the Cunnel sells his turpentine. Quite a place, ain't it?'

'Yes, quite a place. Something larger than all South Carolina.'

'What d'ye say? Larger nor South Carolina! Kinder reckon tain't, is't?'

'Yes, madam, it is.'

'Du tell! Tain't so large as Charles'n, is't?'

'Yes, twenty times larger than Charleston.'

'Lord o'massy! How does all the folks live thar?'

'Live quite as well as they do here.'

'Ye don't have no niggers thar, does ye?'

'Yes, but none that are slaves.'

'Have Ablisherners thar, don't ye? Them people that go agin the South?'

'Yes, some of them.'

'What do they go agin the South for?'

'They go for freeing the slaves. Some of them think a black man as good as a white one.'

'Quar, that; yer an Ablisherner, ain't ye?'

'No, I'm an old-fashioned Whig.'

'What's that? Never heerd on them afore.'

'An old-fashioned Whig, madam, is a man whose political principles are perfect, and who is as perfect as his principles.'

That was a 'stumper' for the poor woman, who evidently did not understand one half of the sentence.

'Right sort of folks, them,' she said, in a half inquiring tone.

'Yes, but they're all dead now.'

'Dead?'

'Yes, dead, beyond the hope of resurrection.'

'I've heern all the dead war to be resurrected. Didn't ye say ye war one on 'em? Ye ain't dead yet,'

said the woman, chuckling at having cornered me.

'But I'm more than *half* dead just now.'

'Ah,' replied the woman, still laughing, 'yer a chicken.'

'A chicken! what's that?'

'A thing that goes on tu legs, and karkles,' was the ready reply.

'Ah, my dear madam, you can out-talk me.'

'Yes, I reckon I kin outrun ye, tu. Ye ain't over rugged.' Then, after a pause, she added,—'What d'ye 'lect that darky Linkum for President for?'

'I didn't elect him. *I* voted for Douglass. But Lincoln is not a darky.'

'He's a mullater, then; I've heern he war,' she replied.

'No, he's not a mulatto; he's a rail-splitter.'

'Rail-splitter? *Then he's a nigger, shore.*'

'No, madam; white men at the North split rails.'

'An' white wimmin tu, p'raps,' said the woman, with a contemptuous toss of the head.

'No, they don't,' I replied, 'but white women *work* there.'

'White wimmin work thar!' chimed in the hitherto speechless beauty, showing a set of teeth of the exact color of her skin,—*yaller*. 'What du the' du?'

'Some of them attend in stores, some set type, some teach school, and some work in factories.'

'Du tell! Dress nice, and make money?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'they make money, and dress like fine ladies; in fact, *are* fine ladies. I know one young woman, of about your age, that had to get her own education, who earns a thousand dollars a year by teaching, and I've heard of many factory-girls who support their parents, and lay up a great deal of money, by working in the mills.'

'Wal!' replied the young woman, with a contemptuous curl of her matchless upper lip; 'schule-marms ain't fine ladies; fine ladies don't work; only niggers does that *har*. I reckon I'd ruther be 'spectable than work for a livin'.'

I could but think how magnificently the lips of some of our glorious Yankee girls would have curled had they heard that remark, and seen the poor girl that made it, with her torn, worn, greasy dress; her bare, dirty legs and feet, and her arms, neck, and face so thickly encrusted with a layer of clayey mud that there was danger of hydrophobia if she went near a wash-tub. Restraining my involuntary disgust, I replied,—

'We at the North think work is respectable. We do not look down on a man or a woman for earning their daily bread. We all work.'

'Yas, and that's the why ye'r all sech cowards,' said the old woman.

'Cowards!' I said; 'who tells you that?'

'My old man; he says one on our *boys* can lick five of your Yankee *men*.'

'Perhaps so. Is your husband away from home?'

'Yes, him and our Cal. ar down to Charles'n.'

'Cal. is your son, is he?'

'Yes, he's my oldest, and a likely lad he ar tu—He's twenty-one, and his name ar JOHN CALHOUN MILLS. He's gone a troopin' it with his fader.'

'What, both gone and left you ladies here alone?'

'Yes, the Cunnel sed every man orter go, and they warn't to be ahind the rest. The Cunnel—Cunnel J.—looks arter us while they is away.'

'But I should think the Colonel looked after you poorly—giving you nothing to eat.'

'Oh! it's ben sech a storm to-day, the gals couldn't go for the vittles, though tain't a great way. We'r on his plantation; this house is his'n.'

This last was agreeable news, and it occurred to me that if we were so near the Colonel's we might push on, and get there that night, in spite of the storm; so I said,—

'Indeed; I'm going to the Colonel's. How far is his house from here?'

'A right smart six mile; it's at the Cross-roads. Ye know the Cunnel, du ye?'

'Oh, yes, I know him well. If his house is not more than six miles off, I think we had better go on

to-night. What do you say, Scip?'

'I reckon we'd better gwo, massa,' replied the darky, who had spread my traveling-shawl in the chimney-corner, and was seated on it, drying his clothes.

'Ye'd better not,' said the woman; 'ye better stay har; thar's a right smart run twixt har and the Cunnel's, and tain't safe to cross arter dark.'

'If that is so we'd better stay, Scip; don't you think so?' I said to the darky.

'Jess as you like, massa. We got tru wid de oder one, and I reckon tain't no woss nor dat.'

'The bridge ar carried away, and ye'll have to swim *shore*,' said the woman. 'Ye'd better stay.'

'Thank you, madam, I think we will,' I replied, after a moment's thought; 'our horse has swum one of your creeks to-night, and I dare not try another.'

I had taken off my coat, and had been standing, during the greater part of this conversation, in my shirt-sleeves before the fire, turning round occasionally to facilitate the drying process, and taking every now and then a sip from the gourd containing our brandy and water; aided in the latter exercise by the old woman and the eldest girl, who indulged quite as freely as I did.

'Mighty good brandy that,' at last said the woman. 'Ye like brandy, don't ye?'

'Not very much, madam. I take it to-night because I've been exposed to the storm, and it stimulates the circulation. But Scip, here, don't like spirits. He'll get the rheumatism because he don't.'

'Don't like dem sort of sperits, massa; but rumatics neber trubble me.'

'But I've got it mighty bad,' said the woman, '*and I take 'em whenever I kin get 'em.*'

I rather thought she did, but I 'reckoned' her principal beverage was whisky.

'You have the rheumatism, madam, because your house is so open; a draught of air is always unhealthy.'

'I allers reckoned 'twar *healthy*,' she replied. 'Ye Yankee folks have quar notions.'

I looked at my watch, and found it was nearly ten o'clock, and, feeling very tired, said to the hostess,—

'Where do you mean we shall sleep?'

'Ye can take that ar bed,' pointing to the one nearest the wall, 'the darky can sleep har;' motioning to the settle on which she was seated.

'But where will you and your daughters sleep? I don't wish to turn you out of your beds.'

'Oh! don't ye keer for us; we kin all bunk together; dun it afore. Like to turn in now?'

'Yes, thank you, I would;' and without more ceremony I adjourned to the further part of the room, and commenced disrobing. Doffing my boots, waistcoat, and cravat, and placing my watch and purse under the pillow, I gave a moment's thought to what a certain not very old lady, whom I had left at home, might say when she heard of my lodging with a grass-widow and three young girls, and sprung into bed. There I removed my undermentionables, which were still too damp to sleep in, and in about two minutes and thirty seconds sunk into oblivion.

A few streaks of grayish light were beginning to creep through the crevices in the logs, when a movement at the foot of the bed awakened me, and glancing downward I beheld the youngest girl emerging from under the clothes at my feet. She had slept there, 'cross-wise,' all night. A stir in the adjoining bed soon warned me that the other feminines were preparing to follow her example; so, turning my face to the wall, I feigned to be asleep. Their toilet was soon made, and they then quietly left Scip and myself in full possession of the premises.

The darky rose as soon as they were gone, and, coming to me, said,—

'Massa, we'd better be gwine. I'se got your cloes all dry, and you can rig up and breakfast at de Cunnel's.'

The storm had cleared away, and the sun was struggling to get through the distant pines, when Scipio brought the horse to the door, and we prepared to start. Turning to the old woman, I said,

'I feel greatly obliged to you, madam, for the shelter you have given us, and would like to make you some recompense for your trouble. Please to tell me what I shall pay you.'

'Wal, stranger, we don't gin'rally take in lodgers, but seein' as how as thar ar tu on ye, and ye've had a good night on it, I don't keer if ye pay me tu dollars.'

That struck me as 'rather steep' for 'common doin's,' particularly as we had furnished the food and 'the drinks;' yet, saying nothing, I handed her a two-dollar bank note. She took it, and held it up curiously to the sun, then in a moment handed it back, saying, 'I don't know nothin' 'bout that ar sort of money; hain't you got no silver?'

I fumbled in my pocket a moment, and found a quarter-eagle, which I gave her.

'I hain't got nary a fip o' change,' she said, as she took it.

'Oh! never mind the change, madam; I shall want to stop and *look* at you when I return,' I replied, good-humoredly.

'Ha! ha! yer a chicken,' said the woman, at the same time giving me a gentle poke in the ribs. Fearing she might, in the exuberance of her joy at the sight of the money, proceed to some more decided demonstration of affection, I hastily stepped into the wagon, bade her good-by, and was off.

We were still among the pines, which towered gigantically all around us, but were no longer alone. Every tree was scarified for turpentine, and the forest was alive with negro men and women gathering the 'last dipping,' or clearing away the stumps and underbrush preparatory to the spring work. It was Christmas week; but, as I afterwards learned, the Colonel's negroes were accustomed to doing 'half tasks' at that season, being paid for their labor as if they were free. They stopped their work as we rode by, and stared at us with a sort of stupid, half-frightened curiosity, very much like the look of a cow when a railway train is passing. It needed but little observation to conclude that their *status* was but one step above the level of the brutes.

As we rode along I said to the driver, 'Scipio, what did you think of our lodgings?'

'Mighty pore, massa. Niggas lib better'n dat.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'but these folks despise you blacks; they seem to be both poor and proud.'

'Yas, massa, dey'm pore 'cause dey won't work, and dey'm proud 'cause dey'r white. Dey won't work 'cause dey see de darky slaves doin' it, and tink it am beneaf white folks to do as de darkies do. Dis habin' slaves keeps dis hull country pore.'

'Who told you that?' I asked, astonished at hearing a remark showing so much reflection from a negro.

'Nobody, massa, I see it myseff.'

'Are there many of these poor whites around Georgetown?'

'Not many 'round Georgetown, sar, but great many in de up-country har, and dey'm all 'like—pore and no account; none ob 'em kin read, and dey all eat clay.'

'Eat clay!' I said; 'what do you mean by that?'

'Didn't you see, massa, how yaller all dem wimmin war? Dat's 'cause dey eat clay. De little children begin 'fore dey can walk, and dey eat it till dey die; dey chaw it like 'backer. It makes all dar stumacs big, like as you seed 'em, and spiles dar 'gestion. It am mighty onhealfy.'

'Can it be possible that human beings do such things! The brutes wouldn't do that.'

'No, massa, but *dey* do it; dey'm pore trash. Dat's what de big folks call 'em, and it am true; dey'm long way lower down dan de darkies.'

By this time we had arrived at the run. We found the bridge carried away, as the woman had told us; but its abutments were still standing, and over these planks had been laid, which afforded a safe crossing for foot-passengers. To reach these planks, however, it was necessary to wade into the stream for full fifty yards, the 'run' having overflowed its banks for that distance on either side of the bridge. The water was evidently receding, but, as we could not well wait, like the man in the fable, for it all to run by, we alighted, and counseled as to the best mode of making the passage.

Scipio proposed that he should wade in to the first abutment, ascertain the depth of the stream, and then, if it was not found too deep for the horse to ford to that point, we would drive that far, get out, and walk to the end of the planking, leading the horse, and then again mount the wagon at the further end of the bridge. We were sure the horse would have to swim in the middle of the current, and perhaps for a considerable distance beyond; but, having witnessed his proficiency in aquatic performances, we had no doubt of his getting safely across.

The darky's plan was decided on, and divesting himself of his trowsers, he waded into the 'run' to take the soundings.

While he was in the water my attention was attracted to a printed paper, posted on one of the pines near the roadside. Going up to it, I read as follows:—

\$250 REWARD.

Ran Away from the subscriber, on Monday, November 12th, his mulatto man, SAM. Said boy is stout-built, five feet nine inches high, 31 years old, weighs 170 lbs., and walks very erect, and with a quick, rapid gait. The American flag is tattooed on his right arm above the elbow. There is a knife-cut over the bridge of his nose, a fresh bullet-wound in his left thigh, and his back bears marks of a recent whipping. He is supposed to have made his way back to Dinwiddie County, Va., where he was raised, or to be lurking in the swamps in this vicinity.

The above reward will be paid for his confinement in any jail in North or South

Carolina, or Virginia, or for his delivery to the subscriber on his plantation at ——. D. W. J—-. —-, December 2, 1860.

The name signed to this hand-bill was that of the planter I was about to visit.

Scipio having returned, reporting the stream fordable to the bridge, I said to him, pointing to the 'notice,'—

'Read that, Scip.'

He read it, but made no remark.

'What does it mean—that fresh bullet wound, and the marks of a recent whipping?' I asked.

'It mean, massa, dat de darky hab run away, and ben took; and dat when dey took him dey shot him, and flogged him arter dat. Now, he hab run away agin. De Cunnel's mighty hard on his niggas!'

'Is he! I can scarcely believe that.'

'He am, massa; but he ain't so much to blame, nuther; dey'm awful bad set, most ob 'em,—so dey say.'

Our conversation was here interrupted by our reaching the bridge. After, safely 'walking the plank,' and making our way to the opposite bank, I resumed it by asking,—

'Why are the Colonel's negroes so particularly bad?'

'Cause, you see, massa, de turpentine business hab made great profits for sum yars now, and de Cunnel hab been gettin' rich bery fass. He hab put all his money, jes so fass as he made it, into darkies, so as to make more; for he's got berry big plantation, and need nuffin' but darkies to work it to make money jess like a gold mine. He goes up to Virginny to buy niggas; and up dar *now* dey don't sell none less dey'm bad uns, 'cep when sum massa die or git pore. Virginny darkies dat cum down har ain't gin'rally of much account. Dey'm either kinder good-for-nuffin, or dey'm ugly; and de Cunnel d'rather hab de ugly dan de no-account niggas.'

'How many negroes has he?'

'Bout two hundred, men and wimmin, I b'lieve, massa.'

'It can't be very pleasant for his family to remain in such an out-of-the-way place, with such a gang of negroes about them, and no white people near.'

'No, massa, not in dese times; but de missus and de young lady ain't dar now.'

'Not there now? The Colonel said nothing to me about that. Are you sure?'

'Oh yas, massa; I seed 'em go off on de boat to Charles'n most two weeks ago. Dey don't mean to cum back till tings am more settled; dey'm 'fraid to stay dar.'

'I should think it wouldn't be safe for even the Colonel there, if a disturbance broke out among the slaves.'

'Twouldn't be safe den anywhar, sar; but de Cunnel am berry brave man. He'm better dan twenty of *his* niggas.'

'Why better than twenty of *his* niggers?'

'Cause dem ugly niggas am gin'rally cowards. De darky dat is quiet, 'spectful, and does his duty, am de brave sort; *dey'll* fight, massa, till dey'm cut down.'

We had here reached a turn in the road, and passing it, came suddenly upon a coach, attached to which were a pair of magnificent grays, driven by a darky in livery.

'Hallo dar!' said Scipio to the driver, as we came nearly abreast of the carriage. 'Am you Cunnel J —-'s man?'

'Yas, I is dat,' replied the darky.

At this moment a woolley head, which I recognized at once as that of the Colonel's man 'Jim,' was thrust out of the window of the vehicle.

'Hallo, Jim,' I said. 'How do you do? I'm glad to see you.'

'Lor bress me, massa K—-, am dat you?' exclaimed the astonished negro, hastily opening the door, and coming to me. 'Whar *did* you cum from? I'se mighty glad to see you;' at the same time giving my hand a hearty shaking. I must here say, in justice to the reputation of South Carolina, that no respectable Carolinian refuses to shake hands with a black man, unless—the black happens to be free.

'I thought I wouldn't wait for you,' I replied. 'But how did you expect to get on? the "runs" have swollen into rivers.'

'We got a "flat" made for dis one,—it's down dar by dis time,—de oders we tought we'd get ober sumhow.'

BLACK FREEMASONRY.

'Jim, this is Scip,' I said, seeing that the darkies had taken no notice of each other.

'How d'ye do, Scipio?' said Jim, extending his hand to him. A look of singular intelligence passed over the faces of the two negroes as their hands met; it vanished in an instant, and was so slight that none but a close observer would have detected it, but some words that Scip had previously let drop put me on the alert, and I felt sure it had a hidden significance.

'Won't you get into de carriage, massa?' inquired Jim.

'No, thank you, Jim. I'll ride on with Scip. Our horse is jaded, and you had better go ahead.'

Jim mounted the driver's seat, turned the carriage, and drove off at a brisk pace to announce our coming at the plantation, while Scip and I rode on at a slower gait.

'Scip, did you know Jim before?' I asked.

'Neber seed him afore, massa, but hab heern ob him.'

'How is it that you have lived in Georgetown for five years, and he only seventy miles off, and you never have seen him?'

'I cud hab seed him, massa, good many time, ef I'd liked, but darkies hab to be careful.'

'Careful of what?'

'Careful ob who dey knows; good many bad niggas 'bout.'

'Pshaw, Scip, you're "coming de possum;" that game won't work with me. There isn't a better nigger than Jim in all South Carolina. I know him well.'

'P'raps he am; reckon he *am* a good enuff nigga.'

'Good enough nigga, Scip! Why, I tell you he's a splendid fellow; just as true as steel. He's been North with the Colonel, often, and the Abolitionists have tried to get him away; he knew he could go, but wouldn't budge an inch.'

'I knew he wouldn't,' said the darky, a pleasurable gleam passing through his eyes; 'dat sort don't run; dey face de music!'

'Why don't they run? What do you mean?'

'Nuffin', massa,—only dey'd ruther stay har.'

'Come, Scip, you've played this game long enough. Tell me, now, what that look you gave each other when you shook hands meant.'

'What look, massa? Oh! I s'pose 'twar 'cause we'd both *heerd* ob each oder afore.'

''Twas more than that, Scip. Be frank; you know you can trust me.'

'Wal, den, massa,' he replied, adding, after a short pause, 'de ole woman called you a Yankee,—you can guess.'

'If I should guess, 'twould be that it meant *mischief*.'

'It don't mean mischief, sar,' said the darky, with a tone and air that would not have disgraced a Cabinet officer; 'it mean only RIGHT and JUSTICE.'

'It means that there is some secret understanding between you.'

'I tole you, massa,' he replied, relapsing into his usual manner, 'dat de blacks am all Freemasons. I gabe Jim de grip, and he know'd me. He'd ha known my name ef you hadn't tole him.'

'Why would he have known your name?'

'Cause I gabe de grip, dat tole him.'

'Why did he call you Scipio? I called you *Scip*.'

'Oh! de darkies all do dat. Nobody but de white folks call me *Scip*. I can't say no more, massa; I SHUD BREAK DE OATH EF I DID!'

'You have said enough, Scipio, to satisfy me that there is a secret league among the blacks, and that you are a leader in it. Now, I tell you, you'll get yourself into a scrape. I've taken a liking to you, Scip, and I should be *very sorry* to see you run yourself into danger.'

'I tank you, massa, from de bottom ob my soul I tank you,' he said, as the tears moistened his eyes. 'You bery kind, massa; it do me good to talk wid you. But what am my life wuth? What am any *slave's* life wuth? Ef you war me you'd do like me!'

I could not deny it, and made no reply.

The writer of this article is aware that he is here making an important statement, and one that may be called in question by those persons who are accustomed to regard the Southern blacks as

only reasoning brutes. The great mass of them are but a little above the brutes in their habits and instincts, but a large body are fully on a par, except in mere book-education, with their white masters.

The conversation above recorded is, *verbatim et literatim*, TRUE. It took place at the time indicated, and was taken down, as were other conversations recorded in these papers, within twenty-four hours after its occurrence. The name and the locality, only, I have, for very evident reasons, disguised.

From this conversation, together with previous ones, held with the same negro, and from after developments made to me at various places, and at different times, extending over a period of six weeks, I became acquainted with the fact—and I *know* it to be a *fact*—that there exists among the blacks a secret and wide-spread organization of a Masonic character, having its grip, pass-word, and oath. It has various grades of leaders, who are competent and *earnest* men, and its ultimate object is FREEDOM. It is quite as wide-spread, and much more secret, than the order of the 'Knights of the Golden Circle,' the kindred league among the whites.

This latter organization, which was instituted by John C. Calhoun, William L. Porcher, and others, as far back as 1835, has for its sole object the dissolution of the Union, and the establishment of a Southern Empire;—Empire is the word, not Confederacy, or Republic;—and it was solely by means of its secret but powerful machinery that the Southern States were plunged into revolution, in defiance of the will of a majority of their voting population.

Nearly every man of influence at the South (and many a pretended Union man at the North) is a member of this organization, and sworn, under the penalty of assassination, to labor, 'in season and out of season, by fair means and by foul, at all times, and on all occasions,' for the accomplishment of its object. The blacks are bound together by a similar oath, and only *bide their time*.

The knowledge of the real state of political affairs, which the negroes have acquired through this organization, is astonishingly accurate; their leaders possess every essential of leadership,—except, it may be, military skill,—and they are fully able to cope with the whites.

The negro whom I call Scipio, on the day when Major Anderson evacuated Fort Moultrie, and before he or I knew of that event, which set all South Carolina in a blaze, foretold to me the breaking out of this war in Charleston harbor, and as confidently predicted that it would result in the freedom of the slaves!

The knowledge of this organization I acquired by gaining the confidence of some of the blacks, who knew me to be a Northern man, and supposed I sympathized with them. Having acquired it in that manner, I could not communicate it; but now, when our troops have landed in South Carolina, and its existence is sure to be speedily developed, no harm can result from this announcement.

The fact of its existing is not positively known (for the black is more subtle and crafty than anything human), but is suspected, by many of the whites; the more moderate of whom are disposed to ward off the impending blow by some system of gradual emancipation,—declaring all black children born after a certain date free,—or by some other action that will pacify and keep down the slaves. These persons, however, are but a small minority, and possess no political power, and the South is rushing blindly on to a catastrophe, which, if not averted by the action of our government, will make the horrors of San Domingo and the French Revolution grow pale in history.

I say the action of our government, for with it rests the responsibility. What the black wants is freedom. Give him that, and he will have no incentive to insurrection. If emancipation is proclaimed at the head of our armies,—emancipation for *all*—confiscation for the slaves of rebels, compensation for the slaves of loyal citizens,—the blacks will rush to the aid of our troops, the avenging angel will pass over the homes of the many true and loyal men who are still left at the South, and the thunderbolts of this war will fall only—where they should fall—on the heads of its blood-stained authors. If this is not done, after we have put down the whites we shall have to meet the blacks, and after we have waded knee-deep in the blood of both, we shall end the war where it began, but with the South desolated by fire and sword, the North impoverished and loaded down with an everlasting debt, and our once proud, happy and glorious country the by-word and scorn of the whole civilized world.

I have all my life long been a true friend to the South. My connections, my interests, and my sympathies are all there, and there are those now in the ranks of this rebellion who are of my own blood; but I say, and I would to God that every lover of his country would say it with me, 'Make no peace with it until slavery is exterminated.' Slavery is its very bones, marrow, and life-blood, and you can not put it down till you have destroyed that accursed institution. If a miserable peace is patched up before a death-stroke is given to slavery, it will gather new strength, and drive freedom from this country forever. In the nature of things it can not exist in the same hemisphere with liberty. Then let every man who loves his country determine that if this war must needs last for twenty years, it shall not end until this root of all our political evils is weeded out forever.

A short half-hour took us to the plantation, where I found the Colonel on the piazza awaiting me. After our greeting was over, noticing my soiled and rather dilapidated condition, he inquired where I had passed the night. I told him, when he burst into a hearty fit of laughter, and for

several days good-naturedly bantered me about 'putting up' at the most aristocratic hotel in South Carolina,—the 'Mills House.'

We soon entered the mansion, and the reader will, I trust, excuse me, if I leave him standing in its door-way till another month.

THE LESSON OF WAR.

Lex est, non pœna, perire.—Martial.

Ye warriors of the past, whose flashing swords
Light up with fitful gleams the misty night
Of half-forgotten eld, in fiery words
Ye teach a truth 'twere well we read aright.

God sends the gentle breeze to woo the flower,
And stir the pulses of the ripening corn;
He, too, lets loose the whirlwind's vengeful power
To quench the plagues of foul stagnation born.

And thus in love, sometimes disguised as wrath,
He sends his hidden blessings in the storm,
Which dashes down in its resistless path
The hoar abuses that defied reform.

When Cyrus ravaged fair Chaldea's plain,
And mocked the strength of Babylon's haughty wall,
The proud Assyrian's guilt had earned the chain,
And man rejoiced to mark the oppressor's fall.

And when, made drunk with power, the Persian lost
The stern and simple virtues of his sires,
His empire's ruin and his slaughtered host
Kindled in Greece her world-illuming fires.

Then Greece, her swift career of glory stayed,
Exhausted by her madman's triumphs lay,
Till Rome's protecting arm the loss repaid
Of Corinth's sack and Pydua's fatal day.

Imperial Rome! though crime succeeded crime
As earth fell prostrate 'neath her giant tread,
Still shall her subjects reap to endless time
The priceless harvests by her wisdom spread.

What though the stern proconsul's grinding rule
Close followed on the legion's merciless sword?
Laws, arts, and culture, in that rigid school,
Evoked a nation from each savage horde.

And when at last her crimes, reacting, wrought
Their curse upon herself, to her, supine
And helpless, the barbarian spoiler brought,
With fire and sword, new life to her decline.

Theodoric, Clovis, Charles, your endless strife,
From Weser's marsh to Naples' laughing bay,
Was but the throe that marked the nascent life
Emerging from the worn-out world's decay.

Ye were, amid that elemental war,
But straws to show its course. Ye toiled, and won,
Or lost; your people bled—yet slow and far
The mighty cause of man pressed ever on.

Long has that travail been. Kings, Kaisers, Popes,
The stern Crusader and the pirate Dane,
Each, centered in his own ambitious hopes,
But helped the cause he labored to restrain.

Hildebrand's voice sets Christendom on fire;
'Neath Frederic's plow sinks Milan's lofty wall;

Unnumbered victims glut De Montfort's ire;
From Ecclin's dungeon shrieks the night appall.

If the tide ebbs, 'tis but to flow again.
Each fierce convulsion gains some vantage ground.
Man's fettered limbs grow stronger, and the chain
Falls link by link at each tumultuous bound.

The timid burgher dons the helm and shield,
The wretched hind reluctant grasps the bow,
To fight their master's quarrels. Courtrai's field
And Sempach's hill that lesson's worth may show.

The restless soul still yearns for things unknown;
It chafes against its bondage, points the way
That leads to freedom, but the sword alone
Makes good the dreams that else would but betray.

See, Luther speaks, and Europe flies to arms:
Her stubborn fight outlasts a hundred years;
A thousand fields her richest life-blood warms,
Yet gain the vanquished more than pays their tears.

If Orange and Gustavus conquering died,
Not Coligny nor Hampden fell in vain,
For one domain escaped the furious tide,
And peace made that one desolate—chivalrous Spain!

So, when the traitorous truth was whispered round,—
Equality for man on earth as heaven,—
It was but speculation's idlest sound,
Till by the sword the time-worn bonds were riven.

Though Moscow, Leipzig, Waterloo, might seem
To roll the tide back, they but marked its flood;
Nor could the Holy Allies' darkest scheme
Restore the wrongs so well effaced in blood.

The end is not yet. God's mysterious way
Evolves its purpose in its destined time.
Vainly we seek its fated march to stay:
All things subserve it—wisdom, folly, crime.

