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**THE  
CONTINENTAL MONTHLY:**

**DEVOTED TO**

**Literature and National Policy.**

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## THE GREAT PRAIRIE STATE.

I should not wonder if some of your readers were less acquainted with this Western Behemoth of a State than with the republic of San Marino, which is about as large as a pocket handkerchief. The one has a history, which the other as yet has not, and of all people in the world, our own dear countrymen—with all their talk about Niagara, and enormous lakes, and prodigious rivers—care the least for great natural features of country, and the most for historical and romantic associations. When an Englishman, landing at New York, begins at once to inquire for the prairies, it is only very polite New Yorkers who can refrain from laughing at him.

But it is not so much of natural features that I wish to speak at present. Illinois has been abused lately; brought into discredit by the misbehavior of some of her sons; but this only makes her loyal friends love her the more, knowing well how good her heart is, how high-toned her feeling, how determined her courage.

Looking at this State from New York, the image is that of a great green prairie, the monotony of whose surface is scarcely broken by the rivers which cross it here and there, and the great lines of railroad that serve as causeways through the desperate mud of spring and winter. A scattered people, who till the unctuous black soil only too easily, and leave as much of the crop rotting on the ground through neglect as would support the entire population; rude though thriving towns, where the grocery and the tavern, the ball room and the race course are more lovingly patronized than the church, the Sunday school, and the lyceum; where party spirit runs high, and elections are attended to, whatever else may be forgotten; where very unseemly jokes are current, and language far from choice passes unrebuked in society; in short, where what are known as 'Western characteristics' bear undisputed sway, making their natal region anything but a congenial residence for strangers of an unaccommodating disposition—such is the picture.

It were useless to deny that most of the points here indicated would be recognized and placed on his map by a Moral and Social topographer who should make the tour of the entire State from Cairo to Dunleith, both inclusive; but it is none the less certain that if he noted only these he would ill deserve his title. Cicero had a huge, unsightly wart on his eloquent nose; the fair mother of Queen Elizabeth, a 'supplemental nail' on one of her beautiful hands; Italy has her Pontine Marshes, New York city her 'Sixth Ward'; but he must be a green-eyed monster indeed who would represent these as characteristics. Illinois deserves an explorer with clear, kind eyes, and a historiographer as genial as Motley. All in good time. She will 'grow' these, probably. While we are waiting for them, let us prepare a few jottings for their use.

A great State is a great thing, certainly, but mere extent or mere material wealth, without intellectual and social refinement and a high moral tone, can never excite very deep interest. Not that we can expect to find every desirable thing actually existent in a country as soon as it is partially settled and in possession of the first necessities of human society. But we may expect aspirations after the best things, and a determination to acquire and uphold them. These United States of ours—God bless them forever!—have a constitutional provision against the undue preponderance of physical advantages over those of a higher kind. Rhode Island (loyal to the core), and Delaware (just loyal enough to keep her sweet), each sends her two Senators to Congress; and huge Illinois—whom certain ill-advised Philistines are trying to make a blind Samson of—can send no more. If we say the State that sends the best men is the greatest State (for the time, especially the present time), 'all the people shall answer Amen!' for one loyal heart, just now, is more precious than millions of fat acres. Whether Illinois could prudently submit to this appraisal, just at the present moment, remains to be proved; but that her heart is loyal as well as brave, there can be no question.

Without going back, in philosophical style, to the creation of the world, we may say that the State had a good beginning. Father Marquette and his pious comrade Allouez, both soldiers of the Cross, explored her northern wilds for God, and not for greed. They saw her solid and serene beauty, and presaged her greatness, and they did all that wise and devoted Catholic missionaries could do toward sanctifying her soil to good ends forever. They found 'a peaceful and manly tribe' in her interior, the name Illinois signifying 'men of men,' and the superiority of the tribe to all the other Indians of the region justifying the appellation. Allouez said, 'Their country is the best field for the gospel,' and he planted it as well as he could with what he believed to be the Tree of Life, long nourished with the prayers and tears of himself and his successors. The Indians took kindly to the teaching of the good and wise Frenchman, and it is said that even after troubles had begun to arise, owing, as usual, to the misconduct of rapacious and unprincipled white settlers, many of the Indians held fast by their newly adopted faith, and even showed some good fruits of it in forbearance and honesty of dealing. All this was not far from contemporary with the period when Cotton Mather, in New England, while teaching the principles of civil government, was persecuting Quakers and burning witches; and in yet another part of the new country, William Penn, neither Catholic nor Puritan, was making fair and honest treaties with savages, and

winning them, by the negative virtue of truthfulness, to believe that white men could be friends.

The Great Colbert, minister to Louis XIV, under whose auspices the French missionaries had been sent out, very soon came to the conclusion that it was important to enlarge and strengthen French influence in this great new country, particularly after he had ascertained the existence of the 'Great River,' which Father Marquette had undertaken to explore, and by means of which he expected to open trade with China! But the minister of finance required rather more worldly agents than the single-hearted and devoted ministers of religion, and he found a fitting instrument in the young and ardent Robert de la Salle, a Frenchman of enterprise and sagacity, worldly enough in his motives, but of indomitable energy and perseverance. He was very successful in establishing commerce in furs and other productions of the country, but lost his life somewhere near the mouth of the Mississippi, which he first explored, after escaping a thousand dangers. His name is famous in the land, and a large town was called after it; but what would he say if he heard his patronymic transformed into 'Lay-séll,' as it is, universally, among the 'natives'?

It is in La Salle's first *procès verbal* for his government that we find the first mention of the river 'Chekagou,' a lonely stream then, but which now reflects a number of houses and stores, tall steeples, colossal grain depots, and—the splendid edifice which fitly enshrines the northern terminus of the Illinois Central Railroad, the greatest railway in the world, and certainly one of the wonders which even the ambitious and sanguine La Salle never dreamed of; a daily messenger of light and life through seven hundred miles of country, which, without it, would have remained a wilderness to this day.

The first settler on the banks of this now so famous river was a black man from St. Domingo, Jean Baptiste Point-au-Sable by name, who brought some wealth with him, and built a residence which must have seemed grand for that time and place. He did not stay long, however, and the Indians, who had probably suffered some things from the arrogance of their white neighbors, thought it a good joke to say that 'the first 'white man' that settled there was a negro.' Like some other jokes, this one seems to have rankled deep and long, for to this day Illinois tolerates neither negro nor Indian. The Indian, *as an Indian*, has no foothold in the State; and the negro, even in the guise of born and skilled laborer in the production of the crops which form the wealth of the country, and of the new ones which are to be transplanted hither in consequence of the war, is forbidden, under heavy penalties, to set foot within her boundaries—the threat of slavery, like a flaming sword, guarding the entrance of this paradise of the laborer.

Illinois has not suffered as much in tone and character from unprincipled speculators as some others of the new States. Her early settlers were generally men of muscle, mental as well as bodily; men who did not so much expect to live by their wits and other people's folly, as by their own industry and enterprise. Among the early inhabitants of Chicago and other important towns, were some whose talents and character would have been valuable anywhere. Public spirit abounded, and the men of that day evidently felt as men should feel who are destined to be the ancestors of great cities. In 1837, when the business affairs of Chicago were in a distressing state, and private insolvency was rather the rule than the exception, many debtors and a few demagogues called a public meeting, the real though not the avowed object of which was to bring about some form of repudiation. Some inflammatory suggestions, designed to excite to desperate thoughts those whose affairs were cruelly embarrassed, having wrought up the assembly to the point of forgetting all but the distresses of the moment, a call was made for the mayor, who came forward, and in a few calm and judicious words besought all present to pause before they ventured on dishonorable expedients. He entreated them to bear up with the courage of men, remembering that no calamity was so great as the loss of self-respect; that it were better for them to conceal their misfortunes than to proclaim them; that many a fortress had been saved by the courage of its defenders, and their determination to conceal its weakened condition at all sacrifices. 'Above all things,' he said, 'do not tarnish the honor of our infant city!'

These manly words called up manly thoughts, and the hour of danger passed by.

At one time the legislature were induced, by means of various tricks, together with some touches of that high-handed insolence by which such things are accomplished, to pass a resolution for a convention to alter the constitution of the State, with a view to the introduction of SLAVERY. One of the newspapers ventured an article which exposed the scandalous means by which the resolutions had been carried through the House. The 'proofs' of this article were stolen from the printing office, and the parties implicated in this larceny attempted to induce a mob to demolish the office and the offending editor. But the pluck which originated the stinging article sufficed for the defence of the office. The effort to establish slavery in Illinois was kept up for a year or more, but the bold editor and other friends of freedom labored incessantly for the honor of the State, and succeeded at length in procuring an overwhelming vote against the threatened disgrace.

Laws against duelling are laughed at in other States, but Illinois made hers in earnest, affixing the penalty of death to the deliberate killing of a man, even under the so-called code of honor. This severe law did not suffice to prevent a fatal duel, the actors of which probably expected to elude the penalty with the usual facility. The State, however, in all simplicity, hung the survivor, and from that day to this has had no further occasion for such severity.

Of late, the same Personage who has in all ages been disposed to buy men's souls at his own delusive price, and to make his dupes sign the infernal contract with their blood, has been very busy in certain parts of the State, trying to get signatures, under the miserable pretence that party pays better than patriotism, and that times of whirlwind and disaster are those in which he,

the contractor, has most power to advance the interests of his adherents. But some of those who listened most greedily to the glazings of the arch deceiver begin already to repent, and are ready to call upon higher powers to interfere and efface the record of their momentary weakness. In all *diablerie* the *fiat* of a superior can release a victim, so we may hope that godlike patriotism may not only forgive the penitent, but absolve him from the consequences of his own rash folly. To have been instrumental in dimming for one moment the glorious escutcheon of Illinois, requires pardon. To such words as have been spoken by some of her sons we may apply the poet's sentence:

'To speak them were a deadly sin!  
And for having but thought them thy heart within  
A treble penance must be done.'

The recent Message of Governor Yates is full of spirit, the right spirit, a warm and generous, a courageous and patriotic one. He glories in the great things he has to tell, but it is not 'as the fool boasteth,' but rather as the apostle, who, when he recounts only plain and manifest truths, says, 'Bear with me.' And truly, what wonders have been achieved by the 'men of men'! Since the war began, Illinois, though she has given one hundred and thirty-five thousand of her able-bodied men to the field, and though the closing of the Mississippi has produced incalculable loss, has sent away food enough to supply ten millions of people, and she has now remaining, of last year's produce, as much as can be shipped in a year. This enormous productiveness has given rise to the idea that Illinois is principally a grain-growing State, but she none the less possesses every requisite for commerce and manufactures. Not content even in war time with keeping up all her old sources of wealth, she has added to the list the production of sugar, tobacco, and even cotton, all of which have been found to flourish in nearly every portion of the State. The seventh State in point of population in 1850, she was the fourth in 1860, and in the production of coal she has made a similar advance. In railroads she is in reality the first, though nominally only the second; possessing three thousand miles, intersecting the State in all directions. Ten years ago the cost of all the railroad property within her bounds was about \$1,500,000; in 1860 it was \$104,944,561—an instance of progress unparalleled. But these are not the greatest things.

Education receives the most enlightened attention, and all that the ruling powers can accomplish in persuading the people to avail themselves of the very best opportunities for mental enlargement and generous cultivation is faithfully done. It is for the people themselves to decide whether they will be content with the mere rudiments of education, or accept its highest gifts, gratis, at the hands of the State. If the pursuit of the material wealth which lies so temptingly around them should turn aside their thoughts from this far greater boon, or so pervert their minds as to render them insensible to its value, they will put that material wealth to shame. It is true that in some cases the disgust felt by loyal citizens at infamous political interference may have operated to prevent their sending their children to school; but these evils are sectional and limited, and the schools themselves will, before long, so enlighten the dark regions as to render such stupidity impossible. It is to the infinite credit of the State that since the war began there has been no diminution, but on the contrary, an increase in schools, both private and public, in number of pupils, teachers, school houses, and amount of school funds. Of eight thousand two hundred and twenty-three male teachers in 1860, *three thousand* went to the war, showing that it is among her most intelligent and instructed classes that we are to look for the patriotism of Illinois. The deficiency thus created operated legitimately and advantageously in giving employment to a greatly increased number of female teachers.

As to patriotism, let not the few bring disgrace upon the many. It is true that scarcely a day passes unmarked by the discovery that some grovelling wretch has been writing to the army to persuade soldiers to desert on political grounds; yet as these disgraceful letters, as published in the papers, give conclusive proof of the utter ignorance of their writers, we must not judge the spirit of the State by them, any more than by the louder disloyal utterances of men who have not their excuse. Governor Yates speaks for the PEOPLE when he says:

'Our State has stood nobly by the Constitution and the Union. She has not faltered for a moment in her devotion. She has sent her sons in thousands to defend the Flag and avenge the insults heaped upon it by the traitor hordes who have dared to trail it in the dust. On every battle field she has poured out her blood, a willing sacrifice, and she still stands ready to do or die. She has sent out also the Angel of Mercy side by side with him who carries the flaming sword of War. On the battle field, amid the dying and the dead; in the hospital among the sick and wounded of our State, may be seen her sons and daughters, ministering consolation and shedding the blessings of a divine charity which knows no fear, which dreadeth not the pestilence that walketh by night or the bullet of the foe by day.'

Governor Yates himself, on receiving intelligence of the battle of Fort Donelson, repaired at once to the scene of suffering, feeling—like the lamented Governor Harvey of Wisconsin, who lost his life in the same service—that where public good is to be done, the State should be worthily and effectively represented by her chief executive officer. There on the spot, trusting to no hearsay, Mr. Yates, while distributing the bounteous stores of which he was the bearer, ascertained by actual observation the condition and wants of the troops, and at once set about devising measures of relief. After Shiloh, that Golgotha of our brave boys, the Governor organized a large corps of surgeons and nurses, and went himself to Pittsburg Landing to find such suffering and such destitution as ought never to exist on the soil of our bounteous land, under any possible conjuncture of circumstances, however untoward and unprecedented. Without surgeons or

surgical appliances, without hospital supplies, and, above all, worse than all, without SYSTEM, there lay the defenders of our national life, their wounds baking in the hot sun, worms devouring their substance while yet the breath of life kept their desolate hearts beating. Doing all that could be done on the spot, and bringing away all who could be brought, the Governor returned, sending the adjutant-general back on the same errand, and going himself a second time as soon as a new supply of surgeons and sanitary stores, contributed by private kindness, could be got together. And so on, as long as the necessity existed. The great expenses involved in the relief and transportation of many thousands of sick and wounded, expenses unusual and not provided for by law, were gladly borne by the State, and careful provision was made against the recurrence of the evil. May our Heavenly Father in His great mercy so order the future as to make these preparations unnecessary, wise and humane though they be! Says Governor Yates:

'I have hope for my country, because I think the right policy has been adopted. There remains but one other thing to make my assurance doubly sure; and that is, I want to see no divisions among the friends of the Union in the loyal States. Could I know that the people of the Free States were willing to ignore party, and resolved to act with one purpose and one will for the vigorous prosecution of the war and the restoration of the Union, then I should have no doubt of a happy end to all our difficulties. \* \* \*

'If the members of this General Assembly, and the press and people of Illinois, in the spirit of lofty patriotism, could lay aside everything of a party character, and evince to the country, to our army, and, especially to the secession States, that we are one in heart and sentiment for every measure for the vigorous prosecution of the war, it would have a more marked effect upon the suppression of the rebellion than great victories achieved over the enemy upon the battle field. For, when the North shall present an undivided front—a stern and unfaltering purpose to exhaust every available means to suppress the rebellion, then the last prop of the latter will have fallen from under it, and it will succumb and sue for peace. Should divisions mark our councils, or any considerable portion of our people give signs of hesitation, then a shout of exultation will go up, throughout all the hosts of rebeldom, and bonfires and illuminations be kindled in every Southern city, hailing our divisions as the sure harbingers of their success. We must stand by the President, and send up to him, and to our brave armies in the field, the support of an undivided sentiment and one universal cheer from the masses of all the loyal States. The stern realities of actual war have produced unanimity among our soldiers in the army. With them the paltry contests of men for political power dwindle into insignificance before the mightier question of the preservation of the national life. Coming into closer contact with Southern men and society, the sentiments of those who looked favorably upon Southern institutions have shifted round. They have now formed their own opinions of the proper relations of the Federal Government to them, which no sophistry of the mere politician can ever change. Seeing for themselves slavery and its effects upon both master and slave, they learn to hate it and swear eternal hostility to it in their hearts. Fighting for their country, they learn doubly to love it. Fighting for the Union, they resolve to preserve, at all hazards, the glorious palladium of our liberties.

'I believe this infernal rebellion can be, ought to be, and will be subdued. The land may be left a howling waste, desolated by the bloody footsteps of war, from Delaware bay to the gulf, but our territory shall remain unmutilated—the country shall be one, and it shall be free in all its broad boundaries, from Maine to the gulf, and from ocean to ocean.

'In any event, may we be able to act a worthy part in the trying scenes through which we are passing; and should the star of our destiny sink to rise no more, may we feel for ourselves and may history preserve our record clear before heaven and earth, and hand down the testimony to our children, that we have done all, perilled and endured all, to perpetuate the priceless heritage of Liberty and Union, unimpaired to our posterity.'

And in this fervid utterance of our warm-hearted Governor, the free choice of a free people, let us consider Illinois as expressing her honest sentiments.

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## A WINTER IN CAMP.

I was painfully infusing my own 'small Latin and less Greek' into the young Shakspeares of a Western college, when the appointment of a friend to the command of the —th Iowa regiment opened to me a place upon his staff. Three days afterward, in one of the rough board-shanties of Camp McClellan, I was making preparations for my first dress parade. The less said of the *dress* of that parade, the better. There was no lack of comfortable clothing, but every man had evidently worn the suit he was most willing to throw away when his Uncle Samuel presented him with a new one; and a regiment of such suits drawn up in line, made but a sorry figure in comparison with the smartly uniformed —th, which had just left the ground. Their colonel, in

the first glory of his sword and shoulder straps, was replaced by a very rough-looking individual, with a shabby slouched hat pushed far back on his head, and a rusty overcoat, open just far enough to show the place where a cravat might have been. It was very plain, as he stood there with his arms folded, thin lips compressed, and gray eyes hardly visible under their shaggy brows, that whether he *looked* the colonel or not was the last thought likely to trouble him. I fancied that he did, in spite of all, and that he saw a great deal of good stuff in the party-colored rows before him, which he would know how to use when the right moment came: subsequent events proved that I was not mistaken. The regiment had no reason to be ashamed of their rough colonel, even when the two hundred that were left of them laid down their arms late in the afternoon of that bloody Sabbath at Shiloh, on the very spot where the swelling tide of rebels had beaten upon them like a rock all day long.

But these after achievements are no part of my present story. The more striking passages of this great war for freedom will be well and fully told. Victories like Donelson, death-struggles like that on the plains of Shiloh, will take their place in ample proportions on the page of history. As years roll on they will stand out in strong relief, and be the mountain tops which receding posterity will still recognize when all the rest has sunk beneath the horizon. It were well that some record should also be made of the long and dull days and weeks and months that intervened between these stirring incidents: at least that enough should be told of them to remind our children that they existed, and in this as in all other wars, made up the great bulk of its toils. This indeed seems the hardest lesson for every one but soldiers to learn. Few but those who have had actual experience know how small a part fighting plays in war; how little of the soldier's hardships and privations, how little of his dangers even are met upon the battle field. Tame as stories of barrack life must seem when we are thrilling with the great events for which that life furnishes the substratum, it is worth our while, for the sake of this lesson, to give them also their page upon the record, to spread these neutral tints in due proportion upon the broad canvas. It is partly for this reason that I turn back to sketch the trivial and monotonous scenes of a winter in barracks. It is well to remind you, dear young friends, feminine and otherwise, at home, that a great many days and nights of patient labor go to one brilliant battle. When your loudest huzzas and your sweetest smiles are showered on the lucky ones who have achieved great deeds and walked through the red baptism of fire, remember also how much true courage and fortitude have been shown in bearing the daily hardships of the camp, without the excitement of hand-to-hand conflict.

The new uniforms came at last, and all the slang epithets with which our regiment had been received were duly transferred to the newly arrived squads of the next in order. Then we began to speculate on the time and mode of our departure. It was remarkable how keenly the most contented dispositions entered into these questions. There is in military life a monotony of routine, and at the same time a constant mental excitement, that make change—change of some sort, even from better to worse—almost a necessity. I had already stretched myself in my bunk one evening, and was half asleep, when I heard joyful voices cry out, 'That's good!' and unerring instinct told me that orders had come for the —th to move. On the third day again we stood in our ranks upon the muddy esplanade of the Benton Barracks, patiently waiting for the A. A. G. and the P. Q. M. to get through the voluminous correspondence which was to result in quarters and rations. At least twenty thousand men were crowded at that time into this dismal quadrangle. Perseverance and patience could overcome the prevalent impression at the commissary that every new regiment was a set of unlawful intruders, to be starved out if possible, but could not conquer the difficulty of crowding material bodies into less space than they had been created to fill. Two companies had to be packed into each department intended for one. As for 'field and staff,' they were worse off than the privates, and took their first useful lesson in the fact that they were by no means such distinguished individuals in the large army as they had been when showing off their new uniforms at home. It must have been comforting to over-sensitive privates to hear how colonels and quartermasters were snubbed in their turn by the 'general staff.' The regimental headquarters, where these crest-fallen dignitaries should have laid their weary heads, were tenanted by Captains A., who had a pretty wife with him, and B., who gave such nice little suppers, and C., whose mother was first cousin to the ugly half-breed that blew the general's trumpet from the roof of the great house in the centre. Wherefore the colonel, the surgeon, the chaplain, the quartermaster, and the 'subscriber' were content to spread their blankets for the first night with a brace of captains, on the particularly dirty floor of Company F., and dream those 'soldier dreams' in which Mrs. Soldier and two or three little soldiers—assorted sizes—run down to the garden gate to welcome the hero home again, while guardian angels clap their wings in delight and take a receipt for him as 'delivered in good order and well-conditioned' to the deities that preside over the domestic altar.

Such dreams as these were easy matters for most of us, who had no experience. With our regimental colors fresh from the hands of the two inevitable young ladies in white, who had presented them (with remarks suitable to the occasion), we saw nothing before us but a march of double quick to 'glory or the grave.' Luckily we had cooler heads among us: men who had fought in Mexico, camped in the gulches of California, drilled hordes of Indians in South America, led men in desperate starving marches over the plains. These went about making us comfortable in a very prosaic, practical way. The first call for volunteers from the ranks was not to defend a breach or lead a forlorn hope, as we had naturally expected, but—for carpenters. They were set to knocking down the clumsy bunks in the men's quarters and rebuilding them in more convenient shape, piercing the roof for ventilators, building shanties for the dispensary and the quartermaster's stores. Colonel and chaplain made a daily tour of the cook rooms and commissary, smelt of meat, tasted hard bread, dived into dinner pots, examined coffee grounds to

see whether any of the genuine article had accidentally got mixed with the post supply of burnt peas. The surgeon commenced vaccinating the men, and taking precautions against every possible malady, old age, I believe, included. Meanwhile the adjutant and the sergeant-major shut themselves up in a back room like a counting house, and were kept busy copying muster rolls, posting huge ledger-like books, making out daily and nightly returns, receiving and answering elaborate letters from the official personages in the next building. The company officers and men were assigned their regular hours for drill, as well as for everything else that men could think of doing in barracks. In short, we found ourselves all drawn into the operations of a vast, cumbrous, slow-moving machine, with a great many more cogs than drivers, through which no regiment or any other body could pass rapidly. The time required in our case was nearly three months.

How much of this delay was necessary or beneficial I leave for wiser military critics than myself to discuss. The complaint it awakened at the time has almost been forgotten in the glory of the achievements which followed when the great army actually began to move. Perhaps it is remembered only by those who mourn the brave young hearts that never reached the battle field, but perished in the inglorious conflict with disease and idleness. Few appreciate the fearful loss suffered from these causes, unless they were present from day to day, watching the regular morning reports, or meeting the frequent burial squads that thronged the road to the cemetery. Even in a place like St. Louis, with amply provided hospitals, and all the appliances of medical skill at hand, men died at a rate which would have carried off half the army before its three years' service expired. And of these deaths by far the greater portion were the direct consequence of idleness and its consequent evils in camp. The healthiest body of troops I saw in Missouri were busy night and day with scouting parties, and living in their tents upon a bleak hilltop, ten miles from the nearest hospital or surgeon. When their regiment was concentrated after four months' service, this company alone marched in the hundred and one men it had brought from home, not a single man missing or on the sick list. Perhaps another such instance could scarcely be found in the whole army.

But it was not by death alone that precious material wasted faster than a whole series of battles could carry it off. Under such circumstances the living rot as well as the dead. Physically and morally the men deteriorate for want of occupation that interests them. Most of our Western volunteers were farmers' boys, fresh from an active, outdoor life. They were shut up in the barracks, with no exercise but three or four hours of monotonous drill, no outdoor life but a lounge over the level parade ground, and no amusements but cards and the sutler's shop. Their very comforts were noxious. The warm, close barracks in which they spent perhaps twenty hours out of the twenty-four, would enervate even a man trained to sedentary habits; and the abundant rations of hot food, consumed with the morbid appetite of men who had no other amusement, rendered them heavy and listless. In our regiment, at least, it was absolutely necessary to cut down the rations of certain articles, as for instance of coffee, and to prevent their too frequent use. The cooks told us that it was not an uncommon thing for a man to consume from four to six quarts of hot coffee at the three meals of a single day.

Upon their minds the influence was even greater than upon their bodies. More enthusiastic soldiers never assembled in the world than came up from all parts of the country to the various rendezvous of our volunteers. This is not merely the partial judgment of a fellow countryman. In conversation with old European officers of great experience, who had spent the autumn in instructing different regiments, I have heard testimony to this effect more flattering than anything which I, as an American, should dare to say. Of course a part of this enthusiasm was founded on an illusion which experience must sooner or later have dispelled; but wise policy would have husbanded it as long as possible, by putting them into service which should at the same time have fed their love of adventure and given them practice in arms. Even as a matter of drill—which to some of our officers seems to be the great end, and not merely the means of a soldier's life—this would have been an advantage. The drill of a camp of instruction is not only monotonous, but meaningless, because neither officers nor men are yet alive to its practical application. Had these men been placed at once where something *seemed* to depend on their activity, instruction in tactics would have been eagerly sought after, instead of being looked upon as an irksome daily task. Nor would it have been necessary for this purpose to place raw troops in positions of critical importance. The vast extent of our line of operations, and the wide tracts of disaffected country which were, or *might easily have been*, left behind it, offered an ample field for a training as thorough as the most rigid martinet could desire, at a safe distance from any enemy in force, but where they would have been kept under the *qui vive* by the belief that something was intrusted to them. Drill or no drill, I do not think there was a colonel in the barracks who did not know that his men would have been worth more if marched from the place of enlistment directly into the open field, than they were after months in a place where the whole tendency was to chill their patriotism by making them feel useless, and to wear off the fine edge of their patriotism by subjection to the merest mechanical process of instruction.

But without dwelling longer on a subject still so delicate as this, let it be said that the advantages of the camp of instruction were principally with the officers. These really learned many things they needed to know, and perhaps unlearned some that they needed as much to forget. I have hinted already at one of these latter lessons—that of their own insignificance. Familiarity breeds contempt, even with shoulder straps. It did the captains and majors and colonels, each of whom had been for a time the particular hero of his own village or county, not a little good to find themselves lost in the crowd, and quite overshadowed by the stars of the brigadiers. Even these latter did not look quite so portentous and dazzling when we saw them in whole constellations, paling their ineffectual rays before the luminary of headquarters. Many an ambitious youth, who

had come from home with very grand though vague ideas of the personal influence he was to have upon the country's destinies, found it a wholesome exercise to stand in the mud at the gate all day as officer of the guard, and touch his hat obsequiously to the general staff. If there was good stuff in him he soon got over the first disappointment, and learned to put his shoulder more heartily to that of his men, when he found that his time was by no means too valuable to be chiefly spent in very insignificant employments. Some few, it is true, never could have done this, even if they had been brayed in a mortar. I remember one fussy little cavalry adjutant, who never allowed a private to pass him without a salute, or sit down in his presence. I lost sight of the fellow soon afterward, but it was with great satisfaction that I saw his name gazetted a week or two since, 'dismissed the service.'

As for regular instruction in tactics, there was perhaps as much as the nature of the case admitted, to wit, none at all. Every now and then a fine system would be organized, and promulgated in general orders. Sometimes a series of recitations were prescribed that would have dismayed a teachers' institute. Field officers were to say their lessons every evening at headquarters, and head classes from their own line in the forenoon. The company officers in turn were to teach non-commissioned ideas how to shoot. Playing truant was strictly forbidden; careless officers who should 'fail to acquire the lesson set for them' were to be reported, and, I presume, the unlucky man who missed a question would have seen 'the next' go above him till the bright boy of each class had worked his way up to the head. These systems did *not* prove a failure: they simply never went at all, but were quietly and unanimously ignored by teacher and teachee. Every man was left to thumb his Hardee in private, and find out what he lacked by his daily blunders on drill. These furnished ample subject for private study, as well as for animated discussion among the other military topics that occupied our leisure. Emulation and the fear of ridicule kept even the most indolent at work.

It was amusing to see how rapidly the *esprit de corps*—their own favorite word, which they took infinite pleasure in repeating on all occasions—grew upon our newly made warriors. How learned they were upon all the details of 'the service,' and how particularly jealous of the honors and importance of their own particular 'arm!' I used to listen with infinite relish to the discussion in our colonel's quarters, which happened to be a favorite rendezvous for the field officers of some half dozen different regiments, during the idle hours of the long winter evenings. No matter how the conversation commenced, it was sure to come down to this at last, and cavalry, infantry, and artillery blazed away at each other in a voluble discussion that was like Midshipman Easy's triangular duel multiplied by six.

'There's no use talking, colonel, you never have done anything against us in a fair hand-to-hand fight, and you never can.'

(*You* on this occasion may be supposed to be cavalry, personified in a long, lantern-jawed attorney from Iowa, while *us* stands for infantry, represented by an ex-drover from Indiana.)

'Never done anything, eh?' replies the attorney, who, on the strength of a commission and mustache of at least six months' date, ranks as quite a veteran in the party; 'what did you do at Borodino? Pretty show you made there when we came charging down upon you!'

'Oh, that was all somebody's fault—what's his name's, you know, that commanded there. Didn't find those charges work so well at Waterloo, did you?' Thus the ex-drover, fresh from the perusal of Halleck on Military Science.

'Ah, but you see they could not stand our grape and canister,' interposes artillery (Major Phelim O. Malley, now of the 99th Peoria Battery, till last month real-estate and insurance broker, No. — Dearborn street, basement).

'If we ploy into a hollow square'—

'Yes, but you see we come down obliquely and cut off your corners'—

'All they want then is a couple of field pieces; zounds, sir!'—(the major has found this expletive in Lever's novels, and adopted it as particularly becoming to a military man.)

'Echelon—charge—right guides—Buny Visty—Austerlitz'—

Meanwhile old Brazos and the Swiss major sit grimly silent, one nursing his lame shin, where the Mexican bullet struck him, the other drawing hard on his pipe and puffing out wreaths of smoke that hang like Linden's 'sulphurous canopy' over the combatants. I have no doubt a great deal of excellent tactics was displayed in these discussions; still less, if possible, that the zeal of the disputants was all the more creditable to them for their peaceful antecedents during their whole lives; but the ludicrous side of the scene was brought out all the more strongly by the silence of these old soldiers, who alone out of the whole party had ever seen what men actually could and did do on the battle field.

Sometimes these conversations took a high range, and dwelt upon the causes and the policy of the contest in which we were engaged. I do not think, however, that these were half so much talked or thought of among the officers as in the barracks of the men; and it is only justice to add, that among a large class of the privates I have heard them discussed with a clearness, a freedom from all prejudices and present interests, that surpassed the average deliberations of the shoulder straps. There never probably was so large an army assembled in the world where so great a proportion of the intelligence could be found in the ranks. Marked individual instances



were constantly met with. There was at least one corporal in the —th, who occupied his leisure hours with the Greek Testament, that the time spent in fighting for his country might not be all lost to his education for the ministry. I hope the noble fellow will preach none the less acceptably without the arm that he left at Donelson. Another of our non-commissioned officers was a member of the Iowa Legislature. Could there be a happier illustration of the fine compliment paid by President Lincoln in his message of last summer to the rank and file of our army? Pity it must be added that no representations could procure him a furlough to allow him to take his seat during the session. Had he been a colonel, with \$3,000 a year, the path would have been wide and smooth that led from his duties in the camp to his seat in Congress, or any other good place he was lucky enough to fill.

This, by the way, is only one instance of the greatest defect in our volunteer system: the broad and almost impassable gulf of demarcation between commissioned officers and enlisted men. The character of the army requires that this should be eradicated as soon as possible. Enthusiastic patriotism might make men willing to bear with it for a time, or while the war seemed a temporary affair. But since the conviction has settled down upon the popular mind that we are in for a long and tedious struggle, and that a great army of American citizens must be kept on foot during the whole of it, overshadowing all peaceful pursuits, and remoulding the whole character of our people, there begins to be felt also the need of organizing that army as far as possible in conformity with the genius of our people and Government. The greenest recruit expects to find in the army a sharp distinction of rank, and a strict obedience to authority, to which he has been a stranger in peaceful times. But he is disappointed and discouraged when he finds a needless barrier erected to divide men into two classes, of which the smallest retains to itself all the profits and privileges of the service. He comprehends very well that a captain needs higher pay and more liberty than a private, and a general than a captain; but he fails to see the reason why a second lieutenant should have four or five times the pay of an orderly sergeant, and be officially recognized all through the army regulations as a gentleman, while he who holds the much more arduous and responsible office is simply an 'enlisted man.' It will be much easier for him to discover why this is so than to find any good reason why it should remain so. We are managing an army of half a million by the routine intended for one of ten thousand, and we are organizing citizen volunteers under regulations first created for the most dissimilar army to be found in the civilized world. We adopted our army system from England, where there are widely and perpetually distinct classes of society in peace as well as war; the nobility and gentry furnishing all the officers, while the ranks are filled up with the vast crowd, poor and ignorant enough to fight for sixpence a day. To our little standing army of bygone days the system was well enough adapted, for in that we too had really two distinct classes of men. West Point furnished even more officers than we needed, with thorough education, and the refined and expensive habits that education brings with it. The ranks were filled with foreigners and broken-down men, who had neither the ambition nor the ability to rise to anything higher. But we have changed all that. The healthiest and best blood of our country is flowing in that country's cause. Our army is composed of more than half a million citizens, young, eager, ambitious, and trained from infancy each to believe himself the equal of any man on earth. With the privates under their command the officers have for the most part been playmates, schoolmates, associates in business, all through life. A trifle more of experience or of energy, or the merest accident sometimes has made one captain, while the other has gone into the ranks; but unless those men were created over again, you could not make between them the difference that the army regulations contemplate. Once off duty, there is nothing left to found it on.

'I say, Jack,' said an officer at Pittsburg Landing to an old crony who was serving as private in another company, 'where did you get that turkey?'

'Well, cap, I want to know first whether you ask that question as an officer or as a friend.'

'As a friend, of course, Jack.'

'Then it's none of your d— business, Tom!'