We are his instruments. The past has fled
For us. We suffer for the future dim.
Then sternly face the darkness round us spread,
Do each his duty—leave the rest to Him!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The Nineteenth Century dawned upon a nation already glorious with the sublime promise of a prophetic infancy. The strong serpents of Tyranny and Superstition had been crushed in its powerful grasp. The songs of two oceans—the lullaby of its earlier days—had cheered it on to a youth whose dignity and beauty were bought with sword and rifle, with blood and death. Wrapped at last in the *toga* of an undisputed manhood, it took its place among the empires of the earth, the son of a king, mightier than all; free to enact new laws, to promulgate new systems of economy, social and political, free to worship and to think. With what success a government grounded on a principle so faultless has been administered, may not now be written, but is not more doubtful than it was when the drum beat its *reveillé* only on our distant frontiers, and the booming of guns from ship or shore was but the nation's welcome to days made memorable by its great men. But before the new republic stretched a vast field for thought, and within its almost boundless limits, hidden beneath the husks of old theories, lay the seed ready for the ripening. Far back toward the east rolled, like a mighty desert, the history of the Progress of Mind. Here and there, on its arid surface, rose, stately and awe-inspiring, great pyramids which marked those eras of agitation when Humanity, awaking suddenly to her power, grappled with giant strength the mighty enigmas of Being, and endeavored to wrench from their mute souls the great secrets that Faith alone has expounded to the satisfaction of her devotees. It availed little that one by one, in the vaults of these temples, the axioms and deductions of their founders were laid away lifeless and powerless. Another generation, vigorous and persevering, laid stone after stone the foundations of another edifice that strove to reach, with its yearning apex of desire, the very heavens. Still high and unmoved curved the blue infinitude above, while below its mirror in the soul of man surged wildly against shores stern, rock-bound, immutable, unanswering.

The 'limits of the forefathers' (*finis quos posuerunt patres nostri*) had been first transgressed by Abelard, and the speculating spirit of Scholasticism disseminated by him overwhelmed Europe with that rage for investigations, so futile yet so laborious, that terrified the theologians of the mediæval church, and marked the first modern epoch in Philosophy—the beginning of the revolt of Reason against Authority. Next, colossal against the still unrelenting skies, towered what may be called the *Natur-Philosophie*, 'Nature Philosophy' of Giordano Bruno. The echoes of Luther's bugle still pierced the mountain-fastnesses of Northern Italy and the gorges of Spain. In the church, Bruno found only skepticism and licentiousness, ignorance and tyranny. Before him four centuries had been swallowed up in debate on the fruitless question of Nominalism, and others equally insignificant, but were visible to him by the light of a logic so shallow, futile, and despotic, that it was known only to be scorned. With an energy that astonished the feeble and degraded clergy of his time, a fearlessness that exacted the admiration while it aroused the indignation of his contemporaries, and a genius that compelled the attention of those who were most zealous to combat its evidences, Bruno, casting off the shackles of the cloister, that '*prigione angusta e nera*,' boldly advanced a system of Philosophy, startling, in those Inquisitorial times, from its independence, and horrible from its antagonism to Aristotle, the Atlas of the church. This was no less than pure Pantheism,—God in and through all, the infinite Intelligence. *Deus est monadum monas—nempe entium entitas*. This creed, by an incomprehensible metamorphosis, was styled, in the language of the day, Atheism; its promulgation, even its conception, was pronounced a crime whose penalty was death. And Bruno, who, from the depths of infamous superstition, had risen into the pure light of heaven, to a theory whose principles, though they might not satisfy, could not fail to refine, elevate, and encourage the soul long groveling in the mire of ignorance, or languishing in the dark dungeons of Scholasticism,—Bruno died for the truth. More foolish than the savages of whom Montesquieu speaks, who cut down trees to reach their fruit, these judges of Bruno destroyed the tree whose seeds were already strewn broadcast over the world. They hushed forever the voice whose echoes are not yet stilled,—echoes that resound in the cautious *Meditations* of Descartes, that rise from peak to peak of the majestic method of the great Spinoza, who was no less a martyr because reputation and not life was the forfeit of his earnestness; and that vibrate with thrilling sweetness in the Idealism of Schelling. 'The perfect theory of Nature,' says Schelling, 'is that by virtue of which all Nature is resolved into the intellectual element,' which 'intellectual element' is at once composed of intuitions and is the source of intuitions,—the *Deus in nobis* of Giordano Bruno. 'It is evident,' he continues, 'that Nature is originally identical with that which in us is recognized as the subject and the object.'

Thus the empirical school, in its representative, Aristotle, met in the martyr of Nola an opponent vigilant, earnest, powerful. And while the legitimate prosecution of the former mode of philosophizing has led to deism, skepticism, atheism, and materialism, it is to those who have retained in methods, more mathematically clear and more perfectly developed than that which Bruno disseminated, but still bearing, as their key-note, the one great idea of his bold crusade,—to those we must look for all that is most pure, most noble, in Philosophy: a system or succession of systems whose primitive idea—substance and essence—is the very God for a supposed denial of whom Bruno died. '*Cosi vince Goffredo!*'

Thus rolled on the centuries. Germany, France, England, and Scotland had each contributed her knights to the great tournament of Mind. And now the first symptoms of agitation appeared on the hitherto unruffled surface of Thought in the New World. Still panting after her victories, scarcely used to her new freedom, at first the presence of a power antagonistic to the orthodox faith was unsuspected even by those who first entertained it. But the stone had been dashed into the tranquil ocean when the May-flower was moored on the New England coast, and its circling eddies drew curve after curve among the descendants, brave, conscientious, energetic, of the old Puritans. The stern Calvinism, by which their fathers had lived and died, was, by these early recreants, first mistrusted, then questioned, and finally abjured. The murmurs of dissent that had long agitated the sturdy upholders of the accepted faith, broke out in a demand for a system whose claims should be less absolute, and whose nature should satisfy those fugitive appeals to Reason and the Understanding, that, weak indeed, and faint, were yet distinctly audible to the thinkers of the day. From the cloud of accusation and denial, of suspicion and trial, the new Perseus, Unitarianism,—whilom a nursling of Milton, Locke, and Hartley,—was born, and took its place among the sects, sustained by the few, dreaded and condemned by the many.

To brand this new theory, no terms were found too strong even by the religious periodicals of the day. Unwilling to bide their time, to test its soundness by its strength and duration, its opponents rested not. It was confidently predicted that the movement would influence its followers to skepticism and atheism. The accusation of the sixteenth century was revived, and St. Bernard's cried from pulpit and press, 'The limits of the forefathers have been transgressed!' To the great mass of the opposition, the horror was not that Trinitarianism had been assailed, but that men had been found so bold as to question it. The crime with the unlearned and the majority of the professors was not heresy, but daring. But Christians, fervent and earnest, were not wanting who denounced the movement in its anticipated consequences. The young and adventurous, the men of impulse and daring, would drift, it was feared, to the very borders of open infidelity. But the contrary was the result. A pietism the very reverse was developed, which, aided by the beloved Channing, was disseminated through New England. Justice Story even asserted that in Unitarianism he found refuge from the skepticism to which in youth he had tended.

Permitted, by the liberal character of the welcome substitute for a theology that had become too stringent for the age, to prosecute their researches into fields hitherto forbidden to the orthodox,

thinkers, economists, statesmen and theologians gathered round the standard, and a new impulse was given to the intellectual character of the times. A revolution in Thought was impending.

In Literature we dared challenge the nations. The popularity of Cooper was at its high noon. Irving, with the graphic and delicate strokes of his sympathetic pencil, had written himself the Claude Lorraine among *litterateurs*; and Prescott, with his sentences of granite, was building himself an immortal name. Still, we were behind Germany, and even France, in that wide comprehension and universal criticism that determines more accurately than its politics the real *status* of a nation. These elements were now to be supplied. Carlyle had played in England the *rôle* so humorously yet thoroughly enacted in Germany by Heine, and so gracefully and airily performed in France by Cousin. He had *popularized* the philosophers. Without the acute, electric perceptions of the great German or the industry and amiable vanities of that De Seigné among philosophers, Cousin, he presented, by fierce dashes of his crayon, black, blunt, and bluff, to the hitherto ignorant British public, some phases of the great metaphysical bearings of the age upon Literature and Art, as developed in Teutonic poetry and prose. In a word, he familiarized his readers with the *Æsthetik* of Germany. He published in 1830 his *Sartor Resartus*, which, clothing the man in '*der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid*,' usurped for him at once an office not inferior to that of the *Erd-geist* in *Faust*. The shrill notes of the bagpipe of the critic of Craigenputtock blew across the mountains and valleys of his island home, rousing the judge on the bench, and, penetrating the long halls of Cambridge and Oxford, streamed yet distinct and powerful to our shores. Astonished by the richness and fullness of a literature so comprehensive, which seemed to inclose in its brilliant mazes all that their meagre and unfruitful dogmas denied of comfort to the heart and systematic development to the mind, the men who, with girded loins and scrips in their hands, had long wandered disconsolately on the shores of a seething ocean, now saw its waters parted, and crossed upon dry ground. Before them stretched the vast wilderness of German Philosophy. To their bewildered gaze, each system was an Arabia Felix, and every axiom a graceful palm.

Meanwhile, a second influence was at work among the orthodox, an influence that tended to the same great result, no longer an accident, but a necessity of the age. The *Biographia Literaria* and *The Friend* of Coleridge, embodying a dwarfed but not distorted version of the metaphysical system of Kant, which had created a profound sensation in England, met with an even more enthusiastic reception in this country. The Christian character of their author was beyond reproach, his genius undisputed; as a poet he ranked among those to whom Great Britain owed the laurel; and as an essayist, even the bitterest critics yielded him the palm. When, therefore, this man, one of the most evangelical of his time in the Established Church, brought to the aid of a time-honored and beloved theology the principles of that very philosophy which was deemed by others its fiercest antagonist, not a few who had been hitherto deterred from its investigation by a dread of the accusation of heresy, eagerly availed themselves of his labors. His *Aids to Reflection* was presented to the American public under the patronage of Dr. Marsh, late president of Burlington College, Vt. An elaborate preliminary essay by this eminently pious clergyman established the claims of the work to favor, and it was even taken up as a text-book in Amherst and one or two liberal Congregational universities in New England.

The effort of Coleridge, rendered obscure by his turgid and florid style, was to explain the religious doctrines of Archbishop Leighton and the early Puritans, which he held as orthodox, by means of the momentous distinction between Reason and the Understanding, which he borrowed from the *Critik der Reinen Vernunft* of Kant. However plausible, when disencumbered of its poetical drapery, the theory of Coleridge may be, and however convincing, *so far as it goes*, of the truth of his principles, we can not forget that the final tendency of the critical philosophy of Kant is, if not a positive approach to skepticism, at least to afford a scientific basis for it. But the formula of the author of *Christabel* was the pure exponent of his creed. The terror of metaphysics vanished as the oft-repeated words met the eye of the wary and suspicious investigator. 'World—God = 0: God—world = Reality Absolute. The world without God is nothing: God without the world is already, in and of himself, absolute perfection, absolute authority.'

Thus, while Carlyle, bold, versatile, shrewd, untrammled, worked upon the Unitarian element in America, Coleridge, evangelical, polished, yet adventurous, leavened the Congregationalists and other shades of orthodox Christians with the same result. But the first literary outgrowth and original product of the Transcendental movement in America was Emerson's Essay on Nature, which appeared in 1838, forming a nucleus for the writings of the Dial-ists, and proving a sort of *prolegomena* to the new edition of Hermetic Philosophy. '*Non est philosophus nisi fingit et pinxit*,' said the great pioneer. Here Emerson does both, proving, by inversion, his claim to the title. Whatever may be the negative virtues of this preliminary essay, it undoubtedly possesses the positive one of having given a strong impulse to the study and love of Nature. True, the man who is to grasp its details, sympathies, significations, to hear, in all their grand harmony, its various discordant symphonies and fugues, to see its marvelous associations, needs to be Briarean-armed, Israfael-hearted and Argus-eyed, as perhaps none in our imperfect day and generation can claim to be. But at least this 'Nature' of Emerson's insinuated, dimly and dreamily, in spite of its positive air, an occult relation between man and Nature. It invested rock and sky and air with new and startling attributes. The deep thinker might even draw upon its pages some *pays-de-Cocagne* landscape, flowing indeed with milk and honey, but in Tantalian distance. Nature's true heart is invested with a pericardium so thick that it resists the scalpel of the skillful critics, to whom the stethoscope alone betrays the healthful throb of vitality beneath. With portly arguments, Emerson bars the door to the simple but earnest-hearted. That Nature, whose

prophet he is, gleams, bright and unloving, down from a cold, unsympathizing heaven.

'Not every one doth it beseem to question
The far-off, high Arcturus.'

And we, the lazzaroni on the piazza, can not even see the sky for the mist of 'mottoes Italianate and Spanish terms' of an effete logic that has risen before it.

Nevertheless, here are the first gleams of a genial appreciation of the *Æsthetik* of Germany, that large-hearted discernment that grasps similitudes from the antipodes of Thought, and writes them upon its sunny equator. And there are appeals to those finer impulses and experiences of every feeling soul that manifest a sense, imperfect yet animated, of that marvelous sympathy that exists between all phases of life, whether in humanity or in external nature. His natural outbursts of feeling are rare, but delicious as *caviare*, with a certain quaver of piquancy. 'Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria; the sun-set and moon-rise my Paphos and unimaginal realms of faërie; broad noon shall be my England of the senses and the understanding, and night shall be my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams.' Only a fantasy, and yet how he bends Nature to suit the curve of his own temperament. And who has not felt the involuntary exhilaration, appalling from its very depth, that possessed him, crossing a bare common, on a bleak October afternoon, sunless and chill, with gray winds sweeping by—'I was glad to the brink of fear.' An intense emotion is imprisoned in these words,—the irresistible intoxication of deep delight, the consciousness of an unbounded faculty for enjoyment, and a lurking but delicious dread of the lavish power of sensation cooped within the senses. Heine, in his 'Lutetia,' speaks of the 'secret raptures attendant upon the tremors of fear.' Still, Emerson's Nature is rather a Nature à la Pompadour, in powdered hair and jeweled stomacher and high-heeled slippers; not the dear green mother of our dreams, who was wooed by the bending heavens, and

'Myriad myriads of lives teemed forth from the mighty embracement;
Thousand-fold tribes of dwellers, impelled by thousand-fold instincts,
Filled, as a dream, the wide waters; the rivers sang on in their channels;
Laughed on their shores the hoarse seas; the yearning ocean swelled upward;
Young life lowed through the meadows, the woods, and the echoing mountains,
Wandered bleating in valleys, and warbled in blossoming branches.'

But Nature had been broached and Society was scandalized. Like the Chancellor in Faust, it mounted its tripod and solemnly proclaimed its verdict upon the inadmissible theory, so inadequately proved of the identity of Nature and Spirit. But '*was sagt* mein Thales?'

'Natur und Geist! so spricht man nicht zu Christen:
Deshalb verbrennt man Atheisten,
Weil solche Reden höchst gefährlich sind.
Natur ist Sünde, Geist ist Teufel;
Sie hegen zwischen sich den Zweifel,
Ihr miss-gestaltet Zwitterkind.'

The Transcendental movement did not fail to attract severe opposition, not only to its agitators, but toward the whole body of Unitarians, from a portion of which it in a great measure sprang. If indeed, as Ellis, its champion, asserts, Transcendentalism was not a native emanation from New England, *i.e.*, Unitarianism, yet it obviously paved the way for its entrance, and even erected triumphal arches at intervals over its projected route. The consequence of the renewed attack upon this already sorely aggrieved sect was its virtual separation into moderates and extremists: the one holding to its primitive theories, the other inclining graciously to the more comprehensive and fascinating, because more liberal and mystical, tenets of the new faith. The Rev. Andrew Norton, an eminent Unitarian divine of the old school, in a discourse before the Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School, took occasion to attack with great vigor what he termed the 'new form of infidelity.' This and his subsequent replies were most ably answered by George Ripley, a zealous and genial scholar, eminent in belles-lettres and philosophy, in his 'Letters on the latest form of Infidelity, including the Opinions of Spinoza, Schleiermacher, and De Wette. Boston, James Munroe & Co., 1840.'

This contest constituted the central polemic of the strife. Chilled by the cold breath of popular intolerance, these persecuted advocates of a metaphysical faith, which even themselves comprehended but dimly, might have warmed their trembling hands by the fire of that *auto da fé* whose flames three centuries have not extinguished. Even those most opposed by culture and habit to the innovators, could not but acknowledge that the *Bestia Triofante*, that Giordano Bruno undertook to expel, was still rampant and powerful in the midst of a civilized and intelligent community. The fact was that the Transcendentalists were as much astonished at this accusation of infidelity as even Fénelon himself could have been. They were men of irreproachable character, the majority religious by nature and scholarly by disposition, and they found in their new field scope for an increased piety and a more enlarged benevolence. Their infinitely pliable philosophy expanded amiably to suit the requirements of any and every sect. The Rev. W. H. Furness, of Philadelphia, though not thoroughly identified with the movement, yet, in several volumes published at that time, manifested the influence of Rationalism upon his own studies. But the machinery of his mind, though exquisite in its details, was too delicate to work up successfully the heavy material of the German importations. In a review of his 'Life of Jesus,' by A. P. Peabody, in the *N. A. Review*, after a merited tribute of praise and respect to the talented author, occurs the following: 'Æsthetic considerations weigh more with him than historical

proofs, and vividness of conception than demonstration. So far is he from needing facts to verify his theories, that he is ready to reject the best authenticated facts, if they would not flow necessarily from his *à priori* reasoning.' This was severe, too severe in the instance cited; but the remark is worth preserving, as strikingly characteristic of much of the *belles-lettres* writings of the New School of thinkers, as they were once, and indeed might yet be termed. But impiety was never the result of Transcendentalism. Its advocates endeavored rather to prove the adaptability of a generous and catholic spirit of Philosophy to religion than to subvert it. They never advanced to a love of Strauss and Feuerbach, and men of the second generation, of whom G. H. Lewes may be taken as a type, have generally been regarded by them as the Girondists regarded the Jacobins. Both urge reform, the Vergniaud and the Robespierre, but the one respects the old landmarks, while the other, with an unequaled nonchalance, sweeps by, unconscious of them all, and plants his standard on a foundation as yet unshaken by foot of man.

The consequences of the Transcendental movement were truly remarkable. Those latitudes to which habit had accustomed us to look for our *litterati* became one immense hot-house, in which exotics of the most powerful fragrance bloomed luxuriantly.^[4] As if by miracle, they assumed hues and adopted habits to which, in their native soil, they had been strangers. Every small *litterateur* wore conspicuously his cunningly entwined wreath. Ladies appeared at 'æsthetic tea-parties,' crowned with the most delicate of the new importations. Young clergymen were not complete without a flower in their button-holes, and the tables of staid old professors groaned beneath the weight of huge pyramidal bouquets. The cursory examination of foreign literature had given rise to an eclecticism which reflected the distinguishing features of that of Cousin, yet went a step further in daring. Yet this was not an eclecticism that, gifted with the power of a king, the dignity of a priest, and the discernment of a prophet, drew from the treasure-troves of European libraries only their choicest gems. Diamonds, it is true, flashed among the spoils; sapphires and emeralds gleamed; but beside them lay bits of sandstone and scraps of anthracite, rainbow-tinted, perhaps, but of an unconquerable opaqueness. And the alchemy that should have transmuted these to gold, and educes from the one light and from the other majesty, was wanting. A trace of Behmen here, a reading of Cousin's lectures there, some Schiller and more Goethe, some pietism encouraged by a love of Channing, the American Fénelon, some German ballads and a flavor of Plato,—all these helped the initiated to a curious dialect and a curious *mélange*. And this was Transcendentalism. The great revelation that the grand Moonsee of the new movement had declared necessary in 1838 had been made; the ninth *avatar* had descended, and men looked about them for the representative of Krishna, and revered him in RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Under his auspices, the *Dial*, the organ of the new sect, was published, and the next year, 1841, the first collection of his writings appeared under the simple caption *Essays*, followed by a second series in 1847.

Spite of the fragmentary Germano-pantheism of the new Philosophy, as set forth in these volumes, that a grand advance had been made upon the old modes of thought was proved by the dismay in the opposing ranks. The outcry against Unitarianism was faint compared with the howls of horror and defiance that greeted Transcendentalism. The very name was a synonym for arrogance. The pride of its opponents was touched. Alarming indeed, and transcendental beyond conception, were the outpourings of thought that anointed the *Dial* and these *Essays*. The very chrism of mysticism trickled along their running-titles, and dripped fragrantly from their pages. Not only new opinions, but new words and phrases, puzzled the uninitiated. Among these were *subjective* and *objective*, and the concise, comprehensive Germanisms were assailed as sure evidence of treason or insanity. He who used them was a marked man, and liable to find on the first oyster-shell his sentence of exile from the assemblage of the faithful. The name of Goethe was as terrible as the sacred 'Om' of the Brahmins; it was whispered with 'bated breath, and was generally believed to be diabolical *per se*. In short, everything bearing the stamp of Germany was a bit of sweet, forbidden lore. Travels in that fog-land by dull old fogies, and simple outlines of its Philosophy by divines high in rank, were obtained by stealth, and read in secret by college-boys, with as much zeal as the 'Kisses' of Johannes Secundus or the Epigrams of Martial. Even Klopstock's 'Messiah' became gilded with a sort of delightful impropriety.

Disapprobation and distrust had merged into abuse and persecution. Orestes A. Brownson, then drifting with the strong tide of the liberals, published in 1840 a sort of pantheistically ending novel, entitled *Charles Elwood, or the Infidel Converted*. The Rev. Dr. Bright, at present editor of the Baptist *Examiner*, was at that tune a bookseller of the firm of Bennett & Bright, and publisher of the *Baptist Register*. When *Charles Elwood* appeared, he ordered the usual number of copies; but, discovering the nature of the book, made a Servetus of the 'lot' by burning them up in the back-yard of his store. A funeral pyre worthy the admiration and awe it must have excited.

The *Essays* of Emerson were subsequently attacked furiously in the *Princeton Review* by Prof. Dod and Jas. W. Alexander. These gentlemen gave to the world, as criticisms of Emerson and other writers, several treatises on Pantheism, aiding the very cause they designed to destroy, by disseminating among the religious public a statement of the primitive Philosophy of the Vedas, and its reflection in Germany and America, clearer than any that had yet appeared: a task for which their scholarship and ability eminently fitted them. But in attacking German Philosophy, both learned to respect that which was practically useful in it. Prof. Dod left among his papers an unfinished translation of Spinoza, and the lamented Dr. Alexander, in his admirable lectures on literature to the students of Princeton College, recommended a perusal of what Kant and other German metaphysicians had written on *Æsthetics*. It is no reflection on the piety or sincerity of these sound divines and ripe scholars that they found something good and useful even in the armory of the enemy. The last step in piety, as in learning, is always to that noble liberality which

recognizes Truth and Beauty wherever found.

And, while the religious reviews abounded in jeremiads and philippics, the newspaper wits stood outside and shouted in derision. The game was indeed too rare to be passed unnoticed. In a poem on Fanny Ellsler (1841) occurred the following:—

Our wits, as usual, late upon the road,
Pick up what Europe saw long since explode.
If this you doubt, ask Harvard, she can tell
How many fragments there from Deutschland fell;
How many mysteries boggle Cambridge men
That erst in England boggled Carlyle's pen,
And will, no doubt, be mysteries again;
And also what great Coleridge left unsung.
He, too, saw Germany when very young.'

To Emerson, at this moment, numbers looked with the deepest admiration or with fiercest hate. He was the type of his age, what Carlyle might perhaps call its 'Priest Vates.' In his *Essays* he stood aloft and proclaimed, 'In me is the kernel of truth: eat and live!' But the shell that enclosed the kernel was hard to crack, and was, moreover, like the 'Sileni' of the old French apothecaries, as described by Rabelais, so decorated with wondrous figures, harpies, satyrs, horned geese and bridled hares, that men were incredulous, and doubted that precious ambergris, musk and gems were to be found within. In his first crudities, fyttes and tilts with thought, both knight and field are covered with a cloth of gold so dazzling that the crystalline lenses of our common vision are in danger of dissolution, and we vainly hope for page or dame who will whisper to us the magic word that shall dispel this scene of enchantment. Meanwhile, his sentences, like arrows, darken that sun, himself, and we hasten with bits of smoked glass to view the eclipse. Happily, we have chosen the right medium: the luminousness is destroyed, but the opaqueness remains visible. Entrenched behind a mannerism so adroitly constructed as at once to invite and repel invasion, Emerson hurls out axioms and establishes precedents that prove upon examination to be either admirably varnished editions of old truths or statements of new ones of questionable legitimacy. Turn over leaf by leaf these early essays, and doubts arise as to the validity of the author's claim to originality. Carlyle has led before these pompous parades of moral truths that your child recognizes in the nursery when he makes war upon Johnny, who has knocked down his ten-pins. The law of compensation and the existence of evil and consequent suffering are actual entities to him. And yet these men do not belong to the same school. The resemblance is on the surface. Emerson dabbles delicately, yet, let it be conceded, energetically, with theories: his hands are not the nervy, sinewy hands of the Viking of English literature; he lacks his keen discernment of life, his quick comprehension of the mutual relations of men and their times; he often wants his fine analytical power. Carlyle sees in the life of a man his actions, associations, aspirations, disappointments, successes, what deep principles swayed him, what noble or ignoble nature provided his impulses, and wrought his manhood: Emerson tests him by the great problems of the universe, as he understands them, and educes from their application to certain circumstances the character of the man. The one is sagacious, argus-eyed; the other oracular, sibylline. And yet Emerson, perhaps unconsciously, through admiration of the liberal views and unquestioned bravery of his contemporary, adopted something like his peculiarities of style and domesticated foreign idioms, that yet, like tamed tigers, are not to be relied on in general society. As Carlyle was the rhinoceros of English, Emerson aspired to be its hippopotamus,—both pachyderms, and impenetrable to the bullets of criticism.

We have called Cousin an eclecticist. His Philosophy is a positive one compared with that of Emerson. Here are scraps of Plato and Hegel, of Porphyry and Swedenborg, of Æschylus and De Stael. Like the *Lehrer zu Sais*, 'he looks on the stars, and imitates their courses and positions in the sand.' In the obscurity that proves him great, for 'To be great is to be misunderstood,' (is this the true 'misery of greatness' of Milton?) it is hard to grasp his individuality. His haughty assertions meet us at every turn. We no more dare to question them than so many 'centaurs or sphinxes or pallid gorgons' in a nightmare. But he relieves our perplexity and gives us the key to that enigma himself. 'I unsettle all things. No facts to me are sacred, none are profane. I simply experiment, an endless seeker, *with no past at my back*.' What is this but another version of Brahma? 'Far or forgot to me is near.' It is a reflection of the Veda. 'I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth, nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be.' Spinoza, the God-intoxicated man, never ventured on a declaration so bold. 'The eternal wisdom of God, *Dei æterna Sapientia*,' says he, more modestly, 'is manifested in all things, but mostly in the human mind, and most of all in Jesus Christ.' Here then we find the individuality of Emerson, in his pure Pantheism, and, like the sword of Martin Antolinez, it illumines all the field. Now we understand the constant warfare, the 'inevitable polarity,' in these pages. We forgive the occasional inconsistencies of a man who is at once, by his own confession, 'God in Nature and a weed by the wall.' His weakness strives after infinite power. Conscious of a divinity within, he struggles to express it worthily; but ah! says Hermes Trismegistus,—'It is hard to conceive God, but impossible to express him.' Freedom within chafes at the iron necessity without, 'a necessity deep as the world,' all-controlling, imperial, which he acknowledges in the very depths of his being. But the necessity of Emerson is a Hegelian element, such as every Aristophanic comedy reveals. It is not the necessity of Fichte. 'I, with all that relates to me, am imprisoned within the bonds of Necessity. I am one link of her inflexible chain. A time was when I was not, so those have assured me who were before me, and, as I have no consciousness of this time, I am constrained to believe their testimony.' This is the necessity of mere existence, which bears no relation to the will of the

man, not that inflexible destiny to which Emerson refers, that underlies his continued being. The first does not oppose the 'instinct of an activity free, independent,' which Emerson afterwards acknowledges. But 'I am God in Nature,' he repeats. 'The simplest person who in his integrity proclaims God, becomes God.' 'This thorough integrity of purpose,' writes Fichte, 'is itself the divine idea in its most common form, and no really *honest* mind is without communion with God.' In Emerson the last height is reached. Brahm as Arjoon could do no more, no less. His eye roams over the universe and sees only manifestations of himself: the rose of morning, the shining splendor of the sea, the purple of the distant mountains, are his dawn and noon and eve.

'Alas! what perils do environ
The man who meddles with—a siren!'

This may be Pantheism, but if it is not in accordance with the needs of the ages, it is not the Pantheism of Giordano Bruno, it has little in common with Plato. The great idea, the latter tells us, in the *Republic*, 'the idea of the God, is perceived with difficulty, but can not be perceived without concluding that in the visible world it produces light, and the star whence the light directly comes, and in the invisible world it directly produces Strength and Intelligence.' Strength and Intelligence; whose correlatives are Progress and Happiness. Are there among Emerson's earlier 'big-sounding sentences and words of state,' any of which these are the legitimate fruit? Does the soul of Infinite Love that beamed from Nazareth inform these pages with the active, perfect, immortal spirit of truth? No. In these essays, Emerson is a royalist, an aristocrat: he aims for the centralization of power; he does not elevate the masses; he claims for himself, for all nature, ultra-refined and cultivated, to whom the Open Secret 'has been discovered, a separate and highly superior personality. 'The height, the duty of man is to be self-sustained, to need no gift, no foreign force. Society is good when it does not violate me, but best when it is likeliest to solitude.' What an Apollo Belvidere the man would be, moulded by no sympathies, standing aloof from his race, and independent of it, disdainful, magnificent, a palace of ice, untenable by the summer heat of Love. The true cosmopolite is the man of his age, even if he has known no latitude but that of his birth, for he has won for himself the highest individuality, and the greatest power of association with his fellow-man, and the laws that govern man in his efforts to secure these are the laws of the only true social science. Henry Carey says with reason, in Italy the highest individuality was found when the Campagna was filled with cities. It is a narrow belief that the highest development of character demands solitude. Give to a young man, genial, impulsive, and intelligent, only the companionship of forest, sea, and mountain, and the chances are, he will become morbid, unpractical, and selfish. But place him in the same position in the decline, or even in the noon of life, when the different parts of his nature have become subordinated to each other, by friction with diverse human organizations about him, and he will carry a brave individuality among nature's gifts, being himself her noblest development. 'Men,' says Emerson, 'resemble their contemporaries even more than their progenitors. It is observed in old couples, or in persons who have been house-inmates for a course of years, that they grow alike: if they should live long enough we should not be able to know them apart. Nature abhors such complaisances, which threaten to melt the world into a lump, and hastens to break up such maudlin agglutinations.' But Darby and Joan in the chimney-corner are not types of mankind at large.

'Right ethics are central, and go from the soul outward. Gift is contrary to the law of the universe. Serving others is serving myself. I must absolve me to myself.' And what is myself? Let Fichte answer. 'I affirm that in what we call the knowledge or the contemplation of things, it is always ourselves that we know or contemplate: in every sentiment of consciousness it is only modifications of ourselves that we feel.' And again: 'The universe lives. From it arises a marvelous harmony that resounds deliciously in the very depths of my heart. I live in all that surrounds me. I recognize myself in every manifestation of Nature, in the various forms of the beings about me, as a sunbeam that sparkles in the million dew-drops that reflect it.... Within me Nature is flesh, nerves, muscles; without, turf, plant, animal.'

Thus the semi-poetical Pantheism of the Bhagvat-Gita is reproduced, beautiful, dreamy and mythical, but without the shadow of an addition. Emerson presents to us the primeval faith in its imposing majesty and terrible unity, but omits to mention its final winding up in the sacred Maya or Illusion of the Hindoos. Though his early essays are brilliant with many noble thoughts, the principles he advocates in them are thoroughly unprogressive and unpractical. Plato is to him the 'exhaustive generalizer,' beyond whom it is folly to aspire, and by whose stature he measures the nations. Boëthius, Rabelais, Erasmus, Bruno, are only brisk young men translating into the vernacular wittily his good things. St. Augustine, Copernicus, Newton, Behmen, Swedenborg also 'say after him.' Emerson either addresses men whose ignorance he greatly exaggerates, or else the ideal men of some centuries hence. His mission is to the Past or the Future, not to the Present. His theories, fine and venerable, as they are as here expressed, will never save a soul, and men are still convinced that one sharp, decisive action is worth a thousand fine strategic points on paper. Yet he won an enviable and wide reputation by these his early works. 'There is merit without elevation,' says La Rochefoucauld, 'but there is no elevation without some merit.' Such we find him in his earlier essays, while he had as yet only grasped at the Pantheistic wing of the Egyptian globe. In England, in 1848, four thousand people crowded Exeter Hall, to hear the champion of free thought from America. In Poland, men who knew him only by some fragments in a Polish review, considered him the thinker of the age. His courage was the talisman that won him admiration, and his earnestness, visible through the veil of arrogance and petty affectations, secured respect.

In *Representative Men*, the old Plato-worship illumined by Schelling—*Wissenschaften*—is the keynote, and *English Traits* is the record of impressions received during the *Sturm und Drang*, or rather 'cloud-compelling' days of the *Dial* and *Essay* developments. A volume of *Poems*, published in 1856, recalls the old landmarks. If they are rich in thought, they are also luxuriant in labyrinthine sentences that puzzle even the initiated in the Ziph language. A thought once extricated from a maze of inversion and entangled particles,

'we are in pain
To think how to unthink that thought again.'

As a poet, Emerson is careless in versification. Like Friar John, of the *Funnels*, he does not rhyme in crimson. His imagination is too bold to be confined by the petty limits of trochee or iambus. Consequently his pictures, when he condescends to paint, present rather a mass of brilliant coloring than the well-finished detail that we demand in a work of art. We look in vain in his poems for that effort of identity between the conscious and the unconscious activities that Schelling calls the sole privilege of genius. 'The infinite (or perfect) presented as the finite, is Beauty.' Yet the single poem 'Threnody' would establish Emerson's title to a place among the guild of poets. It is classically beautiful and faultless in mechanism. Its flow is that of a river over sands of gold, its solemn monotone broken now and then by *staccato* plaints, and the tender gold of its shining waters dimmed by dark shadows, as rock beneath or tree above assails the gentle stillness of its onward flow. Only that which comes from the heart goes again to the heart. We find a new and delicious personality, a simple Greek naturalness, in this exquisite dirge that scarcely owns the 'blasphemy of grief,' that are wanted in his sententious instructions and metaphysical wanderings.

We open Emerson's latest work, the *Conduct of Life*, in a hopeful mood. Some mysterious sympathy, born from a natural faith in the progress of a mind that had already proved its power by a daring and successful onslaught upon old habits and associations, strengthened by a more practical philosophy that dawns in *English Traits*, and culminating in the intense passion of yearning in the *Phrenody*, justifies an expectation that is gloriously realized. To the vigilant thinker a decade is worth more than aeons to his sleeping brother. The Emerson of to-day is not the Emerson of twenty or even ten years ago. Here is still the true, epigrammatic style of his youth. He is as lavish of his aphorisms, which, like the coins of Donatello, hang over our heads and are free to every passer-by. Still an antiquarian, like Charles Kingsley, he peers among Etruscan vases, Greek ruins, Norse runes and ancient Dantean Infernos and Escurials for the models of a new literature, a new art, a new life. But an enlarged spirit is visible on every page.

'The south wind is strengthened
With the wild, sweet vigor of pine.'

We breathe a new air, gaze at new landscapes; a new climate is around us. Take this book into the sultry midsummer, and its words summon the ripe autumn with its fruits up from the west; read it by the light of the blazing Yule log, and it will still recall the wild breezes and warm suns of October. And it is this growing maturity of thought, this evident tendency to a grand realization, that prove the honesty and greatness of the man. He has worked perseveringly at his problems, disdaining to be aided by criticism or crushed by opposition. His power has silently gathered its energies in the mines of Thought, dark but rich, striking shaft after shaft of vast promise. He is a gymnast struggling now with the realities and possibilities of Life, and no longer grappling with ignis-fatui in the marshes by the road. Now his humor gleams genially in keen, swift comparisons: he sports with truths, like a king tossing up his crown-jewels or Vishnu worlds in the 'Cosmogony of Menu,' and he dares do this because they are no longer his masters, because he has made them subservient to an end—the great end of the amelioration of his race.

It is this great element of sport that in its broadest development elevates man to the far heights of his nature. There all is serene.

'Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis.'

Even the Hindoos, those earliest *literati* of the young earth, whose eyes peered first into the intricate machinery of Being, and brought therefrom strange and glowing and miraculous impressions of its mechanical appliances,—strong levers that men use now for criticism,—recognized this element. Afar from the scene of their sorrow, in the lotos a-bloom on Vishnu's head, they beheld the primitive Humor, the laughter of infinite Strength springing from bar to bar in the great gymnasium of life. Thus we read in the *Cosmogony of Menu*,—

'Numerous world-developments there are, creation and extermination;
Sportively he produces either, the highest Creator for ever and ever.'

And says the more orthodox Schlegel, 'Nature was in its origin naught else than a beautiful image, a pure emanation, a wonderful creation, a *sport* of omnipotent love.' And Schiller, whom an impregnable aristocracy of soul shut out from the ranks of humorists, who rode in his coupée, three feet above the level of the common stream of humanity, and never drifted with its tide, yet, with clear-eyed insight into the passions he did not share, acknowledged the *Spieltrieb* as the highest possibility of man's nature. 'The last perfection of our faculties,' he says, 'is, that their activity, without ceasing to be sure and earnest, becomes *sport*.'

Emerson's humor is peculiar to himself. It is not the massive, exuberant play of Jean Paul. He does not challenge the slow-riding moon to a cricket match, nor hurl the stars from their orbits in his mad game in the skies. Neither has he the brusque but more solid geniality of Lessing.

Imagination fails him for the one, and a strong power of logic for the other. But he tears the clouds of ignorance and prejudice that are beneath his feet into ribbons and sends them streaming through space, filmy banners of blue and white, heavily charged with the electricity of his enfranchised thought, and illumines the world with the lightnings of their chance collision. His humor is rather latent than striking. It does not gleam through showy words, the paraphernalia of a harlequinade, but peeps out from the homeliest phrases, and convulses some simple law of our nature with laughter at its own grotesqueness. Formerly, imprisoned as it was within unyielding limits, it was as imposing as a miniature Gothic cathedral in a dark cave, but now the queen-rose of the architrave blows fresh and sweet in the sunny air. Step by step Emerson has traveled the great road worn by so many of old, passing from the 'ideal' to the real, from reverie to a cheerful awaking,—and the prophecy of genius is at last fulfilled.

For at last he has come out from the misty twilight of Transcendentalism into the clear daylight of common sense. And surely it is not for us to decry the bridge, or, if you please, the tunnel through which he has crossed. He agitates the necessity and practicability of social reform, but it must be through individual effort. Years ago he decided that society was in a low state, now he calls on all men to put their shoulders to the wheel and lift it out of the Slough of Despond, where it has been floundering to no purpose for so long. His investigations are aided by a keen shrewdness, that bespeaks the practical man, who knows where to find the vulnerable heel of circumstance, and aims at it his swiftest arrows. In his essay on Wealth this sharp practical insight hardens every sentence. The sentimentalist, who believes, with Henri Blaze, that romance must be the issue of this marriage of Nature with Religion, betakes himself in consternation to his dainty, poetical dreams of a Utopia that shall arise, ready made, from the promising East. The capitalist, who sneers at Philosophy, and would ignorantly couple Faust with the Mysteries of Udolpho, or Andromeda with Jack the Giant-killer, rubs his hands gleefully over our author's nice appreciation of capital and the mysteries of its sudden fluctuations. 'Every step of civil advancement makes a dollar worth more.' 'Political Economy is as good a book wherein to read the life of man, and the ascendancy of laws over all private and hostile influences, as any Bible which has come down to us.' 'The right merchant is one who has the just average of faculties we call *common sense*; a man of a strong affinity for facts, who makes up his decision on what he has seen. He is thoroughly persuaded of the truths of arithmetic.... He knows that all goes on the old road, pound for pound, cent for cent, for every effect a perfect cause, and that good luck is another name for tenacity of purpose.' 'The basis of political economy is non-interference.' The merchant looks narrowly at his theory of compensation, and finds it tallies well with the result of his own after-dinner meditations, expressed of mornings to doubting confreres. The philanthropist rejoices at the crushing of the shell of foppish indolence, the heralded downfall of the petty vanities, sprung, Heaven knows with what reason, from the loins of Norman robbers, of Huguenot refugees, of Puritans beggared and ignorant, and centered in some wide-spreading genealogical tree, that a whole family unite to cultivate into a banyan that may embrace the whole little world of their satellites with inflexible ligatures. Thus 'the doctrine of the snake' is to go out, and good men see that the sinews of society are to be strengthened.

It is worth while to observe, in that first chapter on Fate, how admirably Emerson provides for the exercise of a free activity in every man. 'Every spirit makes its house, but afterward the house confines the spirit.' This leaves no room for the coward, who declines to work out his salvation, even with fear and trembling. It summons all men to clear away the brush and dry leaves of a perverted fatalism,

'To make the absolute best of what God made,'

to sharpen every faculty, expand every capacity, and bow only to the Eternal.

Æterna æternus tribuit, mortalia confert
Mortalis; divina Deus, peritura caducus.'

Here is the choice, eternal or mortal, divine or perishable. This drives men to seek their Paradise in Culture. Well, they find in it a Beulah, and beyond rolls the Jordan of the soul. Men have made a dwarfed Providence to suit their dwarfed aims, an amorphous Deity, whose attributes are imperfect, disproportioned. But yesterday I heard a Frenchman, who has no acquaintance with our literature and never heard of Emerson, say, 'God, with the multitude, is no more than a feeble old man, whose whims and whose age we must respect. What is to become of his high claims upon creatures who are to work out an infinite purpose? *Il faut honorer la vieillesse?* Emerson had anticipated this with his 'pistareen Providence, dressed in the clean shirt and white neckcloth of a student of divinity;' yet it proves that minds are arriving by widely diverging paths at the same truths.

There is nothing ideal or vague in the vigorous efforts he makes in this volume to rise to political economy and to set forth the practical action of capital and industry on life. He says no longer, 'To me commerce is of trivial import,' but endorses Henry Carey's theory of wealth, and acknowledges unreservedly, in its broadest sense, the universal domination of Law. Statistics burgeon into prophecies under his pen: he does not disdain their significance, but rather aids their influence with all the power which his spasmodic style has given in drawing our grotesque-loving public to him. We suspect Buckle, and feel a cheerful sense of Bacon and Comte. In his plea for socialism, for education, we see the dawn of the ultimate triumph and dignity of labor. 'We shall one day,' he says, 'supersede Politics by Education.' Pause well here, you who grope forward into the dark future with misgiving and faithless hearts. This is not the chimerical delusion of a transcendental philosophy, this death-knell to the Slavery of Ignorance and Vice.

Recognize in it the wide generosity that says with Leczinsky, '*Je ne connais d'avarice permise que celle du temps.*' Here is wealth for want, industry for indolence, distinction for degradation, virtue for vice. It beams clear as the red of morning. Hear it in the whistle of the engine, the roar of the loom, the plowing of the steam-ship through battling waves, the tick of the telegraph, the whirr of the mill wheel, the click of the sewing machine; and he who doubts still may listen to the voice of cannon, the whistling of lances and the clash of swords, and catch the notes of the same chant with a sterner chorus. Hear even the idealist Schelling awaiting that broader freedom than any we have yet known:—

'The third period in history will be that when that which in preceding periods appeared as Destiny or Nature, shall develop and manifest itself as Providence. Thus what seems to us as the work of Destiny or Nature is already the beginning of a Providence, which reveals itself but imperfectly. When we shall look for the birth of this period, man can not say, but know that when it is, *God will be.*'

And Emerson takes up the strain with words of fire:—

'If Love, red Love, with tears and joy; if Want, with his scourge; if War, with his cannonade; if Christianity, with its charity; if Trade, with its money; if Art, with its portfolios; if Science, with her telegraphs through the deeps of space and time, can set man's dull nerves throbbing, and, by loud taps on the tough chrysalis, can break its walls and let the new creature emerge erect and free,—make way and sing pæan! The age of the quadruped is to go out—the age of the brain and the heart is to come in. The time will come when the evil forms we have known can no more be organized. Man's culture can spare nothing, wants all the material. He is to convert all impediments into instruments, all enemies into power. The formidable mischief will only make the more useful slave. And if one shall read the future of the race hinted in the organic effort of Nature to mount and meliorate, and the corresponding impulse to the Better in the human being, we shall dare affirm that there is nothing he will not overcome and convert, until at last culture shall absorb the chaos and gehenna. He will convert the Furies into Muses, and the hells into benefit.'

SPHINX AND ŒDIPUS.

Why poets should sing of this WAR
In rapturous anthems of praise,
I know not. Its meanings so jar,
Its purpose hath so many ways,
The SPHINX never readeth the whole.
'Tis a riddle propounded to me
That I am unskillful to tell.
The Sphinx by the way-side, I see,
Is watching (I know her so well)
To mangle us, body and soul.

Is it 'Freedom, that Bondage may live,'
Which cheers on the North to the fray?
Is it 'Slavery more Freedom to give,'
That slogans the Southern foray?
She asks, and awaits your reply:
Now answer, ye *marshal*-bred bands
Whose business is murder and blood;
Ye priests with incarnadined hands;
Ye peace-men who 'fight for the good;'
Now solve her this riddle or die!

'Our Flag,' the conservative says,
'Waves over the land of the free;'
God save us!—I think many ways,
But still 'tis a riddle to me,
Whose mystery is hid from the eye;
But Oedipus, showing the souls
All fettered, imbruted and blained,
Who point where its blazonry rolls,
And wail the sad plaint of the chained,—
Asserts, 'There is, somewhere, a lie.'

THE ACTRESS WIFE.

I had been sent by my New York employers to superintend a branch of their business in a southern city. On the evening of a brilliant Sabbath, as I walked musingly through the cemetery,

where thousands of the city's dead had found a calm and sequestered resting place, my attention was drawn to a monumental structure, the character and symbolism of which defied my comprehension. On a grassy mound, in a grove of oak trees, almost concealing it from observation, rose a mausoleum of dark stone, which at the first glance I conjectured to represent a Druidical temple. At the four corners were the carved resemblances of oak trees, the trunks forming columns for the structure, and the limbs branching out, intertwining above into a graceful net-work. The spaces between the trunks—forming the four sides of the edifice—were simply plain, deep-set slabs. The design could not be mistaken. It was that of an oak grove inclosing a tomb. But whose, and why this singular design? There was no inscription to afford an explanation. Another view added to the mystery. Standing in the middle of one of the sides, underneath the arch formed by the branching limbs, was an exquisite female figure of white marble. One foot and the body advanced, one hand grasping her robe, the other extended pointing into the distance, her head turned to one side, the lips parted as if speaking, the countenance expressive of the enthusiasm of love combined with impetuous resolution, an attire of the most perfect simplicity, similar to that worn by Roman maidens, and with a plain bandeau around the head,—the whole presented a figure of perfect symmetry and life-like impassioned earnestness, as beautiful as it was unintelligible. I sought through all my recollections of ancient and modern impersonations—of mythology, history, Scripture, and poetry—but could find nothing to furnish a solution. The structure and the figure surpassed even conjecture. Velleda, and Lot's wife, according to an old picture in the catechism, were the only resemblances I could recall, but the surroundings evidently did not suit the types.

While in my embarrassment, I became dimly conscious of seeing an elderly man coming towards me from behind the structure, but should have received no distinct impression of his presence had he not approached the gate of the inclosure upon which I chanced to be leaning, and mildly requested my permission to pass. Recalled to myself, I saw by a hasty glance that the person before me was a man apparently some sixty years of age, to whom time had imparted only a 'richness' of appearance, exhibiting the gentleman at every point, and with an aspect of the most profound grief, tempered with resignation, benevolence, and urbanity. Having politely assisted his egress, he passed onward with a graceful gesture of acknowledgment. He had taken but a few steps, when the thought occurred to me that he must have come from within the perplexing structure by some secret door, and that he could unravel its mystery. I was impelled to follow him, and proceeded hastily to do so, when the indelicacy of my intrusion on one evidently connected with the grief which the monument was designed to commemorate, flashed upon me, and I suddenly paused. He probably observed my rapid footsteps and their pause, for he turned toward me, when in a confused manner I stammered forth an apology, which, undesignedly on my part, involved a statement of the contradictory motives which had influenced me. With the most quiet and prepossessing demeanor he questioned me if I were a stranger visiting the city, and in reply I gave him all the necessary particulars concerning myself,—that my name was Waters, that I was employed by the firm of Brown, Urthers & Co., managing their branch business. A conversation ensued, which elicited the fact that the gentleman had been acquainted with my father a score of years before. The latter, whose head lies on his last pillow, was then a clerk in the New York house of Sampson, Bell & Co. The gentleman before me was Mr. Bell, who during the existence of the house had been first a clerk, and subsequently the partner who conducted their branch business at the city of my own present residence.

With this preliminary acquaintance, he kindly took my arm, and, leading me back to the monument, informed me, in a manner entirely free from any poignancy, or from that lionizing of costly memorials to departed friends so often indulged in, that it was erected to the memory of his wife; that she had formerly been an actress of celebrity, attaining peculiar distinction by her representation of the character of Imogen, in Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*; and that the marble figure portrayed her at the utterance of the words—

'Oh for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford Haven. Read and tell me
How far 'tis thither ... Say, and speak quick,
How far it is
To this same blessed Milford;'^[5]

and that the architecture of the tomb was intended to correspond with the period at which the incidents of the drama transpired.

Mr. Bell's ordinary life was one neither of seclusion nor of widely extended social courtesies; but of active benevolence and cheerful retirement, disfigured neither by ostentatious philanthropy nor studied recluseness. A son and daughter who had hardly passed the confines of juvenility, with the necessary attendants, formed his household. For the rest, he lived apparently as a gentleman of taste and wealth might be supposed to do.

In this household I gradually acquired an intimacy. This was partially owing to the circumstance that I had solaced the many lonely hours of my bachelorhood in acquiring by memory and rehearsing many scraps of poetry. Mr. Bell's favorite method of passing the evening was in teaching his children to read and declaim poetry with dramatic expression, and in this delightful occupation I was an acceptable assistant. Many were the domestic dramas which we produced,—pieces of our own invention,—in addition to our readings from the poets.

Frederick and Clara were to pass a year or two in schools at the North, and thither Mr. B. removed. The first winter of their absence, I received a letter from him relating that Clara had succumbed to the rigor of a northern climate. Soon came the father and brother with the corpse of their darling, which was placed within the cemetery mausoleum. Into this I entered for the first time, but the interior differed in no respect from others. Within its walls the mother and daughter were left together. In less than a week it was again opened, to receive the son. He had been drowned while attempting the rescue of a companion.

To my surprise at the time, the desolate father exhibited no grief. There was in his demeanor an appearance of satisfaction that their removal had preceded his own,—that he would leave none of his heart's treasures behind him, but be enabled to claim them all in the future existence.

The days lengthened and shortened through three years, in which the routine of my life was varied by no incident. With Mr. Bell my relations continued the same. At all times he spoke cheerfully of the past and the future, frequently giving utterance to the feelings above attributed to him. In one of these conversations I ventured to inquire concerning his wife. His whole countenance was irradiated. It seemed that some bright and glorious recollection of her had been recalled. The fancy impressed itself on me that he had a visible consciousness of her presence. The animation subsided into a quiet self-communing, and he soon proceeded to relate the history of her whose marble similitude had so excited my wonder and admiration.

It is nearly thirty years since I came from a New England country house to this city, as a clerk in the branch house of Sampson Brothers. I was then a raw youth; but my New England training had given me the serious and money-seeking characteristics of that part of our country. For ten years I applied myself exclusively to the details of business, having but few associates, devoting my leisure to self-improvement, and steadily accumulating a competency. On the death of a member of the firm I took his place. Five years passed, and I had attained a fortune. Some friends from the North called upon me in their travels, and during the week of their visit, I participated in more gaieties than had been comprised in my whole previous life. One evening it was proposed to visit the theatre. Into a place of dramatic representation I had never before entered, and the enchantment of all its accessories was irresistible. But when the heroine of the evening appeared, I was deprived of every faculty except that of the most absorbing adoration. What was the drama enacted mattered not,—I had no perception of it, nor of anything except the person who had fascinated me. Tall in figure, commanding in gesture, scarcely developed into the full wealth of womanhood, with an eye of piercing blackness, yet changing with every gradation of passion, profuse black tresses, and a voice whose intonations swayed the audience to every mood of feeling, SHE for the first time appeared to me.

Well, I had passed my *première jeunesse*, and had arrived at that age when a passion, once called into active life, becomes unappeasable. I need not particularize the effects upon me of my first experience of love. For weeks and months I had no desire, no ability to do anything else than frequent the theatre. My want of acquaintance with all the peculiar circumstances connected with actors and actresses almost maddened me; for I knew of no method by which I might ever be able to exchange a word with her who had become to me more than an idol to a devotee, or the dream of fame to a poet. I sickened. To the physician called in attendance, after much shrewd questioning on his part, I revealed my secret. With a jocose laugh he left me, but in a half-hour returned, accompanied by a somewhat vulgar-looking female, whom he introduced as the mother of Evelyn Afton—the name of her for whom my life was wasting and my soul pining.

The mother was the widow of an actor, and Evelyn her only daughter, who had been bred for the stage, and her beauty and ability having secured success, she had been enabled to attain all the accomplishments of cultivated womanhood.

If anything could have disenchanted me, the manner of the mother would certainly have had such an effect. She regarded my passion as simply a business affair. She would present me to her daughter that day, and I might contract an engagement, if I would make certain liberal allowances and settlements. But a recurrence to these matters creates disgust. It is sufficient to say, that I surpassed in my provisions all the demands of the mother's avarice, and in a few months Evelyn and I were married.

There was on the part of my beautiful bride an inexplicable expression,—a demeanor in which cold and haughty reserve blended strangely with an utter carelessness, and occasional rapidly checked electric ebullitions of passion to the lip and eye, but never reaching words, followed by a passive yet proud languor. I was too happy to observe or speculate. I received merely the impression, but was too much occupied in arranging for my wedded life, too much absorbed in the feeling of bliss, to analyze it. I believed in her love,—that was sufficient for me. In after years I resolved the impression into its prismatic elements, and thus it is I am able to delineate them.

Time passed. The extravagance of my first raptures gradually subsided into a more settled but not less complete happiness. In all her attentions to myself my wife was perfect. In society she

was supremely brilliant and fascinating; in private her demeanor preserved the characteristics of which I have spoken. I accepted it as her natural manner, and did not give it further thought. My son Frederick was born, and for a short time, under the influence of maternal impulses, my wife exhibited animation and emotions which I had not before witnessed,—soon, however, relapsing into her previous demeanor. The same contrasts—less strongly marked—occurred upon the birth of my daughter.

Returning one evening from business, at the usual dinner hour, I visited, before entering my residence, as was frequently my custom, the stables, and inquired, in passing, of the coachman—a favorite negro—if he had driven his mistress out that afternoon. He replied,—

'No, massa; Missers' brudder on here; been wid her dese two hours.'