The difference in pay is not only too great, but is made up in a way that shows its want of reason. Both have lived on the same fare all their lives, and the captain knows that it is an absurdity for him to be drawing the price of four rations a day on the supposition that he has been luxuriously trained, while in reality he satisfies his appetite with the same plain dishes served out to his brother in the ranks. He knows that it is an absurdity for him to receive a large pay in order to support his family according to their supposed rank, while the private's wife and children are to be made comfortable out of thirteen dollars a month; the fact being that Mrs. Captain and Mrs. Private probably live next door to each other at home, and exchange calls and groceries, and wear dresses from the same piece, and talk scandal about each other, all in as neighborly a manner as they have been accustomed to do all their lives. Indeed, whatever aristocracy of wealth and elegance was growing up among us has been set back at least a generation by this war, which has brought out into such prominent notice and elevated so high in our hearts the rougher merits of the strong arm and the dextrous hand. Every month sees a larger proportion of officers coming from among those whose habits have been the reverse of luxury. It is hard to say which would be more mischievous and absurd: for these to spend their extra pay and rations in an effort to copy the traditional style of an English Guardsman, or to keep on in their old way of life, and pocket large savings that are supposed to be thus spent.

We need therefore to root out entirely this division of the army into two classes. Let the scale of rank and pay rise by regular steps from corporal to general, so that the former may be as much

or as little a 'commissioned officer' as his superiors. Abolish all invidious distinctions by a regular system of promotions from the ranks, and only from the ranks, except so far as West Point and kindred schools furnish men educated to commence active service at a higher round of the ladder. Then we shall have an army into which the best class of our youth can go as privates without feeling that they have more to dread in their own camps than on the battle field.

No doubt there would be an outcry against such a change from those who have been accustomed to the old system and enjoyed its benefits. This of itself would be no great obstacle, unless supported by a vague impression among the people at large that there must be some good reason for the present state of things, and that civilians had better not meddle with it. I see them sinking down covered with confusion when some red-faced old 'regular' bursts out upon them with 'Stuff, sir! What do *you* know about military matters?' The best answer to this is, that other nations, like the French, have set us the example, though by no means so well provided with intelligent material to draw from in the ranks; and that in fact England and the United States are about the only countries in which the evil is allowed to exist. In both of these it has remained from the fact that the body of the citizens have never been interested in the rank and file of the army. In this country we have now an entirely new state of things to provide for; and Yankee ingenuity must hide its head for shame if a very few years do not give us a republican army better organized and more efficient than any the world has yet seen.

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## TAMMANY.

And at their meeting all with one accord  
Cried: 'Down with LINCOLN and Fort Lafayette!'  
But while jails stand and some men fear the LORD,  
How *can* ye tell what ye may chance to get?

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## IN MEMORIAM.

In the dim and misty shade of the hazel thicket,  
Three soldiers, brave Harry, and Tom with the dauntless eyes,  
And light-hearted Charlie, are standing together on picket,  
Keeping a faithful watch 'neath the starry skies.

Silent they stand there, while in the moonlight pale  
Their rifle barrels and polished bayonets gleam;  
Nought is heard but the owl's low, plaintive wail,  
And the soft musical voice of the purling stream;

Save when in whispering tones they speak to each other  
Of the dear ones at home in the Northland far away,  
Each leaving with each a message for sister and mother,  
If he shall fall in the fight that will come with the day.

Slowly and silently pass the hours of the night,  
The east blushes red, and the stars fade one by one;  
The sun has risen, and far away on the right  
The booming artillery tells that the fight is begun.

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'Steady, boys, steady; now, forward! charge bayonet!'  
Onward they sweep with a torrent's resistless might;  
With the rebels' life-blood their glittering blades are wet,  
And many a patriot falls in the desperate fight.

The battle is ended—the victory won—but where  
Are Harry and Charlie, and Tom with the dauntless eyes,  
Who went forth in the morn, so eager to do and to dare?—  
Alas! pale and pulseless they lie 'neath the starry skies.

Together they stood 'mid the storm of leaden rain,  
Together advanced and charged on the traitor knaves,  
Together they fell on the battle's bloody plain,  
To-morrow together they'll sleep in their lowly graves.

A father's voice fails as he reads the list of the dead,  
And a mother's heart is crushed by the terrible blow;  
Yet there's something of pride that gleams through the tears they shed,  
Pride, e'en in their grief, that their boys fell facing the foe.

And though the trumpet of fame shall ne'er tell their story,  
Nor towering monument mark the spot where they lie,  
Yet round their memory lingers an undying glory:  
They gave all they could to their country—they only could die.

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## A MERCHANT'S STORY.

'All of which I saw, and part of which I was.'

### CHAPTER XXII.

I found Selma plunged in the deepest grief. The telegram which informed her of Preston's death was dated three days before (it had been sent to Goldsboro for transmission, the telegraph lines not then running to Newbern), and she could not possibly reach the plantation until after her father's burial; but she insisted on going at once. She would have his body exhumed; she must take a last look at that face which had never beamed on her but in love!

Frank proposed to escort her, but she knew he could not well be spared from business at that season; and, with a bravery and self-reliance not common to her years and her sex, she determined to go alone.

Shortly after my arrival at the house, she retired to her room with Kate, to make the final arrangements for the journey; and I seated myself with David, Cragin, and Frank, in the little back parlor, which the gray-haired old Quaker and his son-in-law had converted into a smoking room.

As Cragin was lighting his cigar, I said to him:

'Have you heard the news?'

'What news?'

'The dissolution of Russell, Rollins & Co.'

'No; there's nothing so good stirring. But you'll hear it some two years hence.'

'Read that;' and I handed him the paper which Hallet had signed.

'What is it, father?' asked Frank, his face alive with interest.

'Cragin will show it to you, if it ever gets through his hair. I reckon he's learning to read.'

'Well, I believe I *can't* read. What the deuce does it mean?'

'Just what it says—Frank is free.'

The young man glanced over the paper. His face expressed surprise, but he said nothing.

'Then you've heard how things have been going on?' asked Cragin.

'No, not a word. I've *seen* that Hallet was abusing the boy shamefully. I came on, wanting an excuse to break the copartnership.'

'Do you know you've done me the greatest service in the world? I told Hallet, the other day, that we couldn't pull together much longer. He refused to let me off till our term is up; but I've got him now;' and he laughed in boyish glee.

'Of course, the paper releases you as well as Frank. It's a general dissolution.'

'Of course it is. How did you manage to get it? Hallet must have been crazy. He wasn't *John Hallet*, that's certain!'

'The *genuine* John, but a *little* excited.'

'He must have been. But I'm rid of him, thank the Lord! Come, what do you say to Frank's going in with me? I'll pack him off to Europe at once—he can secure most of the old business.'

'*He* must decide about that. He can come with me, if he likes. He'll not go a begging, that's certain. He'll have thirty thousand to start with.'

'Thirty thousand!' exclaimed Frank. 'No, father, you can't do that; you need every dollar you've got.'

'Yes, I do, and more too. But the money is yours, not mine. You shall have it to-morrow.'

'Mine! Where did it come from?'

'From a relative of yours. But he's modest; he don't want to be known.' 'But I *ought* to know, I thought I had no relatives.'

'Well, you haven't—only this one, and he's rich as mud. He gave you the five thousand; but this is a last instalment—you won't get another red cent.'

'I don't feel exactly like taking money in that way.'

'Pshaw, my boy! I tell you it's yours—rightfully and honestly. You ought to have more; but he's close-fisted, and you must be content with this.'

'Well, Frank,' said Cragin, 'what do you say to hitching horses with me? I'll give you two fifths, and put a hundred against your thirty.'

'What shall I do?' said Frank to me.

'You'd better accept. It's more than I can allow you.'

'Then it's a trade?' asked Cragin.

'Yes,' said Frank.

'Well, old gentleman, what do *you* say—will you move the old stool?' said Cragin, addressing David.

'Yes; I like Frank too well to stay with even his father.'

In the gleeful mood which had taken possession of the old man, the words slipped from his tongue before he was aware of it. He would have recalled them on the instant, but it was too late. Cragin caught them, and exclaimed:

'His father! Well, that explains some riddles. D—d if I won't call the new firm Hallet, Cragin & Co. I've got him all around—ha! ha!'

Frank seemed thunderstruck. Soon he plied me with questions.

'I can say nothing; I gave my word I would not. David has betrayed it; let him explain, if he pleases.'

The old bookkeeper then told the young man his history, revealing everything but the degradation of his poor mother. Frank walked the room, struggling with contending emotions. When David concluded, he put his hand in mine, and spoke a few low words. His voice sounded like his mother's. It was again *her* blessing that I heard.

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Two weeks afterward, the old sign came down from the old warehouse—came down, after hanging there three quarters of a century, and in its place went up a black board, on which, emblazoned in glaring gilt letters, were the two words,

**'JOHN HALLET.'**

On the same day, the busy crowd passing up old Long Wharf might have seen, over a doorway not far distant, a plainer sign. It read:

**'CRAGIN, MANDELL & Co.'**

## **CHAPTER XXIII.**

Kate heard frequently from Selma within the first two months after her departure, but then her letters suddenly ceased. Her last one expressed the intention of returning to the North during the following week. We looked for her, but she did not come. Week after week went by, and still she did not come. Kate wrote, inquiring when we might expect her, but received no reply. She wrote again and again, and still no answer came. 'Something has happened to her. *Do* write Mrs. Preston,' said Kate. I wrote her. She either did not deign to reply, or she did not receive the letter.

None of Selma's friends had heard from her for more than three months, and we were in a state of painful anxiety and uncertainty, when, one morning, among my letters, I found one addressed to my wife, in Selma's handwriting. Her previous letters had been mailed at Trenton, but this was post-marked 'Newbern.' I sent it at once to my house. About an hour afterward I was surprised by Kate's appearance in the office. Her face was pale, her manner hurried and excited. She held a small carpet bag in her hand.

'You must start at once by the first train. You've not a moment to spare!'

'Start where?'

She handed me the letter. 'Read that.'

It was hurriedly and nervously written. I read:

'MY DEAREST FRIEND: I know *you* have not forsaken me, but I have written you, oh! so many times. To-day, Ally has told me that perhaps our letters are intercepted at the Trenton post office. It must be so. He takes this to Newbern. Is he not kind? He has been my faithful friend through all. Though ordered away from the plantation, he refused to go, and stood by me through the worst. He whom my own sister so cruelly wronged, has done everything for me! Whatever may become of me, I shall ever bless him.

'I have not heard from or seen any of my friends. Even my brother has not answered my letters; but he must be here, on the 17th, at the sale. That is now my only hope. I shall then be freed from this misery—worse than death. God bless you!

Your wretched SELMA.'

'I will go,' was all that I said. Kate sat down, and wept 'Oh! some terrible thing has befallen her! What can it be?'

I was giving some hurried directions to my partners, when a telegram was handed in. It was from Boston, and addressed to me personally. I opened it, and read:

'I have just heard that Selma is a slave. To be sold on the seventeenth. I can't go. You must. Buy her on my account. Pay any price. I have written Frank. Let nothing prevent your starting at once. If your partners should be short while you're away, let them draw on me.

'AUGUSTUS CRAGIN.'

It was then the morning of the twelfth. Making all the connections, and there being no delay of the trains, I should reach the plantation early on the seventeenth.

At twelve o'clock I was on the way. Steam was too slow for my impatience. I would have harnessed the lightning.

At last—it was sundown of the sixteenth—the stage drove into Newbern.

With my carpet bag in my hand, I rushed into the hotel. Four or five loungers were in the office, and the lazy bartender was mixing drinks behind the counter.

'Sir, I want a horse, or a horse and buggy, at once.'

'A horse? Ye're in a hurry, hain't ye?'

'Yes.'

'Wall, I reckon ye'll hev ter git over it. Thar hain't a durned critter in th' whole place.'

'I'm in no mood for jesting, sir. I want a horse *at once*. I will deposit twice his value.'

'Ye couldn't git nary critter, stranger, ef ye wus made uv gold. They're all off—off ter Squire Preston's sale.'

'The sale! Has it begun?'

'I reckon! Ben a gwine fur two days.'

My heart sank within me. I was too late!

'Are all the negroes sold?'

'No; them comes on ter morrer. He's got a likely gang.'

I breathed more freely. At this moment a well-dressed gentleman, followed by a good-looking yellow man, entered the room. He wore spurs, and was covered with dust. Approaching the counter, he said:

'Here, you lazy devil—a drink for me and my boy. I'm drier than a parson—Old Bourbon.'

As the bartender poured out the liquor, the new comer's eye fell upon me. His face seemed familiar, but I could not recall it. Scanning me for a moment, he held out his hand in a free, cordial manner, saying:

'Ah! Mr. Kirke, is this you? You don't remember me? my name is Gaston.'

'Mr. Gaston, I'm glad to see you,' I replied, returning his salutation.

'Have a drink, sir?'

'Thank you.' I emptied the glass. I was jaded, and had eaten nothing since morning. 'I'm in pursuit of a horse under difficulties, Mr. Gaston. Perhaps you can tell me where to get one. I must be at Preston's to-night.'

'They're scarcer than hen's teeth round here, just now, I reckon. But hold on; I go there in the

morning. I'll borrow a buggy, and you can ride up with me.'

'No, I must be there to-night. How far is it?'

'Twenty miles.'

'Well, I'll walk. Landlord, give me supper at once.'

'*Walk* there! My dear sir, we don't abuse strangers in these diggin's. The road is sandier than an Arab desert. You'd never get there afoot. Tom,' he added, calling to his man, 'give Buster some oats; rub him down, and have him here in half an hour. Travel, now, like greased lightning.' Then turning to me, he continued: 'You can have *my* horse. He's a spirited fellow, and you'll need to keep an eye on him; but he'll get you there in two hours.'

'But how will *you* get on?'

'I'll take my boy's, and leave the darky here.'

'Mr. Gaston, I cannot tell you the service you are doing me.'

'Don't speak of it, my dear sir. A stranger can have anything of mine but my wife;' and he laughed pleasantly.

He went with me into the supper room, and there told me that the sale of Preston's plantation, furniture, live stock, farm tools, &c., had occupied the two previous days; and that the negroes were to be put on the block at nine o'clock the next morning. 'I've got my eye on one or two of them, that I mean to buy. The niggers will sell well, I reckon.'

After supper, we strolled again into the bar room. Approaching the counter, my eye fell on the hotel register, which lay open upon it. I glanced involuntarily over the book. Among the arrivals of the previous day, I noticed two recorded in a hand that I at once recognized. The names were, 'JOHN HALLET, *New Orleans*; JACOB LARKIN, *ditto*.'

'Are these gentlemen here?' I asked the bartender.

'No; they left same day the' come.'

'Where did they go?'

'Doan't know.'

In five minutes, with my carpet bag strapped to the pommel of the saddle, I was bounding up the road to Trenton.

It was nearly ten o'clock when I sprang from the horse and rang the bell at the mansion. A light was burning in the library, but the rest of the house was dark. A negro opened the door.

'Where is master Joe, or Miss Selly?'

'In de library, massa. I'll tell dem you'm here.'

'No; I'll go myself. Look after my horse.'

I strode through the parlors and the passage way to the old room. Selma was seated on a lounge by the side of Joe, her head on his shoulder. As I opened the door, I spoke the two words: 'My child!'

She looked up, sprang to her feet, and rushed into my arms.

'And you are safe!' I cried, putting back her soft brown hair, and kissing her pale, beautiful forehead.

'Yes, I am safe. My brother is here—I am *safe*.'

'Joe—God bless you!—you're a noble fellow!'

He was only twenty-three, but his face was already seamed and haggard, and his hair thickly streaked with white! We sat down, and from Selma's lips I learned the events of the preceding months.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Selma arrived at home about a week after her father's funeral. The affairs of the plantation were going on much as usual, but Mrs. Preston was there in apparently the greatest grief. She seemed inconsolable; talked much of her loss, and expressed great fears for the future. Her husband had left no will, and nothing would remain for her but the dower in the real estate, and that would sell for but little.

The more Preston's affairs were investigated, the worse they appeared. He was in debt everywhere. An administrator was appointed, and he decided that a sale of everything—the two plantations and the negroes—would be necessary.

Selma felt little interest in the pecuniary result, but sympathy for her stepmother induced her to remain at home, week after week, when her presence there was no longer of service. At last she

made preparations to return; but, as she was on the point of departure, Mrs. Preston—whose face then wore an expression of triumphant malignity which chilled Selma's very life-blood—told her that she could not go; that she was a part of her father's estate, and must remain, and be sold with the other negroes!

Dawsey, shortly prior to this, had become a frequent visitor at the plantation; and, the week before, Phylly had been dreadfully whipped under his supervision. Selma interceded for her, but could not avert the punishment. She did not at the time know why it was done, but at last the reason was revealed to her.

Among the papers of the first Mrs. Preston, the second wife had found a bill of sale, by which, in consideration of one gold watch, two diamond rings, an emerald pin, two gold bracelets, some family plate, and other jewelry, of the total value of five hundred dollars, General —, of Newbern, had conveyed a negro girl called 'Lucy', to Mrs. Lucy Preston, wife of Robert Preston, Esq. Said girl was described as seven years old, light complexioned, with long, curly hair, of a golden brown; and the child of Phyllis, otherwise called Phyllis Preston, then the property of Jacob Larkin.

Mrs. Preston inquired of Phyllis what had become of the child. The nurse denied all knowledge of it; but Selma's age, her peculiar hair, and her strong resemblance to Rosey, excited the Yankee woman's suspicions, and she questioned the mother more closely. Phyllis still denied all knowledge of her child, and, for that denial, was whipped—whipped till her flesh was cut into shreds, and she fainted from loss of blood. After the whipping, she was left in an old cabin, to live or die—her mistress did not care which; and there Ally found her at night, on his return from his work in the swamp. Wrapping her mangled body in an oiled sheet, he conveyed her to his cabin. Dinah carefully nursed her, and ere long she was able to sit up. Then Mrs. Preston told her that, as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to live through it, she would be again and again beaten, till she disclosed the fate of the child.

She still denied all knowledge of it; but, fearing the rage of her mistress, she sent for her husband, then keeping a small groggery at Trenton, four miles away. He came and had a conference with Ally and Dinah about the best way of saving his wife from further abuse. Phyllis was unable to walk or to ride, therefore flight was out of the question. Ally proposed that Mulock should oversee his gang for a time while he remained about home and kept watch over her. None of the negroes could be induced to whip her in his presence; and if Dawsey or any other white man attempted it, he was free—he would meet them with their own weapons. Mulock agreed to this, and the next day went to the swamp.

Learning of his presence on the plantation, the mistress sent for him, and, by means of a paltry bribe, induced him to reveal all! Selma thought he loved Phyllis as much as his brutal nature was capable of loving, and that he betrayed her to save her mother from further ill usage.

The next morning, four strong men entered Ally's cabin before he had left his bed, bound him hand and foot, and dragged Phyllis away, to be again whipped for having refused to betray Selma. Unable to stand, she was tied to a stake, and unmercifully beaten. Weak from the effects of the previous whipping, and crushed in spirit by anxiety for her child, nature could no longer sustain her. A fever set in, and, at the end of a week, she died.

Selma was told of their relation to each other. The nurse, so devotedly attached to her, and whom she had so long loved, was her own mother! She learned this only in time to see her die, and to hear her last blessing.

Then Selma experienced all the bitterness of slavery. She was set at work in the kitchen with the other slaves. It seemed that Mrs. Preston took especial delight in assigning to the naturally high-spirited and sensitive girl the most menial employments. Patiently trusting in God that He would send deliverance, she endeavored to perform, uncomplainingly, her allotted tasks. Wholly unaccustomed to such work, weary in body and sick at heart, she dragged herself about from day to day, till at last Mrs. Preston, disgusted with her 'laziness,' as she termed it, directed her to be taken to the quarters and beaten with fifty lashes!

Ally had been ordered away by the mistress, and that morning had gone to Trenton to consult the administrator, and get his permission to stay on the plantation. That gentleman—a kind-hearted, upright man—not only told him he could remain, but gave him a written order to take and keep Selma in his custody.

He returned at night, to find she had been whipped. His blood boiling with rage, he entered the mansion, and demanded to see her. Mrs. Preston declined. He then gave her the order of the administrator. She tore it into fragments, and bade him leave the house. He refused to go without Selma, and quietly seated himself on the sofa. Mrs. Preston then called in ten or twelve of the field hands, and told them to eject him. They either would not or dared not do it; and, without more delay, he proceeded to search for Selma. At last he found her apartment. He burst open the door, and saw her lying on a low, miserable bed, writhing in agony from her wounds. Throwing a blanket over her, he lifted her in his arms, and carried her to his cabin. Dinah carefully attended her, and that night she thanked God, and—slept.

The next morning, before the sun was fully up, Dawsey and three other white men, heavily armed, came to the cabin, and demanded admittance. Ally refused, and barricaded the door. They finally stealthily effected an entrance through a window in the kitchen, and, breaking down the communication with the 'living room,' in which apartment the mulatto man and his mother were,

they rushed in upon them. Ally, the previous day, had procured a couple of revolvers at Trenton, and Dinah and he, planting themselves before the door of old Deborah's room, in which Selma was sleeping, pointed the weapons at the intruders. The assailants paused, when Dawsey shouted out: 'Are you afraid of two d—d niggers—and one a woman!' Aiming his pistol at Ally, he fired. The ball struck the negro's left arm. Discharging two or three barrels at them, the old woman and her son then rushed upon the white men, and they FLED! all but one—he remained; for Dinah caught him in a loving embrace, and pummelled him until he might have been mistaken for calves-foot jelly.

Ally then sent a messenger to the administrator, who rode over in the afternoon, and took Selma to his own house. There she remained till her brother reached the plantation—three days before my arrival.

As soon as she was safely at Trenton, Selma wrote to her friends, mailing the letters at that post office. She received no answers. Again and again she wrote; the administrator also wrote, but still no replies came. At last Ally suggested mailing the letters at Newbern, and rode down with one to Joe, one to Alice, and one to Kate.

Her brother came on at once. In the first ebullition of his anger he ejected his stepmother from the mansion. She went to Dawsey's, and, the next day, appeared at the sale with that gentleman; and then announced that for two months she had been the woman-whipper's wife.

Dawsey had bought the plantation, and most of the furniture, the day before, and had said he intended to buy all of the 'prime' negroes.

As Selma concluded, Joe quietly remarked:

'He'll be disappointed in that. I allowed him the plantation and furniture, because I've no use for them; but I made him pay more than they are worth. The avails will help me through with father's debts; but not a single hand shall go into his clutches, I shall buy them myself.'

'What will you do with them?'

'I have bought a plantation near Mobile. I shall put them upon it. Joe will manage them, and I'll live there with Selly.'

'You're a splendid fellow, Joe. But it seems a pity that woman should profane your father's house.'

'Oh! there's no danger of that. I've engaged 'furnished apartments' for her elsewhere.'

'What do you mean?'

'The sheriff is asleep up stairs. He has a warrant against her for the murder of Phyllis. When she comes here in the morning, it will be served!'

## CHAPTER XXV.

The next morning I rose early, and strolled out to the negro quarters. At the distance of about a hundred yards from the mansion, the sun was touching the tops of about thirty canvas camps, and, near them, large numbers of horses, 'all saddled and bridled,' were picketed among the trees. Some dozens of 'natives' were littered around, asleep on the ground; and here and there a barelegged, barefooted woman was lying beside a man on a 'spring' mattress, of the kind that is supposed to have been patented in Paradise.

It was a beautiful morning in May, and one would have thought, from the appearance of the motley collection, that the whole people had 'come up to worship the Lord in their tents,' after the manner of the Israelites. The rich planter, the small farmer, the 'white trash'—all classes, had gathered to the negro sale, like crows to a feast of carrion.

A few half-awake, half-sober, russet-clad, bewhiskered 'gentry' were lighting fires under huge iron pots; but the larger portion of the 'congregation' was still wrapped in slumber.

Passing them, I knocked at the door of Ally's cabin. The family was already astir, and the various members gave me a greeting that cannot be *bought* now anywhere with a handful of 'greenbacks.' Boss Joe, Aggy, and old Deborah had arrived, and were quartered with Ally.

'An' 'ou wusn't a gwine ter leff massa Preston's own chile be sole widout bein' yere; wus 'ou, massa Kirke?' cried Dinah, her face beaming all over with pleasurable emotion.

'No, Dinah; and I've come here so early to tell you how much I think of *you*. A woman that can handle four white men as you did is fit to head an army.'

'Lor' bress 'ou, massa! dat wusn't nuffin'. I could handle a whole meetin'-house full ob sech as dem.'

'Joe, you know your master's plans, I suppose?'

'Yas, massa Kirke; he mean ter buy all de folks.'

'But can he raise money enough for the whole?'

'I reckon so. Massa Joe got a heap.'



'But don't you want to borrow some to help out your pile?'

'I'se 'bliged ter you, sar; but I reckon I doan't. I'se got nigh on ter free thousan', an' nary one'll pay more'n dat fur a ole man an' two ole wimmin.'

'I hope not.'

I remained there for a half hour, and then strolled back to the mansion. On the lawn, at the side of the house, was the auction block—the carpenter's bench which had officiated at Ally's wedding. It was approached by a flight of steps, and at one end was the salesman's stand—a high stool, in front of which was a small portable desk supported on stakes driven into the ground. Near the block was a booth fitted up for the special accommodation of thirsty buyers. The proprietor was just opening his own and his establishment's windows, and I looked in upon him. His red, bloated visage seemed familiar to me. Perceiving me, he said:

'How is ye, stranger? Hev a eye-opener?'

'I reckon not, old fellow; but I ought to know you. Your name is Tom.'

'Thomas, stranger; but Tom, fur short.'

'Well, Thomas, I thought you had taken your last drink. I saw your store was closed, as I came along.'

'Yas; th' durned 'ristocrats driv me out uv thet nigh a yar ago.'

'And where are you now?'

'Up ter Trenton. I'm doin' right smart thar. Me an' Mulock—thet used ter b'long yere—is in partenship. But war moight ye hev seed me, stranger?'

'At your store, over ten years since. I bought a woman there. You were having a turkey match at the time.'

'Oh, yas! I 'call ye now. An' th' pore gal's dead! Thet d—d Yankee 'ooman shud pull hemp fur thet.'

'Yes; but the devil seldom gets his due in this world.'

'Thet ar's a fact, stranger. Come, hev a drink; I woan't ax ye a red.'

'No, excuse me, Tom; it's before breakfast;' and, walking off, I entered the mansion.

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Shortly after breakfast the people from the neighboring plantations began to gather to the sale, and, by the hour appointed for it to commence, about five hundred men and women had collected on the ground. Some were on horseback, some in carriages, but the majority were seated on the grass, or on benches improvised for the occasion.

A few minutes before the 'exercises' commenced, the negroes were marched upon the lawn. No seats had been provided for them, and they huddled together inside a small area staked off for their reception. They were of all colors and ages. Husbands and wives, parents and children, grandparents and grandchildren, aunts, uncles, and cousins, gathered in little family groups, and breathlessly awaited the stroke of the hammer which was to decide their destiny. They were all clad in their Sunday clothes, and looked clean and tidy; but on every face except Joe's was depicted an ill-defined feeling of dread and consternation. Husbands held their wives in their arms, and mothers hugged their children to their bosoms, as if they might soon part forever; but when old Joe passed among them, saying a low word to this one and the other, their cloudy visages brightened, and a heavy load seemed to roll off their hearts. Joe was as radiant as a summer morning, and walked about with a quiet dignity and unconcern that might have led one to think him the owner of the entire 'invoice of chattels.'

As the auctioneer—a spruce importation from Newbern—mounted the bench, a splendid carriage, drawn by two magnificent grays, and driven by a darky in livery, made its way through the crowd, and drew up opposite the stand. In it were Dawsey and his wife!

The salesman's hammer came down. 'Gentlemen and ladies,' he said, 'the sale has commenced. I am about to offer you one hundred and sixty-one likely negro men and women, belonging to the estate of Robert Preston, Esq., deceased. Each one will be particularly described when put up, and all will be warranted as represented. They will be sold in families; that is, husbands and wives, and parents and young children, will not be separated. The terms are, one quarter cash, the balance in one year, secured by an approved indorsed note. Persons having claims against the estate will be allowed to pay by authenticated accounts and duebills. The first lot I shall offer you will be the mulatto man Joe and his wife Agnes. Joe is known through all this region as a negro of uncommon worth and intelligence. He is'—

Here he was interrupted by Dawsey, who exclaimed, in a hurried manner:

'I came here expecting this sale would be conducted according to custom—that each hand would be put up separately. I protest against this innovation, Mr. Auctioneer.'

The auctioneer made no reply; but the administrator, a small, self-possessed man, mounted the bench, and said:

'Sir, I regulate this sale. If you are not satisfied with its conditions, you are not obliged to bid.'

Dawsey made a passionate reply. In the midst of it, Joe sprang upon the stand, and, in a clear, determined voice, called out:

'Mr. Sheriff, do your duty.'

A large, powerful man, in blue coat and brass buttons, stepped to the side of the carriage, and coolly opening the door, said:

'Catharine Dawsey, you are charged with aiding and abetting in the murder of Phyllis Preston. I arrest you. Please come with me.'

'By —, sir!' cried Dawsey; 'this lady is my wife!'

'It makes no difference whose wife she is, sir. She is my prisoner.'

'She must not be touched by you, or any other man!' yelled Dawsey, drawing his pistol. Before he could fire, he rolled on the ground, insensible. The sheriff had struck him a quick blow on the head with a heavy cane.

As her husband fell, Mrs. Dawsey sprang upon the driver's seat, and, seizing the reins from the astonished negro, applied the lash to the horses. They reared and started. The panic-stricken crowd parted, like waves in a storm, and the spirited animals bounded swiftly down the avenue. They had nearly reached the cluster of liveoaks which borders the small lake, when a man sprang at their heads. He missed them, fell, and the carriage passed over him; but the horses shied from the road into the trees, and in an instant the splendid vehicle was a mass of fragments, and Mrs. Dawsey and the negro were sprawling on the ground.

The lady was taken up senseless, and badly hurt, but breathing. The driver was dead!

The crowd hurried across the green to the scene of disaster. Joe and I reached the man in the road at the same instant. It was Ally! We took him up, bore him to the edge of the pond, and bathed his forehead with water. In a few minutes he opened his eyes.

'Are you much hurt, Ally?' asked Joe, with almost breathless eagerness.

'I reckon not, massa Joe,' said Ally; 'my head, yere, am sore, an' dis ankle p'raps am broke. Leff me see;' and he rose to his feet, and tried his leg. 'No, massa Joe; it'm sound's a pine knot. I hain't done fur *dis* time.'

'Thank God!' exclaimed Joe, with an indescribable expression of relief.

Mrs. Dawsey was borne to the mansion, the negro carried off to the quarters, and, in a few moments, the crowd once more gathered around the auctioneer's stand. Dawsey, by this time recovered from the sheriff's blow, was cursing and swearing terribly over the disaster of his wife and—his property.

'Twenty-five hundred dollars gone at a blow! D—n the woman; didn't she know better than that?'

As he followed his wife into the house, the sheriff said to the administrator, who was a justice of the peace:

'Make me out a warrant for that man—obstructing the execution of the law.'

The warrant was soon made out, and in fifteen minutes, Dawsey, raving like a wild animal, was driven off to jail at Trenton. Mrs. Dawsey, too much injured to be removed, was left under guard at the mansion, and the sale proceeded.

Boss Joe and Aggy ascended the block, and 'Master Joe' took a stand beside them.

'How much is said for these prime negroes?' cried the auctioneer. Everybody knows what they are, and there's no use preaching a sermon over them. Boss Joe might do that, but *I* can't. He can preach equal to any white man you ever hard. Come, gentlemen, start a bid. How much do you say?'

'A thousand,' said a voice in the crowd.

'Eleven hundred,' cried another.

'It's a d—d shame to bid on them, gentlemen. Boss Joe has been saving money to buy himself; and I think no white man should bid against him,' cried a man at my elbow.

It was Gaston, who had just arrived on the ground.

'Thet's a fact.' 'Them's my sentiments.' 'D—n th' man thet'll bid agin a nigger.' 'Thet's so, Gaston,' echoed from all directions.

'But I yere th' darky's got a pile—some two thousan'; *thet* gwoes 'long with him, uv course,' yelled one of the crowd.

'Of course it don't!' said young Joe, from the stand. 'He's saved about three thousand out of a

commission his master allowed him; but he *gave* that *to me*, long before my father died. It is *mine*—not *his*. I bid twelve hundred for him and his wife; and I will say to the audience, that I shall advance on whatever sum may be offered for them. So fire away, gentlemen; I ask no favors.'

'Is there any more bid for this excellent couple?' cried the auctioneer. 'It is my duty to cry them, and to tell you they're worth twice that money.'

There was no more bid, and Boss Joe and Aggy were struck down at twelve hundred dollars—about two thirds their market value.

'Now, gentlemen, we will offer you the old negress, Deborah, the mother of Joe. Bring her forward!' cried the man of the hammer.

Four strong negroes lifted the chair of the aged African, and bore her to the block. When the strange vehicle reached the steps, young Preston steadied it into its appropriate position, and then took a stand beside it.

'This aged lady, gentlemen, is warranted over eighty; she may be a hundred. She can't walk, but she can pray and sing to kill. How much is bid for all this piety done up in black crape?' cried the auctioneer, smiling complacently, as if conscious of saying a witty thing.

Joe turned on him quickly. 'Sir, you are employed to *sell* these people, not to sport with their feelings. Let me hear no more of this.'

'No offence, Mr. Preston. Gentlemen, how much is bid for old Deborah?'

'Five dollars,' said young Preston.

The old negress, who sat nearly double, straightened up her bent form, and, looking at Joe with a sad, pleading expression, exclaimed:

'Oh, massa Joe! ole nussy'm wuth more'n dat. 'Ou woan't leff har be sole fur no sech money as dat, will 'ou, massa Joe?'

'No aunty; not if you want to bring more. I'd give your weight in gold for you;' and, turning to the auctioneer, he said: 'A hundred dollars is my bid, sir.'

'Bress 'ou, massa Joe! bress 'ou! 'Ou'm my own dear, bressed chile!' exclaimed the old negress, clutching at his hand, and, with a sudden effort, rising to her feet. She stood thus for a moment, then she staggered back, fell into her chair, uttered a low moan, and—was FREE!

A wild excitement followed, during which the body was borne off. It was a full half hour before quiet was restored and the sale resumed. Then about twenty negroes, of both sexes, were put up singly. All of them were bought by Joe, except a young woman, whose husband belonged to Gaston. The bidding on her was spirited, and she was run up to ten hundred and fifty dollars. As Gaston bid that sum, he jumped upon a bench, and called out:

'Gentlemen, I can stand this as long as you can. I mean to have this woman, anyhow.'

No one offered more, and 'the lot' was struck off to Gaston. Joe did not bid on her at all.

When the next negro ascended the stand, Joe beckoned to me, and said:

'Selly is next on the catalogue. Will you bring her here?'

As I entered the mansion, she met me. Her face was pale, and there was a nervous twitching about her mouth, but she quietly said:

'You have come for me?'

'Yes, my child. Have courage; it will soon be over.'

She laid her head upon my shoulder for a moment; then, turning her large, clear, but tearless eyes up to mine, she said:

'I trust in GOD!'

I took her arm in mine, and walked out to the stand. The auctioneer was waiting for her, and we ascended the block together. A slight tremor passed over her frame as she met the sea of upturned faces, all eagerly gazing at her; and, putting my arm about her, I whispered:

'Do not fear. Lean on me.'

'I do not fear,' was the low reply.

'Now, gentlemen,' cried the auctioneer, in an unfeeling, business-like way, 'I offer you the girl, Lucy Selma. She is seventeen years old; in good health; well brought up—a superior lot every way. She has recently been employed at cooking, but, as you see, is better adapted to lighter work. How much shall I have for her? Come, bid fast gentlemen; we are taking up too much time.'

Before any response could be made to this appeal, Joe stepped to the side of Selma, and, in a slow, deliberate voice, said:

'Gentlemen, allow me a few words. This young lady is my sister. I have always supposed—she has always supposed that she was the legitimate child of my father. She was not. My mother bought

her when she was very young; gave her jewels—all she had—for her, and adopted her as her own child. The law does not allow a married woman to hold separate property, and Selma is therefore inventoried in my father's estate, and must be sold. Rightfully she belongs to me! She has been delicately and tenderly reared, and is totally unfitted for any of the usual work of slave women. Her value for such purposes is very little. I shall bid a thousand dollars for her, which is more than she is worth for any honest use. If any man bids more, it is HIS LIFE OR MINE *before he leaves the ground!*

A breathless silence fell on the assemblage. It lasted for a few moments, when Gaston called out:

'Come, Joe, this isn't fair. You've no right to interfere with the sale. I came here prepared to go twenty-five hundred for her myself.'

In a firm but moderate tone, the young man replied:

'I intend no disrespect to you, Mr. Gaston, or to any gentleman present; but I mean what I say. I shall stand by my words!'

'Come, youngster, none uv yer brow-beatin' yere. It woan't gwo down,' cried a rough voice from among the audience. 'I've come all th' way from Orleans ter buy thet gal; an' buy har I shill!'

Quite a commotion followed this speech. It lasted some minutes, and the speaker was the object of considerable attention.

'He's some on th' trigger, ole feller,' cried one. 'He kin hit a turkey's eye at two hundred paces, he kin,' said another. 'He'll burn yer in'ards, shore,' shouted a third. 'Ye'll speak fur warm lodgin's, ef ye bid on thet gal, ye wull,' cried a fourth.

'Come, my friends, ye karn't skeer me,' coolly said the first speaker, mounting one of the rough benches. 'I've h'ard sech talk afore. It doan't turn *me* a hair. I come yere ter buy thet gal, an' buy har I shill, 'cept some on ye kin gwo higher'n my pile; an' my pile ar *eighty-two hundred dollars!*'

He was a tall, stoutly-built man, with bushy gray whiskers and a clear, resolute eye. It was Larkin!

Turning to Joe, I exclaimed:

'I understand this. Get the auctioneer to postpone the sale for half an hour for dinner. Take Selly into the house.'

'No. It might as well be over first as last. Let him bid—he's a dead man!' replied Joe coolly, but firmly.

'You're mad, boy. Would you take his life needlessly?'

The auctioneer, who overheard these remarks, then said to me:

'I will adjourn the sale, sir;' and, turning to the audience, he cried, drawing out his watch: 'Gentlemen, it is twelve o'clock. The sale is adjourned for an hour, to give you a chance for dinner.'

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## SHYLOCK vs. ANTONIO.

### OPINION OF THE VICAR.

The Vicar desires briefly, modestly, and by way of suggestion, rather as Amicus Curiae than as an advocate, to lay before his learned brethren of the law a legal point or two, for their consideration.

The case to which I refer is well known to all the members of the bar as that of Shylock—*versus* Antonio, reported, in full, in 2 Shakspeare 299. The decision which I am desirous of having reviewed, is that of the Chief Justice, or Ducal Magistrate, who heard that curious case, and who yielded to the extraordinary arguments of the young woman, Portia. The judgment rendered, and the argument or decision of the Lady Advocate, on that occasion, have been regarded as models of judicial acumen, have received the approbation of many worthy and enlightened students, and, when theatrically represented, have been greeted with the plaudits of nearly every theatre. It may be arrogant to impugn a judicial decision of such antiquity and acknowledged authority; but, as a member in full standing of the worshipful P. B., I have the right to be slightly arrogant; for I am well aware that this is a tribunal the circumference of whose jurisdiction is infinite, or rather is a circle whose centre is a little village on the Hudson river, where I reside.

No false modesty shall restrain me, therefore, from discussing this case upon its merits. Before entering upon it, however, I desire to call your attention to a few preliminary points.

In the first place, I ask you—who are all familiar with the record—if an undue sympathy for the defendant, Antonio, was not felt on the trial? The favor and good wishes of the court, the spectators, and of the reporter, were evidently enlisted for him as against his opponent. This Antonio, perhaps, was a very worthy fellow in his way; and in a criminal action—as on an

indictment for murdering a family or two, or slaughtering a policeman—might have been, able to prove previous good character. But such a plea, in a civil action for *debt*, is entitled to no weight, while the fact that he was a good fellow in a series of scrapes, not the least of which was matrimony, does not entitle him to our sympathy. The prejudices of the court ought to have been against instead of for him. He had failed in business, could not pay his outstanding liabilities, and thus stood before the commercial world in the position of bankruptcy. The fact that he had made a foolish contract, which imperilled his life, does not improve his moral condition, or entitle him to any just sympathy, unless it could be shown that there was insanity in his family. No such plea was entered. His counsel did not attempt to prove that his great-grandfather owned a mad dog; a plea from which the court, fortified by many modern criminal decisions, might have inferred his moral insanity. No such attempt to relieve Antonio from the consequences of his criminal folly was made, and I can see nothing in the case to entitle him to the sympathy which was and had been always entertained for him.

Again: The lengthy and much-admired plea of the defendant's counsel on the subject of mercy was clearly out of place, especially if, as I have endeavored to show, the defendant was not entitled to any particular clemency or sympathy. The remarks of Portia, commencing,

'The quality of Mercy is not strained,'

(and, by the way, who but a woman would talk of straining an emotion as one strains milk?) are wholly irrelevant to the issue, and ought not to have been allowed. They were eloquent, indeed, but had nothing whatever to do with *the trial*, which arose on a very plain case at law: A owed B three thousand ducats, due and not paid on an ascertained day. Whereupon B moves the court for the penalty, and demands judgment. If the defendant had no answer at law, there is an end to the case; and it was very irregular, impertinent, and contrary to well-settled practice for the defendant's counsel to endeavor to lead off the mind of the court from the true issue of the case. Portia, in what she says of mercy being 'twice blessed' and 'dropping like the gentle rain from heaven,' &c., &c., was, I fear, 'talking buncombe,' and all that part of her speech should be stricken from the record, especially as it was addressed to the plaintiff instead of the court, a highly indecorous proceeding. Instead of indulging in all this sentimentality, her true course would have been to have filed a bill in equity against Shylock, and have obtained an injunction on an *ex parte* affidavit, which only requires a little strong swearing; or to have patched up a suit against him for obtaining his knife under false pretences; than which (under the New York code of procedure) nothing can be easier. But what better conduct of a suit can you expect from a she-advocate—an attorney-in-petticoats?

And this brings me to another point of some delicacy, and which nothing but a conscientious devotion to abstract justice would induce me to touch upon. What law, or what precedent, can be cited to authorize a woman to appear as an advocate in a court of justice and usurp the offices and prerogatives of a man? I will not dwell upon the impropriety of such conduct; but on my honor, as a member of the bar, the behavior of Portia was outrageous. This young female, not content with 'cavorting' around the country in a loose and perspicuous style, actually practises a gross swindle on the court. She assumes to be a man when she is only a woman, dons the breeches when she is only entitled to the skirts, and imposes herself upon the Duke of Venice as a learned young advocate from Rome, when in fact she is only a young damsel of Belmont, with half a dozen lovers on hand, on her own showing. And yet this young baggage, whose own father would not trust her to choose a husband, whose brains are addled by her own love affairs, and who had no more business in court than the deacon would have in Chancellor Whiting's suit in the Lowber claim, not only came into court under a fraudulent disguise, argued the case under false pretences, but actually took the words from the judge's own mouth, and decided her case on her own responsibility. I venture to say that such unparalleled impudence was never witnessed out of the court of a justice of the peace, and that even Judge — (unless the editor of the — had interfered) would have marched this false pretender out of court, or have deposited her in the Tombs on an attachment of contempt.

But these preliminary points appear of small moment when we come to consider the plea, if it be worthy of that name, which the counsel for the defendant opposed to the suit of the plaintiff. The bond is admitted, the penalty is confessed, the pound of flesh is forfeited, the bosom of Antonio is bared to the knife—when this brief but brief-less barrister, this skylarking young judge of Belmont steps jauntily forward, with a most preposterous quibble on her lips, and manages by an adroit subtlety to defeat the judgment to which the plaintiff is legally entitled. She awards the flesh, fibres, nerves, adipose matter, in controversy, to Shylock; but declares his life and fortune confiscate if he sheds a drop of blood, or takes more or less than the exact pound.

Now if there be one principle of law better settled than another (and probably it was as clearly set forth in the Revised Statutes of Venice as is set forth in our own common law), it is that a party entitled to the possession of a commodity, whether grain, guano, dead or live men's flesh, bones and sinews, is entitled, also, to pursue the usual necessary and appropriate means of obtaining the possession of the same. I appeal to Colonel W— if this be not good law, and asking whether, if he be entitled to a dinner, he has not a right to seize upon it, whenever or however he can find it; whether, if a man owes him a bottle of champagne, he has not the right to break the neck of the bottle if a corkscrew is not convenient? So, to use a drier example, the sale of standing timber entitles the purchaser to enter the land upon which it is situated, and to cut down and carry off his own property. On the same principle, if A sells B a house and lot, entirely surrounded by other land owned by A, B has clearly a right of way to his own wife and fireside over A's land. (2 Blackstone 1149.) A hundred examples might be given in point, but it would be

insulting the dignity of this court to argue at length a theory so transparently clear. If the shedding of a few drops of blood, more or less, was incidental and necessary to the rights of the plaintiff, if the article of personal property, forfeited to him on the bond, could be obtained in no other way, then, according to all the principles of law and common sense, he *had* a right to spill those drops, more or less; and that, too, without legal risk.

If the penalty was legal, and that were admitted, the method of exacting it was legal also. Portia's quibble was so transparent and barefaced that the decision of the court can only be explained on the theory that the court was drunk, or in love, which seems to have been the condition of several of the prominent parties in this proceeding, excepting always the plaintiff. As to the other part of Portia's plea, it is doubtless true that the plaintiff would take more of the commodity involved in the suit than the court awarded him at his peril; but as half a pound, or a quarter of a pound, cut off from the right spot would have answered his purpose, I do not see under what principle of law he was defrauded of that satisfaction. There was nothing to have prevented him from cutting less than a pound from Antonio's body, and of so releasing him, the defendant, from a portion of the penalty; and the court should have instructed the plaintiff as to his rights in this particular, instead of adopting a quibble worthy of only a Tombs lawyer or a third-rate pettifogger.

I cannot then believe that Mr. Reporter Shakspeare, in handing down to posterity the record of this remarkable case, meant to express an approval of Portia's subterfuge. My inference rather is that he was aiming a covert sarcasm at those women who thrust themselves conspicuously upon the notice of the public, and that he meant to hint that those who thus unsex themselves often make a showy appearance without displaying much solid merit. If this subtle, sharp, and strong-minded female did not turn out to be something of a shrew, before her husband was done with her, I am much mistaken. Possibly, however, Shakspeare's sarcasm might bear a more general interpretation, and implies that women in an argument seldom meet the true issue presented to them, but are prone to go off at a tangent on some side quibble, and to repel the arguments of their antagonists by the subtlety of their inventions rather than by the cogency of their logic. I appeal to my friend, the sage of Cattaraugus, who has a large knowledge of the customs of the sex, if this be not the usual result.

Not to cut the reply of the deacon too short, I go on to remark that whether he agrees with me or not, neither he nor any other well-balanced man would have descended, on the trial of so important a case as the one we are discussing, to a trivial playing upon words. Even my friend, the district attorney, than whom no man is more remorselessly given—in private life—to the depraved habit of quibbling, and who never hesitates to impale truth upon the point of a verbal criticism, would by the temptation of a fee commensurate with the vigor of the moral effort required, have discussed the question on broader and truer principles. Had he been retained on the part of Antonio, he would have proved himself equal to the occasion, and have unfolded a logical and consistent answer to the claim of the plaintiff.

He would have boldly attacked the bond itself, as absolutely void in its inception, because it was aimed at the life of a citizen of Venice, and would have called upon the court to abrogate a contract which violated the very laws that the court was bound to administer. With his usual eloquence, he would have urged that a penalty so illegal, immoral, and monstrous, and which involved the commission of the highest crime, except treason, known to the laws of the state, could never be enforced in a civilized country. He would have offered to the court no woman's quibble like that of Portia, based upon the assumption that the penalty of a bond which sanctioned a high and capital crime could be enforced in a court of law; and in fine, would have addressed an argument to the reason and understanding of the court which might render a consideration of this case by the tribunal unnecessary.

But no good plea to the plaintiff's cause of action was made on the trial, and the court was, and I fear that the whole world has been deceived by Portia's subterfuge. We must, therefore, regard Shylock as a badly used man. After all, he was no worse than many creditors and note shavers of this day, who *only* demand the life blood of their victims, and if on the pleas before the court he was entitled to judgment, like them he should have had it. Doubtless in private life Shylock was a very honest and well-behaved gentleman, not a mere mountebank as he is sometimes represented on the stage, but a vigorous and energetic man of the world, shrewd, sagacious, and long sighted in business, honored on change, respected by his friends, and a pattern of prudence and morality. And then, perhaps, he was only carrying on a joke, a kind of *Jew d'esprit*, conceived in a moment of amiable eccentricity, and never to be executed. If not a joke, however, the judgment of Judge Portia should be set aside, and a new trial, with costs, should, in my opinion, have been ordered.

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## A HEROINE OF TO-DAY.

We had watched with her alternate nights throughout all her illness, but this night we thought would be her last, and neither of us was willing to leave her. The surgeons and nurses had gone, and we were at last alone. We sat through the remaining hours in deathly stillness, occasionally moistening the lips and tongue of the sufferer. It was the last office of friendship, and I yielded it, though reluctantly, to her earliest and dearest friend. Monotonous the hours were, but not long. We would have made them longer if we could, for though the waning life before us was but the

faintest shadow of the life we had companioned with, we were loath to lose it—to face the blank that would be left when it was gone.

One, two, three o'clock sounded, and still no perceptible change; but soon after the breathing became shorter, a slight film gathered on her eyes, and we stood in the presence of the last great mystery. Shorter and shorter grew the breath, deeper and deeper the film, till, just as the first gray light showed itself in the eastern horizon, came the last sigh, and Mrs. Simmons, leaning forward, exclaimed in a low voice, 'It is over.' As for me, I buried my face in the pillow and wept unrestrainedly.

In a hospital the day treads closely on the night, and soon the morning came. We retired to our apartment for rest, but we could not sleep. We could only think of our loss, and after an hour or two we rose, somewhat rested, but not refreshed. Ever since my first acquaintance with Laetitia Sunderland, I had eagerly desired to learn her previous life. Glimpses of it I had obtained, but I wanted it as a whole, and now I was with one, perhaps for the last time, who could give me a full account of it. It was an opportunity not to be lost, and while partaking of our morning coffee, I asked Mrs. Simmons if she would tell me what I so longed to know. She willingly assented, and as I was relieved from duty for the day, and the morning was mild and beautiful, we sought a rustic seat in the garden, and there in a little nook retired from view, I heard the story of that life to which my own during the past year had been so closely knit.

'There is one thing,' said Mrs. Simmons, 'in regard to our friend, to which we have never alluded, and which, perhaps, you would rather have me now pass over; but on that very thing her whole character and history turn, and to omit it would leave nothing worth the telling—I mean her personal appearance.

'When I was a child, my parents moved into the suburbs of Condar, and as there were no houses between ours and Mr. Sunderland's, the two families soon became well acquainted. On the day that I was ten years old, my mother told me there was a baby girl at Mrs. Sunderland's, and said she would take me to see it. I was delighted, and wanted to go immediately, but mother said I must wait till to-morrow. To-morrow came, and I was sick; and at last the baby was a week old when I was taken, the happiest little mortal in existence, into that upper room where the little one lay in its nurse's arms. I looked at it, and then at my mother.'

'What is the matter, Mary?' said she.

'It isn't a very pretty baby, is it, mother?'

'Oh it will grow prettier,' said my mother, and with that I was satisfied. I was extravagantly fond of babies, and this one I adopted as my especial care, for there was no other in the neighborhood; and besides, in my childish confusion of ideas, I supposed we were twins, our birthdays being the same.

'From the time Laetitia first learned to speak, she came to me with all her troubles and her interests, and I was always glad to be her sympathizer, her counsellor, and her playmate. When she was five or six years old she went to the nearest district school. She was always a marked girl, from her extreme homeliness, her excellent scholarship, her boldness in all active sports, and an odd humor which never failed to interest and amuse. My mother's prophecy, alas! was not fulfilled. She grew no prettier, but rather the reverse. She was the same in childhood as when you knew her, with the high, bold forehead, crowned with white, towy hair, small greenish-gray eyes, shaded and yet not shaded with light yellowish eyelashes, short and thin; scanty eyebrows of the same color; a nose so small and flat it seemed scarcely a projection from her face; teeth tolerably good, but chin and mouth receding in a peculiar manner, and very disagreeably; and a thick, waxy complexion, worse in childhood than of late years, for the spirit had not then found its way through it, as it did afterward. Moreover, by a singular malignancy of fortune, when she was twelve years old, she was attacked with varioloid, and taking a severe cold as she was getting well, had a relapse, and was left as you see her, not closely marked, but sufficiently pitted to attract attention.

'My parents thought more of education than the Sunderlands, and my advantages were much better than Laetitia's. I went for some time to a good select school in the town, and afterward two years to an excellent boarding school. When Laetitia had learned all that her instructors in the little district school could teach her, she came to me and begged that I would let her read with me. I was very glad to do so, and soon after my cousin and niece joined us. To those readings I am indebted for some of the most delightful hours of my life. My pupils, as I used to call them, were at that age when childhood is verging into womanhood, and it was my delight to watch the first dawnings of consciousness in their minds, the first awakening to the realities of life. Laetitia was the youngest of the three, but she was as intelligent and mature as the others. How well I remember the glow of enthusiasm with which she read of the heroes and martyrs of old, the intense sympathy with which she entered into the *amor patriæ* of the Greek and Roman, and her fervent admiration for the nobleness of action which this feeling called forth in them!

'The second year I began to see the development of new sentiments. The romance of life, as well as its heroism and duties, was revealed to them. Pieces of poetry which before had been read listlessly, or with only a distant apprehension of their meaning, were now full of interest. The sentiment which had passed unnoticed, now kindled their imaginations with delight; and there came, too, all the new attentions to dress and looks which first show themselves at this time. Life lay before them, golden and beautiful, and they saw all its shining angels coming to meet them—

love, friendship, duty, praise, self-sacrifice, each with a joy in her hand, but the sorrow was concealed from their eyes, or, rather, was but another form of joy. They admitted its probability, but it was with the disguised pleasure which we feel in the troubles of the heroines of romance.

'Laetitia shared these feelings with the others, though with less reason; but her thought and imagination were so vivid, and gave color so completely to her life, that it would have been as absurd for her as for them to have looked at the probabilities of the case. Never once did she say to herself, that to one in her circumstances, life would most likely be full of disappointments and commonplace incidents. But time, the great revealer, soon opened to her those pages which her wisest friend would not have dared to show her so early.

'One evening I went to Mrs. Sunderland's on some trivial errand. The family were all out excepting Laetitia, whom I found sitting by the window, in the dark, with her head resting on her hand. Her manner indicated great depression; and I looked at her a moment and said, 'My dear child, what is the matter with you this evening?'

'Her head dropped upon the table, and she burst into tears. She continued to weep and sob, till, seeing she was not relieved, I put my hand upon her shoulder and said, 'Laetitia, Laetitia, don't cry so.'

'Don't call me Laetitia,' she replied. 'I shall never be Laetitia again.'

'The answer seemed melodramatic, but I knew she was suffering. Still I responded lightly: 'Oh yes, you will be Laetitia many, many times yet. 'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning,' you know.'

'She did not reply, and we sat a while in silence, till at length I begged of her to tell me the cause of her grief, just to see if I could not help her. I think she wanted to tell it, for she tried two or three times, but could not get any further than 'Yesterday afternoon'—At last she said, 'I have a very great trouble; it will never be any less as long as I live, and it will forever keep me from being happy. I *cannot* tell it to you: can you help me without knowing it?'

'This was a new appeal, and I did not know how to answer it, but a thought came to me, and I replied: 'Go and tell God about it.'

'This I said at a venture, for, old as I was, I had never called upon Him in deep distress, and I did not know what the effect would be; but I saw immediately that the advice was unexpected, and seemed to meet the exigency.

'Her mother's voice was at that moment heard at the door, and I went out to give Laetitia an opportunity of slipping off to her room without meeting the family.

'Have you seen 'Titia?' said Mrs. Sunderland to me.

'Yes, she has just gone to her room.'

'Well, I don't know what's the matter with the child since last night, she's acted so queer. I 'spect she'll get over it, though; she always did have tantrums.'

'In one sense, however, she never did get over it, and it was many years before she really recovered much of her old light-heartedness, although she had an appearance of it to superficial companions. For a long time her inner life was shut from the view of her friends; but I am at present able to read it for you, partly from what she herself told me afterward, and partly from that insight which we all have into those lives and experiences with which we are in sympathy.

'One afternoon she left me very happy and gay, and went to see a friend near the town. She was returning slowly toward home, satisfied with herself, and enjoying intensely the beauty of the season, when she saw two ladies approaching her. They were strangers, and she looked at them with interest, attracted by their pleasing faces and graceful bearing. As they passed her, she overheard one of them say in an undertone, 'What a frightfully homely girl!'

'There could be no mistake. She only was meant, and the words went like a sharp dagger to her heart.

'While she was thinking how charming they were, she to them appeared only frightful. The whole future in an instant opened before her, and she saw herself, as she moved through it, constantly exciting, wherever she went, only repulsion in the minds of strangers and friends.

'All the charm and interest of life fled at the moment. That day and the next she was in a stupor of grief, from which she was first awakened by my tones of sympathy. My advice, too, opened a door of relief by giving her something to *do*. For the first time she remembered there was a Being who knew all about her sorrow, knew it was coming, understood its cause, and its effects. This Being she could open her mind to, and only to Him. He would not be surprised, and He would not annoy her with sympathy which could not cure and would only irritate. She knelt down, and with minute fidelity told Him every thought of her heart. The next day she felt cheerful—she thought she was resigned; but it was only the reaction caused by the tears and confession of the previous night, and it soon passed away. The words 'frightfully homely' echoed and re-echoed through her heart. All that was dreary, hopeless, and miserable clustered around them, and shut out from her the bright, happy life of the past. Her duties were performed as before. With others she was sufficiently animated; but when alone, she was wretched. Thus the months rolled on, till they became a year; and I, who had never been deceived by her occasional liveliness, began to think



what I could do to change the current of her thoughts, which seemed to have no tendency to change of themselves.

'But Laetitia's life was not all feeling. Feeling suffers passively, with greater or less endurance, according to the strength of the physical frame, but the intellect always seeks a remedy for sorrow. It seemed horrible to her that she of all the world—of all her world, at least—should be so homely that no one could look on her without pain. It was intolerable, it ought not to have been, but it *was* permitted, it must be. Rebellion came of course, bitter rebellion, but it could do no good. There was the fate, it was impossible to escape it. What then? Drag through a miserable life till death came happily to relieve it? She was too young. Fifty, sixty years of travel over a dreary, barren waste, with no joy upon it? No, no, she could not do it—suicide first. But suicide was wrong, and could never be resorted to. There *must* be some relief elsewhere. Where was it? what was it?

'Continual dropping will wear away a stone, and continual thinking will wear a hollow into the stoniest of mysteries. At length, through all the mists of proximate causes and natural laws, some glorious truths became clear to her. The near and the visible receded to their proper importance, and she learned to hold principles and ideas more dear than the externals which embody them. She saw that God loves His children equally, and though the laws of nature must take their course, there is room for each result in His design; and in the infinite of His heart and His work each individual has place and purpose. She found, too, that angels laden with joy might descend and ascend between His soul and hers without a ladder made of earthly triumphs and successes. Thus in place of rebellion came happy acquiescence.

'But she was not yet contented. She was convinced that there was a life for her which she could not or would not lead if she were like others; but this life she could not find. She saw no intimations of it in herself. She had no genius for any special thing, and she continued restless and disturbed, wondering what it was appointed to her to do. At length it came to her.

'One day, as she was passing the house of her physician, through the open window she saw and heard that which induced her to go in and offer her services. A man in a disgusting stage of intoxication had cut his arm badly, and had come to have it bound up. His little child was with him, shrieking with terror, her face and clothes covered with dirt. The doctor roughly and with ill-concealed repugnance was caring for the wound, while the cook, with no attempt at concealment, was loudly expressing her disapprobation of the whole proceeding. Laetitia assisted the doctor, and washed off the blood; then took the child home with her, bathed her, gave her clean clothes and a dinner, and sent her away with a new happiness in her heart. While she was doing all this, she found what she had been seeking. There are very many things in this world disagreeable in the extreme, which ought to be done with interest, with care, with *love*. Why should she not undertake to do them? In themselves they would be repugnant, but *she* would do them for God, and she loved her Heavenly Father so well that the hardest thing done for Him would be the sweetest. In a day or two the feeling settled itself: it was firmly impressed upon her mind that in these employments she would have rest.

'One morning, about two years perhaps after the first day of her sorrow, she dropped into my room with something of her old suddenness, and, after the customary greetings, said simply: 'I am happy again now.'

"You need not tell me that: I can see it in your face.'

'The pleased expression remained for a moment, and then an intensely black cloud fell upon her countenance. She said nothing more, and in a few minutes went away. You see how it was—by one of those freaks by which the imagination loves to torture us, my remark recalled her whole misery and its unalterable cause, and having lost for the time the keynote to her new-found joy, the other took entire possession of her mind and overwhelmed it. In a few days she came back to me, and I said: 'I pained you when you were here before. I do not know how, but I am very sorry.'

'You did pain me, but you were entirely innocent. Afterward it grieved me still more that I *was* pained—that what you said had the *power* to pain me. I will tell you all, if you will hear it;' and, without waiting for my answer, she gave me the key to the last two years of her life.

'She finished, but I had nothing to reply. She had said all. Hitherto I had led her, but now her experience was deeper than mine. Besides, I could then less than ever understand the life that was opening before her, for I had just yielded my heart and promised my hand to one whom I loved; and though I by no means thought it impossible that she, too, might have tried the same path, yet I knew she thought so; and I could not conceive how she could look forward with contentment to a life in which that element of happiness was wanting. I could only assure her of my own warm affection, an assurance which gave her a pleasure that it always makes me happy to think of.

'Notwithstanding the apparently contradictory evidence of her late depression, her new experience was not precarious and uncertain: it was firm, enduring, to be *rested* upon in the most trying emergencies; yet it was not, for many years, unwavering. During all that period of a woman's life when looks and manners pass for so much, and the real character for so little, she suffered at times greatly. As she went onward, every new phase of the feelings which possess a girl's heart brought with it its own pang, and each had to be overcome, some by stifling, some by postponement to another existence, and others by studying to dis sever, if possible, the essential sentiment from the shows in which it was imbedded. She was unwilling passively to outgrow her

trials, feeling that thereby she would lose the strength they were intended to give. Her work, however, helped her more than anything. She was not eager to enter upon it. She did not stretch forth impatient, unskilled hands toward what her Father had designed for her. Entirely confident, she was right, she was at ease, knowing her work would come to her in the proper time, and it did.

'I must say something about this work of hers, else you will be misled. She undertook to do that which others would not do, or would not do well, owing to a natural dislike to the thing itself. Not intending to become a drudge, she did not allow indolence or sentimentality to shift upon her that which others would be all the better for doing themselves. She knew what Master she served, and looked to Him for guidance, and not to the wishes and opinions of her fellow mortals. Gradually she found enough to do, first in her own house, and then outside. Friends and acquaintances called upon her, philanthropic societies applied for her services, surgeons and nurses sought her assistance, and even strangers learned that there was one who would willingly do for them, in cases of emergency, what they could not do, and what no wages could procure well done. As her life became known, she obtained the respect of some, the contempt of others, and the wonderment of most. I will not specify what she did, for my story is already getting too long; but you would be surprised to know how often she was needed.

'Her means, though small, were large enough to allow her to do most of her work gratuitously, but she received sufficient pecuniary compensation during the year to enable her to provide well for herself and give much to others.

'In pursuing the duties of her vocation, she came in contact at one time or another with almost every kind of misery, and though, from familiarity, she ceased to be shocked at new forms of suffering, yet she never became hardened, but each year grew more tender and sympathizing.

'In due time the practical workings of the great sin of the nineteenth century came under her observation. She talked with fugitive slaves, and all the pent-up fire within her burst forth in intense indignation. She had not thought of the question before—it had not been in her way; but now every feeling, her love of God, her love of country, her great interest in human rights and destinies, conspired to make her throw her whole soul into it, and she saw slavery as it is, its intense wickedness and its fearful results. She looked with dismay at its effect upon the country, its 'trail' upon everything in it, on church, on politics, on society, on commerce, on manufactures, on education. There was nothing which had not been corrupted by it—it was fast eating into the vitals of religion and liberty. The more she studied the subject the more earnest grew her feeling. But what should she do? She had not lost self-love, that passion which never deserts us; but she had lost its *glamour*—eyes that have wept much see clear—and she knew that the least valuable offering which a woman without good looks, high position, or great talent, can make to an unpopular cause, is—herself. So far from her conspicuous support of a new thing being an encouragement and assistance to others, it would be a hindrance: fear of being identified with her would be another lion to be encountered in the path.

'She loved her cause better than she loved herself, and would not make it more odious by any marked advocacy of it. It was a new trial to her, but she did not murmur. One who in early youth has rebelled against the very laws by which he has his existence, and has become reconciled, does not go through life hitting his head against every projection which society thrusts in his way. She did what she could. She cleared *herself*, as far as possible, from all participation in the sin, gladly avowed her views when called upon, and never hesitated to show, by suitable words and acts, her sympathy with a despised people. Yet she could not accomplish much. But if she did little for the cause, it did a great deal for her. It broadened her life, enlarged her views, increased her comprehension of the world's progress as revealed in history, and brought her into closer sympathy with reformers of all ages. It gave her a perpetual object of interest. It was like a great drama, whose acts were years and whose scenes were continually passing before her. It gave a new zest to life, made this world more real, and diminished her longings for the next. In narrowing her friendships it made them more vital and satisfactory; and being in communion with hundreds of other minds in the country, reading their thoughts became almost like personal intercourse with them, and was a new happiness to her. Studying daily a subject of such vast complications, her mind perceptibly grew, and from year to year she was able to grasp new and higher truths. She gained the hatred of a few clear-sighted opponents, but most persons only ridiculed her, contemptuously wondering why she should pursue this course when her interest lay so clearly the other way. But she was now far beyond the reach of such weapons.

'I have given you, thus, a sketch of the history and character of Laetitia, but I cannot reproduce her as she appears to my own mind. You must fill up the outlines from your own personal knowledge. I fear I have rendered her too intense, and, perhaps, too sombre. Intense she certainly was, but it did not oppress one in ordinary intercourse; and she was not at all sombre. After she recovered fully from her youthful grief, her elasticity of temperament returned, and her love of fun. She looked on the bright side of all things, and was full of encouragement and hope for her friends. To me, besides being, during the last five years particularly, a valuable friend and adviser—no one but myself can know how valuable—she was always an interesting companion. And yet she was not generally liked. She was seldom understood. Her life was so deep, her tone of thought so peculiar; and her dependence upon the opinions of others so slight, that persons ordinarily could not 'make her out,' as they said. Still she had very warm friends, and derived great pleasure from their friendship. I have never seen any one derive more. But she distrusted strangers; I mean their interest in her. She did not expect new persons to care for her, and it took her a long while to be sure that they did. I must myself confess, for the first and last time,

that until within two or three years I never met her after an absence without being newly impressed with her exceeding homeliness. It was a sin against friendship, I knew, and I was glad when I felt I was free from it.'

'It was not so with me,' I said. 'After I became accustomed to her face it never affected me unpleasantly. I did not see the features, but the spirit which animated them.'

'Yes, you were with her continually, and, besides, she must have been so completely identified in your mind with the relief of pain, that you could think of her only as an angel of mercy. It was a great advantage to her that she was always scrupulously neat in her dress and person; and her clothes, too, were well put on, if without a great deal of taste.'

'Upon the whole, her life was a happy one, though not perhaps triumphant except in periods of exaltation, for there was a large part of her nature unsatisfied; but she was thoroughly contented, willingly living as long as was necessary, glad to go whenever the time came. She never expected to die young, but she did; she was only thirty-six.'

'She seemed older,' I said.

'Yes, she always looked older than she was, and then she had lived so much that she necessarily impressed one as being old.'

'She followed,' continued Mrs. Simmons, resuming her narrative, 'with increasing interest the progress of the grand anti-slavery drama, until that winter which, in defiance of all mathematical measurements, every American *knows* to be the longest in the annals of his country. With fixed attention she watched every event, every indication. What next would come she could not see, but she felt sure she should have some part in it, whatever it was. At length the signal gun pealed forth, the first shot was fired, the spell was broken. She wrote me, 'America calls her sons and daughters. Up! up! to work! all true-hearted men and women! live for me, die for me, and your reward shall be everlasting. There is a work for all, for all who love freedom, for all who love democracy, for all who love humanity, for all who love right law, union, and peace.'

'She felt that all her life had been preparing for this moment. Averse to war as she was from instinct and principle, she yet believed it necessary in the progress of the world, and her clear eyes scattered all the sophisms which made both sides partly wrong and partly right. She looked only at essential principles, and she saw that on one side was God, and in the current of His good will to men they were fighting; on the other was Satan, and by whatever plausible arguments he might deceive some, he could never do aught but cause and perpetuate evil. Her mind was quickly made up, and she asked me in her letter what steps she should take. I sent for her to come to me, and we applied to a committee to receive her as nurse. A great many questions were asked her, and then her application was accepted; but she was kept waiting for the final answer more than a week. Fast as heads and hearts and hands moved in those days, still time could not be annihilated—it must have its place in every work. I was present when her case was discussed.'

'I think she is an enthusiast,' said one; 'I am sure she will not do.'

'We are all enthusiasts now,' answered another; 'that does not make any difference.'

'I don't believe she is,' exclaimed a pretty young woman; 'behind such a face there can be only a very matter-of-fact mind.'

'A tall, cold-looking lady said: 'No, she is a devotee; I know it by her manner. We do not want such persons.'

'I do not think we can afford to lose her services,' interrupted another, who had been looking over a pile of papers. 'Listen to her testimonials. Here is one from Dr. Weston, another from the Rev. Mr. Samuels, and others. Listen, she is just the one we want.'

All listened, and when Laetitia came, after another flood of questions, her credentials were given her. During this delay, though she was, like all the rest of us, at white heat regarding her country, she was entirely quiet about herself. I asked her what she would do if she were not accepted. 'I shall go,' said she, 'whatever obstacles are thrown in the way.' She started very soon for the seat of war. I came here with her to see that she had everything she needed, and you know the rest better than I do.'

Yes, I knew the rest, for I had been with her ever since.

Though a resident of Washington, I was not 'to the manor born,' but a 'mudsill' from Vermont, and when the war broke out I applied to be received into the hospitals, but was refused on account of want of experience. Intent, notwithstanding, upon making my services necessary, I passed part of every day in one or other of them. One day I noticed a new comer. Her head was bent down as I approached her; but when I passed, she looked up for a moment, and I had a glimpse of her face. 'That is the homeliest face I ever saw,' said I to myself. It will be a perpetual annoyance to me. I am sorry she has come.' The next day I was again in that hospital, and, standing near a door which opened into a side room, I overheard a conversation going on between a surgeon and a lady. It was not of a private nature, and I kept my place and listened to it. I was charmed by the agreeable tones of the lady, her well-chosen words, and the great good sense and tender kindness of her remarks. 'I must know that woman,' said I, 'she will be a treasure if she is going to stay here.' She came out, and I recognized the homely nurse of the previous day. I was astonished, but my prejudice was entirely disarmed. I soon made her

acquaintance, and gradually established myself as her assistant, until, at her request, I was allowed to take up my abode in the building.