The answer created much surprise, as I had not been informed that my wife had any relatives. A moment's reflection, however, on some of the peculiar connections of theatrical life, led me to believe that such a person might be in existence, who, for some unpleasant reasons, had not been recognized. Respecting my wife's secret, I passed on without further inquiry; and, to avoid an interview with the visitor, ascended a staircase into a conservatory connected with the upper apartments, intending to remain there until he had departed. As I entered the conservatory I was startled by the sound of voices, which proceeded from the adjoining apartment,—my wife's *boudoir*,—and was transfixed at beholding through the shrubbery, in the dim light of the room, my wife sitting upon a sofa, exhibiting traces of powerful but suppressed emotion, such as I had never seen in her, and partly kneeling, partly reclining at her side, a young man, apparently in the most violent and passionate entreaty.

'O, Evelyn! Evelyn!' he said, 'will you bid me leave you thus? Will you have no pity? For years I toiled at my art, poor and desolate, in a foreign land, sustained only by the hope of achieving success—fame—fortune—to lay them before you;—your love gifting me with all my ideal life—the hope of winning you the only incentive of my labor. When I heard of your marriage, I dashed away my chisels, with an oath never to resume them. In mad desperation, I destroyed the works of years. But I have lived on in solitude and wretchedness, unvisited even by the imaginations which once made life glorious. Now I have come to claim you—to take you from him who robbed me. Such a marriage as yours is not valid before just heaven. Renounce your contract. Fly with me to Italy,—let the world say what it will. With you at my side I can create works that will compel homage; knowing our own purity, we can laugh at its scorn, and, contented with each other, despise both its friendship and its enmity.'

'Stop, Frank!' she replied, 'and leave me. Do not prolong this agony. What you wish is, it must be, impossible. It is not for myself that I deny it. God knows I could brave any thing for you. But to yield your request would only aid your ruin. No, no, Frank; you are mad!'

'If I am not, I soon shall be!' he murmured bitterly.

'I shall fulfill my contract to the letter,' she continued; 'or, rather, that which was made for me. I consented to be the sacrifice, and I will accept the fire and the knife resolutely. But you—you—should I link myself to your fate, I should draw you to perdition. Even in the air of Italy, my presence would be poison to you. I speak not of guilt. But my connection—a perjured wife—would debar you from the companionship of all that is noble and good and beautiful. I am but a woman—one woman. Could I have been placed at your side, I might have assisted your conceptions and stimulated your aspirations. But now—*now*—it can not be. Go—seek some other. There are many worthy of your choice. You can find them. If not, live for your art, Frank, and forget me.'

'My art!' he replied, with passionate bitterness; 'curses on it! Aye, I can almost curse the Heaven which gifted me with "ideality." What is it, but unsatisfied mockery of longing?—the execution always failing to meet the promise of the conception. My art! What can the cold marble be to me, when no longer animated by the soul with which my hope of your presence infused it? My art! Would to God that a divine flash of genius would impel me to wield the chisel but for one short month, and then that I might expire by the side of my creation!'

'No, no, Frank,' she interposed; 'you will live long, become renowned, and create not one, but many works for fame; and I shall read of your successes and rejoice in them. More than that, I shall be present with you always in spirit and sympathy. Think of that, Frank. Make me your ideal still, if you will. This will be exquisite satisfaction to me. Let me think that I am always inspiring you. Work for me, Frank.'

The young man buried his face in the sofa and sobbed passionately. My wife bent over, and, unknown to him, unless he felt her breath, gently kissed the curls of his hair. 'Come,' she said, 'now you must be gone. Neither of us can endure this longer. Go—go. Do not give me a word or a look. You would only rend my heart, without killing me.'

Presently he rose, and, with an effort at self-control, walked towards the door, but stopped and faltered forth, 'Must this be? Is this then our last farewell?'

She merely waved her hand, hiding her face.

The young man sprang to her side, fell upon his knees, grasped her hand, and covered it with kisses, then rushed to the door and was gone.

My wife flung herself upon the sofa and burst forth into a flood of tears. Never before had I beheld her weeping.

During this interview I stood like a statue. It seemed to me that I had lived an age,—such a life as those may be supposed to have, who, as related in Eastern tales, are transformed to stone for a century, retaining their consciousness. A revolution had gone through its entire progress in me. For the first time did I understand how selfish had been my adoration of my wife,—how I had merely purchased her of her scheming and avaricious mother,—how I had wronged her and one who loved her,—how incompatible with her youth and brilliancy were my maturity and unpoetic nature. Her conduct since our marriage was now fully explained. My love for her was immeasurably increased, but I loathed myself. I had but one thought, how reparation could best be made. I swear before Heaven, that could it have been possible without staining her name, I would have torn her from my heart, and given her to the one who rightfully claimed her from me. This was impossible. Only by guilt or vulgar disgrace could she become his. Then the question took possession of me, 'How shall I win her love?—how shall I win her love?' This repeated itself again and again, with a distinct and fearful iteration, as if a demon were whispering it in my ear. A thousand mad thoughts took possession of me, and suicide thrust itself on me. For a few moments,—though it seemed an age of experience,—I was insane. The blow had dispossessed my reason. Dimly, as in a drunken man, however, still remained the ordinary instincts, and that perception, which, like the muscles of respiration, keeps ever at work, let the mind be filled as it may with thoughts and purposes that seem entirely to engross and absorb it. I crept silently from the conservatory, and passing out into the street, entered the house at the front. Dinner was soon served, as usual, and my wife took her seat, with her customary manner. I, too, was confident, exhibited no variation from mine. Her self-possession was the result of control, mine of mere numbness. The machinery of life was temporarily continuing its regular motion without any supervision.

This benumbed condition continued through a large portion of a sleepless night. The unintermitted repetition of the query, 'How shall I win her love?' tortured me into an agony like that experienced in a nightmare dream. Slowly and gradually my reason began to work, and I methodically commenced to elaborate a system by which to acquire what was now the chief object of my life,—my wife's *love*. I arose in the morning determined to obtain this, even should every other pursuit be relinquished and every other desire sacrificed. My system was formed. Life thereafter was to be devoted to it.

My first object was to create a change in her feelings toward my rival;—not to destroy her love for him,—of the futility of such an attempt I was aware,—but to modify the cold, desperate, and resentful feeling of disappointment she entertained; to superimpose upon her thwarted passion, which would continue to regard him as a hero of romance, another condition of feeling, that should bring him before her in a different aspect, and to rouse her listlessness by suggesting something to be done which should be connected with him,—the only incentive, I was assured, sufficiently powerful to stimulate her to action. I had a patient whom I intended to treat in the most delicate and scientific manner. I determined to appeal to her benevolence,—a feeling which, though latent, always exists in a true woman. My disconsolate hero of romance was to be brought down and made a mortal, capable of receiving favors. Instead of being the object of love, he was to become one of charity.

'My dear,' said I, one evening, with a suppressed yawn, as I was perusing a magazine, 'I have been reading a stupid account of the pictures and statues, and so on, in Florence. These things are very fine, doubtless, to those who understand and appreciate them. My early education in aesthetics was neglected; or rather the hard necessities of my youth allowed me no opportunity to cultivate them. But it is a good thing to encourage art, and I have been thinking it might be well for us to have some paintings and statuary. If I attempt to select them I shall be tricked and bamboozled into purchasing mere daubs and botches. Would it not be well to engage some person of judgment—perhaps an artist—to go to Italy and make an investment for us? I know none such, but you have been more associated with artists, and if you can secure one, I will give him *carte blanche*. Will you please make some inquiries?'

I had kept my eyes on the magazine, but felt that she was looking at me with scrutinizing glances. Had she suspected my knowledge of her love, she would probably—with some of that passion of which I had been a secret witness—have declared the whole matter, and then, with scornful upbraidings of my hypocrisy, perhaps have left me forever. I was careful to avoid any such premature explosion, and with another yawn continued carelessly turning the leaves of the magazine. Reassured, she replied that she would undertake the business. With a hasty glance, through apparently sleepy eyes, I saw that I had roused her,—that she was already intent on planning occupation for Frank, and laying out for him a course of success and honor, through the stimulus which would be imparted by the execution of a commission of her bestowal. Another feeling I was delighted to see exhibited. She felt that she was now about to render him some equivalent for his disappointment. Already was he become to her less Frank the lover than Frank the artist, whose fortunes she was to assist. I will make you yet his lady-patroness, thought I. I foresaw that some of my rival's productions would grace my apartments, in a year or two. But, better his imagination than his heart, said I to myself,—better the works of his chisel, which I and all the throng of the public can eulogize, than the secret, doating passion confined to the intense idolatry of one breast.

After a few premonitory nods I retired.

I did not trouble myself about the manner in which the commission was conveyed to Frank. Thither, however, it went, as I learned in after time.

I well understood that to attempt rivaling Frank in matters cognate with his own department of talent, would render me only as ridiculous as an old beau who seeks to gain favor with the girls by imitating with his rouge, hair dyes, and laced waistcoats, the freshness and symmetry of youth. But I must endeavor to establish some common ground on which I and the magnificent creature at my side could meet and hold converse. I must find it in literature. In a garret over my store I had a safe and some papers conveyed, ostensibly for attention to private business. I kept my room securely locked. Thither, from time to time, I secretly carried a library of English classics, and all works of the day which received public attention. I revived all my early recollections of literature, and made myself acquainted with the lighter contemporaneous works, which are the most prolific topics of conversation in society. Under pretense of business I devoted every moment I could to my solitary chamber. Never did college student, cramming himself for examination, labor more intently than I. I stored my mind not only with words, but ideas. I committed to memory innumerable fine passages. Personally, I was well repaid for my toil. Literature is always solacing, elevating, and ennobling. The Bedouin of the desert is less of a robber and murderer while singing the songs of his national poets.

My acquisitions, however, were carefully hidden. They were for future use. At present I continued to talk nothing that was beyond the scope of the newspapers.

Thus some months passed. It was near the close of summer, and the gorgeous autumnal season was at hand. I designed to attempt something which would create a change in my wife's nature,—her acquired nature, to substitute some healthful exuberance for the weary listlessness which had become habitual to her. The physical is the foundation of all other departments of humanity. With a physical system of glowing health, mental or emotional or moral disease is impossible; and the converse is true, that when these exist, the physical system must deteriorate. I must then give a filip to my wife's physical vigor,—dissipate her desperateness and her love in the same manner in which a good game of billiards drives from a man the blues. I must remove all her morbidness. Where could I go but to the great mother Nature? If physical enjoyment, in connection with an appreciative view of the beauties and glories everywhere spread before humanity, on the mountains, the plains, the valleys, and the oceans, does not revive and restore, the case is hopeless. My wife was an excellent equestrian. Her theatrical experience had familiarized her with firearms. She had a cultivated taste for scenery, and some degree of skill in delineating it. Far off, then, into the prairies and the western mountains, into scenes away from the beaten track, where everything should be as dissimilar as possible from all previous life, I determined to lead her.

My arrangements were quickly and quietly made,—my equipments secretly completed. On pretense of visiting business acquaintances, I requested my wife to accompany me on a journey to St. Louis. With her usual passiveness, she consented. In a few days we were on our way. After our arrival, we made trips into the interior. Gradually, I diverged from civilization. Professing to find an unexpected charm in the novelty of this, I led the way still onward. We traveled on horseback,—often amid solitudes. I first astonished my wife by occasionally displaying on the game my precision with the rifle. (I had spent scores of hours at a shooting gallery in St. Louis.) I persuaded her to try a few shots. (I had provided a beautiful light rifle for her use.) Ambition to shoot well soon possessed her. By degrees, our open-air life gave her blood a bound which no secret grief could counteract. The excitement of the chase on our fleet horses, the incidents of our hunting adventures, and the novelty of our associations, created a glow of spirit which burst forth in unrestrained conversation, mirth, and song. Now, then, I began to display my literary acquisitions. During the long evenings in our tent, or the wigwam of an Indian, or the log cabin of a backwoods settler, we alternated in reading aloud from an excellent collection of books I had prepared. Reading introduced topics of conversation, in which I employed all that I had in memory, and all that had been created in myself by the electric collision of great authors. Never did a professional wit more ingeniously produce as sudden coruscations the *bon mots* tediously studied; never did a philosophical conversationalist use to more advantage the wisdom conned over in the closet. I talked eloquently, profoundly. I rattled forth witticisms and poetical quotations. I amazed her. The man whom she thought incapable of any ideas beyond his ledger, and the stock market, and the cotton warehouse, was revealed as a person of taste and reading. Instead of appearing to her merely an indifferent person, to whom her fate had been chained, and whom she regarded in somewhat the same manner as Prometheus did his rock, I had become a pleasant companion,—a being of more vitality than she had perhaps ever met.

Still, I had not excited the emotion of love. I did not expect it at this stage of the treatment, but I observed its absence with a pang.

For woman's love is not a slowly extorted tribute to excellence, but a spontaneous bestowal. Unlike evil spirits, which, according to popular superstition, need urging over the threshold before they can enter and possess the hearthstone. Love leaps in unsolicited at any unguarded aperture, and becomes master of the household.

Only genius could command her homage, and to this I could make no pretension.

Love is oftener a response to appreciation, than a concession granted upon a rational estimate of him who seeks it. She did not yet know that I appreciated her. The time for her to learn it had not come.

The casket of a woman's heart is oftener forced than opened with a key.

Love had once entered my wife's soul, and, after accomplishing his mischief, left demons in possession. I could not exorcise—only charm them. For the present,—perhaps for years,—I must be content with this. In the distant future, which had a dim horizon of hope, I expected to make some final stroke by which to expel them. What it should be, I could scarcely anticipate. Necessarily, I foresaw, it must be like the highwayman's challenge, 'Money or life.' After becoming endurable to her, in fact, inveigling her into unforeseen familiarity, I must suddenly throw off the mask, and demand the love for which I had waited and plotted. Either she would surrender, or there would be a tragedy.

The denouement came in a way of which I had no prescience. You will learn it in the due course of my narrative.

But she charmed me, fearfully, when she appeared, after a morning's chase, resplendent in the fullness of her healthful beauty, beaming with excitement, her superb figure undulating gracefully to the restive movements of her horse. I could have prostrated myself before her, in a wild worship of her beauty. She had that quality which is so rare in woman, but so admirable where it exists,—entire fearlessness; for it is a most absurd mistake to suppose that masculine *virtues* can not co-exist in woman with the most lovable, feminine delicacy. Partly her unblenching courage was the product of a strong will in a splendid physical organization; partly, alas! it arose from a disregard of life, which she felt was worthless.

One morning, as we turned our faces homeward, our Indian escort and baggage having preceded us, we were riding quietly along, with no intention of hunting, but accidentally coming on a few buffaloes separated from their herd, the temptation to attack them was too strong to be resisted. We both urged our horses in pursuit, and, overtaking them, fired simultaneously at different animals. My wife's quarry—a stout bull—continued his flight, not being fatally wounded. Suddenly, some of our Indians who had heard the shot, and started to return, came into view over the brow of a hill, and the buffalo, thinking himself surrounded, turned and rushed at my wife. She avoided the onset by a quick whirl of her horse. The buffalo gathered himself and returned to the charge with a roar of rage. Not having reloaded my rifle, I spurred forward, and leaped my steed full upon his massy form. We all fell together, and when, after several seconds, I extricated myself, my wife was standing on the buffalo's neck to prevent him from rising. I plunged my knife into his chest, but in the mad struggle of death he partially rose, throwing her to the ground, while one of his horns entered her side. Never before, since I commenced my system, had I lost my studied calmness. But the sight of her blood, dyeing her garments and the grass, made me frantic. I tore away her vestments from the wound, pressed my lips in an agony to the gash, and then, hastily stanching the blood, bore her, nearly senseless as she was, in an embrace, the thrilling energy of which can not be told, to a rivulet in the vicinity. Happily the wound was but a lesion of the flesh, for which my surgery was sufficient, and by the aid of stimulants she revived, subsequently recovering without injury.

Since my fatal discovery in the conservatory, I had not before touched her person, except for such courtesies as any gentleman may render a lady of his acquaintance. Now, with my arms clasping her, my veins throbbled as in a delirium. The tender light of her eyes, as she revived, resulting partially from weakness and partially from a natural thankfulness, moved me to the very point of prematurely throwing myself at her feet and disclosing all. By a great throe I controlled myself. As she resumed her natural condition, I fell back into that most ordinary and commonplace character,—a self-satisfied husband,—qualified somewhat by sympathy and attention, of course, but without the least infusion of sentiment.

Oh, if she had known of the volcano under this exterior! If she had known how, at that moment, I could have exclaimed, 'Give me your love, or here let us die!'

So, after various desultory wanderings, we returned home. Home! how I dreaded it, for I knew the power of association—the effect of localities and customary external habits on the feelings. You may take a careworn, dyspeptic, melancholy man out for a week's excursion, and he will show himself preëminent in all good fellowship. But as the familiar sights gradually open on him at returning, you may see the shadows flitting down upon his brow and entering his soul. How many good resolutions of change and reform—of breaking old associations and forming new ones—we make when absent from our usual haunts! How impossible it becomes to realize them when we re-occupy the familiar places!

But so it was, we reached home. All my anticipations were realized. The old spirit, the old manner, were revived in my wife. At this time an installment of pictures and statues from Italy came to hand. I welcomed them as angels of mercy. When I announced the arrival to my wife, a flush struggled to her cheek, and a radiance to her eye. 'Ha! you think,' said I in my communings, 'that Frank is to be present with you in his works, and that through them you may be in his presence. So you shall, but they shall become only an annoyance and a weariness,—for themselves and for him.'

The statues and pictures were brought to the house and unpacked. My wife was almost tremulous with eagerness to behold them. I had taken care, however, to have a number of acquaintances present,—some of genuine artistic taste, some of only pretensions, and others utterly ignorant. As the various works were displayed, my artistic friends, as in courtesy bound, and as their merit really deserved, duly eulogized them, and the praises were echoed by the rest. Finally we came to a box which contained a label marked 'The statue of Hope Downcast.' 'Aha! master Frank,' thought I, 'so I have you at last.' I could see my wife quivering with the contest of feeling,—between her annoyance at the presence of visitors, and the necessity of controlling herself and uniting in their commendations.

'Hope Downcast' was raised to the perpendicular, and proved to be a beautiful life-size statue, representing a female figure standing on a rock, in a most dejected attitude, one foot unsandaled, her raiment torn, her hair loose, the fillet which confined it lying parted at her feet, the star upon the fillet deprived of some of its points, and the ordinary emblem of Hope, the anchor, broken at her side. The applicability of the conception to the history of Frank and my wife, I readily understood. My guests broke out into raptures, in which I joined, and, by continual appeals to my wife, constrained her to do the same. I also took the opportunity of inquiring the name of the artist, and requested my wife to express to him the entire satisfaction he had given in the execution of his commission.

The ordeal closed, but was renewed and repeated day after day, till all the poetry and romance connected with our artistic acquisitions was thoroughly destroyed in my wife's mind. They became, as I could easily observe, positively odious to her, and, doubtless, could she have obeyed the promptings of her feelings, she would have trampled on them, and cast them into the street.

But in this disappointment she became so forlorn, so passively desperate, that my heart almost burst at beholding her.

Since my discovery in the conservatory I had often used it for watching my wife,—not of course with any miserable design of playing the spy upon, her,—but to observe her various moods, in order to adapt, my own conduct and the progress of my system to them. One night, after we had entertained a party of visitors, whom I had made instruments of torture to my wife by their common-place eulogies of Frank's contributions, I ascended my perch in the conservatory. She was sitting in her apartment, her hands, listlessly clasped, resting on her knees, her form bowed with the most profound dejection, coupled with that indescribable aspect of cold, desperate defiance which I have previously noticed, exhibited in her countenance and position. 'Oh! Frank, Frank!' she seemed to say, 'would that I had forsaken all and fled to Italy with you. There, the creations of your taste and genius would have afforded a solace. Here they are but torments.'

'You shall go to Italy, Evelyn, and have your fill of Frank's society,' said I in my imaginary comment. 'But not yet; the time has not yet come.'

Having permitted her to learn the disappointment derived from the works of art associated with Frank's memory, I now brought into action a scheme for teaching her the pleasure which I could afford. Before our hunting expedition I had purchased a spacious and beautiful mansion, and engaged upholsterers from New York to decorate it, during our absence, in the most elegant style their taste could design. A large apartment had been constructed by my order for the purpose of a private theatre.

I informed Evelyn of my plan, and conveyed her to our destined residence. She was not at first much moved, but after we had entered on possession, and she was thoroughly engaged in selecting an amateur company from our acquaintances and arranging for our forthcoming exhibitions, the old enthusiasm of her former profession revived, and she appeared for the time transported back to the auspicious hours of her young triumphs. 'The School for Scandal' was chosen for our first performance—I of course taking the part of Sir Peter, and she that of Lady Teazle. I did not allow my feelings once to transcend the part, and in the conclusion looked completely the happy, good-natured, self-satisfied, old husband. Heaven! had her protestations, where the reconciliation occurred, been genuine, and not mere dramatic fiction! The thought almost overpowered me. I could see the young bucks of the city chuckling over my position, and evidently wishing they were in the place of *that old fool!*

I need not relate the innumerable stratagems I devised to employ the attention and heart of my wife in pleasures emanating from myself. I was continually careful, however, to exhibit no sign of tender appreciation, but allowed her to regard them as the mere ordinary gratification of my own whims and wishes. I had now been for about a year disconnected with my business. I had encouraged Evelyn in every species of extravagance, and expended money lavishly in all methods. I was conscious of living far beyond the ability of even my ample means, but there could not be an hesitation or halting. The city looked on me with wonder; some spoke of me as one whom fortune had crazed; others pitied me as the victim of an extravagant wife. My New York partners expostulated with me, and, when my theatrical exhibition reached their ears, hinted at a dissolution. But I was deaf to rumor and reproof.

The person who took the part of Joseph Surface, in our representation of 'The School for Scandal,' was an unmarried gentleman of high standing, socially and politically, of middle age, fine presence, and superior abilities. Under polished manners and captivating conversational powers, were concealed persistent passions and a conscience of marble. Before even Evelyn suspected it, I was aware that he had resolved on subduing her to his own designs, for I seemed in all things relating to her to be gifted with preternatural intuitions.

Our next representation was to be 'The Fatal Marriage,' in which the person alluded to—whose name was Sefton—was to take the character of the wooer.

The necessary consultations concerning the production of the piece brought him frequently to my house, and both the excuse and the opportunities it gave were diligently improved.

I had a premonition one evening that his intentions toward Evelyn were then to take some decisive expression. I left my solitary study, of which I have before spoken, and, going home, entered the house softly, and directed my steps towards our theatrical apartment. My confidence in Evelyn was unbounded, but I wished to witness the apprehended collision. Stealing behind the scenery, I saw Evelyn sitting on the stage, with cold and erect pride,—which was yet free from affectation,—and Sefton standing before her, having evidently just concluded speaking.

'So, sir,' she said, 'I have heard you without interruption. But the character you rehearse is inappropriate. You forget that we are now concerned with a piece representing the tribulations of a faithful wife, and not a comedy of the school of Charles the Second. I see that you are sincere; but sincerity renders a bad passion the more hateful. Now leave me. For your own contentment crush it. If this is impossible, conceal it. Should you ever again intimate it by even a glance, I will expel you from my society as I would a viper.'

'Madam,' he gasped forth in suppressed rage, 'I understand you. You shall also understand me, if you now do not. I will reduce your haughty pride. Of this be assured. You play well the *rôle* of the faithful wife, but I will not do you the injustice of supposing that it is through any regard for him on whose behalf you assume it.'

He would have said more, but Evelyn sprang up, her eyes flashing, and, seizing a dagger which lay on a table among other 'properties,' exclaimed,—

'Begone, sir, or you shall find me an actress who can perform a terrible reality.'

She advanced toward him, and he turned away, passing out slowly, cowed, but not vanquished. I could see that he was determined to become her master, though it cost him all that he had invested in ambition, honor, and life.

She flung down the dagger, paused till he was out of the house, and then went to her rooms. I emerged from my hiding-place, laughing and sobbing hysterically,—rejoicing over my glorious Evelyn, and bewailing that she was not in truth mine.

A few weeks after this scene, I found on several occasions, when returning home late, that Evelyn was out. I never interfered with her freedom, nor questioned her in regard to any of her proceedings; but, nevertheless, in all cases, as there was no concealment concerning them, I was, by the ordinary channels of social and domestic intercourse, acquainted with them. With regard to the absences alluded to, however, I was at fault. They were not attributable to any of the engagements of society. It became, of course, requisite, as part of my system, to investigate the mystery. So, on a certain evening, after going out apparently as usual, I watched the house, and, shortly after dusk, saw her emerge, clad in plain habiliments, and followed her at a distance through several secluded streets. She stopped at a very ordinary tenement in a remote quarter of the city, and remained till a late hour, when she returned home.

I resolved quietly to take observations, and ascertain the motive for her visit. My intentions were precluded the next morning by the entrance into my place of business of Mr. Sefton, who, after many complimentary and cordial expressions, requested a private conference; which being granted, he said,—

'My dear Mr. Bell, I wish to speak to you concerning a very delicate and painful matter. I am conscious of involving myself in an affair, which may, perhaps, have unpleasant consequences for me, but my friendship and esteem for you will not permit me to remain quiet concerning a matter which is injurious to your honor.'

He then proceeded to inform me that a certain actor, named Foster, who once had a high reputation, but had become degraded through dissoluteness, recently came to him, apparently in abject poverty and dangerous illness, begging assistance and shelter; that he had placed Foster in a tenement, which he described (the same that I had seen my wife enter), and supplied his wants, but had reason to suppose that Foster was imposing on his charity, having learned from others that, so far from being ill, he was sufficiently able to enjoy his appetites and licentious desires. 'On going,' said Mr. Sefton, 'to reprimand and expel him, he confessed to me that he had taken this method of covering an intrigue with a lady, and assured me he intended to repay all I had advanced him. I became, also,' continued Mr. Sefton, 'a witness of an interview with the lady, as she entered while I was there, and Foster, in the haste of the occasion, was obliged to conceal me in an adjoining room. The lady, I was astonished to perceive, was Mrs. Bell. I then recollected that Foster was formerly intimate with her, and that they performed on the stage together. I have deemed it my duty to relate this astounding development to you.'

I received Mr. Sefton's announcement in all seriousness, and thanked him. What would he have me do? He replied that my own judgment must dictate, but that he supposed it would be best for all parties to remove quietly to another State and apply for a divorce. I promised to consider the matter, and after many mutual compliments he departed.

'What does this mean?' I mused. 'The supposition of an intrigue is preposterous. Probably Foster has merely deceived Evelyn as he did Sefton, in order to obtain her bounty. But why make her visits so secret? That is easily explained;—she does not wish to be connected publicly with any unhappy sequences of her former histrionic career. I will have an interview with Foster before proceeding further.'

I visited him that night, pushing into the house immediately after the black female servant who opened the door, lest I should be refused admittance. I found Foster in a half-intoxicated condition, seated comfortably at a table, with a pipe in his hand, and liquor before him.

'I am Mr. Bell,' said I, 'and had learned from my wife of your destitute condition, which I came to relieve. But you appear in excellent circumstances.'

Through his intoxication there was an evidence of confusion, as he stammered out,—

'Yes, sir; much obliged to you. Take a seat—a seat. Good spell now. Doctor prescribes a little comfort, you know, old boy!'

'A very kind doctor, I should judge, Mr. Foster, and I am glad to find you in such a good condition. Suppose I take a glass with you?'

'Certainly. Very happy—happy. Your health, sir.'

'I hope, sir,' I said, 'that you will soon recover, after the attentions of my wife and Mr. Sefton.'

'Sefton!' he exclaimed. 'Rascal! D—d rascal! sir.' He continued murmuring in his throat, 'Rascal! D—d rascal!'

'I'll take another glass,' said I. 'The liquor is very good—very good, sir. Who furnishes it?'

'Liquor! Yes—very good! Sefton—yes, Sefton sent it. Rascal! D—d rascal!' (in a murmur, as before.)

'Now, Foster,' said I, 'I am rich. There is a purse,—and pretty well filled. I will give it to you, and others like it, if you will tell me why Sefton is a rascal, and how you happen to be connected with him.'

His eyes glistened with greediness, as I anticipated. He grasped the purse and thrust it into his pocket, then immediately pulled it out, tossed it on the table, leaned his head down on his arms and began to sob, all in the most maudlin manner.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A SONG OF FREEDOM.

Not now, my tongue, to legends old,
Or tender lays of sunny clime;
A sterner tale must now be told,
Deep thoughts must burn in warlike rhyme;
For Freedom, with a mighty throe,
Rouses from sleep to active life,
And loud her clarion trumpets blow,
To summon *men* to join the strife.

The seed, which long ago was sown
By free New England's rock-bound rills,
At length, in noble vigor grown,
Casts branches o'er the Southern hills.
Far o'er the prairies of the West
Rings Freedom's thrilling battle-cry,
Re-echoed where each mountain crest
Lifts Maine's dark forests to the sky.

Go forth, ye warriors for the right!
Lift high the banner of the free!
Shine far into Oppression's night,
Bright oriflamme of Liberty!
For, God be praised, the lowering cloud
So long impending overhead,
Which nations thought our funeral shroud,
Shall prove our victory-robe instead.

O maiden, who with tender smile,
O wife, who with enslaving kiss,
Some dearly loved one would beguile
From duty in a field like this;
Conjure before thy tearful sight
The glories future years shall know,
Unclasp thine arms—in Freedom's fight,
Bid him be valiant,—bid him, 'go.'

Be with him both in camp, in field,
With tender thought and earnest prayer;
Think, those who Freedom's weapons wield,
God makes his own peculiar care.
And if he fall,—as chance he may,—
Rejoice the glorious boon is thine,
To lay thy heart-flowers of a day
On Freedom's grand, eternal shrine!

O warrior, nerve thy courage well!
For fierce and stern the strife will be,—
Oppression, Wrong, the powers of hell,
War against Right and Liberty.
Fight, for the victory must be thine;
No nobler strife the world has known
Since first the Saviour, all divine,
Brought life to man from God's high throne.

And ye, who sit in seats of power,
The instruments of God's high will,
Be ye not wanting in this hour
So big with future good or ill.
Fail not, for Freedom's car rolls on
Resistless in its glorious way;
Some shall to honor be upborne,
They who oppose be crushed to clay.

Hark! from the sunny Southern plains
There comes a sound still swelling on,
The clanking of a million chains,
The cry, the groan, the lash, the moan.

That sound for years has gone on high;
The hour of judgment comes apace,
The day of right and liberty,
Of freedom for the human race.

Speed, speed the day, O righteous God,
To break the fetters, dry the tears,
To raise the slave, so long downtrod,
Through the dark age of by-gone years!
Give but to us the sword of power,
To work thy ends, in thine own way,
To see the promise of the hour
Of this the world's most glorious day.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

In the tense, absorbing excitement of our life-and-death-struggle for national existence, events which in calmer times would quicken every pulse, and arrest universal attention, pass all but unnoticed; as historians record that during the battle between Hannibal and the Romans by the Lake Thrasymene, the earth was shaken and upheaved by a great natural convulsion, without attracting the observation of the fierce, eager combatants; or, as Byron tersely phrases it,

'An earthquake rolled unheededly away,'

being regarded, if regarded at all, as one of the incidents of the tremendous collision of Europe with Africa.

When, early in March, 1844, John C. Fremont, with thirty or forty followers, astonished Captain Sutter by dropping down from the Sierra Nevada upon his *ranch*e on the Sacramento, the old Switzer could not have been more completely dumbfounded had he been told that his visitors had just descended from the clouds, than he was by the truthful assurance that they were an

exploring party, who had left the United States only ten months before, and had since made their way across the continent. To pass the Sierra in winter had hitherto been deemed an impossibility, and, indeed, the condition of Fremont's surviving beasts of burden—thirty-three out of the sixty-seven with which he started—proved the presumption not far out of the way. To traverse the continent at all, even in summer, on a line stretching due west from the Hudson, the Delaware, or the Potomac, to the Pacific Ocean, was an unattempted feat, whereof the hardships, the dangers, were certain, and the success exceedingly doubtful. A very few parties of daring adventurers had, during several of the six or eight preceding summers, pushed up the Platte from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains, followed the Sweetwater from the point where the North Platte emerges from the heart of those mountains, running to the northward, and having thus passed through the great central chain of North America (for the Sweetwater heads on the west side of the mountain range, and the South Pass, through which it seeks the Platte, is a broad elevated gap, wherein the face of the country is but moderately rolling, and the trail better than almost any where else), turned abruptly to the north-west, crossed the Green River source of the Colorado, which leads a hundred miles farther north, and soon struck across a mountainous water-shed to the Lewis or Snake branch of the Columbia, which they followed down to the great river of the west, and thus reached the coveted shore of the Pacific,—that Oregon which they had chosen as their future home, mainly because it was, of all possible Eldorados, the farthest and the least accessible. Trappers, hunters, and Indian traders, few in numbers, and generally men of desperate fortunes, who realized that

'The world was not their friend, nor the world's law,'

had, for several decades, penetrated every glen of the Rocky Mountains, and traced every affluent of the great river in quest of their respective prey; but the wild, desolate region watered by the Colorado, the Humboldt, or the streams that are lost in the Great Salt Lake, or some smaller absorbent of the scanty waters of the Great Basin, had never proved attractive to our borderers, and for excellent reasons. It is, as a whole, so arid, so sterile (though its valleys do not lack fertility wherever their latent capacities can be developed by irrigation), and its game is so scanty and worthless, that old Bridger (pioneer of settlers at the military post in northern Utah, now known as Fort Bridger) was probably the only American who had made his home in the Great Basin when Fremont's exploring party first pitched their tents by the border of Great Salt Lake, in September, 1843.

The discovery of gold in California, in the summer of 1847, closely following the military occupation and conquest of that country by the United States, wrought a great and sudden revolution. Of the few Americans in that region prior to 1846, probably nine tenths had rounded Cape Horn to reach it, while the residue had made their way across Mexico or the Isthmus of Darien. It was 'a far coy' at best, and very tedious as well as difficult of attainment. We have in mind an American of decided energy, who, starting from Illinois in May or June, 1840, with a party of adventurers, mainly mounted, reached the mouth of the Columbia, overland, in December, and California, by water, in the course of the winter; and who, starting again for California, via Panama, in the summer of 1847, was nine months in reaching his destination. But the tidings that the shining dross was being and to be picked up by the handful on the tributaries of the Sacramento wrought like magic. Early in 1849, steam-ships were dispatched from New York for Chagres, at the mouth of the river of like name on the Isthmus of Darien, whence crowds of eager gold-seekers made their way across, as they best might, to Panama, being taken in small, worthless boats up the river, so far as its navigation was practicable,—say sixty miles,—and thence, mounted on donkeys or mules, for the residue of the distance, which was perhaps half as far. Short as this portage was, it soon came to be regarded with a terror by no means unjustified. The ascent of the rapid, shallow, tortuous stream was at once difficult and dangerous; the boats were of the rudest construction; the boatmen little better than savages; rains fell incessantly for a good part of each year; the warm, moist, relaxing climate bred fevers in the blood of a considerable percentage of those so suddenly and so utterly exposed to its malarious influences; while the road from Cruces, at the head of navigation, being but a rugged bridle-path at best, was soon worn by incessant travel into the most detestable compound of rock and mire that ever aggravated the miseries of human life. Arrived at quaint, dull old Panama, the early adventurers long awaited with fierce impatience the steamers which were to have anticipated their coming, and been ready to speed them on their way; and many were goaded into taking passage on sailing vessels, which were months in beating up to the Golden Gate against the gentle but persistent breezes from the west and north-west which mainly prevail on that coast. Rarely has human endurance been put to severer tests than in the earlier years of gold-seeking travel by the Isthmus route to California.

The Panama Railroad—commenced in 1850, and finished in 1855, at a total cost of \$7,500,000, for a length of forty-seven and a half miles—very considerably reduced the expense, whether in time or money, of the Isthmus transit, diminishing its miseries and perils in still greater proportion. It is one of the noblest achievements, whereof our countrymen are fairly entitled to the full credit. A ship-canal or railroad across the Isthmus had been proposed, and commended, and surveyed for and estimated upon, by French, South American, and other officials and engineers; but the execution of the work was left to our countrymen, and not in vain. Contractor after contractor abandoned the undertaking in despair; hundreds, if not thousands, of laborers—Irish, Chinese, and others—were sacrificed to the deadly miasma of the swamps and tropical jungle which thickly stud the route. But the work was at last completed, and the railroad has now been some six years in constant operation, reducing the average length of the actual transit from a week to two hours, and its expense and peril to an inappreciable quantity. It is a cheering fact

that the capitalists who invested their faith and their means in this beneficent enterprise have already had returned to them in dividends the full amount of their outlay, and are now receiving twenty per cent. per annum. Their road has shortened the average Isthmus passage to and from California by at least a full week, and immensely diminished the danger of loss by robbery, accident, or exposure, beside building up a large trade which but for it would have had no existence.

Yet the Isthmus route to California is only by comparison acceptable, even for passengers and goods, while for mails it was at best but endurable. It is nearly twice the length of the direct route from the Atlantic seaboard, while for the residents of the Evart Valley it is intolerably circuitous. A letter mailed at St. Paul for Astoria or Oregon City, or at Omaha for Sacramento, must, under the regimen of the last ten years, be conveyed overland to New York, or by steamboat to New Orleans, where it might have to wait ten or twelve days for an Isthmus steamship, making a circuit of twice to thrice the distance by a direct route to its destination. There has been, indeed, for some four years past, a tri-weekly overland mail from St. Louis via New Mexico and Arizona to San Diego, in the extreme south of California,—a route nearly a thousand miles longer than it need or should have been, and evincing a perverse ingenuity in the avoidance not only of Salt Lake and Carson Valley, but even of Santa Fe. This long and mischievous detour—one of the latest of our wholesale sacrifices to Southern jealousy and greed—has at length been definitely abandoned, and, instead of a tri-weekly mail via Elposo and the Gila, together with a weekly by Salt Lake, and a fortnightly or tri-monthly by the Isthmus, we have now one daily mail on the direct overland route from the Missouri, at St. Joseph or Omaha, via the Platte, North Platte, Sweetwater, South Pass, Fort Bridger, Salt Lake, Simpson's route, Carson Valley, and thence across the Sierra Nevada to Placerville and San Francisco, in shorter time than was usually made by way of the Isthmus, at less cost than that of the three mails which it replaces, while the immense advantage of a daily mail each way, over a tri-monthly or even weekly, needs no elucidation. The territories of Colorado, Utah, Nevada, are thus brought into intimate and constant communication with the loyal States, and made to feel the mighty pulsations of the National heart, in this heroic and eventful crisis of the Republic's history.

But this not all, nor the best. The old Congress, among its many wise and beneficent measures, enacted that the government should aid whatever company would for the lowest annual stipend establish and maintain a line of Electric Telegraph from Missouri or Iowa to California. A contract was accordingly made with the Western Union Telegraph Company, under which active operations were commenced last spring, under surveys previously made. The grand train of four hundred men, one hundred great prairie wagons, and six or eight hundred mules or oxen,—a portion of the cattle for the subsistence of the party,—started westward from Omaha, Nebraska, in June last, and on the 4th of July commenced pushing on the construction at the point which it had already reached, some two or three hundred miles further west in the valley of the Platte. It may give to some an idea of the destitution of timber on the great American Desert, to know that the greatest distance over which poles had to be drawn for the elevation of the wires of this telegraph was *only* 240 miles! Fresh teams were from time to time dispatched on the track of the working carts with additional supplies, and the line was pushed through to Salt Lake City by the 18th of October. Six days afterward, that point was reached by a like party, working eastward from Carson Valley, on behalf of the United Telegraph Companies of California, and the young Hercules by the Pacific vied with the infantile but vigorous territories this side of her in flashing to Washington and New York assurances of their invincible devotion to the indivisible American Union. So great and difficult an enterprise was probably never before so expeditiously and happily achieved in the experience of mankind.

The distance—some 1,500 miles—over which a working line of electric telegraph has thus been constructed and put in operation in the course of a single season is one of the minor obstacles surmounted. The want of timber is far more serious. From the sink of Carson River, less than one hundred miles this side of the Sierra, to the point at which the construction of the line was commenced on the Platte as aforesaid, there is no place at which a tree can fall across the fragile wires; there is probably less timber in sight on that whole sixteen hundred miles than is to-day standing in some single county of New York, Pennsylvania, or Ohio. From the forks of the Platte to the valley of the Sacramento, there is not a stick of growing timber that would make a decent axe-helve, much less a substantial axletree. The Sierra Nevada are heavily though not densely wooded nearly to their summits, but mainly with stately evergreens, including a brittle and worthless live oak; but the tough, enduring hickory, the lithe and springy white ash, the ironwood, beech, and sugar maple, are nowhere to be seen. A low, scrubby cedar and a small, scraggy white pine thinly cover a portion of the hills and low mountains of Utah; the former is shorter than it should be for telegraph poles, but stanch and durable, and is made to do. The detestable cotton-wood, most worthless of trees, yet a great deal better than none, thinly skirts the banks of the Platte and its affluents, in patches that grow more and more scarce as you travel westward, until you only see them 'afar off' on the sides of some of the mountains that enclose the South Pass. The Colorado has a still scantier allowance of this miserable wood; but the cedars meet you as you ascend from its valley to the hills that surround Fort Bridger. Where cotton-wood is used for poles,—and there are hundreds of miles where no other tree is found,—it will have to be replaced very frequently; for it decays rapidly, and has a fancy for twisting itself into all manner of ungainly shapes when cut and exposed to the sun and parching winds of the plains.

Water, next to wood, is the great want of the plains and of the Great Basin. Travel along either base of the Rocky Mountains, and you are constantly meeting joyous, bounding streams, flowing rapidly forth from each ravine and coursing to the arid plain; but follow them a few miles and

they begin to diminish in volume, and, unless intercepted by a copious river, often dwindle to nothing. The Republican fork of the Kansas or Kaw River, after a course of some thirty to fifty miles, sinks suddenly into its bed, which thence for twenty miles exhibits nothing but a waste of yellow sand. Of course there are seasons when this bed is covered with water throughout; but I describe what I saw early in June, when a teamster dug eight feet into that sand without finding a drop of the coveted liquid for his thirst-maddened oxen. Two months later, I observed the dry bed stretched several miles farther up and down what in winter is the river. Passing over to Big Sandy, the most northerly tributary of the Arkansas, I found dry sand (often incrustated with some white alkaline deposit) the rule; water the rare exception throughout the twenty or thirty miles of its course nearest its source. At Denver, on the 6th of June, Cherry Creek contributed to the South Platte a volume amply sufficient to run an ordinary grist-mill; ten days afterwards its bed was dry as a doctrinal sermon. My first encampment on the North Platte above Laramie was by a sparkling, dancing stream a yard wide, which could hardly have been forced through a nine-inch ring; but though its current was rapid and the Platte but three miles off, the thirsty earth and air drank up every drop by the way. Big Sandy, Little Sandy and *Dry* Sandy are the three tributaries to be crossed between South Pass and the Colorado, and the latter justifies its name through the better part of each year. Golden River runs through too deep a narrow valley and bears too strong a current from the snowy peaks in which it heads to be thus dried up; so with Bear, Welso, and the Timpanagos or Jordan, the principal affluents of Salt Lake, which tumble and roar between lofty peaks the greater part of their respective courses; but when you have crossed the Jordan, moving California-ward, you will not find another decent mill-stream for the five hundred miles that you traverse on your direct (Simpson's) route to the sink of the Carson. At intervals which seem very long, you find a spring, a scanty but welcome stream rushing down between two mountains, to be speedily drunk up by the thirsty plain and valley at their base; but you will oftener pass some 'sink' or depression below the general level of the valley you are traversing, where a shrewd guess has led to brackish or sulphurous water by digging two or three feet. A mail station-keeper lost his oxen, at a point a hundred miles south-west of Salt Lake; they had wandered southward on the desert, and he followed their trail for (as he estimated) a hundred miles, without finding a drop of water, when he gave them up, still a day's tramp ahead of him, and turned back to save his own life and that of his suffering horse. He might, I presume, have gone a hundred miles further without finding aught to drink but their blood.

This dearth of wood and water can hardly be realized from any mere description. A life-long denizen of Europe, or of the cis-Alleghany portion of this continent, is so accustomed to the unfailling presence or nearness of trees and springs, or streams, that he naturally supposes them as universal as the air we breathe. In a New Englander's crude conception, trees spring up and grow to stately maturity wherever they are not repressed by constant vigilance and exertion, while brooks and rivers are implied by the existence of hills and valleys, nay, of any land whatever. But as you travel westward with the Missouri, springs, streams, woods, become palpably scarcer and scarcer, until, unless in the immediate valley of the Platte, Arkansas, or some more northerly river that rushes full-fed from a long course among the snow-crowned peaks of the Rocky Mountains, your eye ranges over a vast expanse whereon neither forest, grove, nor even a single tree, is visible. If the country is rolling, springs may at long intervals be found by those who know just where to seek them; but streams are few and scanty, save in winter, and in later summer they disappear almost entirely. Beyond Salt Lake, the destitution of wood in Utah and Nevada is far less than on the Plains, but that of water is even greater. Fifty miles from water to water is the lowest interval in my experience on Simpson's route; but I only traversed the eastern half of it, turning thence abruptly northward to strike the valley of the Humboldt (formerly known as the St. Mary's), which rising in the north-west corner of the new Territory of Nevada, hardly fifty miles from the southern or Lewis branch of the Columbia, flows southward from the Goose Creek Mountains that cradled and nourished it, and thence hardly maintains its volume (which is that of a decent mill stream) in its generally south-west course of three hundred and fifty miles, till it is two thirds lost in a lake and the residue in a reedy slough or sink, a hundred miles from the Sierra Nevada and forty from the similar sink of the Carson, a larger and less impulsive stream which drains a considerable section of the eastern declivity of the Sierra Nevada only to meet this inglorious end. Doubtless, the time has been when a large portion of western Nevada formed one great lake or inland sea, whereof Pyramid and Mud Lakes, and the sinks respectively of the Carson, Walker and Humboldt rivers, are all that the thirsty earth and air have left us. The forty miles of low, flat, naked desert—in part of heavy, wearying sand—that now separates the sink of the Humboldt from that of the Carson, was evidently long under water, and might, to all human perception, have better remained so.

I can not comprehend those who talk of the Plains and the more intensely arid wilds which mainly compose Utah and Nevada becoming a great stock-growing region. Even California, though its climate favors the rapid multiplication and generous growth of cattle and sheep, can never sustain so many animals to the square mile as the colder and more rugged hills of New York and New England, because of the intense protracted drouth of its summers, which suffer no blade of grass to grow throughout the six later months of every year. Animals live and thrive on the dead-ripe herbage of the earlier months; but a large area is soon exhausted by a herd, which must be pastured elsewhere till the winter rains ensure a renewal of vegetation.

But the grasses of the Great Valley and of a large portion of the Plains are exceedingly scanty where they exist at all, so that the teams and herds annually driven across them by emigrants and traders suffer fearfully, and are often decimated by hunger, though they carefully seek out and adhere to the trails whereon feed is least scanty. Many a weary day's journey, even along the valleys of the North Platte and Sweetwater, brings to view too little grass to sustain the life of a

moderate herd; those who have traversed the South Pass in June will generally have just escaped starvation, leaving to those that come straggling or tottering after them a very poor feed. The carcasses of dead animals, in every stage of decomposition, thickly stud the great trail from the banks of the Platte westward to the passes of the Sierra Nevada, and, I presume, to the banks of the Columbia, bearing mute but impressive testimony to the chronic inhospitality of the Great American Desert, which is almost everywhere thinly overgrown by worthless shrubs, known to travelers as grease-wood and sage brush;—the former prickly and repellent, but having a waxy or resinous property which renders it useful to emigrants as fuel; the latter affording shelter and subsistence to rabbits and a poor species of grouse known as the 'sage hen,' but utterly worthless to man and to the beasts obedient to his sway.

Yet the daily Overland Mail is an immense, a cheering fact, and the Pacific Telegraph another. A message dispatched from any village blessed with electric wires on poles in the Atlantic States will probably reach its destination in any city or considerable settlement of California or Nevada within a few hours, while every transpiring incident of the war for the Union is directly flashed across the continent to the journals of Sacramento and San Francisco, and will often be devoured by their readers on the evening after its occurrence. The Republic may well be proud of having achieved two such strides in her onward, upward course, in the midst of a great and desolating war, and with confidence implore a God of beneficent justice to hasten the auspicious day when we shall be able to telegraph her children by the far Pacific that her enemies are baffled, vanquished, humbled, and that there opens again before her a long vista of unbroken and honorable peace.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE DARKIES.

A NEW AND ORIGINAL PLAN FOR SAVING THE UNION ON SOUTHERN PRINCIPLES.

There can be no question that the overwhelming difficulty of the present day, is the proper disposal of the Negro.

The writer of these lines takes the liberty of believing that the war is virtually a settled affair. There has been, there is, no diminution of Northern determination to push on and keep pushing until the wings of the eagle again stretch from Maine to the Rio Grande. The administration is sustained, as from the first, by ever increasing majorities. The daily defeats of those politicians who are known to sympathize with secession, the wreck of the peace party, and the growing indignation of the country, as manifested against all halfway men and measures, are becoming what in sober seriousness can not be regarded as other than a tremendous moral spectacle. *In medio non tutissimus ibis.*

Yet at the bottom of this foaming cup of joy remain the black dregs. I would not invidiously compare the unfortunate black to the 'dregs of the populace,' since labor in any form must not be lightly spoken of. But it would be the weakest of euphuisms to affect ignorance of the social position which he occupies, and which, not to increase the misery of his position, is indubitably 'at the bottom of the ladder.' But that which is at the bottom of the ladder may seriously affect its position and standing. There is a fearful and thrilling illustration of this, to be found in a popular cut graphically described in these words:

A negro on the top of a high ladder, white-washing, a hog lifting it up from beneath. 'G'way dar,—you'm makin' mischief.'

President Lincoln is understood to favor emigration. This looks well. Carry the blacks away to Liberia. Unfortunately I am informed that *eight and a half Great Easterns*, each making one trip per month, could only export the annual increase of our Southern slaves. This speaks in thunder tones, even to the welkin, and provokes a scream from the eagle. It is impossible.

But what shall we do with our blacks, since it is really impossible, then, to export the dark, industrial, productive, proletarian, operative, laboring element from our midst?

I suggest as a remedy that they continue in our midst, with this amendment, that they be concentrated in that same 'midst' and the 'midst' be removed a little to one side. In other words, let us centre them all in one State, *that State to be South Carolina.*

The justice of this arrangement must be apparent to every one. It is evident that if the present occupation by our troops continue much longer, there will be no white men left in South Carolina, neither is it likely that they will ever return. Terror and pride combined must ever keep the native whites from repopulating that region. And, as South Carolina was especially the State which brought about this war, for the express purpose of making the black man the basis of its society, there would be a wonderful and fearful propriety in carrying out that theory, or 'sociology,' even to perfection; making the negro not only the basis of society, but *all* society there whatever,—top, bottom, and sides.

It is true that this absolute perfection of their theory was never contemplated even by the celebrated Hammond. But truth compels the deduction, and reason admits it. *Verus in uno, verus in omnibus.*

I trust that the reader will not be startled, nor accuse the writer of these lines of lacking patriotism, when he avows that since the Southern social philosophers have boldly started a tremendous and original theory, he should be very sorry not to see it fairly tested, tried, and worked out. Every great doctrine or idea, be it for good or evil, must and will work itself out, that of muddism and negro labor among the rest. Only I claim that it should be complete in its elements, eliminated of what the African, with a fine intuition of the truth, ingeniously terms 'de wite trash,'—yes, in the Southern social scheme the whites *are* trash,—and they only find their place as a sort of useless ornament, non-productive and inoperative, even according to their own ideas. Therefore the 'wite trash' must be eliminated.

There is yet another and a very beautiful argument to be adduced in favor of colonizing South Carolina with 'contrabands.' It must be apparent to the blindest eye that the negro inclines idiosyncratically to Southern institutions far more zealously than even Mr. Jefferson Davis can be presumed to do. He is the most driving of drivers, the severest of overseers, the most aristocratic of aristocrats, the most Southern of Southerners. The planter despises poverty, but what is his contempt of a poor white man compared to that of his slave for such wretchedness? What indeed is the negro but an intensified Creole? His very color reflects that of his swarthy lord. The planter is tanned, but the negro is 'black and tanned,'—tanned always on the face, and not unfrequently on the back!

The black, left to his own instincts in Africa, develops the Southern sociology to a degree which casts entirely into pitiable pettiness the puling despotism of the calaboose and slave market. Witness Dahomey, where all lives, all fortunes, all persons, are coördinated in one perfect 'system' of subjugation to one sable Jefferson Davis Gezo, who is *de jure divino* husband by a sublime fiction of law to every woman on the sacred soil of Africa, and master of the lives of all of both sexes. What to this stupendous and perfect theory is the impotent and imperfect scheme so lamely announced by the sociologists of the C. S. A.?

I claim that by every law of logic the Southern philosophers have proclaimed themselves inferior to the negro, and worthy to be swept away to make place for him. They have claimed for him the most important place in the body politic, and as, *ex uno disce omnes*, the whole should be homogeneous with a part, especially the main part, it follows that the negro, and the negro alone, should be allowed to rule in a land where, as Southerners declare, 'God clearly intended him to live.' Now if God clearly intended him to live there, it must follow that he did not intend white men to reside in those regions. It may be observed in this connection that the *Bible* forms the great basis of all Southern argument. If a Northern writer advances any of the ignorant and impious doctrines, so common among his kind, against slavery, he is promptly and properly met with the query, 'Do you believe in the Bible?' Now the *Bible* endorses slavery past, and 'of course' slavery present. But the *Bible* also insists that the curse of labor was laid on man by the eating of the apple. On *all* men, be it observed, without distinction of color. But the Southerners have claimed, time and again, that 'only the black can work in the South.' Therefore it logically results, on Southern grounds, that the white man has no business whatever in the South, since he *must* work somewhere, and it can not be in the land of rice and cotton. Who then should inhabit that sunny clime save the 'contraband'—who should there claim the respect due to the lord of the soil if not he?

'Yo que soy contrabandista
Y campo à mé respeto.'

The more I study this subject the more does my soul expand in awe as I watch the fearful unfoldings of the terrible moral law which governs the actions of humanity. Ah, Heaven! it is fearful, it is awful to consider how ignorantly we begin our beginnings without anticipating the marvelous endings to which they rise, even as a match ignorantly lighted may explode the dusky grain which sends a city skyward! The South has toiled to elaborate a philosophy and an empire on the Nigger—and, lo! at the end thereof looms up the tremendous Afreet realm of a perfect Niggerdom, in which the white element, which first started it into life, must logically be swept away, like the worthless *exuvix* of a shell from the head of a young dragon.

As one who boldly claims respect for the 'system' of the Southern Confederacy, but who wishes for its perfect development, I therefore suggest that South Carolina be set aside for the great experiment. Let the negro be there allowed to congregate and expand even to his utmost capacity. Let all the poetry and beauty of Southern institutions be concentrated in that happy realm, where, amid the groans of endless labor and the swinging of countless whips, he may show the world what he may become. Already the South has proved his capacity to work sixteen hours a day and dance all night—perhaps under *black* rulers he may be brought to work twenty hours a day, and give up dancing altogether. I claim, as one holding advanced Southern views, that this proposition be allowed a fair trial. If not, I shall at least have the satisfaction of having put my views before the world to bide their time. A truth never dies. Coming ages will at least do me justice. *Magna est Veritas et prevalebit.*

THE SLAVE-TRADE IN NEW YORK.

The National Convention which in 1787 framed the Federal Constitution, despite its firmness and patriotism, was, like all public bodies, evidently not entirely devoid of a spirit of compromise. A

majority of its members were desirous of freeing the institutions of the young nation from the burden of slavery, and yet they consented to engraft the following provision upon the body of our American fundamental law:—

"The migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit shall not be prohibited by Congress prior to the year 1808."