Her presence in the hospital was soon evident. The surgeons found with surprise that her skill and knowledge were equal to every requirement, that she shrank from no task, however fearfully repelling it might be, and they quickly began to avail themselves of her womanly deftness. To the soldiers she was a perpetual blessing. Every means which her thoughtful experience could suggest she put in requisition to soothe their pain or strengthen them to bear it. Nature, who never denies all gifts to any of her children, had given her a good voice, not powerful, but sweet and penetrating, and often, when all else failed, I have seen her lull a patient to sleep with some favorite tune set to appropriate words. Priceless indeed were her services, and priceless was the recompense she received.

But for the humor that peeped out occasionally in Miss Sunderland, to an ordinary observer her character—as she moved unambitiously through the wards, doing always the right thing at the right time, unexpectant of blame and regardless of praise, obeying directions apparently to the very letter, yet never allowing the mistakes or carelessness of the director to mar her own work—would have seemed almost colorless; but I have never considered myself an ordinary observer where character is concerned, and I soon saw that hers was not the unreasoning goodness of instinct, that it derived life and tone from a past full of culture and discipline. I noticed in her three things particularly: First, complete and unusual happiness, a happiness entirely independent of the incidents of the day. It was as if an unclouded sun were perpetually shining in her heart. This came, I knew afterward, from the fact that she was serving the cause she loved most, that she was doing her work well, and that through it and connected with it she found place for all her best qualities and highest knowledge. Second, her thorough refinement. Without, as I perceived, hereditary breeding, and without conventional pruderies, she had a rare purity and elevation of feeling, which exerted a manifest and constant influence, sadly needed in a soldiers' hospital. Third, her life within. From choice, not from necessity, her life continually turned upon itself; from within she found her chief motive, sanction, and reward, and this took from her intercourse with others all pettiness, and made their relations to herself uncommonly truthful.

From time to time, as the scene of battle shifted, we removed to other hospitals, I always accompanying Miss Sunderland; but at last, in the spring, we again got back to Washington. The battles all around were raging fearfully, and the wounded were continually brought to us in scores. Day and night Miss Sunderland was engaged. Usually careful of herself in the extreme, she seemed now to forget all prudence.

'You cannot endure this,' said I one day to her. 'Your first duty is to take care of your health.'

'No, no,' said she, 'my first duty is to save the lives of these men; the second, to take care of my health for their future benefit; but I cannot give out now. Don't you see how necessary my work is?'

'Yes, I see it,' I replied. 'I don't know how you could spare yourself, but it does not seem right that you should be entirely worn out.'

'Yes, it *is* right,' answered she; 'a life saved now is of as much consequence as one saved next year. I am useful at this time, for I understand my profession; but others are learning the art of nursing in no feeble school, and if I die, you will find plenty of new comers ready to fill my place.'

I knew from this that she anticipated the result, yet neither did I myself see how it could be avoided; but I resolved to watch and spare her all I could.

During all the year, notwithstanding her unceasing cares, she had kept herself well informed on public affairs. She knew every incident of the war, and particularly all its moral defeats and victories. At one time defeats of both kinds seemed to come thick and fast. She would shudder sometimes, as she laid down the newspaper, and say: 'This prolongs the war such a time;' weeks, months, or years, as it might be; but she never was really disheartened. She did not doubt that the contest, when it did come to a conclusion, would end in the triumph of the right, in the triumph of freedom, in the regeneration of the nation; and her courage never yielded, her resolution never faltered, till one day in the latter part of May.

She went out then in the afternoon to breathe the fresh air she so much needed, but in a half hour came back with a new look in her face. A stern, forbidding expression did not leave her during the day, and at night she tossed about on her bed, wakeful and disturbed. At length she rose, and sat for more than an hour by the window in the darkness, seeking that peace which had left her so unaccountably. A new thought, in time, took possession of her. She went back, and slept. In the morning she called me to her, and told me that on the previous day she had seen a black man knocked down in the streets of Washington and carried in chains to slavery. Then she said in earnest tones: 'Child' (she always called me *child*, though I was not much younger than herself), 'have you in your life done all that you could do against this abomination?'

'No,' said I.

'You hate it?' She asked; 'you understand its vileness, and hate it?'

'Yes, I do now, from the bottom of my heart.'

'Will you not promise me that until you die, you will, regardless of self, use every effort in your power against it?'

'I will, in all solemnness and truth.'

She was satisfied, and said no more, for she never wasted words, and I recognized this as her legacy to me. The next day she was taken ill. I immediately sent for Mrs. Simmons, who thought she would be able to take her home with her; but before she arrived, I saw it would not be possible. Her only hope of recovery was in remaining where she was.

Mrs. Simmons came, and Miss Sunderland, notwithstanding our careful preparations, was so overcome with emotion at meeting her old friend, that for some time she could scarcely speak. After this warmth of feeling had subsided, she looked up in her face with a pleasant smile, and said:

'I was well named, after all. I have entered into the joy of my Lord.'

The next day she had an earnest talk with her friend on the present state of the country. Her faith had returned through intuition, but the grasp of her intellect was weakened by disease, and she could not see clearly the grounds of it. Mrs. Simmons, though she had, like the rest of us, seasons of doubt, was in a very hopeful mood that morning, hopeful for our leading men, for the common people, and for the tendency of events; and she explained the reasons for her belief that the enormities of that period were no new crime, but a remnant of the old not to be eradicated at once, any more than it is possible for an individual to turn from great baseness to real goodness without some backslidings, even after the most unmistakable of conversions. Miss Sunderland was satisfied, the future again became clear to her, and after that she seemed to lose interest in the details of affairs. Her thoughts and conversation were filled with heaven and a regenerated earth.

We clung to hope as long as possible, but she herself saw the end of the disease from the beginning. She talked with us, and with the soldiers who were permitted to see her, as long as she was able. Wise words she spoke, and words ever to be remembered; but at last weakness overcame her, and her life was but a succession of gasps. One morning, after being unconscious for many hours, she opened her eyes wide and looked at us. She glanced from one to the other, and then, fixing her gaze on Mrs. Simmons, said:

'Mary, I am glad—I am glad'—but she was too weak, she could not finish the sentence. Again she essayed. We heard the words 'frightfully homely,' but we could not catch the rest. The light faded from her eyes, and we thought we had seen the last expression of that wise and vigorous mind; but the next day the bright, conscious look came again into her face, but it gave no evidence of recognition, though ardent affection sought eagerly for it. For a moment she lay still, and then said, in a feeble but distinct voice:

'It is better to enter into life maimed and halt than, having two hands and two feet, to be cast into hell.' A half hour afterward she said softly, as if to herself:

'The joy of my Lord.'

They were her last words. She relapsed into unconsciousness, and lingered till the dawn of the next day, when she went to join that glorious and still-increasing band of martyrs who have been found worthy to die for our country.

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## SIMONY.

Thou hast diamonds and emeralds and greenbacks,  
Thou hast more than a mortal can crave;  
Thou canst make a big pile, yet be honest,  
Contractor—oh, why wilt thou shave?

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## NATIONAL ODE.

**SUGGESTED BY THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION OF JANUARY 1,  
1863.**

### I.

Shine forth upon the earth,  
Bright day of dedicated birth,  
And breathe in thundering accents thy command!  
A mighty nation's heart awake,  
Her self-enwoven fetters shake,  
And vivify the pulses of the land!  
Arising from the past  
With stormy clouds o'er-cast,

And darkened by a long-enduring night,  
The Future's child and Freedom's—seraph bright!  
Arise great day, and legions of the free,  
Beneath thy conquering flag, lead forth to victory.

## II.

Great Freedom dead! Foul thought  
From lies of vaunting Treason caught,  
And Fear's pale minions, wrapped in sorrow's pall.  
Great Freedom dead! In God-like power,  
'Tis Freedom rules e'en this dread hour,  
And guides the tempest 'neath whose blows we fall.  
Yea! War and Anarchy  
Discord and Slavery,  
And drunken Death, and all these tears  
Shaking our hearts with unaccustomed fears—  
E'en these are Freedom, waiting to arise  
In glad eternal triumph from her foul disguise.

## III.

Our country's glory slain!  
Her kingdom rent and torn in twain!  
Her strong foundations crumbling into dust!  
With Truth's shield armed, and sword of light,  
Speak thou, Columbia, in thy might,  
Unharm'd by thy false children's hate and lust.  
Arise—no more betrayed  
By fears too long obeyed,  
And bid, from shore to distant shore,  
Ten million voices, like the ocean's roar,  
In one full chorus gloriously proclaim  
The pride and splendor of thy star-immortal fame.

## IV.

Arise! no more delay!  
Arise! For this triumphant day  
Shall crush the serpent cherished in thy breast.  
E'en now the slimy coils unfold,  
The venom'd folds relax their hold,  
The tooth is drawn that stung thee from thy rest.  
Arise! For with a groan  
Falls Slavery from his throne!  
While, seizing Song's immortal lyre,  
And girt afar with Heaven's Promethean fire,  
Eternal Freedom, winged with prophecy,  
Awakes, in swelling chords, the Anthem of the FREE.

## V.

No more Conspiracy,  
With Treason linked and Anarchy,  
Shall dig, with secret joy, their country's grave.  
No more thy waning cheek shall pale,  
Thy trembling limbs with terror fail,  
Thy bleeding wounds Heaven's balsam vainly crave.  
Uplift thy forehead fair,  
And mark the monstrous snare  
Of subtle foes, who sucked thy fainting breath,  
And yielding thee to the embrace of death,  
Awaited the fulfilment of their reign,  
To shed thy lovely limbs dismembered o'er the plain.

## VI.

No more, degenerate,  
And heedless of their darkening fate,  
Shall thine own children revel in thy woes—

Enchained to Mammon's loathsome car,  
Led on by War's red, baleful star,  
    No longer shall they sell thee to thy foes—  
        No more abandoned, bare,  
        Piercing with shrieks the air,  
Thy millioned slaves shall lift on high  
Their black, blank faces, dragging from the sky  
The curse, which, riding on the viewless wind,  
Sweeps Ruin's hurricane o'er all of human kind.

## VII.

No longer in sad scorn  
Shall Freedom wander forth forlorn,  
    Forsaking her false kingdom in the West,  
    Quitting a world too sunk in crime  
To heed that glorious light sublime—  
    No longer shall she hide her burning crest—  
        No more her children's cries  
        In vain appeal shall rise,  
While ruthless War's fierce earthquake shocks  
With throes convulsive thy dominion's rock,  
And tyrants, in their proud halls, celebrate  
The anguish of a nation tottering to her fate.

## VIII.

Thy courts no more defiled,  
Thy people's hearts no more beguiled!  
    What foes, what dangers shall Columbia fear?  
Prosperity and holy Peace  
Within thy borders shall increase—  
    The Future's dawning glory draweth near!  
        The vine-clad South shall rest  
        Upon her brother's breast,  
And, smiling in the glory of his worth,  
Her teeming wealth and sunny gifts poured forth,  
While tributes of the world's full treasures blent  
With tides of plenty lave the love-girt continent!

## IX.

Joy! Joy! Awake the strain,  
And still repeat the glad refrain  
    Of Liberty, resounding to the sky.  
Around thee float thy sacred dead,  
Whose martyr blood for thee was shed,  
    Whose angel choirs, celestial, hover nigh!  
        Joy! Joy! No longer weep:  
        Rich harvests shalt thou reap,  
Whose seeds, in tears and anguish sown,  
With bounteous rapture thy rich feasts shall crown,  
When, rising to fulfil thy destiny,  
Thou ledest the nations on to Peace and Liberty.

## X.

Hail then to thee, great day,  
Bright herald of the coming sway  
    Of Truth immortal and immortal Love—  
Uplift in fuller strains thy voice,  
Call all the nations to rejoice,  
    And grasp thy olive—Time's long-promised dove!  
        No longer tempest-tost,  
        Redeem dark ages lost;  
And may the work by thee begun  
Ne'er pause nor falter 'till yon rising sun  
Beholds the flag of Promise, now unfurled  
'Neath Freedom's conquering smile, extending o'er the world.

# THE SURRENDER OF FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP, ON THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.

A complete history of the bombardment and subsequent surrender of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and of the brilliant passage of our fleet up the Mississippi river, which resulted in the capitulation of New Orleans, is yet wanting, to afford the public a full comprehension of all the attendant circumstances, respecting which there appears to have been some misunderstanding. The daring exploit of running by the forts must be recorded as another evidence of the historic valor and coolness of the American navy. No less renown will attach in future times to the bombardment of the forts by the mortar fleet, conducted as it was entirely on scientific principles, and proving the efficiency of mortars, when used with discretion and with a knowledge of the localities. The great destruction in the forts was only fully ascertained after the surrender, and shows that the success of the fleet, in passing them safely, depended, in a great measure, upon the inability of greater resistance on the part of Fort Jackson.

A number of vessels, comprising the 'Western Gulf Squadron,' were commanded by comparatively young officers, and that very important branch of the same, the mortar flotilla, was mostly under the individual guidance of captains (acting masters) selected from the merchant marine. It became necessary for the navy department to select a commander-in-chief (flag officer) and a commander for the mortar flotilla, possessed of such qualities as to manage and render effective the various branches of this peculiar combination of armed vessels, as well as to inspire confidence and give satisfaction to their respective commands.

The appointment of Captain David G. Farragut as flag officer of the squadron, was acknowledged as a judicious one. He was popular in his fleet, and has realized the expectations of the country. His personal bravery was demonstrated during the hazardous passage of the forts—while his ship was enveloped in flames, kindled from an opposing fire raft—by his dashing attack on the Chalmette forts near New Orleans, and his speedy reduction of the city.

The choice of a suitable commander for the mortar flotilla was less difficult, inasmuch as this little fleet was a creation of the officer who was chosen as its leader. David D. Porter, for gallantry and ingenuity, for theoretical and practical seamanship, and for general popularity among the officers of his own rank and date, has no superior in the navy, and his appointment to this command was truly fortunate.

The squadron, after having rendezvoused at Key West and Ship Island, arrived without any material detention, at the South West Pass of the Mississippi. A want of acquaintance with the changes in the bar, occasioned probably by the sinking of four or five rafts, flatboats, and an old dry dock by the enemy, resulted in some delays, but the whole squadron at length, with the exception of the frigate Colorado, got safely over, and anchored twelve miles up the river at the head of the passes.

The efficiency of mortars, elevated permanently at forty-five degrees, depends chiefly upon an accurate knowledge of the distance to the object to be fired upon. This distance determines the quantity of powder necessary for the discharge, and the length of the fuses to be employed. Captain Porter understood the impossibility of judging and estimating distances and bearings correctly, particularly when the objects are for the most part hidden from view, as was the case with the forts on the wooded and crooked Mississippi, and had therefore requested of the department the aid of a party from the U. S. coast survey, and the writer of these notes had been detailed by Prof. A. D. Bache, the superintendent of that work. One acting assistant, two sub-assistants, and one aid were attached to the party, and the steam gunboat Sachem was placed at their disposal. This vessel arrived in the Mississippi on the 11th of April. Captain Porter at once requested Mr. Gerdes to furnish a reliable survey of several miles of the river, below and including the fortifications. In this service a number of gunboats belonging to the fleet and to the mortar flotilla accompanied the Sachem, partly to afford protection, and partly to draw the enemy's attention from the operations of the surveyors. Mr. Gerdes commenced work with his party on the 13th of April, and continuing for five consecutive days, made a reliable map of the river and its shores from the 'Jump' to and including Forts Jackson and St. Philip, with their outworks and water batteries; the hulks, supporting the chain across the river, and every singular and distinguishable object along its banks. The survey was made by triangulation carried forward simultaneously on both sides of the river. Two coast survey signals were found, the 'Jump telegraph post,' and 'Salt-work's chimney top,' of which the geodetic relations were known, and the work was founded upon a base line connecting these two points. Sub-assistant Oltmanns, and Mr. Bowie as aid, were detailed for the west shore, Mr. Gerdes and acting assistant Harris taking the eastern side, while sub-assistant Halter observed angles from permanent stations. The angular measurements were made with all kinds of instruments found suitable to the locality. Only a few of the stations were on solid ground, nearly all the shore being overflowed. Frequently the members of the party were compelled to mount their instruments on the chimney tops of dilapidated houses. In other places boats were run under overhanging trees on the shore, in which signal flags were hoisted, and the angles measured below with sextants. It was very satisfactory, however, that the last measurement determined (leading to the flagstaff on St. Philip) agreed almost identically with the location given by the coast survey several years ago. It seemed to be a regular occupation of the garrison in the fort, to destroy, during the night-time, the marks and signals which were left daily by the party; and for this reason, Mr. Gerdes caused numbered posts to be set in the river banks, and screened with grass and reeds so that they



could not be found by the enemy in the dark. From these marks, which were separately determined, he was enabled to furnish to Captain Porter the distances and bearings, from almost any point on the river to the forts, and by the resulting data the commander selected the positions for his mortar vessels.

On the 17th day of April the mortar schooners were moved to their designated positions, and the exact distances and bearings of each vessel being ascertained from the map, were furnished to the respective captains. Then the bombardment fairly commenced, and was continued, with only slight intermission, for six days. Twice Captain Porter ordered some of the vessels to change their positions when he found localities that would answer better; the coast survey party furnished the new data required. From the schooners, which were fastened to the trees on the riverside, none of the works of the enemy were visible, but the exact station of each vessel and its distance and bearings from the forts had been ascertained from the chart. The mortars were accordingly charged and pointed and the fuses regulated. Thus the bombardment was conducted entirely upon theoretical principles, and as such with its results, presents perhaps a new feature in naval warfare. When the whole number of shells discharged from the flotilla is compared with those that fell and left their marks on the dry parts of Fort Jackson (to which must be added, in the same ratio, all those falling in the submerged parts), the precision of the firing appears truly remarkable, and must command our highest admiration, particularly when we consider that every shot was fired upon a *computed* aim.

During the days of the bombardment, the exact damage done to the forts could not be ascertained. A deserter from the garrison came to the fleet and stated that Jackson was a complete wreck, but his information was considered rather doubtful. After six days' firing, when the forts showed no disposition to surrender, and when our stock of ammunition was considerably reduced, Captain Porter submitted to the flag officer a plan for passing with the fleet between the forts. The order to pass the forts was given on the 23d of April, and a favorable reference in this order was made to Captain Porter's plan. On the morning of the 24th of April, at three o'clock, the fleet got under weigh. The steam gunboats of the flotilla ran up close to the western fort and engaged the water battery and the rampart guns, and from the mortar vessels a shower of shells was thrown into the besieged work. This bombardment made it impossible for the leaders of the enemy to keep their men on the ramparts. Three times they broke, although they were twice driven back to their guns at the point of the bayonet. From Fort St. Philip a much greater resistance was offered to the ships in their passage up between the works, as that fort had not been (comparatively speaking) so effectively attacked, nor had it suffered previously nearly so much as the other from the mortars of Captain Porter. That the resistance of Jackson was much slighter on this occasion, is further demonstrated, by the fact, that our ships received little injury from the port side (Fort Jackson), while nearly all the shot holes were found to be on the starboard, the Fort Philip side.

After the fleet had thus passed the stronghold of the enemy, and destroyed ten or twelve of his armed steamers, the famous ram 'Manassas' among them, Captain Farragut gallantly ascended the river, took and occupied the quarantine, where he paroled the garrison, and then continued his course for New Orleans. In the mean time, it had been ascertained, that the iron-clad battery Louisiana, fourteen guns, and two or three other armed steamers of the enemy were still unharmed near the forts, and it appeared therefore precarious, for Captain Porter to remain with his mortar schooners (all sailing vessels) quite unprotected and liable to momentary attack from such overpowering structures. He consequently despatched them to the gulf, to watch and cut off in the rear all communication with the forts, while he remained with the few steam gunboats of the flotilla, at the station occupied during the bombardment. The Sachem, commanded by Mr. Gerdes, he had sent east of Fort St. Philip, to aid Major-General Butler in landing troops by the back bayou, leading to the quarantine. This duty was successfully executed by the coast survey party. They sounded the channel, and buoyed it out with lamps, and thus facilitated the landing of about one thousand five hundred soldiers during the night in boats and launches of the transports.

By this time, flag officer Admiral Farragut had successfully silenced the extensive batteries of Chalmette, and finally appeared with his fleet before New Orleans.

List of the Mortar Flotilla, attached to the Western Gulf Squadron, under the command of Com. D. D. PORTER.

#### STEAMERS.

##### STEAMER DIVISION.

<i>Harriet Lane,</i>	Lt. Com. J. M. Wainwright. Flagship of Com. D. D. Porter.
<i>Westfield,</i>	Com. W. B. Renshaw.
<i>Owasco,</i>	Lt. Com. J. Guest.
<i>Clifton,</i>	Act. Lt. Com. Charles Baldwin.
<i>Jackson,</i>	Lt. Com. S. E. Woodsworth.
<i>Miami,</i>	Lt. Com. A. D. Harrel.
<i>Sachem,</i>	Ass't. Coast Survey, F. H. Gerdes.

#### MORTAR VESSELS.

### FIRST DIVISION

<i>Norfolk Packet,</i>	Schooner,	Lt. Com. W. Smith.
<i>Oliver H. Lee,</i>	"	Act. Mas. W. Godfrey.
<i>Para,</i>	"	Act. E. G. Furber.
<i>C. P. Williams,</i>	"	Act. A. R. Langthorn.
<i>Arletta,</i>	"	Act. T. E. Smith.
<i>W. Bacon,</i>	"	Act. W. P. Rogers.
<i>Sophronia,</i>	"	Act. L. Bartholomew.

### SECOND DIVISION

<i>T. A. Ward,</i>	"	Lt. Com. W. W. Queen.
<i>M. J. Carlton,</i>	"	Act. Mas. Charles E. Jack.
<i>Mathew Vasser,</i>	"	Act. H. H. Savage.
<i>George Mangham,</i>	"	Act. J. Collins.
<i>Orvetta,</i>	"	Act. F. C. Blanchard.
<i>S. C. Jones,</i>	"	Act. J. D. Graham.

### THIRD DIVISION

<i>John Griffith,</i>	"	Act. H. Brown.
<i>Sarah Bruen,</i>	"	Act. A. Christian.
<i>Racer,</i>	"	Act. A. Phinney.
<i>Sea Foam,</i>	"	Act. H. E. Williams.
<i>Henry James,</i>	"	Act. L. W. Pennington.
<i>Dan Smith,</i>	"	Act. G. W. Brown.
<i>Horace Beal,</i>	Bark,	Act. G. W. Summer.

The First Division Commanded by Lt. Com. W. Smith.

The Second Division Commanded by Lt. Com. W. W. Queen.

The Third Division Commanded by Lt. Com. K. R. Breese.

The Steamer Division Commanded by Com. W. B. Renshaw.

LIST of Vessels and Officers commanding them, that passed up the river:

#### FIRST DIVISION, CAPT. T. BAILY, Commanding.

<i>Cayuga,</i>	Lt. Com. N. B. Harrison.
<i>Pensacola,</i>	Capt. Henry W. Morris.
<i>Mississippi,</i>	Com. M. Smith.
<i>Oneida,</i>	Com. S. P. Lee.
<i>Varuna,</i>	Com. Charles S. Boggs.
<i>Katahdin,</i>	Lt. Com. G. H. Preble.
<i>Wissahickon,</i>	Lt. Com. A. N. Smith.

#### SECOND DIVISION, FLEET CAPTAIN H. H. BELL, Commanding.

<i>Hartford,</i>	Capt. R. Wainwright.
<i>Brooklyn,</i>	Capt. Thomas T. Craven.
<i>Richmond,</i>	Com. James Alden.
<i>Sciota,</i>	Lt. Com. E. Donaldson.
<i>Iroquois,</i>	Com. John De Camp.
<i>Pinola,</i>	Lt. P. Crosby.
<i>Winona,</i>	Lt. Com. Edward T. Nichols.
<i>Itasca,</i>	Lt. Com. C. H. B. Caldwell.
<i>Kennebec,</i>	Lt. Com. J. H. Russell.

When this fact became known to General J. K. Duncan, he accepted terms for the surrender of Forts Jackson and St. Philip to Commodore Porter. While negotiations were progressing on board the 'Harriet Lane,' between our own and the confederate officers, (that vessel, and the Westfield, Clifton, Jackson, and Owasco, were at anchor between the two forts, each carrying a large white flag at the masthead,) the leaders of the enemy's marine forces set fire to the iron-clad battery Louisiana, cast her loose, and sent her adrift straight for our fleet. This dishonorable act on the part of the enemy during a time of truce, and while their own officers were in consultation with the commander of our forces, on board of a United States vessel, might have resulted in a very serious disaster to us, had not the magazine of the Louisiana exploded before she reached the fleet, which it did in full view of our vessels, and not far off. This explosion was succeeded by a crash, presenting a scene such as has been rarely witnessed. After this fearful episode, the capitulation was concluded, and both the forts, the garrison, the armament, ammunition, stock, and provisions, were formally surrendered to Commander Porter, of the mortar flotilla, and transferred by him, on the next day, to Major-General Butler, commanding the United States

army in the Department of the Gulf.

Many contradictory opinions existed regarding the actual damage inflicted by the bombardment, as well as by the broadside fire of the passing fleet; and, Captain Porter desired Mr. Gerdes to make such a survey of Fort Jackson, as would settle all doubts touching the matter in question. Under his supervision, Acting Assistant Harris, aided by the other members of his party, traced in their corresponding places on the large existing detailed plan of the fort, all the injuries arising from the attack. Every hole in the ground, (whether caused by the mortar shells or round shot,) break in the walls, crack in the masonry, each gun dismantled or disabled, the burnt citadel, the hospital and outbuildings, the destroyed bridges and injured magazines, were noted by actual measurement.

The levees, which before the attack had kept the high water of the Mississippi from entering the fort, were found destroyed in numerous places by bomb-shells. Much of the area of the fort was in consequence overflowed. The number of balls and shells which fell in the inundated parts, was estimated from the proportion found in the dry parts. In the plan, the submerged parts were distinctly marked, and it plainly shows, that hardly one quarter of the whole area remained dry or above the level of the water.

From this survey the following statistics are gathered:

1. Number of 13 in. shells fired from the mortar flotilla that fell on solid ground	1,113
2. Number of shells purposely exploded over the forts	1,080
3. Number of shells that fell in overflowed ground (computed)	3,339
4. Number of round shot visible on dry ground fired from the fleet and the gunboat of the flotilla	87
5. Number of round shot that fell on overflowed ground (computed)	261
6. The total destruction of the citadel of the forts, of the hospitals, the outbuildings, the magazines, the bridges, and of thirteen scows for use in the moat.	
7. The very severe injury to the ramparts, particularly on the northwest side to the casemates, all along the front, (which were cracked from end to end,) to the levees, which were completely riddled, and to the works in general. The demolition was so great, that the shell holes in the ground left hardly anywhere a free passage for walking.	

It is further ascertained from this survey, that the armament of the fort consisted of fifty 32-pounders, seven columbiads, ten short guns, three rifle guns, two brass field pieces, and three mortars, in all seventy-five guns.

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The following are extracts from Mr. Harris' report to Assistant Gerdes, accompanying the plan, which was published by the Navy Department:

'My informant, (an intelligent and reliable eyewitness,) voluntarily gave the credit of reducing the forts to the bomb fleet. The fort was so much shaken by this firing, that it was feared the casemates would come down about their ears. The loss of life by the bombs was not great, as they could see them coming plainly, and avoid them, but the effect of their fall and explosion no skill could avert.

'About one shell in twenty failed to explode; even those that fell in the water going off. It is worth noticing, that the bombs that fell in the ditches close to the walls of

the fort and exploded there, shook the fort much more severely, than any of those that buried themselves in the soft ground.

'The fort was in perfect order when the bombardment commenced, the dirt which now disfigures everything is the accumulation of a few days. The water did not enter the fort until the levee had been broken by the bombs; during the summer of 1861, when the Mississippi was even higher, the parade ground remained entirely dry.'

The above statistics and information show, that the surrender of the forts was caused by the terrific bombardment of the mortar fleet, a fact which should always remain identified with the brilliant achievements, that ended in the recapture of the second commercial city of our country.

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## REASON, RHYME, AND RHYTHM.

All arts are one, howe'er distributed they stand,  
Verse, tone, shape, color, form, are fingers on one hand.'

### INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME FIRST.

The first volume of this work contains an inquiry into the principles of art, and an attempt to present a rational solution of the delight felt in the contemplation of Beauty. The related thoughts upon art and beauty, found scattered almost at random over so many pages, and in so many different tongues, have been brought together, and, closely linked in logical sequences, placed in such connections that they now mutually illustrate and corroborate one another. No longer drifting apart in the bewildering chaos of multitudinous pages, they now revolve round a common centre, the heart of all artistic beauty, through whose manifestations alone it gains its power to charm the human soul: viz., 'the infinite attributes of the Author of all true Beauty.'

These thoughts on Art and Beauty have been carefully compiled, condensed, and arranged from many writers of eminence: Tissandier, Ruskin, Schlegel, etc., etc.; and are interwoven with much original matter, placing their great truths in new relations, and developing their complex meanings. By working up *with them* the thoughts suggested *by them*, the author has sedulously endeavored to form them into a whole of higher power.

The first volume being devoted to the theory of art, an attempt has been made in the second to bring the more general thoughts to a focus, and concentrate their light upon the vexed and confused subject of versification. The second volume may indeed be considered as a 'Manual of Rhythm,' for the most *practical* rules are given for its construction and criticism, and simple and natural solutions offered of its apparent irregularities and anomalies; while examples of sufficient length are cited from our most musical poets to give just ideas of the characteristics and power of all the measures in use in English versification.

That the book may prove useful to the reader, is the earnest wish of the author!

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### LOVINGLY DEDICATED TO EUGENE B. COOK.

When the busy little sailor bird builds himself a nest in which he—with his mate and their tiny brood—may swing secure through the sudden storms of fitful springs, and find shelter from the heats of summer, sewing it so tightly together that the rain cannot permeate it, nor the wild winds waft away the light beams and rafters of the swinging home, we do not quarrel with the little architect because he has industriously gleaned such materials as were needed for his purpose, because he has torn his leaves from the great forest book of nature. The leaves are freely given by God, and the little builder has a natural right to play the artist with them, if he can succeed in forming them into a *new whole*, fitted for the maintenance of a higher order of life. Thus the thoughts of great men are the common heritage of humanity.

Or, when we eat of the fragrant honey, we do not quarrel with the thymy bees because they have blended for us the sweets of Hybla. The flowers from which they were drawn are lovely and perfumed as before, but the workers have made from them a *new whole*, in which the pilfered sweets have gained a higher value from their perfect union. Those who prefer the dewy juice as it exists in the plant, may use their own powers to extract it, for the bee has not injured the flowers, and they may still be found blooming in the keen mountain air; but let those who may not scale the heights, nor work the strange transmutation, who yet love the fragrant honey, eat—blessing the little artist for his waxen cells and winged labor.

Who would quarrel with a friend because he had roamed through many a clime to find flowers for a wreath woven for our pleasure? Virgin Lilies from the still lakes of Wordsworth, Evergreens from the labyrinthine forests of Schlegel, Palm from the holy hills of Tissandier, Amaranth with the breath of angels fresh upon it from the Paradise groves of Ruskin, interwoven with Passion Flowers and Anemones of his own wilds,—shall we not acknowledge our wreath as a new whole,

seeing that the isolated fractions are raised to a higher power in becoming essential parts of a new unity?

Eugene, the wreath of Lilies, Evergreen, Palm, and Amaranth—the honey of Hybla—the many-leaved nest of the little architect, in which you may swing through the storms of the finite, into the deep and cloudless blue of the infinite,—are now before you!

Will you not look up from the fleshless and skeleton perfection of the problemed forms, which start at your slightest touch from the formal squares of the chess board,—forms which confuse me with their complexity, bewilder me in the mazes of their ceaseless combinations, dazzle me with their chill erudition, and appal me with want of life,—and smile acceptance on the glowing gifts here lovingly tendered you?

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## BEAUTY

'The awful shadow of some unknown Power  
Floats, though unseen, among us, visiting  
This various world with as inconstant wing  
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower.'

SHELLEY.

A philosophical theory of poetry and the fine arts should consider, in the first place, the fundamental and general laws of Beauty; in the second place, analyze the faculties necessary for the perception or creation of the Beautiful; and, in the last place, should strive to account for the pleasure always experienced in its contemplation. Such an analysis is necessary, as an introductory study, to the full and complete comprehension of any specific branch of art.

On the other hand, every specific art has its own special theory, designed to teach the limits of its means, and the difficulties peculiar to the medium through which it is to manifest the Beautiful, with the various rules by which it must be regulated in its realization of the fundamental laws of Beauty.

A clear, deep, and comprehensive view of the origin and nature of the Fine Arts, is the work most needed by the readers and thinkers of the present century. Some noble attempts have indeed been made in this direction, but, valuable as such essays may be, they do not yet correspond to the growing, requisitions of the public mind. It is true such a work would be one of great difficulty, exacting immense stores of information, and highly cultivated tastes. The writer must possess the logical power requisite for the most subtle analyses; he must have the *creative* genius to combine the scattered facts of natural beauty, with their varied effects upon the human consciousness, into one great whole; while, at the same time, the tenderness and susceptibility of the *receptive* genius must be equally developed in him. He should blend the loving and devout soul of a Fra Angelico with the logical acumen of a Bacon. How seldom is the creative genius sufficiently tender and humble to be, in the full sense of the term, at the same time, *receptive*!

After its treatment of the philosophical theory of Art, such a work should also throw its light upon the special theories, and more general rules of specific arts; for such rules, when true, are never arbitrary, but spring from the fundamental laws, of universal Beauty. They are but the external manifestation, through material mediums, of eternal laws.

The compiler of the present article can offer no such great work to the reader. An earnest effort will however be made to bring together the related thoughts upon Art and Beauty. They are found scattered almost at random over so many pages; to link them together by arranging them in their logical sequences, placing them so that they will illustrate and mutually corroborate one another: and, working up with them the thoughts suggested by them, the author has labored to form of them a compact and easily perused *whole*. For the ideas selected are *essentially related*, and, scattered as they may have hitherto been, naturally gravitate round a common centre. No longer drifting apart through the chaos of multitudinous pages, they are now formed into a system of order, a galaxy of which the central sun is—the Divine attributes as manifested through the Beautiful.

If the writer shall succeed in suggesting to some lucid and comprehensive mind the fact that a noble field for the culture of the human heart and soul remains almost unexplored, and induce one worthy of the task to undertake its cultivation; or if her humble work shall induce one lover of pure art to direct his attention to the glorious promises which it reveals to him of a closer

communion with the Great Artist, the beneficent Creator of the Beautiful—she will feel herself more than compensated for her 'pleasant labor of love.'

All true art is symbolic; a thought, an idea, must always constitute the significance, the soul of its outward form. The mere delusive imitations, the servile copyings of the actual shapes of reality, are not the proper objects of art. To form a master work of art, the idea symbolized must be pure and noble; the technical execution, faultless. No heavier censure can, however, be passed upon an artist, than that he possesses only the technic or rhetoric of art, without having penetrated to its subtle essence of forming thought.