Congress was awake, however, even during the administration of Washington, to its duty in the matter, and an act was passed declaring the slave-trade to be piracy. Twenty years afterward the principal European sovereigns united in the same declaration, and so the execrable commerce was hurled beyond the pale of international law. There is now no probability that it will ever regain its rank 'on change.' But its illegitimation does not seem to have greatly circumscribed its activity. In the face of apparent danger, it has continued to flourish, and there has been hardly more risk to a *pirate* with a living cargo from Gaboon, than would be encountered by an ordinary merchantman from pirates in the Gulf. Indeed, there were many who believed and feared, prior to the breaking out of the present rebellion, that the next compromise between the North and South would be the repeal of all laws prohibiting the African slave-trade. So rapidly yet so insidiously was the South obtaining an entire control in the councils of the nation.

It was notorious that a large proportion of the vessels which were engaged in the infamous traffic were owned and fitted out by Northern capitalists. The General Government did not exert itself in good faith to carry out either its treaty stipulations nor the legislation of Congress in regard to the matter. If a vessel was captured, her owners were permitted to bond her, and thus continue her in the trade; and if any man was convicted of this form of piracy, the executive always interposed between him and the penalty of his crime. The laws providing for the seizure of vessels engaged in the traffic were so constructed as to render the duty unremunerative; and marshals now find their fees for such services to be actually less than their necessary expenses. No one who bears this fact in mind will be surprised at the great indifference of these officers to the continuing of the slave-trade; in fact, he will be ready to learn that the laws of Congress upon the subject had become a dead letter, and that the suspicion was well grounded that certain officers of the Federal Government had actually connived at their violation.

The number of persons engaged in the slave-trade, and the amount of capital embarked in it, exceed our powers of calculation. The city of New York has been until of late the principal port of the world for this infamous commerce; although the cities of Portland and Boston are only second to her in that distinction. Slave dealers added largely to the wealth of our commercial metropolis; they contributed liberally to the treasuries of political organizations, and their bank accounts were largely depleted to carry elections in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut. It was natural for the leaders of the party which they had aided, to accord to them, as an equivalent, many facilities for carrying on their business. There is indeed no occasion for wonder at the countenance and impunity long given to such auxiliaries. If a few of them chanced to be of Knickerbocker stock, and to bear the talisman which affords admission to the higher circles of Gothamite respectability, it is only what might have been expected. There are such men everywhere, even in the Tombs.

It requires no miraculous gift to be able to perceive why the late administration at Washington was sensitive as to the visitation of American vessels of doubtful character, by the officers of British cruisers. There was no principle at stake; but the slave-dealing interest had demanded as an immunity, that the piece of bunting known as the American flag should be allowed to protect from scrutiny every suspicious ship over which it should be raised. They had the power or influence to command; and the administration obeyed.

The present administration appears to have awakened somewhat to this subject. The principal appointments for the Atlantic ports were given to men of anti-slavery proclivities. The new marshal of the southern district of New York was of different material from his predecessors, and fortunately he was no novice. He was familiar with the habits of the men engaged in the slave trade; he was ambitious and eager to signalize himself for efficiency. In three months he had seized nine vessels, and arrested twenty-eight men who had outfitted, commanded, or served on them.

The Secretary of the Interior now resolved that the business should be broken up in every port of the United States. He accordingly issued an order to the several marshals of the States and districts lying upon the seaboard, directing them to assemble at the city of New York, on the fifteenth day of August, 1861, for the purpose of agreeing upon a system of measures for the effectual suppression of the slave-trade in American ports.

Burton's old Theatre, formerly dedicated to the 'sock and buskin,' and famous during the religious revival of 1858, was now occupied by this convention of marshals. Waiving unnecessary parliamentary usages, these ministers of the law sat with closed doors, and discussed familiarly the business in which they had engaged. They investigated carefully the whole subject in its minuter details, and visited the slave brigs and schooners which had been captured and were then lying at the Atlantic Dock in Brooklyn. A plan of operations was concerted, by which the marshals of the different districts should co-operate with each other in detecting and bringing to justice persons guilty of participating in the slave-trade. The results of this measure can not fail to be beneficial; and, indeed, the marshals have already become so active and efficient, that the capitalists who have maintained this branch of commerce are actually contemplating its transferment to European ports. So much for the convocation at Burton's Theatre. Let us now examine the principal features of the traffic, and the practices of those by whom it is conducted.

SLAVE DEALING IN NEW YORK.

The principal slave captains and chief officers of vessels engaged in the slave-trade have their residences and boarding-places in the eastern wards of the city, most of them being between James and Houston Streets. They are known to every one who has an investment in the business. Indeed, they are all members of a secret fraternity, having its signs, grips, and pass-words. 'While I was in Eldridge-street jail,' said one of them, 'Captain Loretti was captured and brought there. He did not know any one, but I shook hands with him, and we became acquainted at once.'

The arrival of a slave captain from one voyage is the signal for preparation for another. Negotiations are carried on, generally in the first-class hotels. The contracts for the City of Norfolk and several other notorious slavers were made at the Astor House. The risk of detection is less at such a public place than it would be at a private office.

A man who had failed in business on Greenwich Street was recently engaged in fitting out these vessels for their African voyage. He was first sent to procure apparatus for the refining of palm oil. This was but a blind, the practice being to take out the machinery, and employ the boiler for culinary purposes, until the vessels had got out to sea, and there was no farther necessity for duping inquisitive persons. This man was also commissioned to purchase wooden ware, champagne, and other necessary articles. Such were the business agents and their duty; all was liberally paid for and promptly supplied.

As soon as a vessel is ready and officered for the voyage, measures are taken to procure a crew. Slave-traders employ for this the services of 'runners,' who constitute a caste of pariahs of the most degraded kind. A conscientious scruple would seem never to enter into their calculations. They would hardly recognize a precept of the decalogue except by the circumstance of its violation. Earning their livelihood thus basely, debauchery and crime constitute their every-day history. These persons keep a record of the names of men who have served on slave ships, or been guilty of mutiny, or other villany. So accurate is their information and so expert are they in their estimate of character, that they seldom commit a blunder, or furnish a seaman who is not the man for the vocation. The crew which they select are indeed 'picked men.' They are of every nationality, and are taken from the seamen's boarding-houses in the lower wards of the city.

A few years since, the information was received in New York that a yacht was lying in Long Island Sound, and that circumstances warranted the suspicion that she was intended for the slave-trade. The marshal, with a display of enthusiastic zeal for the execution of the laws, proceeded to the place with a strong force of assistants, and took charge of the yacht; but subsequent investigations failed to criminate her. The reputed owner declared that he had fitted her out for a pleasure excursion; that was all. The vessel was discharged, and a few months afterward landed a cargo of negroes on the coast of Georgia. So easy has it been to deceive the Federal officers. The owner of the yacht afterward declared that he paid ten thousand dollars to get his vessel clear of the harbor of New York.

The obtaining of a clearance at the custom-house was not a very difficult matter. Slavers were never detained by any extraordinary curiosity on the part of those having cognizance of their departure. They had but to assume a transparent disguise, raise the American flag, and keep up the show till they arrived at the intermediate port. Here the national ensign was changed, the papers of the vessel were altered, and necessary arrangements were made for receiving a cargo of slaves.

Factories or agencies are maintained on the African coast, where the vessels obtain their living freight. The captains seldom go on shore except for purpose of observation. Each vessel generally takes with her from New York a Spaniard to transact the business. The complement being obtained, it only remains to get away and beyond the cruisers. The action of the Federal government, some years since, in relation to the visitation of vessels, has been effectual in impairing the energy of the British squadron, which has been maintained on the coast of Africa, pursuant to the treaty of Washington. As for the American squadron, it never co-operated heartily in the matter of suppressing the slave-trade; and the vessels were generally absent for the purpose of obtaining coal, or for repairs, whenever there was opportunity of making a capture.

But the capitalists of New York do not depend entirely upon these precautions. Their vessels are occasionally taken; and then the men on board must be protected, or they will disclose everything. Not only are appliances used to make an examination result in a discharge, but a corps of attorneys is kept under pay to defend those who fall within the clutches of the law. The impunity which has attended these men is notorious.

CAPTAIN LATHAM.

Some time ago the brig Cora was captured at sea and brought by a prize crew to the port of New York. Her commander, Captain Latham, was incarcerated in Eldridge-street jail. Hendrickson, the mate, was, however, permitted to communicate to his friends on shore, who procured a boat, pulled quietly to the side of the brig, received him on board, and took him ashore. His clothing and other property were conveyed to the office of the marshal, and he was not only permitted to go and take them away, but to visit his acquaintances in Eldridge-street jail. It was an easy matter to arrest him, but the marshal remarked to an associate that he did not care how the man made his money.

Captain Latham, meanwhile, remained at the jail. At the time referred to, that place would seem to have been as jovial and sociable as a club-room. The present marshal, not liking the arrangements, removed all the Federal prisoners to the Tombs, where they could be kept more securely and excluded from seeing improper visitors. The men who were engaged in the slave-trade were in the habit of visiting their friends in 'Eldridge Street,' and holding regular carousals. They were permitted to visit there, it is said, at late hours in the evening, and as early as seven o'clock in the morning. A man residing in the seventh ward, but doing business on South Street, would come of a Saturday night and pay the board of the officers of the captured slave vessel. A Spaniard named Sanchez, now a prisoner at the Tombs, was a frequent guest; and occasionally a marshal would be present. Others were also permitted. The prisoners whom they visited were allowed to come into the office; champagne and other liquors would be produced, and the company would have a 'good time.'

Captain Latham is one of the most ingenious men. He has learned the gipsy art of dyeing his face; and he can elude the closest observer. When he falls into the power of the ministers of the law, he is shielded by the efforts of the heaviest capitalists who have engaged in the slave-trade; and they honor all his demands. At his examination he was identified by the marshal's assistants, and by two persons who were employed at the custom-house. It was arranged, however, that when he should be arraigned for trial, each of these persons should profess himself to be unable to recognize him. One of them is said to have received five hundred dollars, and the others two hundred apiece, for this want of memory.

After remaining some twelve weeks at the jail, Captain Latham determined not to await a trial. He obtained the aid of one of the marshal's assistants; a 'friend' of his, who has a place of business in Wall Street, advancing three thousand dollars. One of his attorneys was also in the secret. A writ of *habeas corpus* was obtained from the recorder, and dismissed for want of jurisdiction. This was all done to elude suspicion. A ticket for a passage to Havana was procured; and on the day that the steamer was to sail, a carriage, in which were Sanchez, the marshal's assistant, and a friend, drove to the jail. Bidding farewell to his fellow-prisoners, some of whom knew what was going on, Latham left his apartments and took a seat by Sanchez. The four drove to the clothing warehouse of Brooks Brothers in Broadway, purchased a suit of clothing, and ordered another. It was now almost the hour for the steamer to leave. Latham returned to the carriage, and was driven to the pier, arriving there just in time to get on board. It is said that he has since returned to New York; but only his friends have recognized him. The men who aided his escape are now in prison.

It does not appear that the capitalists who are engaged in this traffic are as profuse toward other prisoners as they were to Captain Latham. There was among those who were removed from the jail to the City Prison, one man who had sailed as mate with Latham. When he was captured he was in the employment of a house in Beaver Street, which has also a branch in Havana. He too had formed a plan of escape by bribing a warden and getting a friend to personate one of the marshal's assistants, who should profess to come for him by an order from a commissioner. But when his wife applied to his employer for money to carry out this plan, she was dismissed with a solitary dollar. This prisoner had probably fallen from favor, and was therefore abandoned to the mercy of the law.

The names of the prominent slave-traders, their residences and places of business, are known to the marshal. Several of them have fled from the city; among them, a woman of wealth residing in St. Mark's Place. Their operations have been largely curtailed, and it has become almost impossible for a slaver to leave New York. With the concert of action agreed upon by the convention at Burton's Theatre, it is to be hoped that the slave-trade will be exterminated in every Northern port. Some legislation by Congress to increase the powers of the marshals, and efficient action on the part of the executive, are all that is now required to sweep the infamous commerce from the ocean.

Since the above was written, Captain Gordon, of the slaver *Erie*, has been convicted of piracy, before the United States Court for the Southern District of New York. It is needless to say that this conviction is the completest triumph which Freedom has yet gained in our country against her adversary. It indicates more clearly even than any event of the war, that Southern social influences are yielding, and that ere long we shall be free from all their taint. Like the defeat of Fernando Wood, like the breaking up of the Peace Party, like the rapidly progressing crusade against old political corruption, it shows that there is a reformation afoot which will work wonders, and prove to the world that the mass of corruption in this country, so generally attributed to the working of republican institutions, is in reality due to a diametrically opposite cause—to the influence of a party which in all its feelings is essentially that of despotism. May we all live to see its last trace obliterated from the free North.

LITERARY NOTICES

THE REJECTED STONE: OR, INSURRECTION VS. RESURRECTION. By a Native of Virginia.
Boston: Walker, Wise & Company, 245 Washington Street.

It is to be regretted that the native of Virginia who penned this volume has not published his name, that the world might know who it was that produced the most vigorous, unflinching, and

brilliant work which has thus far resulted from the war. In sober seriousness, we have not as yet, in any journal or in any quarter, encountered such a handling of facts without gloves; such a rough-riding over old prejudices, timidities, and irresolution; such reckless straight-forwardness in declaring what should be done to settle the great dispute, or such laughing-devil sarcasm in ripping up dough-face weakness and compromising hesitation. Its principle and refrain, urged with abundant wit, ingenuity and courage, is simply EMANCIPATION—not on the narrow ground of abolition, but on the necessity of promptly destroying an evil which threatens to vitiate the white race. In the beginning the author points out the inevitableness of the present war, and that our political system has been hitherto a sacrifice to Slavery for the time, but also a running up of arrears in favor of Liberty.

'In forming this government, Slavery clutched at the strength of the law; Freedom relied on the inviolable justice of the ages. They have both had, they must have, their reward. That it was and is thus, is apparent from the very clauses under which Slavery claims eminent domain in this country; they are all written as for an institution passing away; the sources of it are sealed up so far as they could be; and all the provisions for it—the crutches by which it should limp as decently as possible to the grave—were so worded that, when Slavery should be buried, no dead letter would stand in the Constitution as its epitaph. It is even so. No historian a thousand years hence could show from that instrument that a single slave was ever held under it.' ... 'Slavery now appeals to arms because Freedom, in her slow but steady progress, has left no informality—no flaw—which can be seized on to reverse the decision she has gained in any higher court.'

The style of this book is remarkable. The wealth of simile which bursts out genially and involuntarily is only paralleled by its strange variety, recalling CARLYLE in pleasant, piquant singularity. Its humor is irresistible; none the less so for being keenly satirical. We regret that our limits forbid copious extracts from these treasures, but do the more earnestly entreat the reader to buy the volume and make himself familiar with it. Whoever our Virginian may be, he is a rising star, well worth observing. We find him at times a gleaming enthusiast,—a man burning with the spirit of the war, involuntarily uttering the most thrilling passages of Scripture,—and again provoking laughter by dry humor and cutting jests. Let the reader in illustration take the following paragraphs in the same sequence in which they occur in the original work.

"'Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!" said dying Julian the apostate. The North may, *and will*, now collect the bones of her great-browed children who yielded because she said yield; the fallen pillars of her crumbled church; her children whose wounds yet smoke fresh from the state of Slavery;—and broken now upon the stone she so long refused, shall write as their epitaph.

Vicisti Humanitas!

(*The Privateer.*) 'A cry comes up to the ear of America,—a long, piercing cry of amazement and indignation,—recognizable as one which can come only when the profoundest depths of the human pocket are stirred. The privateers are at large! They have taken away my coffee, and I know not where they have laid it. They have taken my India goods with swords and staves. For my first-class ship they have cast lots!

'Was such depravity ever known before? So long as it was a human soul, launched by God on the eternal sea, that they despised; so long as it was only a few million bales of humanity captured; so long as it was but the scuttling the hearts of mothers and fathers and husbands and wives,—we remained patient and resigned,—did we not? But coffee and sugar—Good God! what is that blockade about? To seize a poor innocent sloop—has Slavery no bowels? And its helpless family of molasses barrels;—can hearts be so void of pity? Slavery must end. The spirit of the age demands it. The blood of a dozen captured freights crieth to Heaven in silveriest accents against it.

'Brothers, there is a laughter that opens into the fountain of tears.'

In a letter to the President, in which the Executive is reminded that it is not often in this world that to one man is given the magnificent opportunity which the madness of a great wrong has placed within his reach,—as indeed in every chapter,—the real crisis in which this country is now involved, and the only means of prompt and effectual extrication, are pointed out with irresistible vehemence and shrewd intelligence. The author declares, and truly enough, that there are resources in this land, did we only draw on them, which would close this war with the closing of this year. The futile and frivolous objections which have been urged against this great scheme of warfare for the present, and of national progress in future, are most ably refuted; while through all runs the same vein of satire, wit, scholarship and manly sincerity. It is, in a word, a good book, and one fully suited to these brave and warlike times.

THE WORKS OF FRANCIS BACON, Baron of Verulam, Viscount of St. Albans and Lord High Chancellor of England. Collected and edited by James Spedding, M.A., Robert Leslie Ellis, M.A., and Douglas Denyn Heath. Boston: Brown & Taggard. Volumes I. and II.

Much has been said in praise of the monks of old for preserving works of solid wisdom; but why

can not a good word be said for those publishers of the present day who confer a service by not merely embalming, but by reviving and sending forth by thousands into real life the best books of the past? There are many authors who are quoted by everybody, and read by very few, simply because good modern editions of their works, at a moderate price, are rare.

BACON is preëminently one of these; so much, indeed, is he a case in point, that BULWER in speaking of the celebrated axiom, Knowledge is Power, employs him as an example to warn a young scholar from quoting at second-hand an author whom he has never read.

The present edition includes all the works extant of Lord BACON, embracing, as we learn from SPEDDING'S preface (which has the rare defect of being much too brief), a biography, which in minute detail and careful finish, and facts hitherto unpublished, will far surpass any before written. Yet, to stay the appetite of the reader, anxious to revive the main points of BACON'S life, he gives in this first volume the short biography by Dr. WILLIAM RAWLEY. In addition to these introductions, we are gratified by a general preface to BACON'S Philosophical Works, by ROBERT LESLIE HARRIS, one to the *Parasceve* by JAMES SPEDDING, and a third to the *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, in which BACON'S claims to be the creator of what is popularly and generally understood as the Inductive Philosophy are most fairly examined; not in the spirit of the common biographer who always canonizes his subject through thick and thin, but in that of an impartial seeker for truth, resolved to naught extenuate and set down naught in malice. It is believed by many that BACON was simply so fortunate as to have his picture stand as the frontispiece of the new Philosophy, when in truth other contemporaries, who made great discoveries by following precisely his method, as, for instance, GALILEO, were quite as much entitled to the glory. But examination of BACON'S works proves that though the great work of proof never was completed by him, that which he embraced, foresaw, and projected, was of that vast comprehensiveness which fully entitles him to be regarded, not merely as the most proper of *names* whereby to indicate the author of Induction (since the world must always have a name), but in reality the one of all others who best understood what form the development of science must assume to become perfect. The treatment of this question by the editors is truly interesting, and worthy their great undertaking.

The two volumes before us, in addition to the prefaces and biography, embrace the *Novum Organum*, 'the *Parasceve*,' and the work *De Augmentis Scientiarum*. It is to be regretted that the English versions, corrected by BACON himself, were omitted, but those who would read the translations are mostly capable of reading 'Baconian Latin.' As they are, they will be most gratefully accepted by thousands. The forthcoming volumes will embrace the English works. We would here wish that the editor had not, as he informs us he has done, modernized the spelling,—but here the majority of readers will perhaps be thankful that such is the case. As regards typography, paper, and all outward grace, this edition leaves literally nothing to be wished for, while a short critical article on the portraits of BACON leads us to infer that the exquisitely engraved head of the philosopher, given in the first volume, has been made accurate at the cost of great research and labor.

THE OLD LOG SCHOOLHOUSE. By Alexander Clark, Editor of '*Clark's School Visitor*.'
Philadelphia: Leary, Getz & Co.

Mr. CLARK is the most modest of writers; one in whose writings unaffected simplicity and freedom from literary conceit is manifest on every page. He appears in all the many sketches which constitute this volume to have written for the direct purpose of pleasing and teaching youthful readers or quiet and pious grown persons. He neither eyes the world through a lorgnette or a lorgnon, nor affects a knowledge of all things, nor even hints at it. Yet it is precisely in this that the charm of his stories consist—they are perfectly rational, and told in the plain language which becomes them. It is to be desired that Mr. CLARK will give us a volume of sketches devoted entirely to that Western and rural life which he sketches with such felicity.

SONGS IN MANY KEYS. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1861.

It is only a few years since HOLMES was little known to the general reader save as a humorist. A series of writings of the most varied character have since appeared, displaying more fully his greatly varied ability, so that the reader will not be surprised to find in this, his last wreath of poetic blossoms, a rich variety of every hue, from the lightest tints of mirth to the sombre shades of tender pathos. The variety of *feeling* awakened by these lyrics is remarkable—and to say that, is to bear sympathetic testimony to the excellence of each separate piece. Even the beautiful ballad of 'Agnes,' chronicling the loves of Sir Harry Frankland and Agnes Surraige of the Hopkinton Frankland mansion, and which will be deemed one of the most perfect of new ballads of the olden school, does not seem the chief flower, after inhaling the home sweetness and heart aroma of many of the minor lyrics in this volume. As for the humor, is it not of HOLMES? 'The Deacon's Masterpiece,' and 'Parson Turrell's Legacy,' are of the very best, of the triple *est* brand; it is only to be wished there were a hundred of them. Of that strange blending of pathos with humor, and the 'sentiment of society,' in which HOLMES equals, or, if you will, surpasses PRAED, there are several exquisite examples. But buy it for yourself, reader, and you will not regret the purchase, for the harder the times, so much the more, as we opine, does the world need cheering poesy.

SOME OF THE MISTAKES OF EDUCATED MEN. A Biennial Address before the Phrenokosmian Society of Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, Pa. By John S. Hart, M.D. Delivered Sept. 18, 1861. Philadelphia: C. Sherman & Son, 1861.

An excellent address, which has attracted much comment and quotation from different journals since its publication.

THE COTTON KINGDOM: A Traveler's Observations on Cotton and Slavery in the American Slave States. Based upon three former volumes of journeys and investigations by the same author. By Frederick Law Olmstead. In two volumes. New York: Mason Brothers, 1861.

The best record extant of social or commercial facts and figures illustrative of the entire South.

LADY MAUD. By Pierce Egan. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

We learn with regret that this is the only complete and unabridged edition of Lady Maud, since from a hasty examination of its chapters we judge that the more the work were abbreviated the better would it be for the public.

RECORD OF AN OBSCURE MAN. '*Aux plus déshérités le plus d'amour.*' Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A work of very decided merit, though one advancing views and sentiments which can not fail to provoke opposition and argument from many readers. Of its interest, as well as of the talent of the author, there can be but one opinion.

SPARE HOURS. By John Brown, M.D. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1861.

A beautiful reprint of the *Horæ Subscivæ*, beginning with 'Rab and his Friends,' followed by many congenial sketches, the whole forming one of the most fascinating volumes of light reading which has appeared for years.

THE SOUTHERN REBELLION AND THE WAR FOR THE UNION. A History of the Rise and Progress of the Rebellion. New York: James D. Torrey, No. 13 Spruce Street.

A well written, weekly current chronicle of the events of the war, prepared from copious sources. The arrangement of this work is excellent.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 1861.

Another addition to the excellent duo-decimo edition of DICKENS'S complete works, published by PETERSON.

RELATION OF THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS TO SLAVERY. By Charles M. Whipple. Boston: R. T. Walcutt, No. 221 Washington Street, 1861.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS UNDER THE LAW. In three Lectures delivered in Boston, January, 1861, by Caroline H. Dall, author of *Woman's Right to Labor*, &c. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1861.

THE REBELLION; its Latent Causes and True Significance, in Letters to a Friend abroad. By Henry T. Tuckerman. New York: James G. Gregory, 1861.

LIGHT INFANTRY DRILL in the United States Army. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Philadelphia, 1861. Price, 25 cents.

EDITOR'S TABLE

It was usual, of old, to characterize as *Annus Mirabilis*, or A Year of Wonder, any twelvemonth which had been more than usually prolific in marvels. The historian who may in future days seek a dividing point or a date for the greatest political and social struggle of this age, can hardly fail to indicate 1861 as the *Annus Mirabilis* of the Nineteenth Century in America. That heart does not beat, the brain does not throb on earth, which is capable of feeling or appreciating the tremendous range of consequences involved in the events of this year. We hear the most grating thunder-peals of horror; the whole artillery of death and disaster roars and crashes from fort and field; there is blaze and ruin, such as this continent knew not perhaps even in the primeval times of its vanished Golden Hordes;—and again there rise prophetic organ-tones of solemn praise; merry bells ringing the carillon of joy; sweet voices as in dreams singing of the purple evening peace; while mysteriously and beautifully, beyond all, breathes the Daughter of the Voice—that strangest of prophecies known to the Hebrew of old, softly inspiring hopes of a fairer future America than was ever before dreamed of. For, of a truth, above all sits and works the awful destiny of man, proclaiming as of old, amid strange races now forgotten, that the humanity which bravely toils and labors shall live, while the haughty and the oppressor and the sluggard, puffed up with vanity, shall all pass away as the mist of the morning.

It is worth while, at the conclusion of such a year, to look about us; to see what has been done or what is now doing, and to surmise as well as we may what great changes the future may bring forth.

A year ago this country was plagued and disgraced beyond any on the face of the earth by swarms of professional politicians; by men who regarded all legislation as one vast Lobby and Third House, and 'ability' as the means of turning corruption to their own personal advantage. These misers, whether on the Northern or Southern side, tacitly united in driving all legislation or congressional business from its legitimate halls into the procrastinating by-paths, in order that they might make speeches and magnify themselves unto Buncombe, and be glorified by the local home press because of their devotion to—the party! The party! That was always the word. Where are these men of froth and wind now,—these heroes of the stump and the bar-room? Passing away into nothing, at headlong speed, before the great storm of the times. Now and then they 'rally'—there was one ghastly wig-and-hollow-pumpkin effort at recovery in the trembling, rattle-jointed Peace Movement of these last summer months. Where is it now? There answers a gay laugh and merry stave from the corners of irreverent weekly newspapers:—

'The piece of a party, called the party of peace,
Like everything else which deceases,
Has gone where the wicked from trouble shall cease,
For the party of peace is in pieces.'

Or we may see now and then wretched election meetings, as of late in New York, where a worn-out FERNANDO WOOD and others like him gabble as much treason as they dare. It is all played out—Mozart, Tammany, and all the trash. Rummy, frowsy candidates, treating Five-Point graduates, and shoulder-hitting bravos yelling at the polls, are beginning to be disgusting and anti-national elements. Their very existence is an insult to these great, serious and glorious times of manly war, when young men are beginning at last to 'think great.' A few more gasps by the politicians and down they must go into infinite depths of congenial darkness, to be remembered only as allied to 'the abominable state of affairs before the war.'

It is no small thing to have driven so much of the old iniquity out; but from this and that side come murmurs that there are but few signs of the young genius coming in. Oh, for one hour of Dundee! Oh, for a WEBSTER in the cabinet, whose right arm should go forth and take hold of England and Frank-land of the East, while his left swept the isles of the South with fearful power! Oh, for the fierce old Dandolo of America, who was *not* blind, but whose piercing glance at this hour would dart through many a diabolical diplomatic difficulty—for ANDREW JACKSON! Oh, for the trumpet tones of CLAY—of MARCY—for one brave blast of that dread horn of olden time which rang so bravely to battle!