Man is chiefly taught through *symbolism*. Living in a symbolic world of sensuous emblems, he seeks in them a substitute for the wondrous powers of immediate cognition which he lost in his fall. His highest destination is *symbolical*, for is he not made in the Divine image? Through the symbolism of the matter is the soul taught its first lessons in the school of life: when it is known and felt that nature is but the symbol of the Great Spirit, the instinct of our own immortality awakes. In the Old Covenant, the twilight of faith was studded with the starry splendor of a marvellous symbolism; and the new era of the ascending and ever-brightening dawn still bears on its front the glittering morning star of symbolic Christian art.

Notwithstanding its earthly intermixture, however it may have wandered from its true source, however sensuous and worthless it may have become, art, in its essence, is still divine. Men devoted to the pursuit of mere material well being, have been too long in the habit of regarding poetry and the arts as mere recreations, to be taken up at spare moments, pursued when we have nothing better to do; as a relief for the ennui of idleness, or an ornament for the centre table; without remembering how many good and great men have given up their whole lives to its advancement; without considering into how many hearts it has borne its soothing lessons of faith and love.

Men look upon art as if it were to be pursued merely for the sake of art, for the egotistic pleasure of the artist, and not as a moral power full of responsibility and dignity. We might as well suppose that science is to be pursued merely for the sake of science, that we are to think only that we may think. But while everything has its determinate end in the lower world of matter, concurring in its degree to the life of the whole; can there exist faculties and tendencies without aim in the soul; permanent, regular, and general facts without a final cause? Can art exist as an accidental fact in the bosom of society? Is it not rather an important means for the development of the finer feelings of the heart, the higher faculties of the soul?

Man was created 'to glorify God and enjoy him forever,' says the elementary catechism of the sternest of all creeds. Anything, therefore, which sets before us more preëminently the glory of God, thus placing more vividly before us the only source of all true enjoyment, must be, in the highest sense of the word, useful to us, as enabling us to fulfil the very end of our creation. Things that only help us to draw material breath, are only useful to us in a secondary sense: if they alone are thought of, they are worse than useless; for it would be better we should not exist at all, than that we should guiltily disappoint the purposes of our existence. Yet men in this material age speak as if houses and lands, food and raiment, were alone useful; as if the open eye and loving appreciation of all that He hath made were quite profitless; as if the meat were more than the life, the raiment than the body. They look upon the earth as a stable, its fruit as mere fodder, loving the corn they grind and the grapes they crush better than the gardens of the angels upon the slopes of Eden, so that the woe of the Preacher has fallen upon us: 'Though God has made everything beautiful in his time, also He hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.'

'The age culls simples.

With a broad clown's back turned broadly to the glory of the stars;  
We are gods by our own reck'ning, and may well shut up our temples—  
And wield on, amid the incense steam, the thunder of our cars.

'For we throw out acclamations of self-thanking, self-admiring,  
With, at every mile run faster, 'Oh, the wondrous, wondrous age,'  
Little thinking if we work our souls as nobly as our iron,  
Or if angels will commend us at the goal of pilgrimage.'

Utility has a nobler sense than a mere ministering to our physical wants, a mere catering to our sense of luxury. Geology is surely higher when refleshing the dry bones and revealing to us the mysteries of a lost creation, than when tracing veins of lead and beds of iron; astronomy, when opening the houses of heaven for us, than when teaching us the laws of navigation. That these things are useful to us in a lower sense, is God's merciful condescension to the wants of our material life;—that we may discern their eternal beauty, and so glorify their Maker in the enjoyment of His attributes, is an earnest, even here, of our blissful immortality.

If art has frequently fallen from its high mission, if it has often failed to incarnate the divine ideas from which all its glories must flow, it must be attributed in part to the artists themselves; in part to the public for whom they labor, and whom they too often seek only to amuse. They clutch at the ephemeral bouquets of the passing passions of a day, not caring to wait for the unfading crowns of amaranth. If the artist will stoop to linger in the Circean hall of the senses, he must not be astonished if good and earnest men should reproach him with the triviality of a misspent and egotistic life.

If we should pause and examine into the reasons for the different estimation in which art is held by different persons, we should find them in the various definitions of the Beautiful which would be offered us by the individuals in question. Let us linger for a moment to examine such definitions.

One class of men would tell us that the Beautiful is that which is agreeable to the senses of sight and hearing. They would admire, in painting, the delineation of naked flesh, luxuriant as it glows upon the canvas of Vandyke and Rubens; in statuary, they would seek voluptuous and sensual positions; while in music, they would love that which titillates the ear, which lulls them into an indolent yet delicious languor. Such men are the dwellers in the halls of Circean senses; they can appreciate only the sensuous. The poets of this class are very numerous. They never rise to those general ideas which are found in the universal consciousness, but are forever occupied with fugitive thoughts, passing as the hour in which they are born. They delight in representing the *accidental*, the exceptional, the peculiar, the fashion, mode, or exaggeration of the flying hour. They never sing of the high and tender feelings which pervade the human heart; of the joys and sorrows of the soul in its mystic relations with God, its sympathetic affections with humanity; but delight in describing furtive sensations, passing impressions, individual and subjective bliss and woe. Never daring to grapple with the sublime yet tender simplicity of nature, they sport with eccentricity, delight in fantastically related ideas, revel in surprises, in sudden and unforeseen developments. Their style is full of individualities and mannerisms, ornaments and intricacies; the *coloring* is always worth more than the *form*, the sensation than the idea. Their heroes and heroines are grotesque beings, sentimental caricatures, souls not to be comprehended, always placed in unnatural situations, and surrounded with dark, gloomy, and impenetrable mysteries. If their readers can be made to exclaim at every page: 'Inconceivable! astonishing! original!' they consider their work perfect. Such poets seldom attempt long poems; if they should imprudently do so, we find but little sequence, and nothing of that clear order, of that marvellous *unity*, which mark the works of the masters. Everything is sought to flatter that pretentious vanity of the limited understanding which piques itself on its stereotyped knowledge, always striving to usurp the higher empire of the divining soul. Such writing certainly requires subtlety of intellect, for talent is required to discover that which no one can see; to invent relations where none exist. We may, indeed, often observe great perfection in the details, high finish in the execution, keen intellect in the analysis; but nothing in the thoughts which appeals to the universal heart. Brilliant pictures succeed to brilliant pictures, decoration to decoration, but there is an utter want of essential unity. Absorbed in the sensuous gorgeousness of highly colored details, if they can but glue together startling and overwrought images, they are satisfied, even while neglecting the principal idea. They seize everything by the outside; nothing by the heart.

The painters of this class give us glaring colors and violent contrasts; the musicians, antitheses, conceits, ingenious combinations, *tours de force*, rather than flowing melodies or profound harmonies. The power they *wish*, to possess spoils that they *really have*; all *true* inspiration abandons the hopeless artist in the midst of his ingenious subtleties; it flies before his fantastic conceits; laughs at the follies of his prurient fancies; and withdraws its solemn light from the vain and presumptuous intellect, doting ever over its own fancied superiority. Inspiration, that holy light only vouchsafed to the loving soul, speaks to man in the silence of the subjective intellect. If the heart is tossed by a thousand passing and selfish passions, how can its solemn but simple and tender voice be heard? Suffering such inflated spirits to plume themselves upon the transitory admiration they are always sure of obtaining, it allows them to take the evil for the good; the grotesque for the beautiful; the meteors of vanity for the heaven stars of truth.

Such artists love not the mighty arches of gothic architecture, in whose vast curves and dim recesses lurks the mystic idea of the infinite; they take no interest in the ascetic faces which the old masters loved to picture, worn into deep furrows of care by penitence and holy sorrow, though lighted with the triple ray of Faith, Hope, and Love. They have no sympathies with the saints and heroes who have been great through self-abnegation, for such lives are a constant reproach to their own sybaritical tendencies. Constantly mistaking the effervescence of passion for the fire of genius; viewing the sublime realities of religion only as fantastic dreams; seeing nothing but the gloom of the grave beyond the fleeting shadows of the present life; granting reality to nothing but that which is essentially variable, phenomenal, and contingent; forever revelling in the luxuriousness of mere sensation—they understand only that which can be seen and handled. But the devotion to the True in art is a disinterested worship—a worship requiring the most heroic self—abnegation; for the love of fame, of self, of pleasure, will so bewilder and confuse the artist, that he will never be able to sound the depths of any art. And now, can we wonder if pure and earnest men utterly refuse to acknowledge the dignity and worth of art, when manifested to them through the works of fantastically sensuous, or voluptuously sensual artists? This misconception of the true aim of art, of the meaning of the Beautiful—with its natural consequence, merely sensuous manifestations of Beauty through the medium of different arts—has been one of the causes of the violent and inveterate prejudices which have arisen against art itself in the minds of many good men; and, were this view of beauty and art the true one, we could not deny that such prejudices or opinions would be but too well founded. To combat such debasing and false views of the aims of art, will be the chief object of the present volume. If art were to be degraded into the servant and minister of the senses, we would be among the first to condemn it. But all Beauty proceeds from the All Fair, who hath pronounced all 'good,' and 'loveth all that He hath made.'

Leaving the 'men of the senses' in their Circean sleep, we proceed to question the 'men of the schools' with regard to their conception of art, their definition of the Beautiful. Erudite as they

may be, their response to our question is scarcely more satisfactory. The Beautiful, in their estimation, is but the realization of *known rules*, fixed and sanctioned by long usage. Such men are the connoisseurs in art, the students of manuals, who are familiar with all the acknowledged *chefs d'œuvre*, and all the possible resources of art; they have traced for genius itself the path in which it must walk, and will accept none as true artists who wander from it. They are not ashamed to take a poet such as Shakespeare, to compare his wonderful creations with the rules they have acquired with so much labor, and, seeking in his living dramas only the application of the principles with which *they* are familiar, scruple not to condemn the immortal works of the greatest of all uninspired writers. Madame de Staël truly says: 'Those who believe themselves qualified to pronounce sentence upon the Beautiful, have more vanity than those who believe they possess genius.' Taste in the fine arts, like fashion in society, is indeed considered as a proof of *haut-ton*, a claim to fashionable and personal distinction. Should a man of the most cultivated mind and soul, venture to pronounce a judgment upon the character of some great architectural work, without being versed in the terms and technics of scientific architecture—remark with what profound contempt his opinion on its effect will be received by the pompous men of the schools! Or, let him venture to take pleasure in a musical composition not approved by the musical savants, in which they have detected various crimes against the laws of harmony, the fixed rules of counter point—and behold the men of the schools, how they will shrug their classic shoulders in contempt at his name and besotted ignorance! Or, should he venture to delight in the original and naive lyrics of some untaught bard of nature, without being able to justify his admiration by learned citations from Virgil and Horace, to say nothing of the categories of Aristotle—he is considered as an ignoramus, who might possibly impose upon those ignorant as himself, but who should at least have the modesty to yield up at once his opinion to the conclusive decisions of the great literary pundits! In vain may he assert that such and such a passage is touching and noble; in vain, may he say it has appealed to his inmost soul, and awakened deep and holy emotions, that it has made him a better man;—the same wise shrug of contempt greets him; he is told 'such effects are impossible, for the work in question offends a fixed rule!'

Yet what great diversity of opinion obtains among the very band of self-constituted elect! How few possess the requisite mastery of the rules, and what an immense number of the human race would thus be excluded from the elevating sources of enjoyment to be found in poetry and the fine arts! Such scholastic critics confound two things to be distinguished in every work in all branches of art; viz., the *pure idea*, and the *material form* through which it is manifested. It is indeed necessary that the artist should make severe studies, and thoroughly master the technics of his chosen art, whatever it may be; for, as means to facilitate the clearest manifestation of his conceptions, such formulæ are of immense importance;—but an erudite acquaintance with the technics of art is not necessary for the comprehension of the *idea*, manifested; for the *idea* itself is ever within the range of the human intellect, and the soul may always consider the thought of the soul, when appropriately manifested, *face to face*. 'Imbibe not your opinions from professional artists,' says Diderot; 'they always prefer the difficult to the beautiful!'

Artistic judgment is, indeed, too apt to be satisfied with correct drawing and harmony of colors; harmony and keeping of plastic forms; harmony of tones; harmony of thoughts in relation to one another; without considering that to these necessary harmonies two more, primarily essential, must be added: harmony of thought with the eternal, with the divine attributes of truth, infinity, unity, and love; and harmony of expression with what ought to be—which is indeed to assert that true Beauty is neither sensuous nor scholastic, but vitally and essentially moral. True Beauty lingers not in the soft halls of the Circean senses; it wanders not in the trim paths, beaten walks, or dusty highways of the schools, though the artist must indeed be familiar with all the intricacies of their windings, that he may there master the laws and proportions of the form through which he is to manifest the supernal essence through our senses to our souls; it dwells above, too high to be degraded by our low sensualism, too ethereal to lose its sweet freedom in the logically woven links of our scholastic trammels. 'Ye shall know the *truth*, and it shall make you free,' is a proposition not only of moral, but of universal artistic application.

Disgusted by the idle pretensions and stilted pedantry of the men of the schools, can we wonder if good and earnest men still refuse to acknowledge the high worth and dignity of art, which, in accordance with such definitions, would be nothing but a manifestation and studied application of the rules and laws of the limited and pedantic human understanding? To prove art essentially *moral*, in exact correspondence with the triune being of man addressing itself *through* his senses, in accordance with the requisitions of his understanding, *to* his soul—and that it is only delightful to the soul created for the enjoyment of God, in so far as it is successful in manifesting or suggesting some portion of the Divine attributes—are the chief objects of the book here offered to the reader. If art were indeed to be degraded into nothing higher than the exponent or incarnation of the logical data and rigid formulæ of the limited understanding of man, the writer would be frozen to death in the attempt to plant its chilling banner. She too would regard it but as a solemn trifling with time and the fearful responsibilities of eternity.

Having failed to obtain any elevated or satisfactory definition of Art and Beauty from the men of the senses, or the men of the schools; as the supporters of a government founded upon a belief in the virtues of the people, we turn to them in our despair to ask for deeper insight into these important subjects. Alas! they are as yet too busy and too ignorant to formulate for us a definite reply! But from them must come the sibylline response, for the true artist has no home upon earth save the heart of humanity! The kingdom of the Beautiful belongs not exclusively to the luxurious, nor to any aristocracy of the refined and cultivated, but, like the blue depths of God's



heaven arch, spans the world, everywhere visible, and everywhere beneficent!

As they may not formulate for us a definite reply, let us place our ears close to the throbbing heart of the masses, that we may hear what effect the Beautiful, as manifested in art, has upon the electric pulses. And now our despair passes forever, for men made in the image of God, when not degraded by a corrupting materialism, nor lost in the bewildering mazes of a luxurious sensualism, nor puffed up with the vain conceit of the limited understanding, and thus holding themselves above all the high enthusiasm and holy mysteries of art, always seem able to recognize that which awakens in them noble thoughts or tender feelings; so that when a poet sings to them of heroism, of liberty, of fraternity, of justice, of love, of home, of God, if he can succeed in causing their hearts to throb with generous emotions, they stop not to consult the critics, they listen only to the voice of their own naive souls, and at once and with one accord enthusiastically cry: 'Beautiful! beautiful! how beautiful!' La Bruyère himself says: 'When a poem elevates your mind, when it inspires you with noble and heroic feeling, it is altogether useless to seek other rules by which to judge it; it is—it must be good, and the work of a true artist.' Such is really the criterion consulted by the people, and on this broad and just base rests the general correctness of their judgments.

Uncultured as they may be, is it not, indeed, among the people that we see the most vivid sympathies with the really great artists, the true poets? It is among them we most frequently find that glowing enthusiasm which excites and transports them until they lose all selfish thoughts; contrasting strongly with the measured calm, the still and prudent reserve of the elite, the connoisseurs, which an impassioned artist (Liszt) truly says 'is like the glacés on their own tables.' Let the artist but strike some of the simple but sublime chords which, the Creator has tuned to the same harmony in human bosoms, and they will respond from the heart of the people in an instantaneous thrill of noble instincts and generous emotions. It is ever with the people that the artist meets with that profound and *loving* admiration which so greatly increases his own powers, and which always leads them to noble acts of devotion for those who have succeeded in touching the harmonizing chords vibrating through the mighty bosom of humanity made in the image of God!

If we would learn something of the effect of art on the soul, and understand the secrets of its power, we should go to a representation of one of Shakspeare's tragedies, and mark the attentive crowd silently contemplating the high scenes which the poet unrolls before them. Immersed in poverty and suffering as they may themselves be, we will see that at the words 'glory, honor, liberty, patriotism, love'; at the sight of the courageous struggle of the just against the unjust; at the fall of the wicked, the triumph of the innocent,—the furrowed and rugged faces glow with sympathy, all hearts proclaim the loveliness of virtue, or are unanimous in the condemnation of vice. Full of just indignation against the aggressor, of generous sympathy with the oppressed, shall the palpitating throng stay the quick throbbing of their hearts to inquire of the men of the senses if they may *admire*, or of the critics and schoolmen if they may *approve*? Their intuitions have already decided the question for them. Why do the masses always accord in their estimation of the just and unjust? why do they always agree about glory and shame, vice and virtue, courage and cowardice? why do they always find Beauty in the success of suffering virtue, the triumph of oppressed innocence, the rescue of the wronged and helpless? The answer throws its light over the whole world of art: Because God's justice, even when it condemns themselves, is one of the Divine attributes for whose enjoyment they were created; because it stands pledged that whatever may be the disorder visible upon earth, it will rule in awful majesty over the final ordering of all things. The soul, urged on by an unconscious yet imperative thirst for the Absolute, having in vain tried to find its realization in a world furrowed by vanities and scared by vices, takes its flight to the clime of the ideal, to find there the growth of eternal realities. The poet builds ideal worlds in which he strives to find the absolute, adorning them with all the beauties for which the human heart pines: heroism, patriotism, devotion, love, take form and find appropriate expression; for all is wisdom, power, liberty, and harmony in the artistic realms. Art is a celestial vision which God sends to his exiled children, to give them news of the invisible world for which they were created, to soothe their sorrows, to turn their thoughts and affections to their true centre. Art is the transient realization, the momentary possession of the desires of the soul!

There is then a Beauty inaccessible to the senses, above the narrow limit of technical laws, which a simple and uncorrupted people intuitively feel and love, for which the masses reserve their most profound admiration, and which it is unquestionably the province of the true artist to manifest through whatever medium he may have chosen as his specific branch of art. The delight felt in the Beautiful arises from the fact that it manifests or suggests, in a greater or less degree, some portion of the Divine attributes for whose enjoyment we were created. Is it not then time that the good and earnest men of our own broad land should cease to ignore, if not to persecute, art; should indeed reverently pause to inquire into the resources and capabilities of the mighty symbolism used and wielded by the fine arts?

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## THE VALUE OF THE UNION.

### I.

We are engaged in a life-and-death struggle for our national existence—for the preservation of the Union, for these are synonymous. To succeed, we need an animating spirit that shall carry us through all obstacles; that shall smile at repeated defeat; that shall ever buoy us up with strong hope and confidence in the ultimate success of our efforts. Such a spirit cannot flow from a simple love of opposition, excited by the wicked bravado of our opponents; nor from a desire to prove ourselves the stronger: neither can it flow from the mere wish to destroy slavery. None of these motives singly, nor all of them combined, are sufficient to sustain us in this hour of trial, or to carry us clear through to the desired goal. The only motive which can do this, and which, in the heart of every loyal man, should be of such large proportions as immensely to dwarf all lower ones, is one that can flow only from a clear comprehension of the value of the Union, coupled with a conviction, arising out of this intelligent valuation, that the Union, being what it is—containing within itself untold, and yet undeveloped blessings to ourselves and to the human race at large—is nothing less than a most precious gift of God; given into our charge, to be ours as long as we deserve its enjoyment by our individual and national adherence to truth and right; a conviction also, that our Union, from the very marked Providential circumstances attending its establishment, is in no small sense a divine work; and hence, that we may rest in the sure hope that God will not permit His own work to be destroyed, except by our refusing to coöperate with Him in its preservation.

All our blessings, natural and spiritual, are enjoyed by us only in the degree of our free and voluntary coöperation with the intentions of the Divine Giver. No good thing is forced upon us, and nothing that we ought to have is withheld if we put forth the power granted us to obtain it. The atmosphere surrounds us, but the lungs must open and expand to receive it. The food is before us, but the mouth must open, and the hands convey it thither, or it is of no service. Light flows from the sun, but the eye must open to enjoy it. And so with the blessings which we enjoy in the Union; we must use our active powers to profit by them; and at this crisis we must not only act to enjoy them, but must strain every nerve to preserve them. The nation is now on its trial, to be tested, as to whether it adequately values the divine gift of the Union. If it does thus value it, it will use diligently and carefully all the abundant resources which lie around it and within it, like an atmosphere—wealth, population, energy, intelligence, mechanical ingenuity, scientific skill, and all the needed *materièl* of warfare. It is rich in all this, far more so than the South. All this, Providence lays at the feet of the nation. It can do no more. The nation, as one man, must now do *its* part, or continue to do as it has done; it must coöperate, must put forth a determined *will*—a will tenfold more resolute, more fixed and immovable to preserve the Union, than is that of its enemies to destroy it. This will cannot exist without a clear, intellectual appreciation of the worth of the Union; of its value as an agent, which, if rightly employed, will continue to develop increasing power to humanize and Christianize men, and to elevate, to broaden, and intensify human life and happiness more than any form of political institution that the world has ever witnessed.

Full of this conviction, we shall then, individually and collectively, be resolved that this noble continent, stretching three thousand miles from ocean to ocean, and opened like a new world to man, just at an epoch when religious and political liberty, starting into life in Europe, might be transplanted into this virgin soil, where thus far they have developed into this fair republic—we shall then be resolved that this broad, rich territory shall be forever devoted

To man's development—not to his  
debasement.

To liberty and free order—not despotism  
and forced order.

To an ever-advancing civilization—not  
to a retrograding barbarism.

To popular self-government—not to  
the rule of a slave-holding oligarchy.

To religion, education, and morality—not  
to irreligion, ignorance, and  
licentiousness.

To educated and dignified labor—not  
to brutalized labor under the lash.

To individual independence and  
equal rights—not to individual  
subjugation to caste.

To peace—and not to border wars between  
conflicting States.

To unity, harmony, and national  
strength—not to disunity, civil discord,  
and subjection to foreign  
powers.

All these blessings on the one hand are guaranteed in the Union, and only there—all their opposite horrors are involved as inevitably and certainly in the Southern lunacy, resting on slavery and secession as its corner stones! Madness most unparalleled!

We will look now at a singular and beautiful fact—for fact it is, account for it as we may. It is this: The course of civilization upon this globe has apparently followed the course of the sun. Sunlight and warmth travel from east to west. The moral and intellectual illumination of the nations has travelled the same route. From central or farther Asia, it goes to Assyria, and successively to Egypt, to Greece—thence to Italy and Rome—then to western Europe, England, France, Spain. From thence it leaps the Atlantic. The Bible, church, and school house, with the Pilgrims and other colonies, scatter the primeval darkness and savagism from the Atlantic coast. Still 'westward the march of empire takes its way' to the Alleghanies, to the Mississippi; thence, by another leap, across two thousand miles of continent, where it sparkles with a golden lustre on the queenly California, enthroned upon the far-off Pacific shore (yet by the miraculous telegraph within whispering distance). There the newest and highest civilization comes face to face with the oldest on the earth—hoary with ages; greets it in China across the wide Pacific, and the circle of the globe is joined.

Now the civilization inaugurated upon our continent, in these United States, may be said to be, indeed is, the result of all that have preceded it. It combines somewhat of the elements of all the civilizations that have been strung along the earth's eastern semi-circumference, besides others, peculiar to itself. And why should it not be considered as the bud and opening flower growing out of the summit of all the past, and for which the long ages have made toilsome preparation. Long time does it take for stem and leaves to unfold, but in the end comes the flower, and then the fruit. But here, in this bud of splendid promise, the American Union, lurks the foul worm of slavery, threatening to blast the fondest hopes of mankind by destroying this glorious augury of a mature civilization, where man shall develop into the full earthly stature of a being created in the divine image. Shall it be? Not if the North is faithful to God, to mankind, and to itself.

Let us take courage. The westward-travelling sunbeams have ever to oppose the western darkness, but they conquer always. So American civilization, also, has its darkness and barbaric elements to battle with, but they too, God willing, shall vanish before it.

Why have we been forced into this desperate, unexpected conflict? One reason may possibly be, that by it, we may be aroused to a living sense of the great value of our inheritance, the Union, when threatened with its loss. 'Blessings brighten as they take their flight.' Benefit's daily enjoyed, with hardly a care or effort on our part, are not prized as they should be. When, however, we are threatened with their loss, we awaken from indifference. A new sense of their value springs up, and a severe contest for their preservation stamps their true worth indelibly on the heart. Threaten to cut off the air a man breathes, the food and drink that sustains him, and you rouse all his energies into new life; and he now prizes these common but unthought-of blessings as he never did before. And so it will be one effect of this contest, to arouse us as a nation to see clearly our vantage ground in the world's progress, and to stir us up as individuals, to lead higher and truer lives, each for his own and for his country's sake. And when this Southern insane wickedness is quelled, and the great American nation can rest and breathe freely once more, it will then calmly ponder the past, and survey the future. In the degree of its religion and virtue, and next of its intelligence and energy, it will, in the course of time, clearly perceive and wisely inaugurate a new social and industrial life, which will be as far in advance of the present system of free labor as the latter is itself in advance of slavery. What that is, cannot here be stated. It will, however, be but the inevitable result of agencies and influences now at work, and only interrupted and endangered by this pro-slavery rebellion.

With these remarks, we enter upon our topic: 'Why is the Union priceless?'

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There are two reasons, among others, why it is so, upon which we shall dwell at some length.

The first is involved in the great fact that such is man's nature as bestowed by the Creator, that only in the society of his fellows can that nature be developed into all its grandeur, and thus bestow and receive the utmost amount of happiness. The old adage, 'the more, the merrier,' might be truly amplified in many ways. When numbers are engaged in common pursuits, common interests, common views, common joys—each one zealous, earnest, life-giving and life-receiving—the happiness of the whole flows in upon each, and multiplies it a thousandfold.

Now if we look at history, keeping in mind the fact that the sole end of the Creator is the happiness of his creatures, and that this happiness is multiplied in proportion to the number of those who can be brought into accord and concert of action (and action, too, as diversified as possible)—looking at history, we say, under the light of this fact, it would seem as if Providence, in the course of human events, was in the continual effort, so to speak, to bring mankind into ever closer, more harmonious, and more multiplied and diverse relations; ever striving to mass the human race more and more into larger and larger communities; the different portions of which should still retain all the freedom they were prepared for, or needed to enjoy, while at the same time, they were in close but free membership with the common body and its central head.

We say that this seems to be the aim of Providence; while on the other hand, there is just as evidently to be seen the working of an opposing force, viz., human selfishness, human ignorance,

individual ambition, ever seeking its own at the expense of others. A selfish, energetic, and ignorant spirit of individualism (as distinguished from an enlightened, large-minded, *social* individualism, which only becomes more marked and healthily developed by wide social intercourse), has in all ages tended to split up society into smaller parts, animated by mutual rivalry, jealousy, and hostility. When these antagonisms have been carried to a certain length the evil cures itself, by the rise of a despotism, which, as the instrument in the hands of Providence, brings all these clashing communities under a strong government, that binds them over, as it were, to keep the peace. By this, leisure and opportunity are given for the cultivation of the arts, the sciences, and industries, which tend to humanize men, and lessen the restless war spirit.

Thus the massing of many petty and warring tribes of barbarians into one large nation, and under a strong despotic monarchy, without which they could neither have been brought together nor kept together, is so much gained for human progress.

After this has continued for a time, when certain changes, certain ameliorations have been effected in the intellectual, social, and moral character of the nation, from the cultivation of the arts of peace, it is then allowed to be broken up, as the period may have arrived for the infusion of new elements and agencies of social progress which shall place men upon a higher plane of national existence. It falls to pieces through its own corruption and degeneracy, or by the invasion of stronger neighbors. It is swallowed up by the destroying force, and its people, its institutions, its ideas, its arts and sciences, its customs, laws, modes of life, or whatever else it may have elaborated, become mingled with those of surrounding nations, and a new political and social structure, formed out of the old and the new elements recombined anew and useless matter eliminated—stands forth in history; a structure tending still more than previous conditions to raise men in the scale of civilization—to bring them into closer relations—to enlarge and multiply their ideas—to quicken their moral and social impulses—to rub off the harsh angles of a selfish, narrow-minded individualism, and, in a word, to advance them yet more toward that degree of virtue and intelligence which is absolutely indispensable to the union of large masses of men into a nation, whose political system shall at once unite the utmost freedom for each individual with the most perfect general order also.

For the establishment of such a government we think the world has been carried through a long educational process; for in such a government, men will find the greatest earthly happiness, and also the greatest facilities and inducements to live in such a way as shall secure the happiness that lies beyond. And we think that the course of events in history will show that such a method as that described has been pursued by Providence, gathering men from the isolation and warfare of petty and independent tribes, into large despotisms, where the lower, rude, and selfish passions of wild men being held in restraint, some opportunity is given for peaceful pursuits and the development of a higher range of mental qualities—breaking these despotisms up again at certain periods, and massing their constituent elements into larger or differently constituted governments, with new agencies of progress added, according as human mental conditions and needs required.

That those great ancient monarchies, as the Assyrian, Persian, etc., had this effect, cannot well be doubted. But in the rise and fall of the great Roman empire, this appears very plainly. How many nations and small communities—far and near—isolated, independent, and more or less engaged in wars among themselves or in the constant apprehension of it—how many, we say, of such communities were gathered under the broad wings of the Roman eagle! From Spain and England on the west, to the borders of India on the east—from the Baltic on the north, to the deserts of Africa on the south—all were brought under the Roman sway; were brought under a common tranquillity (such as it was), under a common government, common laws, a common civilization more or less. All these countries were raised from a lower to a higher condition by their subjection to Roman domination. How far superior in England was the Roman civilization, its laws, manners, institutions, to the rude Anglican and Saxon life!

Rome thus established a grand humanizing unity over all these different regions, which otherwise had remained divided, hostile, or isolated from each other.

In the next place, through the instrumentality of this Roman unity, Christianity was established with comparative ease over the greater part of the then known world. This would perhaps have been very difficult if not impossible had these regions been occupied by a multitude of independent, and most likely, warring sovereignties.

Christianity thus widely planted, and firmly rooted upon this Roman civilization and by means of it, and this civilization, now perfected as far as it was capable of being, or standing in the way of further human progress, the empire fell to pieces, to make room for a new order of things, in which Christianity, the remains of Roman civilization, and the peculiar features of northern barbarian life, were the ingredients. These elements, after numberless combinations, dissolutions, and reconstructions, have resulted in the civilization of modern Europe. The progress toward this civilization has everywhere exhibited a constant tendency to larger and larger national unities—parts coalescing into wholes, and these into yet larger units. Witness the reduction of the number of German principalities, from one hundred or more to forty in the present day—the movement now on foot in Germany for a federal union among these forty—also the new Italian nationality. These we mention but incidentally, not intending here to trace the steps of this advance.

This progress toward unity has also been accompanied with a constant though slow advance in the principles of religious and political freedom.

But now, out of this European civilization, the result itself of the breaking up of the Roman semi-pagan, semi-Christian empire, and the multiplied interminglings, changes, and reconstructions of the Roman, the ecclesiastical, and northern barbarian elements—out of this European civilization, with its movements toward large nationalities—its progress toward religious and political freedom, and toward the acknowledgment and recognition of human rights; the substitution of constitutional monarchies for absolute, and the creation of representative bodies from the people as part of the government—out of all this, there springs as the fruit of all the long turmoil, the wars, the blood and treasure, the groans and tears, the martyrdoms of countless human lives, that during these long ages have, apparently in vain, been offered up in the cause of liberty, of order, of national peace, unity and freedom, of the right of man to the full and legitimate use of all his God-given faculties—there springs, we say, as the fruit, the result of all this suffering, our glorious American republic! our sacred—yes, our sacred Union! The fairest home that man has ever raised for man! To lay violent hands on which, should be deemed the blackest, most unpardonable sacrilege. It is the actualization of a dazzling vision, that may have often glowed in the imagination of many a patriot and statesman of olden times—which he may have vainly struggled to realize in his own age and nation, and died at last, heart-broken, amid the carnage of civil strife.

Our republic, we repeat, is the fruit of European struggles. If Europe had not passed through what she has, the United States would never have arisen. The principles of religious and political liberty sprang to birth in Europe, but there they have been of tardy growth, because surrounded and opposed by habits and institutions of early ages. They needed transplantation to a new and unoccupied soil, where they could enjoy the free air and sunshine, and not be overshadowed by anything else.

Here then we have our American civilization, formed out of what was good in European, combined with much else that has had its origin upon our own shores—the result of free principles allowed *almost* unobstructed play.

Let us survey the many elements of unity which we possess.

First in large measure, a common origin, viz., from England—that country of Europe farthest advanced of any other in religion, in politics, in freedom, and in science and industry.

Next, a common birth, as it were, in the form of numerous colonies, from the mother country; planted almost simultaneously, it may be said; possessed of common charters, which differed but slightly—containing systems of colonial administration, full of the spirit of popular rights and representation.

Next, a common language, a common literature, a common religion, and common interests, that should bind us together against all foes.

Lastly, a common territory, washed by the two remote oceans—a territory, in the present advanced state of science and of improved modes of travel and of communication, without any material dividing lines or barriers; but having, on the contrary, an immense river in the centre, stretching its arms a thousand miles on either side, as if on purpose to keep the vast region forever one and united.

Never was the birth of a nation so full of promise—so full of all the elements of a prosperous growth. If any one event can be said to be, more than another, under the divine guidance, then, all the circumstances attending the colonization of these shores and the formation of this Union, have been most minutely and marvellously providential. 'Here at last,' we may conceive some superior being to exclaim, who from his higher sphere has watched with deep sympathy the weary earth-journey of the human race, 'here at last, after these long ages of discipline and suffering, has a long desired goal been reached. Here a portion of the human family, having attained to such a degree of virtue and intelligence, combined with skill in political arrangements, and a commensurate knowledge of art, and science, and industrial pursuits—may be intrusted with liberty proportioned to their moral and intellectual advancement. Here they shall begin to live unitedly, more and more in accordance with the divine intentions than man has ever yet done. Millions on millions shall here be banded together into one vast, free, yet orderly community, where each individual shall enjoy all the liberty to which he is entitled by his moral character, and possess all possible facilities for the full and healthy development of his entire nature. Here, under the combined influence of true religion, intelligence, and freedom—and these must go hand in hand—the millions composing this great nation must become ever more and more united, prosperous, and happy.

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This then, is the first reason why the Union is priceless—because in this Union, Providence appears to have reached an end, a goal, to which it has long been in the effort to conduct the human race, viz., the bringing a larger and more rapidly increasing population into a more free, united, and happy life, one more in accordance with human wants, and with the measureless divine benevolence, than has ever yet been brought about in the annals of mankind.

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We proceed now to consider the second reason why the Union is priceless.

This reason lies in the *method* of the organization of this Government.

What is this plan or method?

We reply that the immense value of the Union rests also upon the incontrovertible fact (perhaps not widely suspected, but evident enough when looked for) that the system of government of these United States, the mode in which the smaller and larger communities are combined into the great whole, together with the working of all in concert, *comes the nearest of any other political structure to the Creator's method of combining parts into wholes throughout the universe.*

Wherever we behold a specimen of the divine creative skill, whether in the mineral, vegetable, animal, or human kingdoms; whether it be a crystal, a tree, a bird, or beast, a man, or a solar system, in all these we observe one universal method of grouping, common to all conditions. This method is that of grouping parts around centres, and several of such groups around larger centres, upward and onward indefinitely; while in living beings, according to their complexity, each individual part, and each individual group of parts with its centre, *is left free to move within its own sphere, yet at the same time is harmonized with the movements of its neighbors through the medium of the common centre.*

Every such work of the Creator is an *E pluribus unum*, a one out of many—a unit composed of many diversified parts, exhibiting a marvellous unity, with an equally wonderful variety. Look at yonder tree, examine its parts, leaves, twigs, branches, trunk, all endowed with a common life. Yet each little individual leaf lives and moves freely upon its centre or twig, which is a common centre for many leaves. Many little twigs in their turn, each free to move by itself within a certain limit, are ranged along their common centre, a branch. Many branches cluster around a large one, and all the largest branches in their turn cluster around the common trunk, or great centre supporting the whole fabric. Each leaf and twig and branch contributes its share to the life of the whole tree, and is in turn supported by the general life and circulating sap.

All this is repeated with far greater fulness and complexity in the living animal, or in the human body. How numerous are the parts composing a single organ! How many organs go to one system, how many systems, bony, muscular, fibrous, circulatory, nervous, combine to make up the entire body! Then again, all the members of the body move, *within a certain limit*, in perfect independence of all the rest. The finger can move without the hand, the hand can move without the arm, the forearm without the upper arm, the entire arm without any other limb; and yet all the parts of one limb, and all the limbs together, are harmonized in action by the central brain.

So also in the solar system. The moons move around the planets; the planets around the sun; our group of suns around their magnetic axis, the milky way; yet each of these heavenly bodies rolls freely in its own orbit. In all these instances we have the great problem solved, of reconciling liberty with order, liberty of the individual parts with perfect order in the whole.

As far then as human governments imitate this divine method of organization seen in created objects, so far do they solve this problem in the sphere of political arrangements, making due allowance of course for the disturbing influence acting in man's own mental constitution, by reason of his fall from the innocence and holiness in which he was created. It is just because this divine and universal method has been unconsciously followed by the good and wise and immortal framers of the national Constitution, and also because the morality and intelligence of the people were adapted to this wise political structure, that the American nation has prospered as it has, and become the envy of the world.

Is it asked in what consists this resemblance? We reply that it is in the grouping of

Individuals into townships;

Of the townships into counties;

Of the counties into States;

Of the States into the national Union, with a central government.

The township acts in township affairs through its officers, who collectively compose its centre, and harmonize the actions of all the individuals of the township in all matters which concern that individual township. Through their officers, the people of the township act freely together within the lawful sphere of the township. The common wants of the township are attended to by the people through their officers, who compose the centre around which all township action revolves.

A number of townships, having common wants, are erected into a county. The county officers and county court form the harmonizing centre of this larger organization.

A number of counties, having common wants, are erected into a State, with a State government. This is the harmonizing centre, concentrating the efforts of as many counties, townships, and individuals as may be requisite to accomplish an object in any portion of the State, or in the whole of it. At ten days' notice by its Governor, Pennsylvania sent near one hundred thousand men into the field. Without political organization this could never have been effected. What a power is here exhibited, and yet all emanating directly from the people, without coercion of any kind, beyond respect for their own-made laws! The spectacle is truly grand.

Finally, the States altogether have common wants, which only a central, national government can supply. (Oh the deep wickedness or trebly intensified insanity of secession! Language fails to express the utter madness of the rebel leaders: the recklessness of a suicide is nothing in comparison; for here are eight millions of men intent upon their own destruction; fighting the North like fiends, because it would rescue them from themselves, and save both North and South from a common abyss of ruin!) The national government alone is strong at home and respected abroad. It alone can concentrate the energies and resources of thirty-four States, and of thirty-one millions of people, into any one or many modes of activity which the nation may judge best for its own interest. It is thus resistless. No single foreign power in the world nor any probable or possible alliance of foreign powers could hope to effect anything, with an army of three or four millions of soldiers that the entire republic could raise and keep in the field. Thus in union is our strength at home, for it gives the whole power and resources of the nation to works of common utility and necessity. Such are the maintenance of the army and navy, the building and support of forts, lighthouses, and customhouses, collection of the revenue, the keeping rivers and harbors navigable, the establishment of a general post office, and its countless ramifying branches, constructing immense public works, like the Pacific railroad, providing for extensive coast surveys, and the like. Then in a different department, harmonizing the action of States by national laws, by the Supreme Court, and by the national courts in each State, dispensing an even justice throughout the entire Union, by deciding appeals from State and county courts. Each State enjoys the benefits of these national functions, with the least possible cost to itself; and were there no national government, each State would have to provide itself with all these things, or what proportion of them it required, at a very heavy outlay of its own more limited resources, and would be obliged to double, perhaps quadruple its taxes. Each State requires the means of its own defence; and as they would all be independent sovereignties, each would be compelled, like the European nations, to keep its own standing army, and watch its neighbors closely, and be ready to bristle up on the least sign of aggression on their part. The soldiers of each standing army would be, as in Europe, so much power withdrawn from productive industry, kept in idleness, and supported by those who were left free to labor. Each State requires a postal system; those on the seaboard require tariffs, a navy, etc., and in the absence of a national government we can hardly form an idea of the endless disputes that would ensue from these and a thousand other sources. For this reason the old federation of the States was an experience of inexpressible value. It settled forever, in the minds of all communities who are governed by cool common sense and not mad passion, the utter impracticability (for efficient coöperation, and peaceful union) of a mere league or confederacy among sovereign and independent States. While the seven years' war of independence lasted, it managed to hold the States together; but when peace was restored the evils of the league were so glaring, and the dangers in the future so imminent, that the good sense of the people saved the young nation in time, by sheltering it under that broad, strong roof, the present national Constitution. Thus the individual States legislate and act for themselves in all that concerns themselves alone. But in that which concerns themselves in connection and in common with other States, and where, if each State were absolutely independent, such State action would come into conflict with the wants or rights of other States, and also be a great cost to the single State—all such common and general matters are accomplished with uniformity and harmony by all the States collectively through the general or central government.

But further.—This central government itself, like the nation which it serves, is a compound body; a unit composed of parts, each of which in its own sphere is independent, yet beyond that sphere is limited by the functions of the other parts. This government is a *triple* compound, and consists of the legislative, the judicial, and the executive departments.

The legislative, or Congress, declares the will of the nation.

The judicial or judging department decides and declares the proper ways and means, the how, the when, the persons and conditions, according to which this national will is to be carried out, and—the executive department is the arm and hand that does the carrying out; that performs by its proclamations and by its civil and military agents, what the Congress and judicial departments have willed and constitutionally decided shall be done.

Thus is perceived a beautiful analogy between these three departments acting separately and yet in concert—and the will, the intellect, and the bodily powers of the individual man. A man's will is very different and distinct from his intellect or reasoning faculty; and both will and intellect are widely distinct from the bodily powers. Not only are these three distinct and totally different elements in man's nature, but only in the degree that they remain distinct, and that they are duly balanced against each other, and that they all act in concert—only in this degree is the life of the individual self-poised, harmonious, and free.

And precisely the same is true of these three functions of government. It is essential to a free republican state that these functions should remain distinct, and administered by different bodies. When they are all merged into each other, and rested in a single individual or a single body of individuals, the government is then a despotism. The very essence of what we understand by despotism, is this massing, this fusing together of elements that can properly and justly live and act *only* when each is at liberty, in freedom to be itself, in order that it may perform its own, its peculiar and appropriate function, in harmonious connection with others performing theirs. Despotism is the binding, compressing, suffocating of individual life; first of the three functions of government, which should always be kept separate, and next, as a natural and inevitable consequence, of those who come under that solidified administration. The nation governed by a

despotism must be moulded after the same pattern; it must necessarily have the variety and freedom of its many constituent parts destroyed, and be massed and melted together into a homogeneous and indiscriminate whole; only permeated in all directions by the channels conveying the will of the despotic head.

Thus the province of free government is not to be conceived of as that of restraining, repressing, punishing. This is only its negative function. Its positive office is the very opposite, and is truly a most exalted one. And this is, to remove every barrier to the freest outflow of human energies. It is to give an open field and the widest scope for the play of every human faculty consistent with right. Government does this, by establishing order among multitudes teeming with life and activity—each seeking, in his own way, the broadest vent for his God-given energies. These human energies are given to men for the very purpose that they may flow forth in a thousand modes of activity and industry, and that, thus, men may mutually impart an exalted happiness upon each other. These energies are to be repressed only when they are wrong, when they take a wrong direction, when they conflict with the welfare of the community. When these energies, these human impulses to act, are right, when they aim at useful results, then they must have every facility, every possible channel opened to their outflow. And the very first and most essential condition of this free outflow of life among multitudes is, that there be order among them—that there be some system, some methodical arrangement whereby concert and unity of action may be effected among this diversified life. Without this order—without systems or common methods of action in the thousand affairs which concern every community, it is evident that there must be *disorder*, confusion, and clashing. The activity of each individual, and of each class of individuals, will come into collision, and be repressed by the like activity of others. It is utterly impossible, in a community where there is no order, no mutually understood arrangement of relations, duties, and pursuits; in other words, where there is no government; it is impossible, under such conditions, for individuals, if even of the best intentions, to live and do as they wish. For many wills must come into conflict, unless they can be harmonized, unless they have a mutual understanding and consent among each other that there shall be common and well-defined methods of procedure, under the countless circumstances in which men *must* act together, or not act at all.

Now, it is the true function of government to establish, these common or general modes of procedure, termed laws, among masses, and to punish departures from them. Government is thus the great social harmonizer of these otherwise necessarily conflicting and mutually interfering human energies.

Government coördinates, harmonizes, concentrates the efforts of multitudes. It does this by establishing and maintaining *order*, an orderly arrangement of human activities—arrangements, methods of procedure, which are adapted to the wants of the community, and *into* which men's activities flow freely and spontaneously, and without compulsion (except in the case of violators of law), because of their adaptation to the public wants.

But now, what constitutes order? What is its essential nature?

The answer is, that order is the harmonious relation of parts in a whole; and parts can have no orderly, that is, symmetrical and harmonious, relation to each other, except through their relation to a common centre.

Order is the *subordination* of things, of things lower to something that is higher; and *subordination* is the ordination or ordering of parts *under* something that is above—something to which the rest must *conform*, that is, must form themselves or be formed *with* it, in harmony with it, if order is to result.

This something is thus, of course, that which is central—the chief element in the group; that which is the most prominent feature, and which gives character to all subordinate parts.

It is thus clearly evident that the very essence of government, of order, of harmony, of subordination, is the grouping of individual parts around centres; of these compound units as larger individuals, around some higher centre again, and so on, until a limit is prescribed by the very nature of the thing thus organized into an ascending series of compounds.

This method of grouping and organizing parts into wholes, is, as we have already seen, the divine method; and, of course, being such, as has also been said, it is seen in every created object—in minerals, plants, animals, and in the systems of suns and planets.

It is the method of man's bodily organization, and much more, if possible, is it the method of his mental organization. Man's mind consists of powers of affection and thought. His affections, loves, desires, or whatever they may be termed, all group themselves around some leading motive, some ruling passion, which is central for a part or the whole of a lifetime. All minor motives and ends of action are subordinate, and only subservient as a means to satisfy the central, dominant passion. They revolve around it, like satellites around their primary, or like planets around their sun.

His thoughts, likewise—the method of his intellectual operations, obey the same law. In every subject which he investigates, he marshals a multitude of facts around central principles or conclusions. He shuts them up under a general, chief, leading fact or law. A number of conclusions, again, are marshalled around one still more general and comprehensive, and thus he mounts up into the highest and most universal principles. All the knowledge stored away in his mind is thus organized, almost without his consciousness, into groups of lower and higher facts



and details, ranged under or around their central principles.

The closer and more symmetrical is this grouping of particulars and generals in the intellect, or, rather, the greater the power thus to arrange them, the more logical and compactly reasoning is that mind. The looser and less connected is this grouping, the less logical is the mind; and when the proper connection fails to be made between particulars and generals, between facts and their principles, or between parts and their centre, then the mind is in an idiotic or insane condition.

Now, man's mental movements, being thus themselves obedient to this great order-evolving method, then, of course, when he applies his faculties to investigate the objects and phenomena of the outer world, he classifies, arranges, and disposes them strictly after the same method, because he cannot help doing so. The naturalist studies minerals, plants, animals—and each kingdom, at his bidding, marshals itself into order before him. Each resolves its otherwise confused hosts into groups and series of groups, each with its own centre and leading type. The animal kingdom has its sub-kingdoms, classes, orders, families, and species. Botanists speak of divisions, classes, orders, genera, and species, &c., species being the first assemblage of individuals.

It is, therefore, seen that, by the very necessity of the case, when men themselves are to be massed into communities and nations, they come inevitably under the same universal method of organization. Whether the government be free, or whether it be despotic, it must, in either case, be organized, and organized according to this universal method. It must consist of parts with their centres, compounded into wholes, and of these compound units formed into still larger ones; until the entire nation, as a grand whole, revolves upon a central pivot, or national government.

But here there presents itself a vast distinction between despotic and free governments—a distinction which arises out of the different relations sustained, in these respective modes of administration, between the government and the people—between the centre and the subordinate parts. What is this difference?

If we look around through nature, we shall find that all organized beings, that is, beings composed of different parts or organs, all aiding, in their several ways, to the performance of a common function, or a number of harmonized functions—in such an organized structure, whether it be a plant, an animal, the human body, or even the globe itself, we shall find two reciprocal movements—one from the centre, outward, and another from without, inward, or toward the centre; and further, that the integrity of the life of the individual depends upon the harmonious relation or balance between these two opposite movements.

The individual man, for instance, is a centre of active energies that are ever radiating from himself toward men and things around him; and he receives from them, in return, countless impressions and various materials for supporting his own life. What is thus true of the man himself, is also true of the organs and systems of organs of which his body is composed. The nervous system exhibits nerves with double strands; one set (the motor fibres) conveying nervous force from the centre as motor power to the limbs; the other, conveying sensations *to* the centre, from without.

The heart, again, the centre of the circulating system, sends forth its crimson tide to the farthest circumference, and receives it back as venous blood—to send it forth afresh when purified in the lungs.

The plant has its ascending and descending sap; it drinks in the air and sunshine, and gives these forth again in fragrance and fruit. The very globe receives its life from the sun—and radiates back, forces into space.

Human governments—human political and social organizations, are no exceptions to this general law. Every government, even the most despotic, while it rules a nation with a rod of iron, depends for its life upon the people whom it oppresses. While the central head radiates its despotic will through its pliant subordinates, down through all ranks and classes of the community, it receives from them the means of its own preservation.

A free government likewise radiates authority from the central head, and also depends for its life on the people whom it governs. What is the point of difference between them?

It is simply this:

There are two elements of power in a nation.

One is *moral*, viz., the free-will and consent of the people.

The other is *physical*, viz., military service, and revenue from taxation.

The free consent of the people is the *soul* of the national strength.

The treasure and the armies which they furnish, constitute the *body*.

For the highest efficiency, soul and body must act as one, whether in the individual or in the collective man. They must not be separated. Hence the perfect right of men who would be free to refuse to be taxed by government without being represented—without having a voice in its management. The *material* support must not be given without the *moral*—that is one form of slavery.

But of these two elements of national strength, a despotism, a government of force, possesses and commands only the physical or material, viz., military service and revenue. It controls only the *body* of the national powers. Not resting upon the broad basis of the free choice and consent of the people, it is like a master who can force the body of another to do his bidding, while the spirit is in concealed rebellion. Such a government, in proportion as it severs this national soul from the body, is weak through constant liability to overthrow, from any chance failure of its material props.

A free government, on the other hand, possesses both the elements of strength. It rests upon the free will and affection of the people, as well as upon the abundant material support which they must ever yield to a government of their own creation, and which exists solely for their own use and benefit. Such a government is capable and strong in exact proportion to the virtue and intelligence of the masses from whom it emanates.

Thus it is seen that a despotism differs from a free government as to the reciprocal action that takes place between the people and the government. In a despotism, all authority flows only in one direction, viz., from the central head down to the different ranks of subordinate officers, and through these numerous channels it reaches all classes of the people. But there is no returning stream of authority from the people to the government, from the parts to the centre. The only return flow is that of military service and revenue.

But a free government returns to the people all that it receives from them. From the masses there converges, through a thousand channels, to the central government, both the elements of national strength, viz., authority to act, and the means of carrying out this authority, that is, money and military service—the body, of which the popular will and authority is the soul. The people declare their will that such and such individuals shall be clothed with, and represent their united power, and act for them in this representative capacity. The persons thus chosen, and who constitute the government or central head, with its subordinate agencies, declare from this central position of authority with which they have been invested by the people, that such and such things are necessary for the welfare and orderly activity of the people, and in the name, and with the coöperation of the people, they *will* to carry these measures out.

Thus life, energy, power, from the people, flow from all points to the government, to the centre; and from the government it flows back again to the people as *order*, as the force that arranges, methodizes, harmonizes, and regulates the outflow of the popular energies in all the departments of human activity. It clears the channels of national industry of all obstacles. By its legislative, judicial, and executive functions, it establishes, on the one hand, common methods of action among multitudes having common interests and aims, and thus obviates clashing and confusion; and, on the other, it punishes those who would interfere with and obstruct or destroy this order.

The government is the concentrated will and intelligence of the people, directed to the wise guidance of the national life—directed to the harmonizing of the diversified activity and industry of the nation, to the opening of all possible channels for that activity, and to the removal of everything that would obstruct and counteract the nation's utmost development and progress.

In this way, a free government exhibits, as far as human imperfection admits, the union of the two great principles, *liberty* and *order*. The people are free to think, talk, write, and act as they see fit; but since there can be no liberty, but only license, or lawlessness, without order—without beneficent methods, symmetrical forms and arrangements, *in which* that liberty can be enjoyed by individuals and communities, without conflicting with other individuals and communities, parts of the same free whole—therefore government is created by the people to prescribe and maintain this order, essential to this common liberty; an order which is the *form*, or *forms*, under which both individuals and communities shall act, singly or in concert, in the countless relations in which the members of the same community or nation come into contact with each other.

Now, in the United States, the chart of this orderly and symmetrical network of political arrangements for the free movement among each other of the individuals in the township, of the townships in the county, of the counties in the State, and of the States in the Union—and within the protecting lines of which political arrangements, the people are enabled to pursue their industrial avocations without mutual interference and collision, and to attend in peace and security to all the employments that tend to elevate, refine, and freely develop the individual man (for government is only and solely a *means* to this great end)—the chart, we say, of all these orderly arrangements, is our immortal national Constitution, together with the State constitutions that cluster around it, as their centre, axis, and support.

Through each State constitution, the national and central one sends down an iron arm, clasping them all by a firm bond to itself and to each other. And in each, the grasp of this arm is riveted and double riveted, above and below, by these two comprehensive, unmistakable articles, without which the others had else been valueless; and for which the framers of this great instrument are entitled to our lasting gratitude and admiration.

The articles are these, viz.: Art. 6th, sec. 2d: 'This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof ... *shall be the supreme law of the land* ... anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.'

And art. 4th, sec. 4th: 'The United States shall *guarantee* to every State in the Union a *republican* form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion....'

The first of these admits of no separation or secession. The second preserves everywhere that

form of government under which alone the fullest political freedom can be enjoyed. In fighting, then, for the Constitution, we fight for an undivided Union on the one hand, and, on the other, for a Union that guarantees to each member of it that form of government which secures the greatest liberty to those who live under it. May we not, we say again, rest in an all but certain hope that the Divine Being will see fit to preserve His own work? For such, though accomplished through human agency, we feel constrained to believe, have been this Union and its remarkable constitution.

We have regarded the Union as the culmination of a long series of endeavors, so to call them, on the part of Providence, to bring men from a social condition characterized by the multiplicity, diversity, separation, antagonism, and hostility of independent, warring, petty states, into that larger, higher form of political and social life, that shall combine in itself the three conditions of unity—variety in unity, and of the utmost liberty with order—as the soul and life of the political body. And that it has also been the aim of Providence, in the formation of this Union, to accomplish the above object on as large a scale as possible, in the present moral and intellectual condition of the race.

Can we be far wrong in such a view? Think of our republic embracing in its wide extent, one, two, three, or more hundred millions of human beings, all in political union, enjoying the largest liberty possible in the present life, as well as the ever-increasing influence and light of religion, science, and education, giving augmented power to preserve and rightly use that liberty. Extent of territory in the present age, is no bar to the union of very distant regions. When the telegraph, that modern miracle, brings the shores of the Pacific within three hours' time of the Atlantic seaboard—when railroads contract States into counties, and counties into the dimensions of an average farm, as to the time taken to traverse them—when *spaces* are thus brought into the closest union, it is but the counterpart and prophecy of the close moral and industrial union of the people who inhabit the spaces. When slavery, that relic of barbarism, that demon of darkness and discord, is destroyed, we can conceive of nothing that shall possess like power to sunder one section of the Union from another—of nothing that shall not be within the power of the people to settle by rational discussion or amicable arbitration. No! Slavery once destroyed, an unimagined Future dawns upon the republic. The Southern rebellion, and the *utterly unavoidable* civil war thence arising—as these are the two instrumentalities by which slavery will be cut clean away from the vitals of the nation, and the Union left untrammelled, to follow its great destiny—these twin events, we say, will, in after ages, be looked back upon as blessings in disguise—as the knife of the surgeon, that gives the patient a new lease of a long, prosperous, and happy life.

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We have contemplated the Union, and seen something of its matchless symmetry, beauty, and indefinite capabilities, ever unfolding, to promote human welfare, through its unity with variety, its liberty with order, its freedom of action of each part in its own sphere, coëxisting with the harmonious working of all together as one grand whole—all of which arises, as was said, from the unconscious modelling (on the part of its authors) of our political structure upon the Divine and universal plan of organization in mineral, in plant, in animal, in the planetary systems, and, above all, in man himself, body and mind.

We saw that the method of this organization was the grouping of individual parts into wholes around a centre; of many such compound units around a yet higher centre, and so on, indefinitely, onward and upward. That by such an organization, individual freedom was secured to each part, within a certain limit, wide enough for all its wants, and yet perfectly subordinated to the freedom and order of all the parts collectively, revolving or acting freely around the common centre and head. We saw that in the Divine creations—in all the objects of the three kingdoms of nature, the two great principles of liberty and order were thus perfectly reconciled and harmonized (true *order* being only the *form* under which true *liberty* appears, or can appear); and, further, that in proportion as human affairs and institutions obey the same law, or, rather, in proportion as men individually and collectively advance in virtue and intelligence, do they unconsciously, and more or less spontaneously, come into this Divine order, both in the regulation of personal motive and conduct, and in outward political and social matters.

Hence, as has already been stated, the near approach to this method in the political organization of the United States was the result of an amount of moral and intellectual culture, first in the colonies, and afterward in the contrivers and adopters of our political framework, without which it could never have been formed; and in the degree that this mental condition is maintained and advanced yet more and more, will the citizens of the Union apply the same method of organization to the less general affairs of industrial and social life. Now, all this is not fancy; human progress in the direction indicated, can be scientifically demonstrated.

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## **WAR SONG:—EARTH'S LAST BATTLE.**

**Dedicated To**

**THE SOLDIERS OF THE UNION.**

Up with the Flag of Hope!  
Let the winds waft her  
On through the depths of space  
Faster and faster!  
Up, brave and sturdy men!  
Down with the craven!  
He who but falters now,  
Fling to the raven!

CHORUS: On while the blood is hot—on to the battle!  
Flash blade and trumpet sound! let the shot rattle!

Come from your homes of love  
Wilder and faster!  
Hail balls and sabres flash!  
Wrong shall not master!  
Strike to the throbbing heart  
Brother or stranger!  
Traitors would murder hope!  
Freedom's in danger!

CHORUS: On for the rights of man—just is the battle!  
Flesh deep the naked blade! let the shot rattle!

Men of the rugged North,  
Dastards they deem you!  
Wash out the lie in blood,  
As it beseems you!  
Glare in the Southern eye  
Freedom, defiance!  
Traitors with death and hell  
Seal their alliance!

CHORUS: On—shed your heart's best blood! glorious the battle!  
Freedom is born while death peals his shrill rattle!

Down with, the rattlesnake!  
Armed heel upon it!  
Rive the palmetto tree—  
Cursed fruit grows on it!  
Up with the Flag of Light!  
Let the old glory  
Flash down the newer stars  
Rising in story!

CHORUS: On—manhood's hot blood burns! God calls to battle!  
Flash, blades, o'er crimson pools! let the shot rattle!

Death shadows happy homes;  
Faster and faster  
Woe, sorrow, anguish throng;  
Blood dyes disaster!  
Men doubt their fellow men:  
Hate and distraction  
Curse many a council hall;  
Traitors lead faction!

CHORUS: Cease this infernal strife! rush into battle!  
Blast not all human hope with your cursed prattle!

God! the poor slave yet cowers!  
Call off the bloodhounds!  
Men, can ye rest in peace  
While the cursed lash sounds?  
Woman's shrill shrieks and wails  
Quick conquest urges;  
Bleeding and scourged and wronged,  
Wild her heart surges!

CHORUS: Wives, mothers, maidens call! God forces battle!  
Stay the oppressor's hand though the shot rattle!

Hark! it is Mercy calls!  
Will ye surrender  
Freedom's last hope on earth?

No,—rather tender  
Heart's blood and life's life  
'Neath our Flag's glory:  
Scattered its heaven stars,  
Dark human story!

CHORUS: Strike, for the blow is love! Despots force battle!  
'Good will to men,' our cry, wings the shot's rattle!

Up from the cotton fields,  
Swamps and plantations,  
Drinking new life from you,  
Swarms the dusk nation.  
Send them not back to pain!  
Strike and release them!  
Hate not, but succor men;  
Sorrow would cease then!

CHORUS: On—let God's people go! Mercy is battle!  
Freedom is love and peace,—let the shot rattle!

Oh, that ye knew your might,  
Knew your high station!  
God has appointed you  
Guardian of nations!  
Teach tyrants o'er the world,  
Bondage is over;  
Bid them lay down the lash,  
Welcome their brothers!

CHORUS: Pour oil in every wound, when done the battle!  
Man now must stand redeemed though the shot rattle!

On—till our clustering stars  
No slave float over,  
Man joins in harmony,  
Helper and lover!  
Ransom the chained and pained,  
Nations and stations!  
On—till our Flag of Love  
Floats o'er creation!

CHORUS: Strike, till mankind is free, mute the chains rattle!  
Fight till love conquers strife—Freedom's last battle!

Yes, we shall stand again  
Brother with brother,  
Strong to quell wrong and crime,  
All the world over!  
Heart pressed to heart once more,  
Nought could resist us,  
Earth cease to writhe in pain,  
Millions assist us!

CHORUS: On till the world is free through the shot's rattle!  
When love shall conquer hate, fought earth's last battle!

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## MIRIAM'S TESTIMONY.

I do not know why it was that I studied the characters of Miriam and Annie so closely at Madame Orleans' school, for I had known them both from early childhood; we were of the same age, and had lived in the same village, and attended the same schools. I suppose it was partly owing to the fact of my having arrived at a more thoughtful age, or it may be that their peculiarities of disposition exhibited themselves more strongly among strangers. They were neither of them surface characters. Miriam was too reserved, and Annie too artful to be easily understood. But no one who had once known Miriam could, ever forget her. Her parents called her 'a peculiar child;' among her friends the old people called her 'queer,' and the young ones 'cracked,' She was not pretty, but everybody pronounced her a fine-looking girl. Her eyes were the only peculiarity in her face. They were of a rich, dark-gray color, small, and deeply set; but at times—her 'inspired times,' as Annie called them—they would dilate and expand, until they became large and luminous. At such times she would relate with distinctness, and often with minuteness, events which were transpiring in another house, and sometimes in another part of the world.

It was seldom that we had an opportunity of testing the truth of these 'visions,' but when we did we found them exact in every particular.

At other times her mind took a wider range, and she would see into the future. When we were children, I remember the awe with which we used to listen to 'Miriam the prophetess,' as we called her, and the wonder with which we remarked that her prophecies invariably were fulfilled. But, as I grew older, my awe and wonder diminished in proportion, and, being of a very practical turn of mind myself, and very skeptical of spiritual agencies, mesmerism, and clairvoyance, and indeed of anything out of the ordinary course of events, I put no faith whatever in any of Miriam's visions and prophecies; especially as I noticed they only occurred when she was sick, or suffering under depression of spirits. Annie either did believe, or professed to believe, every word she said. As Miriam grew into womanhood it was only to Annie and me that she confided her strange visions, although she well knew I did not believe in their reality. We were the only ones who never laughed at her, and she was very sensitive on the subject.

Annie was so beautiful that it was a delight to look at her lovely face, listen to her musical voice, and watch her graceful motions. She fully appreciated her own charms, and had a way of making others appreciate them also. She had many more friends than Miriam, for who could resist the charm of her face and manner?

She had become quite accomplished, for she possessed a good deal of talent, but was worldly minded, vain, and selfish. It may be matter of surprise that such a girl should have been my intimate friend, and still stranger that she should have been the friend of Miriam; but she was lively and agreeable, and when we were children together we did not care to analyze her character, and when we knew her thoroughly we still loved her—from habit, I suppose. At all events, whatever were the sympathies which bound us together, we continued firm friends until we were eighteen, when we left Madame Orleans' school, where we had resided for four years.

At that time Annie returned to our native village, while Miriam and I went to a Southern city, intending to spend the winter with her uncle's family; but we liked our new home so much that we prolonged our visit two years. After we had been there a few months, by some chance, which I have now forgotten, Henry Ackermann came to the city where we resided. He was a few years older than we, but had been one of our playmates in childhood. His parents had removed from our native village, and gone to California some years before, when the gold fever was at its height, since which time we had heard little about them, and Henry had nearly faded out of our recollections, until now he suddenly appeared, destined to be the controlling fate in the life of one of us, for Miriam and he soon grew to love one another; though what affinity there was between their natures I never could imagine. But he told me that he loved her, and she told me that she was very happy, and I was bound to believe them both, and thought that on the whole they would be a better-matched couple than most of those I saw about me.

It is needless to say much of their courtship. Their engagement was not made public, therefore it was not necessary to make a parade of their affection before indifferent acquaintance, Miriam's love, like that of all proud, reserved natures, was intense. Ackermann's attentions to her were graceful and delicate, and he ever manifested toward her in his whole manner that silent devotion, unobtrusive and indescribable, which is so gratifying to woman. It was evident that he understood her thoroughly: whether he appreciated her as thoroughly was another matter, about which I had my doubts.

It was true that strange rumors had floated from California to our distant little city in regard to Ackermann. Evil rumors they were—they could scarcely be called rumors—nobody repeated them, nobody believed them—and yet they were whispered into the ear so stealthily that it seemed as if they were breathed by the very air which surrounded Ackermann. I paid no heed to them. Miriam heard them, did not care for them—why should I?

Months passed away—happily to the lovers—pleasantly to me. Circumstances then compelled Ackermann to return to our village, while Miriam felt it to be her duty to remain where she was; but she expected to follow him in a few months at latest. He carried with him a letter of introduction to Annie, in which Miriam told her of her engagement to the bearer, and requested Annie to be his friend for her sake. This was soon answered by a characteristic letter from Annie congratulating Miriam on her choice, pronouncing Ackermann the most delightful of men, etc.

During the winter which followed, Miriam seemed quietly happy and always pleasant and cheerful. Henry's letters were frequent, and so were Annie's. I did not see the former, but they appeared to afford a great deal of satisfaction to Miriam. Annie's letters were as lively and merry as herself, and contained frequent hints that the devoted attentions of a certain Mr. Etheridge—a wealthy, middle-aged suitor—were not entirely disagreeable to her; that she thought she should like right well to be mistress of his fine mansion; with much more nonsense of the same kind.

I should have mentioned that Miriam had never told her lover of the peculiar gifts of prophecy and second sight which she had, or fancied that she had. She was too happy at the time he was with her to be visited by her 'visions.' I thought they had ceased altogether, and I think Miriam believed they had, and was happy to be done with them forever.

I was quite surprised then to see her walk into my room one day in a hurried manner, with a face ghastly pale, and eyes unusually distended, and gazing at me with a wild, fixed stare. She trembled exceedingly, and tried to speak, but the words refused to come at her bidding. I was much alarmed, and, remembering there was a glass of wine in the closet, I brought it to her, but

she motioned it away. I opened the window, and the rush of cold air revived her. She sat down by it, and after a little time, she said:

'Hester, do you remember the little sitting room of Annie's, at the foot of the back stairs, with windows opening into the garden?'

'Yes, I remember it perfectly. Why do you ask?'

'She has had it newly furnished, and very elegantly.'

'How do you know?'

'Because I was there this afternoon; spent some time in it.'

'You! in Annie's room!'

I was there, in Annie's room—that is, the only part of me that is worth anything; my body remained here, in my own room, I suppose.'

I saw at once that the old spell was on her again, and, as I made it a point to fall in with her humor on such occasions, I said:

'Well, what did you see there?'

'I saw an open piano, and books and music scattered around. There were a great many flowers in the room. A bright fire was in the grate, and Pompey—the house dog—was stretched on a rug before it. A large easy-chair, covered with blue damask, stood near the fireplace. Henry Ackermann was seated in it. Annie was kneeling before him. He talked to her while he stroked her hair. I heard every word that he said.'

Here she paused. I was getting quite excited with her narrative, but I spoke as calmly as I could:

'You have only fancied these things, Miriam. You are ill.'

'The *material* part of my nature may be ill. I do not know. But the *immaterial* is sound and healthy. It sometimes leaves its grosser companion, and makes discoveries for itself. This is not the first time it has happened, as you well know. I have been particular in my description, in order that I might convince you that I have actually been there. You know that the description I have given is entirely different from the appearance of Annie's room in former times. I have never heard that she had newly furnished it. Write to her, and ask her to describe her room to you, and you will find that I have seen all that I have told you.'

Finding her so calm, and so willing to reason on what she had seen, I ventured to ask:

'And what did Ackermann say to her?'

'Only a very little thing,' said she, with bitter emphasis. 'That he loved her—and admired me; she stirred the depths of his heart—I excited his intellect; she was his darling—I, his sphinx.'

'Are you sure it is not all a dream?'

'I have not closed my eyes to-day.'

I did not know what to say to her. I still thought what she had related was but a delusion, but to her it was a reality, and I knew her outward calmness was but the expression of intense excitement of mind. Thinking I might divert her mind, I read to her a letter I had received but a few minutes before. It was from my sister, who had just returned from Europe, with her husband and children; and had taken a house in our native village. She wished me to come to her at once. At any other time Miriam would have manifested the greatest interest in this communication. It had been a source of regret to her that I was separated from this sister, who was the only near relative I had. Now she sat, perfectly unmoved, gazing out into the sunshine as if it bewildered her. I did not know whether she had heard a word I said. I laid down the letter, and took up a book, glancing at her occasionally. I continued reading for about two hours, while she sat there as if turned to stone. Then she turned to me and said:

'Hester, would you not like to see your sister very much?'

'Very much.'

'Then let us return home at once.'

'I am very willing.'

'Mr. Sydenham leaves here to-morrow night for New York. Let us go with him.'

I hesitated. It seemed such a hasty departure from the friends who had been so kind to us, but a glance at the pale, eager face of Miriam decided me. I consented.

The next day brought a letter from Ackermann. Miriam showed it to me. It was the only letter of his I was ever permitted to read. It was a good letter—very lover-like, but earnest and manly. It seemed to me the truth of the writer was palpable in every line.

'Of course this has removed all your doubts,' I said, as I returned the letter to Miriam.

'It has not shaken my faith in the evidence of the finest of my senses,' was her only reply.

Since we had left our pretty little village, a railroad track had been laid through, it. The depot was near Annie's house. As we had apprised no one of our arrival, we found ourselves alone on the platform when we stepped out of the cars.