Friends, have patience. Remember that these men, and all like them, were slowly born of great times, and that we must await time's gestation. In this age there spring no longer heroes dragon-tooth born into full fighting-life inside of 2.30. But so surely as stars shine in their rounding life, or water runs, or God lives, so surely are these days of storm and sorrow and tremendous travail bringing slowly on their legitimate fruit of great ideas and great men. Young man—whoever you are—be sacred to yourself now, and, for a season, serious and pure and noble—for *who* knows in these times to what he may grow? But a century ago, this land lay buried in obscurity. Here and there young land-surveyors and country store-keepers wondered that destiny had buried them on Virginia farms and in Yankee backwoods. But war came,—no greater than this of ours—one involving no grander principles of human dignity and freedom,—and the young 'obscures' darted to the heaven and took glorious places amid the constellations of fame. 'When the tale of bricks is doubled,' says the Hebrew proverb, 'Moses comes.'

We hear much said of the honest, sturdy, no-nonsense virtues of the old revolutionary stock, both male and female. The thing is plain enough—they had passed through serious times and great thoughts, through trials, and sorrows, and healthy privation, and come out strong. Just such will be the stock of men and women born in spirit of this war. It is making the old material over again. It was all here as good as ever, but wanted a little stirring up, that was all. He who has seen in the sturdy East and glorious West the unflinching honesty and earnestness with which men are upholding this war to the knife and knife to the hilt, as PALAFOX phrased it,—or, as the American hath it in humbler phrase, 'from the wheel to the hub and hub to the linch-pin,'—has no doubt that at this minute it was never so popular, never so determined, never so thoroughly ingrained, entwined, inter-twisted with the whole life-core and being of our people. 'We suffer—but on with the war! Hurrah for battle—only give us victory! Do you ask for money, arms, ships?—take all and everything to superfluity—but oh, give us victory and power!' Out of such will as this there come the greatest of men—giants of a fearfully glorious future. When we look around and see this red-hot iron determination to see all through to the victorious end, we may well feel assured that the day of great ideas and of great men is not far off.

It is superb for a stranger to see how the spirit of the Revolution still lives in New England, and is voiced and acted by men bearing Revolutionary names—it is magnificent to behold the stream, grown to a thunder-torrent, roaring and foaming over the broad West. Hurrah! it still lives—that old spirit of freedom, its fires are all aflame, and it shall not again smoulder until the whole world has seen, as it did before, that it is the light of the world, and the pillar guiding as of old to the promised land.

If 1861 had brought nothing else to pass it would be supremely great in this, that amid toil and trial, foes within and without, it has seen the American people determine that *Slavery*, the worm

which gnawed the core of its tree of life, shall be plucked out. *Out it shall go*, that is settled. We have fought the foe too long with kid gloves, but now puss will lay aside her mittens and catch the Southern rats in earnest. It is the negro who sustains the South; the negro who maintains its army, feeds it, digs its trenches, squires its precious chivalry, and is thereby forced most unnaturally to rivet his own chains. There shall be an end to this, and our administration is yielding to this inevitable necessity. Here again the great year has worked a wonder, since in so short a space it has made such an advance in discovering a basis by which all Union men may conscientiously unite in freeing the black. There have been hitherto two steps made towards the solution. The first was that of the old Abolition movement, which saw only the suffering of the slave and cried aloud for his freedom, reckless of all results. It was humane; but even humanity is not always worldly wise, and it did unquestionably for twenty years defeat its own aim in the Border States. But it *worked* most unflinchingly. Then came HELPER, who saw that the poor white man of the South was being degraded below the negro, and that industry and capital were fearfully checked by slavery. In his well-known work he pointed out, by calm and dispassionate facts and figures, that the land south of 'Mason and Dixon's' was being sacrificed most wastefully, and the majority of its white inhabitants kept in incredible ignorance, meanness, and poverty, simply that a few privileged families might remain 'first and foremost.' These opinions were most clearly sustained, and the country was amazed. People began to ask if it was quite right, after all, to suffer this slavery to grow and grow, when it was manifestly reacting on the poor white man, and literally sinking him *below the level of the black*. This was the second movement on the slave question, and its effect was startling.

But there was yet a third advance required, and it came with the past year and the war, in the form of the now so rapidly expanding 'Emancipation' movement. HELPER had shown that slavery had degraded the poor whites, but the events leading to the present struggle indicated to all intelligent humanity that it was rapidly demoralizing and ruining in the most hideous manner the minds of the *masters* of the slaves—nay, that its foul influence was spreading like a poison mist over the entire continent. The universal shout of joyful approbation which the whole South had raised years ago when a Northern senator was struck down and beaten in the most infamously cowardly manner, had caused the very horror of amazement at such fearful meanness, among all true hearted and manly *men*, the world over. But when there came from the 'first families' grinnings of delight over the vilest thievery and forgery and perjury by FLOYD and his fellows,—when the whole South, after agreeing in carrying on an election, refused to abide by its results,—when the whole Southern press abounded in the vilest denunciations of labor and poverty, and in Satanic contempt of everything 'Yankee,' meaning thereby all that had made the North and West prosperous and glorious,—and when, finally, it was found that this loathsome poison was working through the North itself, corrupting the young with pseudo-aristocratic pro-slavery sympathies,—then indeed it became apparent that *for the sake of all, and for that of men in comparison to whose welfare that of the negro was a mere trifle*, this fearful disease must be in some form abated. The result was the development of Emancipation on the broadest possible grounds,—of Emancipation for the sake of the Union and of the white man,—to be brought about, however, by the will of the people, subject to such rules as discussion and expediency might determine. This was the present Emancipation movement, first urged by that name in the New York *Knickerbocker* magazine, though its main principles were practically manifesting themselves in many quarters—the most prominent being the well-known proclamations of Generals BUTLER and FREMONT.

'Emancipation' does not, as has been urged, present in comparison to Abolition a distinction without a difference. HELPER desired the freedom of the slave for the sake of the poor white man in the South and for Southern development. *Emancipation* goes further, and claims that nowhere on the American continent is the white laborer free from the vile comparison and vile influences of slavery, and that it should be abolished for the sake of the Union and for the sake of *all* white men. It may be dim to many now, but it is true as God's providence, that whether it be in our Union, or out of it, we can no longer exist side by side with a state of society in which it is shamelessly proclaimed that labor, man's holiest and noblest attribute, is a disgrace; that the negro is the standard of the mudsill, and that the state must be based on an essentially degraded, sunken class, whether white or black. Yet we might for the sake of peace have long borne with all this, and yielded to the old lie-based 'isothermal' cant, had it not resulted, as it inevitably must, in building up the most miserable, insolent, and arrogant pseudo aristocracy which ever made the name of aristocracy ridiculous, not excepting that of the court of the sable Emperor FAUSTIN of St. Domingo. It is all very well to talk of Southern rights; but humanity and progress, or, if you will, law and order, industry and capital, have their rights also, aye, and their manifest destiny too, and no one can deny that; reason as we may, or concede as much as we will, there the facts are—the principal being the utter impossibility of a slave-aristocracy—rotted to the core with theories now exploded through the civilized world—existing either in or out of a neighboring republic in which freedom

'Careers with thunder-speed along.'

So we stand at the parting of the ways. But the problem is half solved already. The year 1861 closes leaving it clear as noon-day that emancipation in the Border States is a foregone conclusion, and that, reduced to the cotton belt, it can never become a preponderating national influence. As for the details of settlement, calmly considered, they present no real difficulty to the man who realizes the enormous industrial and recuperative energies of this country.

'What are we to do with one or two million of free blacks?' asks one. A few years ago, when it was

proposed to banish all free persons of color from Maryland, a cry of alarm went up lest Baltimore alone should be deprived of fifteen thousand of 'the best servants in the world.' 'How shall we ever pay for those who may be offered for sale to us, if we resolve to pay for their slaves all Southerners who may take the oath of allegiance?' Eight days' expenses of the present war would pay more than the market price for all the slaves in Maryland! But these objections are childish. Right against them rises a tremendous, inevitable destiny, which *must* crush all before it. So much for 1861.

We would urge no measure in this or any other relation which shall not have received the fullest endorsement of two thirds of the loyal American people. As regards all foreign interference, let it never be forgotten that public opinion after all prevails in all Western Europe, and that this would long hesitate ere it committed a national reputation to an endorsement of the Southern Confederacy. It is apparent from the authentic and shameless avowals of the Southern press that Mr. SLIDELL, the cut-short ambassador, was authorized to solicit a French protectorate of LOUIS NAPOLEON,—to such incredible baseness has slave 'independence' sunk,—and, as we write, much discussion is waged whether England will take in ill part our arrest of a man charged with such a monstrous mission! Let England imagine herself dependent on such a protectorate for her cotton, and the thought may possibly occur that it would have been better to have sided at once openly and squarely with the North. But John Bull is strangely changed in these times, and Yankee protection is inconceivably more awful to him than the slavery with which he has been for twenty years so much disgusted.

'The heart it pincheth sore,
But the pocket pinches more.'

And now with the New Year. Amid red-flashing war and wild strivings we look bravely and hopefully forward into the future, and see amid these storms blue sky rifts and golden sun gleams. Already strong and practical advances in education, in political economy, in industry, in all that is healthier and sounder in life, are beginning to manifest themselves. This country can be in nothing put back by this struggle, in no wise weakened or injured. It is our hope and will that in these columns some share of the good work may be honestly carried out. We wish to speak under the most vital American influences to the American people, ambitious of being nothing more nor less than soundly national in all things. We see a new time forming, new ideas rising, and would give it and them a voice in such earnest and energetic tones as the people love. We call not only for the matured thought, but also for the young mind of the country, and beg every man and woman who entertains vigorous and practical ideas to come out boldly and speak freely. Think nobly, write rapidly! Remember that every letter printed in these times will take its place in history. The forgotten comment of the moment will rise up in after years to be honored perhaps as the right word in the right place. The day is coming when the songs and sentences of this great struggle will be garnered up into literary treasuries, pass into household words, and confer honor on the children of those who penned them. Lay hand to the work, all you who have aught to say, aid us to become a medium for the time, and honor yourselves by your utterances. There are a thousand reforms, innumerable ideas fit for the day, ready to bloom forth. Write and publish; the public is listening. Now is the time, if it ever was, to develop an American character, to show the world what treasures of life, strength and originality this country contains. Beyond the old conventional *belles lettres* and æsthetic scholarship which limited us in peace, lies a fair land, a wilderness it may be, but one bearing beautiful, unknown flowers, and strange but golden fruits, which are well worthy a garden. Let all who know of these bring them in. The time has come.

We have been questioned from many of the highest sources as to the future tendency and scope of our magazine. Let us say then, briefly, that we hope to make a bold step forward, presenting in our columns contributions characterized by variety, vigor, and originality, to be written by men who are fully up with the times and endeavoring to advance in all things. In a word, we shall do our best to give it exuberant *life*—such as the country and age require. We shall advocate the holy cause of the UNION with might and main, and leave no means whatever neglected to urge the most vigorous prosecution of this war, until the sacred principles of liberty as transmitted to us by our forefathers have been fully recognized and re-established. Believing in Emancipation, subject to the will of the majority and the action of the administration, we shall still welcome to our pages the properly expressed views of *every* sound 'Union man' or woman on this or other subjects, however differing from our own. We shall urge the fullest development of education as the great basis of future social progress, and shall have faith in making woman's intellect and labor as available as possible in all respects. We shall hold to the belief that in constant industrial development, the increase of capital, and the harmony of interests between these, lies the material salvation of the country, and that labor in every form should be continually ennobled and socially dignified.

We shall, moreover, look with true love to all that art and beauty in their manifold forms can supply to render life lovely and pleasant, and welcome all that can be written in their illustration. Our columns will never be deficient in tales, poetry and sketches, and that nothing may be neglected, we shall always devote full room to genial gossip with the reader, and to such original humors, quips, jests and anecdotes as chance or the kindness of correspondents may supply. And we would here entreat all our readers to be good friends and at home with us; regarding the editorial department as a place of cheerful welcome for anything which they may choose to commune on; in which all confidences will be kept, and where all courtesies will be honorably acknowledged. We have received most abundant and cordial promises of assistance and support

in our effort to maintain a thoroughly spirited, 'wide-awake,' and vigorous American magazine, from the very first in the land, and therefore go on our way rejoicing. We enter into no rivalry, for we take a well-nigh untrodden field, and shall fail in our dearest hope unless we present the public with a monthly of a thoroughly original and 'go-ahead' character. We are told that these are bad times; but for our undertaking, as we understand it, there could be none better—for it shall be made for the times, 'timely and temporal in all things.'

We are indebted to a correspondent for the following comment on a subject which has thus far excited not a little wonder, and which, as the loyal reader may be disposed to add, *should* excite some degree of vigorous inquiry among the people at large. Like every other practical point involved in this struggle, it suggests the mortifying truth that with all our sacrifices, and all our patriotism, we are as yet in the conduct of the war far too amiable, and by far too irresolute.

WANTED, A FOUCHÉ FOR WASHINGTON.—It is high time that a good, sharp detective police officer was set to work to discover the source of the continued leakage of our government's plans. Of our late naval flotilla for Beaufort, we are told that 'The positive destination of our fleet was known even in New Orleans on the 17th ult.,—weeks before it was known in the North! and extra troops were dispatched from points south of Charleston to defend the approaches of that coast.' We are informed that every care was exercised to prevent the destination of the expedition being made public; with how much effect the above quoted paragraph fully demonstrates. In view of this, I repeat that a FOUCHÉ, a keen detective, is wanted at head-quarters; believing that any man with half the shrewdness of the celebrated 'Duke of Otranto' would pin the traitor in less than twenty-four hours. That such a man can easily be found, any one who has learned what American detectives have done, can readily believe. Active, intelligent, and wide awake, the American who by necessity takes up this life, brings to bear upon his investigations the shrewdness of a savage, the tenacity of an Englishman, and, in a modified degree, the *aplomb* of a Parisian. No one can read POE'S 'Murder of the Rue Morgue' without recognizing at a glance the latent talent that would have made of the cloudy poet a brilliant policeman, and would have won for him the ducal fortune without the empty title. If we must handle the Southern mutineers in their Rebelutionary war with a velvet glove, let there be an iron hand inside, worked by the high-pressure power of public indignation at their treachery and faithlessness. We should stop this leakage of our plans, cost what it may, and the traitorous Southern correspondent meet the execration of ARNOLD, and the fate of ANDRÉ. The iron hand should stop the treacherous pen, should choke the wagging tongue. The North demands it.

And yet again, since the above was penned, we learn that it has been ascertained by a balloon reconnaissance that a projected flank movement, planned by General McCLELLAN and confided to a very limited number, had been completely anticipated—indicating the basest treachery in a high quarter. Very agreeable this to all interested in the war! And what does it mean?

It means that Washington, and not Washington alone, but the entire North, needs purging and purifying from most injurious influences. There are traitors among us everywhere—where two or three are gathered together will be one who sneers at Northern successes, smiles at Southern victory, and is a traitor at heart—ready to be a spy if needed.

No wonder that warm friends of the Union sometimes burst out into indignant remonstrance and fierce complaint at such toleration!

Still, we must look at the matter philosophically; rather in sorrow than in anger, for thus only can we correct the evil. There is a large number of well-meaning people, especially in Washington, who have lived only for and in a society in which Southern influence greatly predominated. Familiar with the wildest excitement of politics, yet accustomed to regard the leaders of all parties as equally unprincipled, and only persuaded of the single social fact, that it is highly respectable to own slaves, they can not see, even in the horrors of war, anything more than the old excitement, in which shrewd and wily politicians continue to pull wires. And in many other places besides Washington do the voices of pleasant interests, or the echoes of pleasant memories, recall old friendships or old ties. The head may be patriotic and union-loving and at war with the South, but the heart is peaceful and clings to ancient memories.

Now, if there is anything, dear reader, which is allied to real goodness, it is this very same soft-heartedness which we find it so hard to thoroughly condemn, even in such a case as that of the good Scotch clergyman, who pitied and prayed for 'the poor auld deevil' himself. But here it is that the 'gallant Southron' has the advantage over us. No lingering love for Northern friends of olden time, no kindly regard for by-gone intimacies, flashes up from the darkened abyss of 'Dixey.' And, to be frank and fair, reader, does it not seem to you that while the business in hand is literal *fighting*, not without much 'battle, murder and sudden death,' it would be at least respectful to the awful destiny of the hour to treat its ways seriously?

But let it foam and surge on, the time is coming when the great stream of Northern freedom will purify itself from all the foul stains of its old stagnation. Perhaps years may be required, but this we know,—that the dam has been broken away at last, and that now the glad torrent whirls

bravely onward in sparkling young life. For at length the time is coming when a healthy *Northern* sentiment shall make itself felt, where of old it was carefully excluded, and the fresh breeze from the Northern pines shall purify the sickly air. They will pass away, these of the old generation—there will arise better ones to take their place, and all shall be changed.

Meanwhile, for all our late great victories and advances, let us be thankful! not forgetting the smaller crumbs of comfort—as, for instance, the capture of SLIDELL, MASON and Co., which a friend has kindly recorded for your benefit, most excellent reader, in the following chapter:—

CHRONICLES OF SECESSIA.

CHAPTER I.

Now it came to pass in the first year of the great Rebellion

In the land of Secessia, whose men were men of Belial, hard of heart, and inflamed with exceeding great wrath against the children of the North, and against all people who walked in the way of truth and justice:

Meditating evil from the first mint-julep before breakfast, even unto the last nip of corn whisky before retiring;—

In the isles of the South, and on the firm land, where COTTON was king, and JEFFERSON, whose surname was DAVIS, was his prophet; where BENJAMIN, the finder of stray watches and spoons, and FLOYD, the spoiler, were priests—Oh, my soul, enter thou not into their counsels!—

Lo! it came to pass that there arose a great cry from among the people;

A great and vehement cry, a wailing and roaring as of many of the chivalry when they burn with strong drink at quarter races, or smite with bowie-knives in a free fight around the court-house:

The cry of many women and children, to say nothing of editors, politicians, dirt-eaters, and negro auctioneers:

Saying, 'Lo! these many days have we been closed up by the Yankees, even like unto a pint of Bourbon in an exceedingly tight-corked bottle, so that nothing may go out or in, and who shall say what may be the end thereof?

'Since the blockade presseth sorely upon our ports, the merchandise of many lands cometh not therein, and we are entirely out of groceries.

'Having neither balm nor myrrh, spices nor tea, coffee nor brandy.

'Quinine is not among us, neither have we cheese, shoes, sugar, jack-knives, cigars, patent medicines, glue, tenpenny nails, French gloves, pens or ink, dye-stuffs, nor raisins.

'Clothes are exceeding scarce, for, lo! we are becoming an extremely ragged and seedy generation; our toes stick out through our last year's boots, neither is there any one among us who knoweth enough to make the first principle of a brogan.

'For all these things were made or imported by the Yankees afore-time, even since the days of our fathers, and we are too proud to defile our hands with such base labor.

'Shall we, too, be as dogs cobbling shoes, or as the heathen who sell rat-traps, peddle milk-pails, and keep Thanksgiving?

'Lo! the kings of the earth see us with scorn; those who sit in high places wag their heads, and say we are naught, yea, polluted in our inheritance.

'And the *Times* will declare that we sit in ashes; even the *Moniteur* will say that we devour dust, and the *Zeitungs* of all Germany, even the press of the Philistines, will proclaim that we are utterly fallen.

'Now let there be a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, to settle this business.

'Let there be ambassadors—men of subtle tongue, cunning in counsel—chosen to go forth; yea, let them be equipped in fine raiment, having bran-new coats to confer honor and glory upon us, with secretaries and assistant secretaries, sub-secretaries and deputy-assistant sub-secretaries,—even these having their servants and servants' servants,—lo, the least among them shall have his underling, and so on *ad infinitum*.

'And we, albeit poor, will lavish gold out of the bag, and weigh silver in the balance, and hire a goldsmith, who shall bedeck them exceeding fine, so that the princes and potentates shall fall down before them, yea, shall worship.

'Then, when our great embassy cometh, and the princes inquire of the blockade, lo, our messengers shall laugh and say, "Go to!—it is naught, it hath passed away, and is bosh."

"Are we not here, ready to declare the end from the beginning, and from ancient times, even of CALHOUN, the things that are not yet done, saying, 'our counsel shall stand?' Verily, it takes us, and we are the original Jacobs, having no connection with the bogus concern over the way."

'And they shall cotton to us, and we unto them; and we will trade our tobacco for their wines, and *Pro Baccho Tobacco* shall be written in all the high places.'

CHAPTER II.

Now JEFFERSON, whose surname should have been Brick, but that it was not, seeing that it was DAVIS.

Saw the counsel that it was good.

And having seen it, and set his eyes upon the egg which their wisdom had hatched, and pronounced it a good egg;

Chose him of his chief men two, whereof the like were not to be found—no, not in all the North, and in the South was not their equal.

Whereof the first was a MASON, the like of whom was not known, not in the land of HURAM of old, nor among the Hittites or the dwellers by the sea.

For he was like unto a turkey-cock, stuck up and of excessive pride, spreading himself and strutting vehemently from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same; ineffably great in his own conceit, swelling in vanity, puffed up like a bladder even nigh unto bursting;

So that the little ones in the market-place cried after him, 'Big Injiun, heap big!'

And the other was a 'little' New Yorker, even a renegade of the North, one who had backslidden from the ways of his fathers, and that right ill. Wherefore he was called SLIDE-ILL. Howbeit some termed him SLY-DEAL, from his dealings both with cards and with men.

But it came to pass that they called him SLIDELL, forasmuch as that he was one who naturally took the whole ell, whether one gave him an inch or no.

Now they packed their trunks, and took unto them 'poor EUSTIS,' and many others equally talented and important.

Not forgetting their wives, neither their man-servants nor their maid-servants, their wines nor their cigars.

Howbeit they took not with them the bonds of the Confederacy, lest the Paris shop-keepers should say, 'Go to—it is naught;'

But divers eagles and dimes, stolen afore-time from UNCLE SAM, took they. Likewise bills of exchange and circular letters of credit upon certain of the Jews.

And so they went down unto the sea in ships,—even in a steam-ship,—sailing to the Havana, where she was unladed of her burden.

CHAPTER III.

[THE SONG OF REJOICING.]

Now when the ambassadors, and they which bore the words of the king, had sailed.

Lo, there was great rejoicing in all Secessia,—there was naught heard save the voices of renegade Northern editors,—[for that the Southerners know not to write],—

Saying, 'Come, let us be glad; laugh, O thou my soul.

'For they have gone, they have escaped, they have got away, they have dodged, they have cut stick, they have vamosed the ranch.

'They have ripped it full chisel, they are off licketty-split, they have slid, they have made tracks, they have mizzled—they have absquatulated and clipped it; *abiit, evasit, crupit!* Hurrah for us!

'Lo, the Yankees are brought low—the nasty, mercenary, low-born, infernal mudsills are defiled, and become as a vain thing. *Gloria!*

'For our messengers are on the high seas; they are O. K.; they shall deliver us from the pit. *Victoria!*

'They will drive things chuck to the hub in slasher-gaff style; our foes shall become even as dead birds in the pit; they shall be euchred, and discounted, and we will rake down the pot.

'Come, let us take drinks, for who shall stand against us?'

CHAPTER IV.

Now it came to pass that when UNCLE SAMUEL heard of these things, he was sorely riled; yea, his wrath was like unto a six-story stack of wolverines and wild-cats, mixed with sudden death and patent chain-lightning.

Howbeit he lost no time, and tarried not to take a long swear over the business,

But sent forth his ships:

Sending likewise THURLOW, whose surname was WEED, to prevail over MASON and SLY-DEAL, and come vitriol over their vinegar.

But when the people heard THURLOW say, 'I go, indeed, unto Europe, but not on this business—SLIDELL may slide for aught I care,'

Then the multitude winked one unto the other, so that such terrible winking was never before seen,

Exclaiming, 'Oh, yes—in a horn. We knew it not before, but now we know it for certain.'

And a certain SIMEON, whose surname was DRAPER, stood up in the market-place and wagered that THURLOW would pull the wool over Mason, and humble him;

And there were no takers. *Selah.*

CHAPTER V.

Now there was a valiant captain, a man of war, hating all iniquity even as poison.

And his name was WILKES—honor and praise to it in all lands!—

Captain of the San Jacinto, cruising for a pirate on the high seas, even for the Sumter.

And he came from Africa, even from the East unto the Havana, in an isle of the sea which lieth under the tower of the Moro;

Where he heard from his Consul strange news, saying that MASON and SLIDELL had sailed in a British steamer, even the Trent, which saileth between Vera Cruz, Havana, and St. Thomas.

Then said the captain, 'Shall I refrain myself to stop this iniquity?'

'Arise, oh my soul, gird thyself, and go forth; tarry not, but nab them in their wickedness.'

'Take them where the hair is short; jerk them, and pull them even as the fancy policeman pulleth the pickpocket when he seeth him picking the pocket of the righteous.'

'Shall I hold back my hand when my country calleth? Not if I know it. *Selah.*

'Up steam and after them, oh my soul; let there be coal under the boilers, oh my heart; let the way in which we shall travel be a caution, faster than Flora Temple or any other man.'

'Fling forth the stripes and stars—hoist the rag, thou galian sailior; go it strong as it can be mixed. For the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.'

CHAPTER VI.

Now it came to pass at the end of the first day that they saw the Trent in the Bermudas, even in the channel.

Then the brave captain sent on board Lieutenant FAIRFAX,—which in the Norse tongue is Harfager or Fair-Haired; since it runneth in the family to be sea-kings, and brave on the ocean.

And he, mounting the ship, cried aloud, 'Where are they?'

Then the Englishman replied, 'I know not whom ye seek,—lo, they are not here!'

Then he, seeing MASON a little apart, cried, 'Lo! here he is.'

And MASON, hearing this, turned to the color of ashes; his knees smote together; he became even as a boiled turkey-cock; there was no soul left in him.

Yea, even his collar wilted, and the stock of his heart went down ninety-five per cent.

Howbeit he said, with Slidell, 'We will not go save we be forced.'

'Then' replied FAIRFAX, 'I shall take you by force.'

So they held a council together, and resolved to go.

But their wives and little ones they sent on to Europe, and gave instructions to poor EUSTIS.

Bidding him go in when it should rain, and be sure and put up his umbrella if he had one.

Likewise to bear certain documents promptly and speedily to the kings and princes;

Which WILKES hearing, he speedily smashed, taking poor EUSTIS with the papers.

This was the end of the Council of Trent. It was not that great council of the name, but a very small one, and which came to nothing—small potatoes, and few in a hill. *Selah!*

CHAPTER VII.

Now it had come to pass years before, and was on record,

That MASON, having been asked to visit Boston,

Replied, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you that I will not set foot therein again save as an ambassador to that land.'

Now these things were remembered against him, and printed in all the papers, even in the Boston papers printed they them.

And they bare him into prison, with SLIDELL, and poor EUSTIS was he borne of them.

And they seemed extremely wamble-cropt and chop-fallen; their feathers shone not, even their sickle-feathers drooped in the dust, and their combs were white.

And they seemed as unclean men caught in their unrighteousness, who had been sold uncommonly cheap, with nary buyer.

And they took from them the gold which they had stolen afore-time from UNCLE SAM, even the bills upon the Hebrews did they yield up. Howbeit, they received a receipt for them.

And they asked much, 'How shall we feed, and may we have servants?' and wished to live pleasantly; yet, when at Richmond, SLIDELL had reviled the Yankee prisoners sorely, and counseled harsh treatment.

Then went they into the jug, and were allotted each man his bunk in the prison-house.

And the word went forth to hang all pirates and robbers on the sea, even as it had been spoken sternly by OLD ABE, of Washington;

Saying, string them up in short order.

And if they of Secessia hang the brave CORCORAN and his friends,

Then, as the LORD liveth, SLIDELL and MASON shall pull hemp; even on the gallows shall they hang like thieves and murderers—the land hath sworn it. SELAH!

'SOUND on the Goose Question.'

Who is there among our readers who has not heard that phrase? It has now for some years been transferred from one political topic to another, until its flavor of novelty is well-nigh gone. But *whence* the expression? An antiquarian would probably hint at the geese whose sound saved Rome. The great goose question of the Reformation was the burning of one Huss, whose name in English signifyeth Goose, for which reason he is said to have exclaimed to his tormentors 'Now ye indeed roast a goose, but, lo! after me there will come a swan whom ye can not roast;' which was strangely fulfilled in LUTHER, whose name—slightly varied—signifies in Bohemian a swan. But, reader, 'an it please you,' here is the original and 'Simon Pure' explanation, as furnished by a correspondent:—

'Are you right on the goose question?' But do you know the origin of the phrase? It was told to me, at Harrisburg, in Pennsylvania, when I was there in "Fremont's time," *anno* 1856. Alas! the fates deal hardly with Fremont. C. and F., now a satellite of C., helped to slaughter him once before in Pennsylvania—sold him out to Know-Nothings. Hope they haven't now in Missouri pitched him over to be succeeded by Do-Nothings. But to the story. Harrisburg has wide, clean, brick sidewalks. Many of the poorer sort there kept geese years ago, and sold or ate their progeny in the days of November and December—the "embers of the dying year." Jenkins was up for constable. The question whether geese should run at large was started. The Harrisburg geese made at times bad work on the clean sidewalks, as do their examplars, spitting on the *pave* of Broadway. A delegation of the geese-owners waited on Jenkins. Seeing that they had many votes, he declared himself in favor of the geese running at large. The better sort of people, who were in favor of clean sidewalks, hearing of this, set up an opposition candidate, who avowed himself opposed to having the sidewalks fouled by these errant fowls. The canvass waxed warm; a third candidate took the field; he put himself in the hands of an astute "trainer" for the political fray. We don't know whether or not this was before the day when Mr. Cameron counseled in politics at Harrisburg, but his Mentor bid this new candidate, when the delegations applied for his views on the all-absorbing issues, to say nothing himself, but to refer to him, the Mentor aforesaid. And when the delegations accordingly came to Mentor to find the position of the third candidate, he said to each, with unction, "You will find my friend sound on the goose question." Third candidate was elected. His story got wind, and from that day till Bull Run all the politicians of the land have striven likewise to be 'sound on the goose question.'

Therefore let us be duly thankful that the time hath come when it shall no longer advantage a man to say, 'Lo! I am sound,' or—as PRINCE ALBERT was reported to reply constantly to his royal consort during the early years of their marriage—'I dinks joost as *you* dinks,'—since in these—days vigorous *acts* and not quibbling words are the only coin which shall pass current in politics.

Never was there an institution which required such constant repairing as 'the great Southern system.' One of the latest and most terrible leaks discovered is that of the danger to be apprehended from an influx of vile Yankee immigrants after the North shall have been conquered. Unless this is prevented, say the Charleston papers, who dictate pretty independently to the whole of Dixie, we shall have sacrificed in vain our blood and treasure, since nothing is more evident than that at no distant day the Northern men among us will be fully able to control our elections. Therefore it is proposed that no Northern man ever be allowed the right of naturalization in the South.

But as even Southern injustice has not as yet the insolence to restrict this precious prohibition to 'Yankees,' it is sequentially proposed that with the exception of those foreigners now in the South, no person, not a (white) native, shall ever, after this war, be allowed the rights of citizenship in the C. S. A. There has not been, that we are aware, any opposition to this hospitable proposition, but, on the contrary, it has been most largely circulated and approved of.

It must be admitted that the South is in one thing at least praiseworthy. It is consistent—to say nothing of being thoroughly in earnest. To exclude all poor white immigrants from civil, and consequently social privileges, is perfectly in keeping with its long expressed contempt for mudsills. It legislates for F. F.'s, and for them alone. It wants no Irish, no Germans, no foreign element of any description between itself and the negro. It will make unto itself a China within a wall of cotton-bales, and be sublimely magnificent within itself.

But what of the Border, or, as GEO. SAUNDERS aptly called them, the Tobacco States? (By the by, where is now that eminent rejected of the C. S. A.?) The Patent Office Report for 1852 spoke as follows of Fairfax County, Virginia, where thousands of acres of land have become exhausted through slave labor, abandoned as worthless, and reduced to a wilderness:—

'These lands have been purchased by Northern emigrants, the large tracts divided and subdivided and cleared of pines, and neat farm-houses and barns, with smiling fields of grain and grass in the season, salute the delighted gaze of the beholder. Ten years ago it was a mooted question whether Fairfax lands could be made productive, and if so, would they pay the cost? This problem has been satisfactorily solved by many, and in consequence of the above altered state of things, school-houses and churches have doubled in number.'

But school-houses and churches are not what the C. S. A. want. 'Let us alone with your Yankee contrivances. "Smiling fields indeed!"—we want no smiling among us save the "smiles" of old Monongahela or Bourbon. The fiery Southern heart does not condescend to smile. "Neat farm-houses!" They may do for your Northern serfs—we'll none of them.' Verily the C. S. A. is a stupendous power, which, according to the development of its own avowed principles, must necessarily become greater as it is more and more limited to fewer persons. In due time these will be reduced to hundreds, those in time to scores, until, finally, all Southerndom shall be merged in one individual quintessentially concentrated exponent of Cottondom, who must needs be, perforce, so intensely respectable and so sublimely aristocratic that Northern eye may not see nor Northern heart feel the magnitude of his superiority, or pierce the gloom wherein he shall sit, 'a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality.'

Five of the present Cabinet, with Secretary CAMERON at their head, have expressed themselves fairly and fully in favor of Emancipation,—foreseeing its inevitable realization, and, we presume, the necessity of 'managing' it betimes. Only MESSRS. SEWARD and BATES hang timidly behind, waiting for stronger manifestations, ere they hang out their flags. Meanwhile, from the rural districts of the East and West come thousand-fold indications that the great 'working majority' of Northern freemen—the same who elected LINCOLN and urged on the war in thunder-tones and lightning acts—are sternly determined to press the great measure, and purify this country for once and forever of its great bitterness. It is a foregone conclusion.

'If you would know what your neighbors think of you,' says an old proverb, 'quarrel with them.' It has not been necessary of late to quarrel with England to ascertain *her* opinion of us, as expressed by her editors, writers, and men of the highest standing. Our war with the South has brought it out abundantly, and the result is a great dislike of everything American, save cotton! We are not of those who would at this time say too much on the subject,—every expression of Anglophobia is just now nuts to the C. S. A., who would dearly relish a war between us and the mother country,—but we may point to the significant fact recently laid in a laconic letter by 'Railway TRAIN,' that while everything is done in England to preserve a 'strict neutrality,' as regards the North, and while the most vexatious hinderances are placed in the way of exporting aught which may aid us,—much *gratuitous* pains being taken to prevent any material aid to the Federal government,—vessels are allowed to load openly with all contraband of war, even to arms and ammunition, for the avowed purpose of supplying the South. This is not mere *rumor*—it has been amply confirmed for months.

Very well, gentlemen; very well, indeed. We may remember all your kindness and the depth of your zealous abolition philanthropy. '*Haud immemor.*' But you are reasoning on false grounds.

You forget that it is almost as important for you to sell your manufactures to America as to get cotton from it. And articles in the *Times*, and speeches from your first statesmen, show that you really believe the enormous fib so generally current, that the South consumes the very great majority of all our imports. 'The South is where the North makes all its money—the South does everything.'

Do not believe it. The entire South consumes only about one sixth or seventh of all Imports, and contributes no greater proportion to the wealth of the North. But the North, with a very little sacrifice, can free itself almost entirely from dependence on your manufactures, and if, in homely parlance, you 'give us any more of your impudence,' she *will*—will most decidedly. There is even a stronger king than Cotton here; we may call him King Market. Let King Market once lay hands on you, and whereas you were before only broken, *then* you will be ground to powder.

Over many a home since the last New Year, Death has cast the shadow, which may grow dimmer with time, or change to other hues, but which never entirely departs. But now he comes with strange, unwonted form, for he comes from the battle-field as well as the far-off home of fever, or the icy lair of consumption, and those left behind know only of the departed that he died for honor.

'My brother! oh, my brother!' Such a cry arose not long ago in a family, for one of the best and bravest whom this country has ever known. And more than one has brought back from the war a sorrowful narrative of a long farewell inclosed in as brief and touching words as those of the following lyric:—

LINES.

I.

My brother, take my hand;
The darkness covers me,
And now I fly to thee;
O, hear my call!

II.

My brother, take my hand;
Weary, and sick, and faint,
To thee I make complaint,
Who art my all.

III.

My brother, take my hand;
Though pale it is and thin,
The same blood flows within
That is in thine.

IV.

My brother, take my hand;
It's all I have to give;
O, let me, while I live,
Press it to thine.

V.

My brother, take my hand;
And with the hand receive
The blessing which I leave,
Before I die.

VI.

My brother, take my hand;
And when at last you come,
I will receive you home,—
The home on high.

A correspondent in Ohio sends us the following:—

'It is a good thing for a weak brother to have faith; and some one to rely on is to such an especial blessing. Squire BULLARD was wont to find such a prop in his friend Deacon PARRISH, who, he firmly believed, "knew everything."

'Near by the Squire lived a graceless old infidel named MYERS, who was wont to entangle his simple neighbors in arguments sadly vexing to their orthodoxy. On one occasion he devoted an hour to prove to BULLARD that there was no future after death.

"Well," exclaimed Squire B—, "you kin talk jest as much as ye please. Free speech is permitted; but I don't believe ye. I tell you what, MYERS, the soul *is* immortal; I'll bet five dollars on it, and leave it to Deacon PARRISH!"

This is indeed believing in human power; and yet who would laugh *through* his heart at it? For it is this same *belief* in other men, mere mortals like ourselves, in hero-worship, which led man through the stormy ages of old on to the lighter and brighter time, when we see afar the promised time when great ideas shall rule instead of great men, and heroism yield to sincere, unselfish ministry. Great was the final lesson of Friar BACON'S head—"Time will be."

The failure of the great Southern Confederacy to secure recognition in Europe will doubtless provoke sad strains from the bards of that unfortunate 'empire.' Nor less to be pitied are those who have put their trust in contracts and become the 'victims of misplaced confidence.' The following brace of parodies sets forth the sorrows of either side with touching pathos.

THE UNIVERSAL COTTON GIN.

He journeyed all creation through,
A peddler's wagon, trotting in;
A haggard man, of sallow hue,
Upon his nose the goggles blue,
And in his cart a model U-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin.

His seedy garb was sad to view—
Hard seemed the strait he'd gotten in;
He plainly couldn't boast a *sou*,
And meanly fared on water-gruel,
Or had swallowed whole a U-
niversal nigger-cotton gin-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin.

To all he met—Turk, Christian, Jew—
He meekly said, 'I'm not in tin;
In fact I'm in a serious stew,
And therefore offer unto you,
At half its worth, my model U-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin.

'As sure as four is two and two,
It rules the world we're plotting in;
It made and ruined Yankee Doodle,
stuck to him like Cooper's glue,
And so to you would stick this U-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin.'

Now Johnny Bull the peddler knew,
And thus replied with not a grin:
'Hi loves your 'gin' like London brewed ale,
but loathes the hinstitution vitch
propels your model U-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin.

'Hi knows such coves as you a few,
And, zur, just now, hi'm not in tin;
Hi tells you vot, great Yankee Doodle
might hincline to put me through
Hif hi should buy your model U-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin.'

Then spake smooth Monsieur *Parlez-vous*,
Whose gilded throne was got in sin,—
(As was he too, if tales are true):
'I does not vant your modal U-'
(He sounds a V for W)
'niversal nigger-cotton-gin-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin.

A negar in de fence I view—
Your grand machine he's rotting in;
I smells him now, he stinketh! *w-h-e-w*—
Give me a good tobacco chew,
And you may keeps your modal U-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin.'

The peddler then sloped quickly to
The land he was begotten in;
With woeful visage, feelings blue,
He sadly questioned what to do,
When none would buy his model U-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin.

From out his pocket then he drew
A rag that *blood* was clotting in;
It had a field of heavenly blue,
Was flecked with stars—the very few
That glimmered on his model U-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin.

He gazed long on its tarnished hue,
And mourned the fix he'd gotten in;
Then filled his eyes with contrite dew,
As in its folds his nose he blew,
And thus addressed his model U-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin.

'Thou crownless king, thy days are few;
The world thou art forgotten in;
Ere thou dost die, thy life review,
Repent thy crimes, thy wrongs undo,
Give freedom to the dusky crew
Whose blood now stains the model U-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin-
niversal nigger-cotton-gin!'

A SORROWFUL DIALOGUE.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

Needy axe-grinder! whither are you going?
Sad is your visage, sadder far your raiment,
Rimless your hat, your coat has got a hole in't,
So have your trowsers!

Seedy axe-grinder! little know the great ones,
Who buy fat jobs, and steal the public lucre,
What times befall the poverty-stricken devils
Who grind their axes!

Tell me, axe-grinder, how you came so seedy?
Did some great man ungratefully entreat you?
Was it FERNANDO, first king of our Gotham,
Or the Collector?

Or did some evil WEED set you to burning
The Cataline, and pocket all the plunder;
Or did the patriot BEN engulf your little
All in a lottery?

Tell me, axe-grinder! 'tell me how you cum so:'
'Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall the moment you have told your
Pitiful story.'

AXE-GRINDER.

Story! God bless you! mine is sad to tell, sir;
The gratitude of great men drove me downward,
Reduced me to these shoddy coat and trowsers
So sad and seedy!

Listen! while I disclose the secrets of the
Mansion which standeth on Broadway, where strangers
Are taken in and done for at two dollars
And a half per diem.

There congregate Lord THURLOW, ALEXANDER
The Wonder of the World, and they who pull the
Wool o'er the eyelids of the veteran Com-
Missary-general.

And there, while they within did manufacture
The ways and means to 'work' this foul rebellion,
I kept the door without, and turned the grindstone
Which ground their axes.

And daily to their private closet came one
Called ORSAMUS, of fame in all the churches,
Whose savory name smells sweetly to all lovers
Of public plunder.

'Twas queer the ex-(tra) congress man resorted
There; strange they were to all invisible when
His oily visage, like a magic lantern,
Lit the apartment.

It were a Matter-son or father might take
A note of; so I questioned of the key-hole,
And, lo! they would bestow warm raiment on our
Suffering soldiers.

I deemed the subject worthy of attention,
The more so as a very fat commission
Would be gained by it, so as almoner I
Tendered my service.

I looked for thanks; when, lo! they gave me none, sir,
But, calling eavesdroppers ungodly sinners,
Applied their patent-leathers to my tender
Unmentionables.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

They served you right; take wholesome warning by it,
Leave state affairs to those who live upon 'em;
Should not the ox that treadeth in the corn-crib
Eat of the hoe-cakes?

How noble such care for our shivering heroes!
Who would not gladly perish for his country
When, for his sake, her great men stoop so low as
The shoddy business!

The Germans have a fine *Spinn-lied*, or song of spinning; so, too, have the jolly Flemish dames. And a poetical correspondent of ours seems determined that few and far between as the old-fashioned spinners are in this country, the race shall not entirely disappear without taking a song with them, and a quaint, pleasant lesson. Dear reader, to the CONTINENTAL'S way of thinking, there is something very winning in the thought of that 'great holiday,' when, free from all task, we shall play merrily evermore 'out-of-doors,' in eternal light, over infinite realms of beauty.

SPINNING.

Dearest mother, let me go;
I am tired of this spinning, yet the whizzing wheel goes round,
Till my brain is dull and dizzy with its ceaseless, humming sound.
I can hear a little blue-bird, chirping sweetly in yon tree;
And he would not stay there, mother, if he were not calling me.

Oh! in pity, let me go:
I have spun the flaxen thread, until my aching fingers drop;
And my weary feet will falter, though the whizzing wheel should stop.
I can see the sunny meadow where the gayest flowers grow;
And I long to weave a garland;—dearest mother, let me go.

Nay, be patient, eager child;
Summer smiles beyond the door-way, but stern poverty is here;
We must give her faithful service, if her frown we would not fear.
Spin on cheerly, little daughter, till your needful task is done,
Then go forth with bird and blossom, at the setting of the sun.

Wait *thou*, also, troubled soul;
Thou may'st look beyond the river, where the white-robed angels stand;
Hear the faint, celestial music, wafted from the summer land;
But thou canst not leave thy labor;—when thy thread is duly spun,
Thou shalt flee on flashing pinions, at the setting of the sun.

The times have been hard, reader, our friend, yet all merriment has not entirely died out, and there is still the sweet voice of music to be heard in the land. In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and many minor cities, the Benedictine ULLMANN hath been ubiquitously about, operating most vigorously, while the philosophic and courteous GOSCHE hath not been far distant. And they heralded HINKLEY, and BORCHARD, and KELLOGG, and all the other sweet swans of song; they drew after them the gems of the opera; there was selling of *Libretti*, (and in Boston, 'los-an-gers'); there was the donning of scarlet and blue striped cloaks, gay *coiffures* and butterflying fans; there was flirting, and fun, and gentle gayety in the New York Academy, and with the Boston Academies it was not otherwise, only that among the latter the Saxon predominateth, and the dark-eyed, music-loving children of Israel, who so abound in most opera audiences, are very rare.

What we intended to do, O reader, was to give the biography of BENEDICT ULLMANN. Lo! here it cometh:—

Vita Sancti Benedicti.

ULLMANN is about three thousand years old.

The New York *Herald* once called him Mephistopheles. He is not Mephistopheles, however, but the same thing, which is ULLMANN. He is a spirit bearing human form. Don't forget.

King SOLOMON sat beneath the golden pavilion one afternoon, playing silver melodies on a gold harp. Up went the notes—the spirits of the Sephiroth bore them—even up to a premium, and the very angels stopped sewing on their white robes to hear the ravishing melody.

By his side sat the Queen of Sheba, counting out her money.

Suddenly, there was a strange vibration, a marvelous tone. The queen paused. The king smiled. The angels went on with their sewing. (According to Rabbi ABARBANEL, they were knitting. This created a schism between the schools of Cracow and Cordova, which lasted four centuries.)

'Why smilest thou, Oh SOLOMON?'

'I smiled, my dear queen, because you and I became, just now, unwittingly, the parents of a strange being.'

'Why, SOLOMON—how you talk!' exclaimed the Q. of S.

'Yea, for the ring of thy gold, oh my Queen, and the last chord-tone from my harp mingled in mystical unity and made a sound unheard before on earth. And the spirit of that sound, which is of money and of music, is the spirit whereof I spoke.'

Then the queen marveled greatly at the wisdom of SOLOMON, and gave him a shekel. The king rung it on the table and touched his harp. Again the strange tone thrilled out loud.

'There he goes!' quoth SOLOMON. 'My blessing on him. And therefore the sprite is called Blessed to this day, which in Latin is *Benedict*.

Thus was ULLMANN born, who was the first who ever sold music; and, whereas before his time music was only iron or silver, after he took it up it became golden—very fine, and rather expensive. Howbeit, he loved music as well as money, and gave the people their money's worth, and many a jolly opera and fine tenor did he bring out: yea, had it been possible he would have engaged DON JUAN TENORIO himself, so that Don Giovanni might have been produced as perfectly as possible—the Don Giovaniety of vanities.

Apropos of music, there is among the novelties of the season a French 'operetta,' entitled '*Les Noces de Jeannette*,' in which a very peculiar bridegroom distinguishes himself, like Christopher Strap in 'Pleasant Neighbors,' by smashing the furniture. This recalls something which we heard narrated in the opera *foyer* the other evening.

Some years ago, in Paris, there was a very good comedian who prided himself on being perfectly 'classic.' To be classic in France is to be elegantly conventional. No actress can be really *kissed* according to classic rules; the lips must be faintly smacked about three feet from her shoulder. Wills are classically written by a flourish of the pen, and classical banqueters never pretend to eat.

Now there was a humorous scene which greatly depended on much breakage of furniture; and to this scene our actor, in the opinion of the manager, did not do justice. Rolling over one tea-cup did *not*, according to the latter, constitute a grand smash.

The actor became irritated. '*Pa'r'r-bleu!*' he exclaimed, 'you SHALL have a grand smash then, if you must, and no mistake.'

The scene begun. There was a tea-table, and the irate performer gave one kick, and sent the whole concern crashing into the pit. There was a roar of applause.

('Ah! this is something like,' said the manager, rubbing his hands.)

The chairs were next attacked and broken into the completest kindling-wood, as by a madman. The manager began to look grave.

There were two tables left, a piano, and a closet. The actor stepped behind the scenes and reappeared with an axe. Bang! went the timber—crack—splinter—

'Stop!' roared the manager.

'Go on!' 'bravo!' 'go on!' roared the audience.

The stage was cleared, but the scenery still remained. And into the scenery went the actor 'like mad.' Planks and canvas came tumbling down; the manager called his assistants; the house was delirious with joy. The manager rushed on the stage; the actor kicked him over into the orchestra, and seizing the prompter's box, hurled it crashing after.

We do not know how matters were arranged, but we believe that the manager never tried afterwards to convert a classic actor to the romantic school.

The shade of Bishop BERKLEY would rejoice, could it read at this late date such a tribute to the merit of the once famed tar water, which he invented. But a solemn feeling steals over our heart when we remember that the hand which penned these lines now lies cold in death, and that the shades of the idealist and the poet may ere this have joined in the spirit land.

TAR WATER.

BY GEORGE W. DEWEY.

From the granite of the North,
Leapt this pure libation forth,
Cold as the rocks that restrained it;
From the glowing Southern pine,
Oozed this dark naphthalian wine,
Warm as the hearts that contained it;
In a beaker they combine
In a nectar as divine
As the vintage of the Rhine,
While I pledge those friends of mine

Who are nearest, who are dearest in affection.
I have filled it to the brim;
Not a tear could ride its rim;
Not a fleck of sorrow dim
The flashing-smiles that swim
In the crystal which restores their recollection.

Floating on the pitchy wine,

Comes an odor of the brine,
Half suggesting solemn surges of the sea;
A sailor in the shrouds,
Furling sail amid the clouds;
Noisy breakers singing dirges on the lee,
To those friends upon the main,
Who have ventured once again,
In the realm which cleaves in twain
Loving hearts, that fill with pain
When the storm proclaims the terrors of December.
I will clink the beaded edge
Of the beaker, while I pledge
Safety over surf and sedge,
Foaming round the sunken ledge,
In the track of all the loved ones we remember.

And through Carolinian woods,
Ever muffled in the hoods
Of their fir-trees' aromatic evergreen,
I can hear the mellow stops,
Ever swaying in their tops,
To the playing of an organist unseen.
And the breezes bring the balm
Of the solitude and psalm,
From that indolence of calm,
In the land of pine and palm,
Over hills, and over rivers and savannas,
Till my feelings undergo
All their mortal overthrow,
In celestial strains which flow,
In a song of peace below,
From those regions where archangels sing hosannas.

A friend who has roamed in his time over the deserts and slept in Bedawee tents; one to whom the East is as a second mother, and in whose faith the Koran is necessary to really put the finishing touch to a true gentleman, sends us the following eccentric proverbs from the Arabic.

Words of Wisdom.

'A well is not to be filled with dew.'

There speaks the Arab, choice of water as of wine.

'May a deadly disease love you and Allah hate you!'

Uncle Toby, who would not have had the heart to curse a dog so, would have found the Excommunication of Ernulphus quite outdone in the desert, where cursing is perfected.

'He lays goose eggs, and expects young turkeys.'

'The dream of the cat is about mice.'

Meaning, as we say, that what is bred in the bone will not come out of the flesh. ÆSOP has dramatized this proverb in a pretty fable.

'The people went away; the baboons remained.'

'A rose fell to the lot of a monkey.'

Or, as the Latins said, '*Asinus ad Lyram*'—'A gold ring in a sow's ear.'

'God bless him who pays visits, and short ones at that.'

'The husband of two parrots—a neck between two sticks.'

'I asked him about his father. "My uncle's name is SHAYB," he replied.'

'They wanted a keeper for the pigeon-house, and gave the keys to the cat.'

'Filth fell upon dirt. "Welcome! my friend," said he.'

'Scarcer than fly-brains.'

'Gain upon dirt rather than loss upon musk.'

Musk plays a great part in the East. Even the porters in Cairo bear bags of it and are scented by it.

'When the monkey reigns, dance before him.'

This slavish proverb is thoroughly Oriental.

'They met a monkey defiling the mosque. "Dost thou not fear," quoth they, "lest God may metamorphose thee?" "I should," quoth he, "if I thought he would change me into a gazelle."'

'He fled from the rain and sat down under the water-spout.'

Or, as we say, out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Divers and sundry 'screeds' which we had hoped to lay on this present 'Editor's Table,' are unavoidably postponed until the February number, when they will make their 'positively first and last appearance.' Hoping that our own first appearance may not be without your approbation, we conclude, wishing you, reader, once more—very sincerely—the happiest of 'happy New Years.'

FOOTNOTES:

- [1] We honestly believe the true course to pursue with South Carolina, is to colonize her under the protection of our troops. Let us start with a settlement of Yankees at Beaufort, who shall addict themselves to the raising of cotton and other southern products. Let them employ the negroes whose masters have run away, and who are *ipso facto* free. As our army gradually extends its lines, let the northern pioneer proceed, to occupy and cultivate the soil. This will bring about a practical solution of some vexed questions.
- [2] The reader is earnestly requested to peruse the sermons of the Southern clergy, collected in an *extra* of Putnam's *Rebellion Record*, and especially a discourse by the Rev. Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans, in which the man of God asserts that slavery is a 'divine trust, to be perpetuated and continued.'
- [3] NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The reader will find further reference to the grave of AARON BURR in an article, in the present number of the CONTINENTAL MONTHLY, entitled 'The Graveyard at Princeton.'
- [4] Apart from philosophical and theological agitation in America, great additions were made to our general literature by translations from French and German, and their influence upon our younger writers is visible at the present day in almost every newspaper article. This task of translating and editing was accomplished—for the time—on a grand scale and in a scholarly manner. Chief among those who devoted themselves to it was George Ripley, who, in his excellent *Library of Foreign Standard Literature*, gave the public the choicer gems of French and German philosophy, poetry, or lighter prose. C. S. Henry, then professor of philosophy in the University of New York, embraced with zeal the teachings of Cousin, translated his *Psychology*,—there had been a version of the 'Lectures' published in 1838,—and wrote, for the use of students, a small but comprehensive *History of Philosophy*, which would have been perfectly 'eclectic' had it not devoted a somewhat unfair proportion of its pages to eclecticism. Translations of minor German lyrics into English, in most instances surpassing their rivals of British origin, were made by several young Unitarian clergymen, among which those by Cranch, Peabody, and Brooks, were, we believe, preëminent. The *Dial*, by its criticisms of foreign literature and art, guided many to the originals, while the Orthodox onslaught, in reviews or in lectures, by Murdoch and others, in which German philosophy was carefully traced from Lucifer down to Hegel, gave to hungry and inquiring neophytes many valuable hints. As, with the majority of its friends, 'Transcendentalism' assumed a deeply religious form, there resulted, of course, a grand revival of pietistic, mystical, and magical reading. Even the polemics of the early Quakers were un-dusted, while Swedenborg was soon found to be a rich mine. In due time, the works of Jung-Stilling, and other occult seers of the Justinus Kerner school, were translated, and contributed, in common with the then new wonders of animal magnetism and clairvoyance, to prepare the public for 'spiritualism.' The appearance, in 1841, of a translation of the *Heinrich von Ofterdingen* of Novalis, by a student of Cambridge, named Stallknecht, was one of the works of the day which increased the interest in foreign literature, and made its study fashionable. This mystical romance, called by its author the 'Apotheosis of Poetry,' was distinguished by a simple pathos, an ultra-refinement of thought, an almost womanly delicacy of expression, and a deeply religious sentiment. Such works fascinated many who had been proof against the sterner allurements of the more practical Goethe or the aristocratic Schiller, and added a new regiment to the army that was assailing with vehemence the fortress of German literature.
- [5] Cymbeline, Act III., Sc. 2.

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