'Let us call and see Annie,' said Miriam.

'Before you visit your father and mother?' said I, surprised.

'This is the hour Ackermann usually visits her.'

'I will go with you.'

It was but a few minutes' walk. We felt perfectly at home there. We opened the front door, and walked in without ceremony. No one was in the front rooms. We passed quickly through them into the little room at the foot of the back stairs. I noticed the furniture as soon as I entered. It was new, and was arranged pretty much as Miriam had described it. Ackermann and Annie stood by the window looking into the garden. I am not sure, but I think he was holding her hand. They turned as we entered, and, for a few minutes, were speechless with amazement. Annie was the first to recover herself.

'What a delightful surprise!' she exclaimed, running toward us; but she stopped before she was half across the room. Something in Miriam's manner arrested her. Ackermann's perceptions were quicker. He saw at one glance that Miriam knew all, and, though very much agitated, he stood, looking defiantly at her. She took no notice of Annie, but said to Ackermann:

'I trusted you. You have deceived me. I believed in your love so fully that I would have been yours faithfully until death. You lightly threw mine away. I thought your words of love so sacred that I kept them hid in my heart from the sight of the most faithful friends. You have made mine the subjects of jest. But I do not come here to reproach you. Henceforth you are nothing to me. I came to demand my ring.'

'I have no ring of yours,' said he, with calm decision. 'This ring that I wear you put upon my finger, and told me not to part with it under *any* circumstances. You charged me to wear it until death. It is mine. I will not part with it, even to you.'

Miriam looked at him incredulously for a moment. Her fortitude began to give way.

'I do not know,' she said slowly, 'why you wish to keep that ring. You can never look at it without thinking of me, and of the words of love I have spoken to you. It is hateful to me to think that you have anything to remind you of the past. For this reason I want the ring. I will not wear it. I will not keep it. I will destroy it utterly. But by the memory of my past trust, I beseech you to give me that ring.'

A sneer curled the lip of Ackermann.

'I will not give it to you!' he said, decidedly.

Miriam did not look at him now, but at the ring. It glowed on his hand like a flame; for it was set with a cluster of diamonds.

'It will ruin you,' she said, raising her eyes slowly, and fixing them on his face. 'It will be your curse.'

She turned and left the room. Ackermann looked displeased, and annoyed. Annie was pale and frightened. I did not know whether to follow Miriam, or remain to hear Annie's explanations. I finally decided to do neither, and, walking out of the open window into the garden, I took another route to my sister's.

They say that no nature is thoroughly evil, that every man has some redeeming qualities. This is probably true, and I suppose Ackermann had his virtues, but I was never able to discover any. The only sides of his character presented to my observation were evil, and wholly evil. He loved Annie, it is true, but it was an unnatural, selfish, exacting love. Such a love is a curse to any woman, and it was doubly so to Annie, who loved him too entirely to see any faults in him, and was too weak minded to resist his merciless exactions. So thoroughly selfish was he that, notwithstanding his love for Annie, he would have married Miriam if she had not so peremptorily broken the engagement. Miriam was very wealthy, while Annie was comparatively poor. Ackermann himself was worth nothing. Why he persisted in keeping the ring I never knew, unless it was that Miriam's proud contempt and indifference roused his malignant temper to oppose her in the only way which lay in his power. He possessed the art of making himself agreeable, and had a very fair seeming, so that when his engagement to Annie was made public, she was warmly congratulated. His former engagement to Miriam was unknown, even to her own parents.

I saw but little of Ackermann and Annie, and never met them but in public. His wickedness and her weakness made them both contemptible in my eyes. And my mind was occupied in other matters. Miriam resolved to make the tour of Europe, and I was to accompany her—for she would take no denial. For many weeks we were busied in preparations for our departure; Miriam had settled all her affairs satisfactorily, and we were thinking of making the last farewells, when she was taken ill. The doctors said it was an organic disease of the heart. This was an hereditary disease in the family, but Miriam up to the time of her acquaintance with Ackermann had been entirely free from any symptom of it, or of any particular disease whatever. Whether this sudden exhibition of it was the effect of natural causes, or was produced by mortified love and pride, I



leave the reader to conclude.

I was her constant attendant during her sickness. She could scarcely bear me out of her sight. She had never spoken to me of Ackermann since the interview in Annie's room. Now she seemed to take delight in talking about him, and I was amazed at the intense hatred with which she regarded him. She was gentle and patient under her sufferings, and tender and loving at all times, except when speaking of him. Then all the bad passions of her nature were aroused. It was in vain that I represented to her that at such a time she should endeavor to be at peace with all the world, and forgive as she hoped to be forgiven.

'If I have sinned against my God, as Henry Ackermann has sinned against me, I neither expect or wish to be forgiven,'—was the only reply she would make to such arguments. She had not the slightest feeling of ill will against Annie; she spoke of her as a misguided, loving girl; but often repeated the assertion that Ackermann and Annie would never be married.

The physicians were inclined to think that Miriam would recover from this attack, but she knew, she said, that she must die, and she exacted a promise from me that I would watch over her body until it was consigned to the grave, imploring me not to let indifferent people be with her after death. I readily gave the promise, little knowing what a fearful obligation I was taking upon myself.

One morning I left Miriam's bedside, and walked through the village in order to get some exercise, and breathe the fresh air. I remember the day well. It was in the latter part of May—a warm, sweet, sunny day, with enough of chilliness in the air to give a zest to walking. I was surprised at the ripeness and luxuriance of the foliage, so early for a New England spring; but I was still more surprised at the aspect of our usually silent village. The streets were full of men hurrying to and fro, and groups of men, and women, too, stood at some of the corners. To my utter amazement I learned that Annie had disappeared mysteriously the night before. She had left home alone early in the evening, saying she was going to the river, and had not returned. Search was made for her during the night in all the houses of the village; that morning the river had been dragged; but not the slightest trace of Annie was anywhere to be found. Of course everybody was in a state of intense excitement. Ackermann was represented to me as almost distracted with grief, but he had been active in conducting the search for her.

I thought it best to tell this to Miriam as soon as I returned. It produced a strange effect upon her. It gave her a most intense desire for life.

'I do not desire life for myself,' said she to me, the next day, 'nor for any happiness it could confer upon me, for it has no gift that I value; but I wish to live that I may show Ackermann to the world, as he is, false, and cruel, and revengeful. I feel that I would have the power to do it, had I but health and strength; but what can a dead body do? Can the soul return to it again? Where does the soul go?'

I made no reply to this. I had gone over this ground very often with Miriam. It was not strange that one who had had such remarkable mental experiences should be a believer in spiritual agencies. She was also a firm believer in all the doctrines of the Bible, but she always maintained that this sacred book nowhere taught that the soul, on its release from the body, went directly to heaven. She argued that it was *impossible* for it to go there immediately. Then where did it go? These ideas disposed her to a mystical kind of reading, with which I did not sympathize, and in which I never indulged.

I stood at the window some time, looking out, but seeing nothing, for I was thinking how strange it was that two girls so entirely opposite as Miriam and Annie should love the same man, and he so different from both. I was aroused by Miriam's voice hurriedly calling me. I hastened to her side. Never shall I forget her eyes as she fixed them upon me. The pupils were dilated, and intensely black, while they shone so brilliantly that it seemed as if a fire were burning within them. She spoke eagerly:

'Promise me once more, Hester, that you will not leave my body, after the soul has left it, until it is laid in the grave, and that you will not let idle curiosity come and gaze at it.'

I readily gave her this promise, thinking it was very little to do for a dying friend. The unnatural expression faded from her eyes. She seemed entirely satisfied.

It was late in the afternoon that I was aroused from a sound sleep by the intelligence that Miriam was dead. She died while asleep, without a struggle, or a groan. I called in Mrs. Grove, the housekeeper, who had been devotedly attached to Miriam, and we dressed her in a white robe, and scattered fragrant flowers around her, to take away, if possible, the horror and ghastliness of death. She did not look at all like the Miriam I had known and loved. Her features were sharp and pinched, and her face looked careworn, and *anxious*—if anything so lifeless can be said to have expression.

No one came into the room that evening but the family, and they retired early, and left me alone with the dead. Mrs. Grove sat up all night in the dining room, which was separated from Miriam's room by a narrow entry. She would have remained with me, but I saw that she was very nervous and timid, and insisted that she should leave me. I could not understand her feeling. I felt not the slightest fear of the inanimate body before me, or of the disembodied spirit. She had been my friend during her whole life—why should she harm me now?

I put out the light, and seated myself by the open window at the foot of the bed. The round, full moon, in a cloudless sky, made every object in the room and out of it as distinct as in the day. I looked at the fountain, which spun its threads of light under the window; and at the little flowers just peeping above the ground; and at the foliage, with its many-shaded green; and occasionally I looked at the body stretched upon the bed. And each time that I looked it seemed to me that it gently stirred. This did not startle me at all, for I was accustomed to the appearance of death. Who that has lost a friend does not find it impossible to realize that the form is utterly without life? And who has ever gazed long at a corpse without fancying that it moved? So again and again I looked at Miriam, and again and again I fancied there was a slight motion, scarcely perceptible. At last the constant repetition of this feeling made me uneasy, and to quiet my mind, and satisfy myself that it was only *seeming*, I went to the bed and bent over Miriam.

My blood ran cold in my veins, as I encountered the eyes of Miriam, open, dilated, and black, fixed upon mine! There was a strange light in them. It scarcely looked like life, and yet it surely could not be death. It seemed more like a light shining far down some black and deep sepulchre. Half frenzied with terror, and scarcely knowing what I did, I forced down the eyelids and shut out that hateful light; but the instant I removed my fingers the eyes opened upon me again. This time it seemed the expression was more life-like—there was *eagerness* in it. Again I pressed down the eyelids, but now there was resistance to my touch. I could feel it. The hands, which had lain quiet on her breast, were convulsively raised. I stepped back from the bed, and Miriam sat upright! Incredible as it may appear, the frenzy of my terror was gone. Miriam looked like herself. The ghastly pallor of death, the sunken cheek, the pinched features were all there; but there was something in the face which made me think of the Miriam of olden days—the Miriam I had known before this last terrible sickness came upon her. I was not entirely free from fear, but it was a charmed fear. I never thought of calling any one. I could do nothing but watch Miriam.

After a few convulsive efforts she got off the bed, and stood erect for a moment. I remember thinking that all this was very strange, and wondering what she would do next. She moved slowly to the door. I followed her with my eyes. At the door she turned, and looked at me. And then there rushed upon my mind the whole weight and responsibility of the promise I had made her, that I would never leave her body until it was consigned to the tomb! I comprehended that I must follow her, and mechanically I obeyed the impulse. She took her way through the dining room. Mrs. Grove was sitting in an easy-chair, fast asleep. I wondered how she could sleep with this awful presence in the room. Miriam did not glance at her, but passed out of the front door, into the street. My mind was in a constant state of activity. My will was under the guidance of Miriam. I had no control over it. My thoughts were my own, and wandered from object to object. As we were passing down the steps I thought how beautifully the river would look in the moonlight; but Miriam turned in an opposite direction from the river, and I was disappointed. How fearfully quiet was everything! I would have given worlds, had I possessed them, if I could have seen a familiar face. I even had a half-formed thought to scream loudly for help, but I could not do it. My will was utterly powerless. We approached the house where Ackermann resided, and I was seized with horror, thinking it possible that she might murder him while I witnessed the bloody deed, powerless to prevent it. But she never once looked at the house while passing it. This phantom—whatever it might be—seemed to be entirely free from human feelings. I do not think this idea tended to reassure me, and when we left the closely built street, and merged into the open country, where the fields stretched away on every side of us, with no life in them, and where loneliness and desolation reigned supreme, I felt a new terror, and longed to turn, and flee back to human life. But no! I must follow my conductress wherever she chose to lead me!

Miriam walked slowly at first, but had increased her speed as she proceeded, and now she was walking so swiftly that I could scarcely keep pace with her. I saw white marbles gleaming among the trees at the top of a hill, and knew that we were approaching the graveyard. It was a dreary-looking place—a disgrace to the village. The stone wall was in a dilapidated condition, and in some places there were gaps in it. The graves were overgrown with rank weeds, and many old gray tombstones lay on the ground. The gate was swinging loosely on its hinges, and we passed swiftly through it. And now, thought I, the mystery is solved. Miriam is going to bury herself, and has brought me to fill the grave, so that no one may see her body but me, I can never, never do it, if she fixes those terrible eyes upon me! An open grave lay in our pathway. The red clay soil, which was heaped around it, was moist. I felt my feet sink in it as we passed over it—for around the grave we went on our swift, unerring course—although I knew the grave had been that day dug for Miriam! Did she know this? If so, she gave no sign of that knowledge, and I breathed more freely when we were fairly out of the graveyard. On the other side of it was a thick wood, into which I had never penetrated. Indeed the thorny thickets, and low, poisonous bushes made it impenetrable to any one, and yet it was into this wood that Miriam led the way. How we pushed through it I do not know. My clothes were nearly torn into rags, and so were Miriam's. My flesh was torn also in several places. I had no means of knowing whether hers was torn also.

At last she stopped before a mass of—but my heart grows sick and my brain dizzy when I think of that—I cannot describe it, but I knew by unmistakable evidences that the lost Annie was found!

I looked at Miriam, but she did not return my glance. I could not see her face. She stopped only a moment, and continued her walk. And now I followed fearlessly. As soon as I discovered that the phantom had a *human* purpose, my terror abated. I was now in a state of feverish excitement, wondering what other discoveries would be made. Our way lay along the bank of a little brook. The space was more open. The weeds and bushes had evidently been trampled down, and broken away. Miriam walked more slowly, and looked upon the ground. At last she again paused, and

pointed with a rigid, bony finger to a little alder twig, which was trembling in the breeze. I could see nothing there but a dewdrop sparkling in the moonlight; but, obeying the impulse of my will, which was in obedience to Miriam, I stooped to touch the dewdrop, and instead, I took off the twig—a ring! It was the diamond ring, which Miriam had given to Ackermann. I clutched it in my hand, and turned to Miriam, but she was retracing her steps.

I remember nothing of the return home. I saw nothing, felt nothing. I seemed to be sailing through the air, so exhilarated was I. I can compare my state to nothing but that of a person who has been taking ether. I took but little notice of Miriam, until we entered the village, when I observed that she walked more slowly. After a time it seemed to be an effort to her to walk at all, until finally she tottered, and fell close by her own door. I stood an instant, and looked at her. She lay on the step, a stiff and rigid corpse. Her eyes were open, but they were fixed in the glassy stare of death! I ran into the house. Mrs. Grove was in the dining room, sleeping heavily. I was about to awaken her, when I remembered that I would have to account for the strange fact of the body lying at the front door. How could I tell Mrs. Grove, who had showed herself to be a weak and nervous woman, the wonderful story of our night walk? Would she be able to help me if she knew it? I thought of calling upon Miriam's father, but that seemed horrible. These thoughts rushed through my mind with the rapidity of lightning, and I ran out of the door again, not knowing what to do. A man was standing on the step: I suppose he happened to be passing, and stopped in amazement at the sight; but I did not pause to look at him, or ask him any questions. I had no time to give him explanations, for I saw the gray dawn was breaking in the eastern sky, and feared that soon other persons might come along the street. I gave him a confused and hurried account of how we had thought Miriam dead, and how she had walked that far, and fallen; and I begged him to help me carry her in the house. He consented, and then I remembered that there was a side door, which was near Miriam's room, and if we carried the body through that we should avoid waking Mrs. Grove. I passed silently through the dining room, and, having unbolted the door, I returned, and lifted the body of my poor friend in my arms, while the stranger raised her head. And thus we carried her in the house, and laid her on the bed. I smoothed her dishevelled hair, and arranged her torn dress, forgetting that any one else was in the room, until I was startled by a groan. And then for the first time I looked at the stranger. It was Ackermann!

My fingers involuntarily closed tighter around the ring, which, all this time, I had kept shut up in my hand. Not for the world would I have had him to see it then. I was more afraid of him than I had been of Miriam during all our journey. She might be called an Avenging Angel. He was a destroying Fiend.

He trembled violently. He laid his hand heavily upon my arm. It was as cold as ice, and made a chilly horror creep over me.

'Tell me, Hester,' he said, in a hoarse voice, 'what is the meaning of this? You and Miriam have been farther than the front door, or your clothes would not be in this cut and ragged condition. Why do you look at me so strangely—so horribly? Speak to me! Speak!'

I longed to show him the ring, and confront him then with his horrid crimes, but he looked so fiercely I dared not. It is well that I did not. I know not what might have been the result. Justice might have been cheated of her proper prey, and I not have been here to write this tale. I made my escape from the room, and left him with his dead victim.

I have a confused recollection of being surrounded with pale and eager faces, and of telling them my wonderful story, and showing them the ring. And then I remember nothing more for many hours, for I fell into a heavy sleep.

That night, so full of horrors, did not turn my hair white, or make me ill, or cause me to lose my reason. I was subject to a nervous irritability for some time afterward, but that passed away, and the only feeling I have left to remind me of that terrible night is my aversion to sit up with a dead body. I have never done it since.

The route that Miriam and I had followed was carefully traced. Our tracks were not discernible until the graveyard was nearly reached. There they found the print of our shoes in the wet gravel; and in the loose soil around the newly dug grave. On Annie was found a note from Ackermann appointing a meeting with her on that evening when she had so mysteriously disappeared.

Ackermann was arrested and brought to trial. When he learned the nature of the evidence against him it seemed to fill him with a superstitious horror, which drew from him a full confession of his guilt, although, at first, he protested his innocence. He gave in his confession, and met his ignominious death with the same bold front and reckless daring he had manifested during all his life.

It only remains to tell how Ackermann was led to murder a woman he loved—for he certainly loved Annie. It seems that Annie, in her light, trifling way, had seriously wounded him by flirting with one of her former suitors. He remonstrated, but his evident distress only urged the giddy girl to further trials of her power. And she had an object in arousing his jealousy, for she too was jealous of Miriam's ring. He persisted in wearing it, notwithstanding her entreaties, and she feared some lingering affection for the giver gave rise to the reluctance to part with the gift. On the night of the murder, high words had passed between them in regard to it. In the heat of the discussion, Annie had managed dexterously to slip the ring off his finger. He struggled to regain it. She threw it away. The quarrel now grew more violent, until at last, in his rage, and as

unconscious of what he was doing as an intoxicated man, he struck the fatal blow, and Annie fell dead at his feet. In the midst of his horror and remorse—for even he was filled with horror at such a deed—he thought of himself, and provided for his safety by hiding the body among the thorny and poisonous bushes, knowing it would be more unlikely to be found there than if he threw it into the river, or dug a grave for it. Creeping carefully in and out among the thick, thorny bushes, so as to disarrange them as little as possible, he first deposited his dead burden, and then returned to the place of the last fatal struggle, that he might look for the lost ring.

The moon had risen, and he could see every object with great distinctness. He looked carefully along the ground, pushing aside the weeds, and removing every stone under which it might have rolled. After a few minutes' search he became conscious that some one else was looking for the ring! He was angry with himself for entertaining such a delusion; but still, in spite of his efforts to get rid of it, the feeling continued. He had a dim and vague idea that something impalpable was near him, now by his side, now before him, *never behind him*, looking as eagerly and as anxiously as himself for the lost diamonds. He inwardly cursed his own cowardice, for he thought this apparition was born from his guilty conscience, and he determined to pay no heed to it.

At last he approached a cluster of alder bushes, which he now remembered to have been the place where Annie threw away the ring. He was about to commence a search among these, when suddenly Miriam stood between him and the bushes. He saw her distinctly for a moment, and then she vanished from his gaze. He pursued her in the direction she had taken, but no trace of her could he find. Then, recollecting how very ill she was, he became convinced that he had become subject to an optical illusion. But he had now become fearful and nervous, and dared not return to the spot to renew the search. And thus it was that the ring was left upon the twig of alder to bear witness against him.

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## NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

*Written by* HON. ROBERT J. WALKER (*then a student*) *in 1821, on hearing of the death of Napoleon.*

See where amid the Ocean's surging tide  
A little island lifts its desert side,  
Where storms on storms in ceaseless torrents pour,  
And howling billows lash its rocky shore—  
There lies Napoleon in his island tomb:  
Nations combined to antedate his doom.  
Mars nursed the infant in a thundercloud,  
France gave him empire, Britain wrought his shroud.  
Danger and glory claimed him as their own,  
And Fortune marked him as her favorite son;  
Science seemed dozing in eternal sleep,  
And superstition brooded o'er the deep;  
Black was the midnight of the human soul,  
Such Gothic darkness shrouds the icy pole:  
Napoleon bade his conquering legions pour  
The blaze of battle on from shore to shore:  
Though blood and havoc marked the victor's way,  
Blest Science shed her genial ray.  
Betrayed, not conquered, round the hero's sleep  
The Arts shall mourn, and Genius vigil keep.

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## THE DESTINY OF THE AFRICAN RACE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Many persons may be disposed to receive with a large share of scepticism the affirmation that there is an aspect of the 'negro question,' which has not, within the last thirty years of ceaseless agitation, undergone a thorough discussion. Yet such an assertion would be perfectly true. There is one side of that question, at which, during all the fierce excitements of the time, we have scarcely looked; and which many, even those who have taken an active and leading part in the controversy, have not carefully studied.

The morality of our system of slavery has been fully and thoroughly discussed, and may be considered as finally and forever settled, in the judgment of all right-minded and impartial men throughout Christendom. It may henceforth be taken as the *consensus omnium gentium*, that men and women, with their children and their children's children forever, cannot rightfully be made, by human laws, chattels personal and articles of merchandise.

The economy of slavery has been discussed. Its relations to wealth, to industry, to commerce, manufactures, and the arts, as well as to education, public intelligence, and public morals, are so

well understood, that it is not probable that the efforts even of Jefferson Davis, or the whole 'Southern confederacy,' with the aid of such transatlantic allies as the London *Times*, will be able, in respect to such matters as these, to change or even to unsettle the judgment of mankind.

But there is another class of questions on which the public mind is as unthoughtful and unenlightened, as in respect to these it is thoughtful and intelligent. We have pretty well considered what consequences may be expected from the continuance of slavery; but we have neglected to inquire, on the supposition of the emancipation of the negro, what will be his condition, what his future, and what his influence on our national destiny. Upon such questions as these, we have, during the controversy, dogmatized much, and thought little. They have called forth many outbursts of passion, but very little calm, thoughtful discussion.

There is no lack of earnest and confident opinions in the public mind in relation to this class of questions. It is in respect to this very side of the negro question, that prejudices the most intense and inveterate are widely prevalent; prejudices, too, which have exerted the most decisive influence on the controversy, through every stage of its progress. The masses of the American people believe in those principles of political equality upon which all our constitutions are founded. They not only believe in them, but they cherish and love them. They perceive, too, by a kind of instinct, what many a would-be philosopher has failed to see, that the application and carrying out of those principles necessarily involve the fusion of the entire mass to which they are applied, into one homogeneous whole; that we cannot have a government founded on political equality, consistently with our having an inferior and proscribed class of citizens; a class from whose daughters our sons may not take their wives, and to whose sons we are not willing, either in this or in any future generation, to give our daughters in marriage. Political equality implies that the son of any parents may be raised to the highest offices in the government, and wear the most brilliant honors which a free people can confer. And the masses of the people instinctively see, or rather feel, that it is impossible to admit to such equality a class to whom we deny, and always intend to deny all equality in the social state; and with whom we are shocked at the very thought of ever uniting our race and our blood.

I am not now saying where the moral right of this matter lies; or whether, in this inveterate hostility to a social equality with the negro, the masses of the people are right or wrong. I am only affirming, what certainly cannot be successfully denied, that while they retain and cherish it, they will never be willing to apply to him this doctrine of political equality. They will always resist it, as carrying with it, by inevitable consequence, that social equality to which they are determined never to submit. If the doctrine of political equality, so fundamental, to our system of government, is ever to be extended so as to embrace the colored man, it can only be done by overcoming and utterly obliterating this social aversion.

If it were proved to be ever so desirable to effect such a change in the tastes and prejudices of the American people, history does not lend any countenance to the belief that it is possible. Wherever one people has conquered another, the conquerors and their descendants have always asserted for themselves a political superiority for ages; and that political superiority has extended itself into all the relations of social life. This has taken place with such uniformity, as to impress upon the mind the belief that it occurs in obedience to some great law of human nature, which may be expected to baffle all attempts at resistance in the future, as it has done in the past. The testimony of history is, that equality can be the law of national life only when the nation was originally formed from equal elements. But two peoples never met on the same soil, and under the same government, under conditions so widely unequal as the European and the African populations of this country. The Europeans are, to a great extent, the descendants of the most enlightened men of the world, heirs by birth to the highest civilization of the nineteenth century. The Africans, on the contrary, are the known descendants of parents who were taken by force from their own country, and brought hither as merchandise, sold as chattels and beasts of burden to the highest bidder; and have even now no civilization except what they have acquired in this condition of abject slavery; separated, too, from the dominant class, not only by this stigma of slavery, but by complexion and features so marked and peculiar, that a small taint of the blood of the servile class can be detected with unerring certainty. If history decides anything, it is that a system of political equality cannot be formed out of such elements. The experience of the world is against it.

This deeply seated aversion to the recognition of the equality of the white man and the black man is a potent force, which has been incessantly active in all our history, and furnishes the only satisfactory explanation of the fact that slavery did not perish, at least from all the Northern slave-holding States, long ago. There is, especially in the Border Slave States, a large non-slave-holding class, who know that the existence of slavery is utterly prejudicial to their interests and destructive of their prosperity as free laborers. They are so keenly sensible of this, that they regard with almost equal hatred the system of slavery, the negro, and the slave owner. But one consideration, which is never absent from their minds, always prevails, even over their regard for their own interests, and receives their steady and invariable coöperation with the slave owner in perpetuating the enslavement of the colored man. That consideration is the dread of negro equality. If, say they, the colored man becomes a freeman, then why not entitled to all the privileges and franchises which other freemen enjoy? And if admitted to political, then surely to social equality also.

And to many it seems perfectly clear that the universal emancipation of the negro carries with it by inevitable necessity his admission to the full enjoyment of all equality, political and social, and his becoming homogeneous with the mass of the American people; and the fact that they think so

is the only adequate explanation of the inflexible energy of will with which they resist all measures which are supposed to tend in the smallest degree toward emancipation. And they think themselves able to give unanswerable reasons for the bitterness with which they note everything which is expressed by the word 'abolitionism.' They assume it for a fact, which admits no contradiction, that the natural increase of the negro race in this country is more rapid than that of the white man. So far as my observation extends, the great majority of the people believe this with an undoubting faith. It is constantly asserted in conversation, and in the most exaggerated form in newspaper paragraphs; although (as I shall presently show) a mere glance at our census tables disproves it. It is also assumed, with a faith equally undoubting, that if the slaves were all emancipated, the negro race would still increase as rapidly in freedom as in slavery. Emancipation, it is said, would at once cast upon the country four millions and a half of free negroes; and by the rapidity of their increase, they would, at no distant day, become a majority of the whole population.

If then, it is further argued, you emancipate them, and yet withhold from them a full participation in all our political privileges, they will be hostile to our government, a great nation of aliens in the midst of us, who would be the natural enemies of our institutions. An internecine war of races, it is said, must follow. Even here it would be well for persons who entertain such gloomy apprehensions, to remember that if these assumptions were all true (though I will show in the sequel that they are not), even then, emancipation could not make of the negroes more dangerous enemies to our institutions than slavery has made of the masters. It is also said that the only possible mode of escaping all these horrible results, would be to admit the negro, if he must be freed, to all the privileges and franchises of the Constitution, and amalgamate him entirely with the mass of American society. Thus it is taken for proved that emancipation would carry with it the equality of the negro and the white man in all their relations.

I believe it to be true beyond reasonable doubt, that the great majority of the American people do at this time accept this substantially as their creed on the question of emancipation. They do not mean to justify slavery; they abhor and hate it; they regard it as economically, socially, politically, and morally wrong. But they regard emancipation as tending directly and inevitably to incorporate the negro into the mass of American society, and compel us to treat him as homogeneous with it. To such a solution of the question they feel an unconquerable aversion. It shocks their taste; it violates their notions of propriety and fitness; they resist it by a sort of instinct, rather than from set conviction and purpose.

Nor is there one man in a thousand of us, who is not conscious in himself of a certain degree of sympathy with this view of the subject, however much we may think that we morally disapprove it. With enslaving the negro, and reducing him to an article of merchandise, or depriving him of one of those moral rights which God has given him as a man, we have no sympathy. But if, in full view of a proposition to break down all the social barriers which now divide the races, so that our descendants and those of the colored man shall form one homogeneous people, we interrogate our own consciousness, we shall discover that we, even those of us who have most eloquently and indignantly denounced 'prejudice against color,' are compelled to own ourselves in sympathy with the great mass of the American people, in utter and unconquerable aversion to such an arrangement.

It is probable that this article may fall into the hands of some friends of mine whose judgment I greatly respect, and whose feelings I should be most reluctant to wound, to whom these sentiments will at first view be far from agreeable. But for many years I have entertained them with undoubting confidence of their truth; and at this solemn crisis of our nation's destiny it becomes us to lay aside all our prejudices, and to endeavor to reach the truth on this momentous question. I repeat it: this side of the subject has not been fairly met and considered in this discussion. The time has come when we must meet it. Emancipation is an indispensable condition of the restoration and perpetuity of the Union, perhaps even of our continued national existence. The one great objection to emancipation, in the minds of the people, North and South, is the belief, so confidently and even obstinately entertained, that it carries with it as an inevitable consequence, either an internecine war of races, which would destroy us, or the amalgamation of our race and blood with that of the negro. If we mean, as practical men and statesmen, to seek our country's salvation by means of emancipation, we must, in some way, relieve the national mind from the pressure of this objection. Till we do so, the masses of the people will say to us: 'We do not approve of slavery; we abhor it; but if we are to have the negro among us, we believe in keeping him in slavery.' All of us, who are in the habit of talking with the people on this subject, know that almost in these very words we are met at every street corner. We must answer it, or in some form slavery will still continue to be the curse of our country, and to hurry it on to an untimely and ignominious end.

Let it be distinctly borne in mind that it is not the *moral* equality of the negro to the white man, which is under consideration. That indeed is only indirectly assailed by the inveterate national prejudice of which I speak. Those masses of the people who have no pecuniary interest in slavery, trample on the moral rights of the colored man only because they are made to believe themselves placed under the hard necessity of doing so, in order to resist any approach toward that political and social equality with him to which they are determined never to submit. Show them how they can concede to him the former without conceding the latter, and they will gladly do it. For myself, nothing can be added to the intensity of my conviction not only that the colored man must be protected in the full enjoyment of all the moral rights of humanity, as a condition of our prolonged national existence; but that the masses of the people never will consent to a political

and social equality with the negro race.

How then can the public mind be assured that to emancipate the enslaved race, to confer on them all the moral rights of humanity, does not involve by any necessity or even remote probability, either an internecine war of races on our own soil, or the fusion of the two races into one homogeneous people? One answer, which satisfies many, is, the freedmen must be colonized in some unoccupied region of the earth, where they may be separated from the white man, and build up for themselves an independent and homogeneous nationality. I have no controversy with this proposed solution of the difficulty, or with the excellent men who are advocating and promoting it, with an earnest patriotism worthy of all honor. But I have grave doubts of the adequacy of this solution to meet the momentous exigencies of the present crisis. At least, I feel no necessity of resting the whole cause upon it, when there is another solution at hand, which certainly is adequate, furnished by the very laws of nature which the Creator has established, and so certain in its operation, that we have only to strike the fetters from the limbs of the poor slave, and recognize his manhood, and God will take care of the rest, and protect our country from the evils we have so much dreaded.

That solution is found in a great law of population. It is necessary, therefore, that I should state this law, and prove its reality, and its adequacy to meet all the necessities of the case in hand.

Whenever two peoples, one of which is little removed from barbarism, and the other having the full strength of a mature civilization, are placed in juxtaposition with each other, on terms of free labor and free competition, the stronger will always either amalgamate itself with the weaker, or extinguish it. In the former case, civilization undergoes an eclipse, almost an extinction. The homogeneous people resulting from such a union, occupies a position in the scale of civilization much nearer to that of their barbarous than that of their civilized parents. Numerous and conclusive examples of this have occurred in the progress of the French, Spanish, and Portuguese colonies in proximity to the various native tribes of this continent. They have generally amalgamated freely with their savage neighbors; and a deep eclipse of civilization has in every instance resulted. When that eclipse is to end, we have not the foresight to determine.

The English colonies, on the other hand, in all parts of the world, have steadily refused to enter into any marriage relations with their barbarous neighbors, or to recognize as belonging to their community any half-breeds springing from licentious and illicit connection with them. Here, too, the results are almost entirely uniform. The extinction of such barbarous tribes brought within the sphere of their competition has been rapid and almost if not absolutely invariable; while the English colonies themselves have preserved the civilization of the parent stock in almost undiminished vigor.

A mere general view of the history of European colonization in barbarous regions of the earth, does therefore afford a very striking proof of the truth of my proposition. And it is much to our purpose here to remark, that the very aversion to incorporating the negro into our nationality, which is so firmly fixed in the minds of the masses of the people, is no new thing in our history, and no outgrowth of slavery. It is the same national characteristic which, in all parts of the world, has prevented the English colonist from intermarrying with his barbarous neighbor. Call it by what hard name you please, call it 'prejudice against color,' and denounce it as eloquently and indignantly as you may, it is one of the most remarkable and one of the most respectable features of the English colonies wherever found, and one of the chief causes of their preëminence over those of other European nations, in civilization, wealth, and power. But what it is chiefly to our purpose to remark is, that while it is to the colonies themselves the cause of unequalled prosperity and rapidity of growth in all the elements of national greatness, to their savage neighbors it is the cause of rapid and certain extinction.

Precisely in such relations to each other will the white and colored populations of the United States be placed by an act of universal emancipation, the substitution of free labor and free competition for the compulsory power of the master. And while on the one hand the history of the colonial off-shoots of England shows that the amalgamation of the races will not follow, it shows with equal clearness and certainty that the rapid extinction of the colored race will follow. Here I might rest the whole argument, with a high degree of assurance of the soundness and certainty of my conclusion, that the result of emancipation must be, not the amalgamation of the races, not an internecine war between them, but the inevitable extinction of the weaker race by the competition of the stronger. I say the *competition* of the stronger, because, to avoid extending this article to a very unreasonable length, I must assume that the reader is sufficiently versed in American history to know that even the Indian perishes, for the most part, not by the sword or the rifle of the white man, but by the simple competition of civilization with the Indian's means of subsistence.

I might, I say, leave my argument here; but to do so would be great injustice to the subject. There are abundant and unquestionable facts, which show to a demonstration, that the case of the negro in his relations to the European population of this country is embraced in the law just stated.

In the first place, the two races are not amalgamated. Intermarriages between them are so rare, that few of the readers of this article can remember ever to have known one. Such marriages are regarded as monstrous and disgraceful, though the law should, as in some of the States, recognize them. One sentiment in respect to them pervades the whole community, and that a sentiment of aversion. Those half-breeds which spring from licentiousness, or even from the very few lawful marriages which have occurred, are not accepted as standing in any nearer relations

to the white man than the pure-blooded African. In those States where slavery has been longest extinct, and the colored man has been relieved from all legal disabilities, the line between the two races is as sharply drawn to-day as it was two hundred years ago. On such a question two hundred years and more is long enough for an experiment. The experiment already tried does prove that the Anglo-American and African populations of this country cannot be amalgamated, either by freedom or slavery; and those who pretend to fear it, are either trying to deceive others for selfish and criminal purposes, or else they are wofully deceived themselves.

Nor are the apprehensions of those who dread the rapid increase of the negro, at all sustained by facts. That fear of a coming internecine war of races, in case the colored man is emancipated, which haunts some minds, has no foundation except in ignorance of the real facts. In no portion of our history has our colored population ever increased with a rapidity nearly so great as the white population. From 1790 to 1860 the colored population increased in the ratio of 1 to 5.86; and the white population in the ratio of 1 to 8.50. If we compare them for any shorter period, we shall always find that the white population increased the more rapidly of the two. From 1790 to 1808, we might perhaps expect to find it otherwise; for during that period the slave trade was in full activity, and tens of thousands of Africans were imported as articles of merchandise. But from 1790 to 1810, while the colored population increased in the ratio of 1 to 1.81, the white population increased in the ratio of 1 to 1.84, although during that period the white population of the country was very little increased by immigration. How it has happened that this point, which our tables of population make so entirely plain, has been so much misapprehended, and why the prevailing notions respecting it are so erroneous, is not easy to explain. The above estimate also reckons all half breeds as belonging to the colored population. (See De Bow's 'Compendium of the United States Census of 1850,' Tables 18, 42, and 71.)

But this is not all. A careful examination of Tables 42 and 71 of the volume above referred to, will show that the increase of the colored race in freedom is certainly not half so great as in slavery. Indeed there is great reason to doubt whether our colored population has ever increased at all, except in slavery. From 1790 to 1800 the free colored population almost doubled, evidently by the emancipation of slaves; for during that period the slave population of Connecticut, Delaware, New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Vermont was greatly diminished, while that of New Jersey and Maryland was very little increased. In the last mentioned the increase of her slave population was only 2½ per cent. in ten years, while the increase of her free colored population was 143½ per cent. in the same period. These figures leave no room for doubt that the rapid increase of the free colored population in all that decade was caused by the fact that the great mass of the people were honestly opposed to slavery, and therefore the work of emancipation went on with rapidity.

From 1800 to 1810 the increase of the free colored population was 72 per cent., under the continued though somewhat slackened operation of the same cause. From 1810 to 1820 the increase had declined from 72 to 25 per cent.; for the very obvious reason that most of the Northern States had now no slaves to emancipate, while the Southern States were holding to the system of slavery with increased tenacity, and emancipation was becoming less frequent. From 1820 to 1830 the ratio of increase was again raised to 37 per cent. in ten years. By referring again to Table 71, it will be seen that in that decade, New York and New Jersey emancipated more than 15,000 slaves, adding them to the free colored population. From 1830 to 1840 the rate of increase declined to 21 per cent., and from 1840 to 1850 to only 12¼ per cent., and to 10 per cent. from 1850 to 1860.

These figures prove that from 1790 to 1840 the increase of the free colored population depended chiefly on the emancipation of slaves, and leave no reason to believe that its own natural increase ever exceeded 12¼ per cent. in ten years; while the average increase of the slave population is nearly 28 per cent. in ten years, and of the white population 34 per cent. in ten years. Thus, beyond controversy, the reproductive power of the colored population, always greatly inferior to that of the white population, is yet not half so great in freedom as in slavery. This difference is to be accounted for in great measure by the wicked and beastly stimulus applied to the increase of slaves, that the chattel market may be kept supplied.

There is no reason to suppose that the increase of the free colored population would be in a greater ratio if all were emancipated; but, as will appear from considerations yet to be presented, much for supposing that it would be in a much smaller ratio. How then would the case stand on that supposition? In 1860 there were about 27,000,000 of our white population, increasing at the rate of 34 per cent. in ten years; and less than 4,500,000 of colored population, increasing (on the supposition of universal freedom) in a ratio not exceeding 12¼ per cent. in ten years. Surely, that must be a very timid man who, in this relation of the parties, fears anything from the increase of free negroes. A war between these two races, so related to each other, is simply absurd, and the fear of it childish and cowardly. Slavery may multiply the colored population till its numbers shall become alarming; but if we will give freedom to the black man, we have nothing to fear from his increase.

But this certainly is not the full strength of the case. There is no good reason to believe that the natural increase of the free colored population is even 12¼ per cent. in ten years, but much for suspecting that even this apparent increase is the result of emancipation, either by the slave's own act, or by the consent of the master. If we take our departure from Chicago, make the tour of the lakes to the point where the boundary line of New York and Pennsylvania intersects the shore of Lake Erie, thence pass along the southern boundary of New York, till it intersects the Hudson river, thence along that river and the Atlantic coast to the southern boundary of Virginia, thence



along the southern boundaries of Virginia and Kentucky to the Mississippi, thence along that river to the point where the northern boundary of Illinois intersects it, and thence along that boundary and the shore of Lake Michigan to the place of departure, we shall have embraced within the line described ten of the thirty-four States of the Union. By an examination of Table 42, already referred to, it will be seen that outside of those ten States the free colored population not only did not increase between 1840 and 1850, but actually diminished, and that all the increase of that decade was in those ten States.

Why then was there an increase in those ten States, while in the other twenty-four there was an actual decrease? I think this question can only be answered by ascribing that increase to emancipation. In Kentucky, Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware, slavery is unprofitable and declining, and acts of emancipation frequently occur. Pennsylvania and New Jersey, before the passage of the fugitive slave law of 1850, were favorite resorts of fugitives, perhaps partly on account of the known sympathies of the Quakers. Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, were also resorted to by fugitives, both on account of their easy accessibility from adjacent Slave States, and their proximity to Canada, and also because such labor as a fugitive from slavery is best able to do, is there always in demand. These States have also received thousands of colored persons, brought to them by humane and conscientious masters, for the very purpose of emancipating them.

From 1850 to 1860 the facts are still more striking. The increase which occurred was not, as would have been true of a natural increase, scattered over our whole territory, and in some proportion to the colored population previously existing, but almost wholly, either where the unprofitableness and decline of slavery was leading to emancipation, or where from any cause the fugitive slave law of 1850 was not strictly enforced. Examples of the former are Maryland, Virginia, and Missouri, and of the latter are Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, and even Massachusetts and Connecticut, in the latter of which it had been declining for twenty years previous.

With the facts before us, then, furnished by the United States Census, from 1790 to 1860, how is it possible to believe that the colored population of this country has ever increased at all, except hi slavery? How can we help seeing that it is slavery, and slavery alone, which has swelled their numbers from a little more than half a million, as it was in 1790, to near four and a half millions at the present time? Yet there are millions among us that turn pale at the thought of emancipation, lest thereby we should be overrun by the multiplication of the colored race! There are millions who would be thought intelligent men, who think they have propounded an unanswerable argument against emancipation When they have asked, 'What will you do with the negro?' We may well ask what shall we do with the negro, if we continue to multiply the race in slavery as beasts of burden and articles of merchandise. But on the supposition of freedom, the question has no significance. The men who are always scaring themselves and others by such fears are either very ignorant or very hypocritical.

But the case will be still stronger when we come to inquire, as we must before we close, into the causes of the facts which have just been presented. There is no reason to believe that the slower increase of the colored race is at all due to any original inferiority in the powers of reproduction, or that any such inferiority exists. Its causes are to be found wholly in the different circumstances, characters, and habits of the two peoples. The negro is, to a great extent, a barbarian in the midst of civilization. He is destitute of those comforts of life, that care, skill, and intelligent watchfulness, which are indispensable to success in rearing children in the midst of the dangers, exposures, and diseases of infancy. His dwelling does not afford the necessary protection from the cold and storms of winter, or from the heats of summer: it is ill warmed and ill ventilated; he has not an unfailing supply of food and clothing suited to the wants of that most frail and delicate of living creatures, a human infant. Hence a large portion of his children die in infancy.

On the last page of the Appendix to the volume already referred to, is a most instructive table, showing the truth of this operation. Thus in 1850 the white population of Alabama was 426,514; the colored population, slave and free, was 365,109. In that year the deaths of white children under five years of age were 1,650; of colored children, 2,463. That is, only two thirds as many white children died as colored; and yet the white population was greater almost in the ratio of 7 to 6. By running the eye down the table, it will be seen that similar facts exist in every State where there is a large colored population. These facts leave us in no doubt as to the reason why the increase of the colored population is always slower than that of the white population.

This occurs, as the table just referred to shows, under slavery, where the pecuniary interest of the master will secure his watchful coöperation with the parent to preserve the life of the infant. But in freedom the same causes act upon the colored race with vastly more destructive effect. The preservation of infant life and health is then left solely to the care, skill, and resources of the parent. The result is that decay of the colored race which we have seen indicated in the census. It is essential to our purpose that this point should be made quite plain.

It is obvious that there is in every community a lower stratum of population, in which wages are sufficient to support the individual laborer in comfort, but not sufficient for the support of a family. This not only always has been so, but it always must be, as long as competition continues to be the test of value; and competition must continue to be the test of value as long as the individual right of property is protected and preserved. Nor is this, as many superficial thinkers of our day have thought it, merely the hard and selfish rule by which Shylock oppresses and grinds the face of his victim: it is a necessary and beneficent law of the best forms of society

which can ever exist in this world. The welfare of society in all the future imperatively requires that it should be propagated from the strong, the sound, the healthy, both in body and mind, from the strongest, most vigorous, and noblest specimens of the race; and not from the diseased, the weak, the vicious, the degraded, the broken-down classes. Thus only can the life and health of society be preserved age after age. This is as necessary as it is that the farmer should propagate his domestic animals from the finest of his stock, and not from the diminutive, the weak, and the sickly. And it is accomplished in well ordered society by that very law of wages just stated. As a general rule, it is the very persons who are unfit to be the parents of the coming generation, that are thrown into that lower stratum where wages are insufficient for the support of a family. And just in proportion as the entire structure of society is pervaded by intelligence and virtue, this class of persons will abstain from marriage, by prudently considering that they have not a satisfactory prospect of being able to support a family. It is thus only that the horrors of extreme poverty can be avoided at the bottom of the social pyramid. The severity of this law of wages and population can thus be greatly mitigated and the comforts of life be universally enjoyed; but the law itself is necessary and beneficent, and never can be repealed till human nature and human society are constructed on other principles than those known to us.

To apply this to the question before us: When by the act of emancipation the negro is made a free laborer, he is brought into direct competition with the white man; that competition he is unable to endure; and he soon finds his place in that lower stratum, which has just been spoken of, where he can support himself in tolerable comfort as a hired servant, but cannot support a family. The consequence is inevitable. He will either never marry, or he will, in the attempt to support a family, struggle in vain against the laws of nature, and his children will, many of them at least, die in infancy. It is not necessary to argue to convince a candid man (and for candid men only is this article written) that this is, as a general rule, the condition of the free negro. And it shows, beyond the possibility of mistake, what in this country his destiny must be. Like his brother, the Indian of the forest, he must melt away and disappear forever from the midst of us. I do not affirm or intimate that this must be his destiny in all countries. In the tropical regions of the earth, where he may have little to fear from the competition of the more civilized white man, he may preserve and multiply his race. Let him try the experiment. It is worth trying.

Far be it from me to intimate that the negro is the only class of our population that are in this sad condition. In our large cities and towns there are hundreds of thousands of men who have no drop of African blood in their veins, and who are more clamorous than any other class against negro equality, who, through ignorance or vice, or superstition, or inevitable calamity, are in the same hard lot; their children, if they have any, perish in great numbers in infancy, and they will add nothing to the future population of our country. That will be derived from a stronger, nobler parentage. Their race will become extinct. Their case differs from that of the colored man only in this, that they are not distinguished by color and features from the rest of the population; so that the decay of their race cannot be traced by the eye and the memory, and expressed in statistical tables.

We are now prepared to see why the colored population has been, for a considerable time, declining in New York and New England. In those States population is dense; all occupations which afford a comfortable living for a family are crowded and the competition of the white man is quite too much for the negro. If emancipation were now to be made universal, the same thing would rapidly occur in all parts of our country. The white laborer would rush in and speedily crowd every avenue to prosperity and wealth; and the negro, with his inferior civilization, would be crowded everywhere into the lower stratum of the social pyramid, and in a few generations be seen no more. The far more rapid increase of the white race would render the competition more and more severe to him with each successive generation, and render his decay more rapid, and his extinction more certain.

I am well aware that this article may fall into the hands of many excellent men who will not relish this argument, nor this conclusion. They will say it were better then to keep the poor negro in slavery. But they would not say so if they would consider the whole case. If slavery were a blessing to the black man, it is so great a curse to the white man that it should never be permitted to exist. The white man can afford to be kind to the negro in freedom; but he cannot afford to curse himself with being his master and owning him as his property. On this point I need not enlarge, for I am devoutly thankful that the literature of Christendom is full of it.

But slavery is not a blessing to the negro, even in the view of his condition which I have presented; it is an *unmitigated curse*. To a man of governed passions and virtuous life, it is infinitely better to be an unmarried freeman, enjoying the comforts of this life, and the hopes of the life to come, than to live and die a slave, and the parent of an interminable posterity of slaves. To a being of vicious life and ungoverned passions, all life is a curse, whether in slavery or freedom; and it surely is not obligatory on us, or beneficial to the colored man, to preserve the system of slavery for the sake of perpetuating a succession of such lives down through coming generations.

Slavery, by forced and artificial means, propagates society from its lowest and most degraded class, from a race of barbarians held within its bosom from generation to generation, without being permitted to share its civilizing influences. It thus propagates barbarism from age to age, till at last it involves both master and slave in a common ruin. Freedom recruits the ranks of a nation's population from the homes of the industrious, the frugal, the strong, the enlightened, the virtuous, the religious; and leaves the ignorant, the superstitious, the indolent, the improvident, the vicious, without an offspring, and without a name in future generations. Freedom places

society, by obeying the law of propagation which God imposed on it, upon an ascending plane of ever-increasing civilization; slavery, by a forced and unnatural law of propagation, places it upon a descending plane of ever-deepening vice and barbarism.

That dread of negro equality which is perpetually haunting the imaginations of the American people, is, therefore, wholly without foundation in any reality. It is a delusion, which has already driven us, in a sort of madness, far on the road to ruin. It is, I fear, a judicial blindness, which the all-wise and righteous Ruler of the universe has sent upon us for the punishment of our sins. The negro does not aspire to political or social equality with the white man. He has evidently no such destiny, no such hope, no such possibility. He is weak, and constantly becoming weaker; and nothing can ever make him strong but our continued injustice and oppression. He appeals not to our fears, but to our compassion. He asks not to rule us: he only craves of us leave to toil; to hew our wood and draw our water, for such miserable pittance of compensation as the competition of free labor will award him—a *grave*. If we deny him this humble boon, we may expect no end to our national convulsions but in dissolution. If we promptly grant it, over all our national domain, we may expect the speedy return of peace, and such prosperity as no nation ever before enjoyed.

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## WAS HE SUCCESSFUL?

'Do but grasp into the thick of human life! Every one *lives* it—to not many is it *known*; and seize it where you will, it is interesting.'—GOETHE.

SUCCESSFUL.—Terminating in accomplishing what is wished or intended.'—WEBSTER'S *Dictionary*.

### CHAPTER IV.

We go tack to look a little at the fortunes of the Meeker family. Twenty-three years have passed since we introduced it to the reader, on the occasion of Hiram's birth. Time has produced his usual tokens. Mr. Meeker is already an old man of seventy, but by no means infirm. His days have been cheerful and serene, and his countenance exhibits that contented expression which a happy old age produces.

A happy old age—how few of the few who reach the period enjoy *that!* Mr. Meeker's life has been unselfish and genuine; already he reaps his reward.

Mrs. Meeker, too, is twenty-three years older than when we first made her acquaintance. She is now over sixty. She still possesses her fair proportions; indeed, she has grown somewhat stouter with advancing years. Her face is sleek and comely, but the expression has not improved. When she wishes to appear amiable, she greets you with the same pleasing smile as ever; but if you watch her features as they relapse into their natural repose, you will discover a discontented, dissatisfied air, which has become habitual. Why? Mrs. Meeker has met with no reverses or serious disappointments in the daily routine of her life. But, alas! its sum total presents no satisfactory consequences. She has become, though unconscious of it, weary of the changeless formality of her religious duties, performed as a ceaseless task, without any real spirit or true devotion. Year after year has run its course and carried her along, through early womanhood into mature life, on to the confines of age. What has she for all those years? Nothing but disquiet and solicitude, and a vague anxiety, without apparent cause or satisfactory object.

As they advance in age, Mr. and Mrs. Meeker exhibit less sympathy in each other's thoughts and views and feelings. By degrees and instinctively the gulf widens between them—until it becomes impassable. Everything goes on quietly and decorously, but there is no sense of united destiny, no pleasurable desire for a union beyond the grave.

The children are scattered; the daughters are all married. Jane and Laura have gone 'West,' and Mary is living in Hartford. Doctor Frank we will give an account of presently. George is a practical engineer, and is employed on the Erie canal. William, who was to remain at home and manage the farm, is married, and lives in a small house not far off. His mother would permit no 'daughter-in-law' with her. She did not like the match. William had fallen in love with a very superior girl, fine-looking and amiable, but not possessed of a penny. Besides, she belonged to the Methodist church, a set who believed in falling from grace! Mrs. Meeker had peremptorily forbid her son marrying 'the girl,' but after a year's delay, and considerable private conversation with his father, William *had* married her, and a small house which stood on the premises had been put in order for him. What was worse, William soon joined the same church with his wife, and then the happiness of the young couple seemed complete. Mrs. Meeker undertook, as she said, to 'make the best of a bad bargain,' so the two families were on terms of friendly intercourse, but they continued to remain separated.

Dr. Frank, as he was called, had taken his medical degree, and, by the indulgence of his father, whose heart yearned sympathetically toward his firstborn, opportunity was afforded him to spend a year in Paris. Mrs. Meeker groaned over this unnecessary expense. When she saw that on this occasion she was not to have her own way, she insisted that the money her husband was wasting on Frank should be charged against his 'portion.' She never for a moment forgot Hiram's interest. She had schemed for years so to arrange affairs that the homestead proper would fall to him,

notwithstanding George was to be the farmer. Mrs. Meeker calculated on surviving her husband for a long, indefinite period. She was several years younger, and, as she was accustomed to remark, came of a long-lived race. 'Mr. Meeker was failing fast' (she had said so for the last fifteen years)—'at his age he could not be expected to hold out long. He ought to make his will, and do justice to Hiram, poor boy. All the rest had received more than their share. *He* was treated like an outcast.'

This was the burden of Mrs. Meeker's thoughts, the latter portion of which found expression in strong and forcible language. For she calculated, by the aid of her 'thirds' as widow, to so arrange it as to give her favorite the most valuable part of the real estate.

There was a fixedness and a tenacity about this woman's regard for her youngest child that was, in a certain sense, very touching. It could not be termed parental affection—that is blind and indiscriminating; it was rather a sympathetic feeling toward a younger second self, with which, doubtless, was mingled the maternal interest. Whatever touched Hiram affected her; she understood his plans without his explaining them; she foresaw his career; she was anxious, hopeful, trembling, rejoicing, as she thought of what he must pass through before he emerged rich and powerful.

Hiram visited home but seldom. Even when at Burnsville, he came over scarcely once in three months. Often, when expecting him, his mother would sit by the window the whole afternoon, watching for her son to arrive. Many a time was supper kept hot for him till late into the night, while she sat up alone to greet him; but he did not come. I hardly know how to record it, but I am forced to say that Hiram cared very little about his mother. Could he have possibly cared much for anybody, he would probably for her, for he knew how her heart was bound up in him. He knew it, and, I think, rather pitied the old lady for her weakness. His manner toward her was all that could be desired—very dutiful, very respectful. So it was to his father. For Hiram did not forget the statement of his Sunday-school teacher, which was made when he was a very young child, about the 'commandment *with promise.*' Thus his conduct toward his parents was, like his conduct generally, unexceptionable.

For Frank, the eldest, however, Hiram felt a peculiar aversion. It was a long time before the former entertained any other feeling for his 'little brother' than one of the most affectionate regard. By many years the youngest of the family, Hiram, while a child, was the pet and plaything of the older ones, and especially of Frank, who in his college vacations took pleasure in training the little fellow, who was just learning his letters, and in teaching him smart sayings and cunning expressions. As Hiram grew up and began to display the characteristics I have already so fully described, Frank, who was quick and sensitive in his appreciation of qualities, could not, or at least did not, conceal the disgust he felt for these exhibitions. He took occasion on his visits home to lecture the youngster soundly. Hiram was not demonstrative in return, but Mrs. Meeker gave way to undue warmth and excitement in taking his part. This was when Hiram was at the village academy. From that time, there was coolness between the brothers, increased by the total difference of their notions, which ripened in time to settled aversion. After Hiram went to Burnsville, they did not meet. Dr. Frank, after spending his year abroad, had returned and accepted the appointment of demonstrator of anatomy in a medical school in Vermont. Thence he was called to a chair, in what was then the only medical college in the city. He was at the time about thirty-six years old, and a splendid fellow. Enthusiastically devoted to his profession, Dr. Frank had looked to the metropolis as the field of his ultimate labors. But he knew the difficulties of getting established, and it was not till he was assured of a respectable foothold through his appointment that he ventured on the change. Doubtless the fact of his having a wife and children made him cautious. Now, however, we behold him settled in town, zealously engaged with his class at lecture hours, and making his way gradually in public favor.

It was with some surprise that, one evening, while making a short call at Mr. Bennett's, he encountered Hiram, who had just removed to the city. The brothers had not met for four years. On this occasion they shook hands with a species of cordiality—at least on the Doctor's part—while Hiram preserved a bearing of humility and injured innocence. The Doctor asked his brother many questions. Was he living in town—how long since he had come to New York—was he engaged with Mr. Bennett—what was he doing? Hiram returned short answers to these queries—very short—acting the while as if he were in pain under a certain infliction. He looked up, as much as to say, 'Now, let me alone; please don't persecute me.' But the Doctor did not give the matter up. He invited Hiram to come and see him, and told him, with a smile, to be sure and let him know if he should be taken sick. Hiram wriggled in his seat, and looked more persecuted than ever; he replied that his health was very good, and likely to continue so. The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before it struck him that such an observation was a direct tempting of Providence, to trip his heels and lay him on a sickbed for his boast. So, after a slight hesitation, he added, 'But the race is not to the swift, brother, and I am wrong to indulge in vainglory about anything. Life and death are uncertain; none realize it, I trust, more deeply than I do.'

'I was in hopes, Hiram, you had quit talking cant,' said Dr. Frank, in a tone of disgust. 'Take my advice, and stop it, that is, if it is not too late.'

He did not wait for a response, but, much to Hiram's satisfaction, rose, and saying to Mrs. Bennett that he had overstayed his time, bade a rapid 'good evening' to all, and left the room.

'It is dreadful to feel so toward a brother. It is of no use. I won't attempt to resist it. The least we see of each other the better—but, good God, what's to become of him!' Such was the Doctor's soliloquy as he walked rapidly on. Other thoughts soon occupied his mind, and Hiram was

forgotten. The latter, however, did not forget. The Doctor's rebuke filled his heart with rage; still he consoled himself with the thought that his brother was an infidel, and would unquestionably be damned. Meantime he was forced to hear various encomiums on him from Mrs. Bennett and her daughters—[Doctor Frank, as we have intimated, was a brilliant fellow, and in the very prime of life]—and was still further annoyed by a remark of Mr. Bennett, that 'the Doctor was doing very well; gaining ground fast; getting some of our best families.' Hiram departed from the house in an uncomfortable state of mind. All the way home he indulged in the bitterest feelings: so strong were these that they found expression in ominous mutterings to himself, among which were, 'Conceited fool,' 'I hate him,' and the like.

Suddenly Hiram's thoughts appeared to take a new direction. He stopped short, and exclaimed aloud: 'What have I done? O God, have mercy on me. God forgive me!'

When he reached his room he hastily struck a light and seized his Bible. Turning the leaves rapidly in search of something, his eyes were at length fastened on a verse, and he trembled from head to foot, and his breath nearly failed him, while he read as follows:

*'But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.'*

'The very word; oh, the very, very word!' he exclaimed. 'I have said it—said that word—said 'fool,' and I am in danger of hell fire, if I do belong to the church. Yes, hell fire—oh-oh—oh, hell fire. I wish mother was here. I know what I will do. I will write a confession, and send it to my brother to-morrow. I will abase myself before him. Yes, I will. Oh, oh, hell fire! What *will* become of me!' Hiram prayed, a good portion of the night, for a remission of the awful sentence; the bare possibility of its being carried out filled him with terror.

At last, overcome by weariness and exhaustion, he fell asleep.

He awoke early. He lay several minutes, revolving the last night's scene. Presently his countenance brightened. He sprang from the bed, and again turned to the dreaded text, but not with his previous alarm. On the contrary, he was hopeful. He read the verse over carefully, and said to him self: 'I am all right, after all. It means whosoever shall say the word *to* his brother. I did not make any reply to Frank, much as he irritated me. I restrained my anger, and suffered humiliation before him. I may have been too violent in giving utterance to these expressions, but it is doubtful if I have even incurred *any* penalty, for I surely was not angry *without a cause*. God has heard my prayers, and has relieved my mind in answer thereto. I shan't have to make a confession either. Glad of that. How he would have triumphed over me!'

So Hiram went forth to his usual 'duties,' his complacency fully restored, and his faith confirmed that he was one of the 'elect.'

## CHAPTER V.

'Already she guessed who it was!'

And who *could* he be—the intelligent, handsome, but, as it would seem, over-bold young man, who had presumed to place himself so confidently in her path and interrupt her walk till he had said his say, and then disappear as abruptly as he came?

She guessed who.

The arrival of her father with the guest he was to bring proved she had divined right. For coming up the avenue, she saw that it was the same handsome young man she had a little before encountered. And she could perceive in her father's countenance a glowing look of satisfaction as the two mounted the steps (Sarah was peeping through the blinds) and proceeded to enter the house. Before they had accomplished this, however, the room was vacant. Sarah was nowhere to be found—that is, for the moment; but in due time she presented herself, and thereupon Dr. James Egerton—that was his name—was formally introduced to her.

'I recollect you now,' said Sarah, seriously. 'Your features have not at all changed, except they seem larger and—'

'Older, doubtless,' interrupted the young man. 'You, too, have changed, even more than I; but I knew you the moment my eyes fell on you.' \* \* \*

Seven years had passed since grievous afflictions befell Joel Burns—when his wife died and his daughter was stricken low, and he himself was brought to the very gates of death. The reader has already been made acquainted with these circumstances, and will scarcely forget that, when the famous medical man returned to New Haven after visiting Sarah, he despatched his favorite student, with directions to devote himself to the case. It is known, too, with what earnestness and skill the youth—for he was little more than a youth—performed his responsible duties.

Here I had thought to take leave of him, but as he has abruptly come on the stage as a visitor at Burnsville, and as Sarah Burns already exhibits an incipient interest in the young doctor, I must let the reader into the secret of his sudden appearance.

# THE UNION.

## VII.

### RHODE ISLAND AND DELAWARE COMPARED.

In 1790 the population of Rhode Island was 69,110, and that of Delaware 59,096. In 1860 the former numbered 174,620, the latter 112,216. Thus, from 1790 to 1860, the ratio of increase of population of Rhode Island was 152.67 per cent., and of Delaware, 89.88. At the same relative rate of increase, for the next, as for the last seventy years, the population of Rhode Island in 1930, would be 441,212, and of Delaware, 213,074. Thus in 1790, Rhode Island numbered but 10,014 more than Delaware, 62,404 more in 1860, and, at the same ratio of increase, 228,138 more in 1930. Such has been and would be the effect of slavery in retarding the increase of Delaware, as compared with Rhode Island. (Census Table, 1860, No. 1.)

The population of Rhode Island per square mile in 1790, was 52.15, and in 1860, 133.71; that of Delaware, 27.87 in 1790, and 59.93 in 1860. The absolute increase of population of Rhode Island, per square mile, from 1790 to 1860, was 80.79, and from 1850 to 1860, 20.74; that of Delaware, from 1790 to 1860 was 25.05, and from 1850 to 1860, 9.76. (Ib.)

AREA.—The area of Rhode Island is 1,306 square miles, and of Delaware, 2,120, being 38 per cent., or much more than one third larger than Rhode Island. Retaining their respective ratios of increase, per square mile, from 1790 to 1860, and reversing their areas, the population of Rhode Island in 1860, would have been 283,465, and of Delaware, 78,268.

In natural fertility of soil Delaware is far superior to Rhode Island, the seasons much more favorable for crops and stock, and with more than double the number of acres of arable land.

PROGRESS OF WEALTH.—By Census Tables 33 and 36 (omitting commerce), it appears that the products of industry as given, viz., of agriculture, manufactures, mines, and fisheries, were that year, in Rhode Island, of the value of \$52,400,000, or \$300 per capita, and in Delaware, \$16,100,000, or \$143 per capita. That is, the average annual value of the product of the labor of each person in Rhode Island is greatly more than double that of the labor of each person in Delaware, including slaves. This, we have seen, would make the value of the products of labor in Rhode Island in 1930, \$132,363,600, and in Delaware, only \$30,469,582, notwithstanding the far greater area and superior natural advantages of Delaware as compared with Rhode Island.

As to the rate of increase: the value of the products of Delaware in 1850 was \$7,804,992, in 1860, \$16,100,000; and in Rhode Island, in 1850, \$24,288,088, and in 1860, \$52,400,000 (Table 9, Treas. Rep., 1856), exhibiting a large difference in the ratio in favor of Rhode Island.

By Table 36, p. 196, Census of 1860, the cash value of the farm lands of Rhode Island in 1860 was \$19,385,573, or \$37.30 per acre (519,698 acres), and of Delaware, \$31,426,357, or \$31.39 per acre. (1,004,295 acres). Thus, if the farm lands of Delaware were of the cash value of those of Rhode Island per acre, it would increase the value of those of Delaware \$5,935,385, whereas the whole value of her slaves is but \$539,400.

But by Table 35, Census of 1860, the total value of the real and personal property of Rhode Island in 1860, was \$135,337,588, and of Delaware, \$46,242,181, making a difference in favor of Rhode Island, \$89,095,407, whereas, we have seen, in the absence of slavery, Delaware must have far exceeded Rhode Island in wealth and population.

The earnings of commerce are not given by the census, but, to how vast an extent this would swell the difference in favor of Rhode Island, we may learn from the Census, Bank Table No. 34. The number of the banks of Rhode Island in 1860, was 91; capital, \$20,865,569; loans, \$26,719,877; circulation, \$3,558,295; deposits, \$3,553,104. In Delaware, number of banks, 12; capital, \$1,640,775; loans, \$3,150,215; circulation, \$1,135,772; deposits, \$976,223.

Having shown how much slavery has retarded the material progress of Delaware, let us now consider its effect upon her moral and intellectual development.

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.—The number of newspapers and periodicals in Rhode Island in 1860, was 26, of which 18 were political, 6 literary, and 2 miscellaneous. (Census, Table No. 37.) The number in Delaware was 14, of which 13 were political, and 1 literary. Of periodicals, Delaware had none; Rhode Island, 1. The number of copies of newspapers and periodicals issued in Rhode Island in 1860 was 5,289,280, and in Delaware only 1,010,776, or largely more than five to one in favor of Rhode Island.

As regards schools, colleges, academies, libraries, and churches, I must take the census of 1850, those tables for 1860 not being yet arranged or published. The number of public schools in Rhode Island in 1850 was 426, teachers 518, pupils 23,130; attending school during the year, as returned by families, whites, 28,359; native adults of the State who cannot read or write, 1,248; public libraries, 96; volumes, 104,342; value of churches, \$1,293,600; percentage of native free adults who cannot read or write, 149. Colleges and academies, pupils, 3,664. (Comp. Census of 1850.) The number of public schools in Delaware in 1850, was 194, teachers 214, pupils 8,970; attending school during the year, whites, as returned by families, 14,216; native free adults of the State who cannot read or write, 9,777; public libraries, 17; volumes, 17,950; value of churches, \$340,345; percentage of native free adults who cannot read or write, 23.03; colleges and

These official statistics enable me then again to say, that slavery is hostile to the progress of *population, wealth, and education, to science and literature, to schools and colleges, to books and libraries, to churches and religion, to the press, and therefore to FREE GOVERNMENT; hostile to the poor, keeping them in want and ignorance; hostile to labor, reducing it to servitude, and decreasing two thirds the value of its products; hostile to MORALS, repudiating among slaves the marital and parental condition, classifying them by law as CHATTELS, darkening the immortal soul, and making it a crime to teach millions of human beings to read or write.*

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## THE CAUSES AND RESULTS OF THE WAR.

There are certain theories in regard to the causes of the present war, which are so generally accepted as to have fortified themselves strongly in the principle of '*magna est veritas et prevalebit.*' Theories based, however, upon facts which have taken their rise long since the true causes of the war had begun to work, and which, consequently, mistaking the effect for the cause, are from their nature ephemeral, and farther from the truth than they were at their origin. Few thinkers have looked below the surface of the matter, and the majority of Christendom, ignoring any other past than the few brief years that have rolled over our national existence, forgetting that great causes oft-times smoulder unseen for centuries ere they burst forth in effects the more powerful from their long suppression, shaking the earth with the pent-up fury of ages—forgetting these things and arguing in the present instance from the few palpable facts found floating upon the surface of our society, by a tacit consent lay the burden of the war upon the present generation and its immediate predecessors. Herein lies the error which blinds the world as well to the warning of the past as to the momentous issue involved.

Where then shall we look for the cause of that antagonism in which North and South are arrayed—that bitter hostility setting brother against brother, and father against child, dividing into two separate portions a nation descended from the same stock, whose archives are one, all whose associations of a glorious past are the same, and which has hitherto swept swiftly on to unparalleled wealth and power, seemingly indissolubly united, and looking forward to the same glorious and ever-expanding future? Not to the errors in our political system, for no faults of government could, in a brief century, have produced such an upheaving of the foundations of society as we now behold—could have awakened such a thunder peal as is now causing the uttermost corners of the earth to tremble with dismay. Not to the institution of slavery, for however great a curse it maybe to our people and soil, however brutalizing in its tendencies, however unjust to the negro race, and opposed to all the principles of enlightenment and human progress—of whatever crimes it may have been guilty, this last and greatest of crimes cannot be laid at its door: for the bitterness of feeling between North and South existed long before the agitation of slavery was dreamed of, and the latter has only been seized upon as the ready means of accomplishing a greater design. Finally, not to any supposed desire in the Southern mind of establishing an independent empire of the South, whose people should be homogeneous, whose individual interests identical, and whose climate, productions, and institutions should move on in undisturbed harmony forever. For to this last a motive is wanting. Under no government that the world has ever known could the South have enjoyed so much freedom, such unexampled prosperity, such a rapid growth in wealth and power, in a word, so much real happiness—which is the sum of all earthly gifts—as under this which they are so earnestly endeavoring to tear down and blot from the face of the earth. Men's minds do not eagerly grasp and sternly pursue an abstract idea divorced from every consideration of self-interest, such as this would be. Even the greatest of moral principles are indebted to self-interest for their success, and without it the sublimest of creeds, the loftiest of principles would soon wither and die for lack of support. With every blessing that heart could wish in the present, and with no hope through change of bettering their condition in a practical point of view in the future, the idea of a great Southern empire, based upon such uncertain possibilities, would soon have disappeared from the Southern mind, even if it had ever existed.

Nay; the true cause is beneath and behind all these, taking its rise from the very foundations of English society in the dark ages, from the establishment of classes and distinctions of rank. In English history this principle reached its culmination in the wars of the Parliament, that great political tempest which changed the whole destiny and guided the future of that powerful nation, making it, as it is to-day, the dominant race of the old world. Its greatest development, however, was reserved for our day and our land. The England of the subsequent era was a new government, a new people. She reaped her harvest of good from her gigantic struggles, and so must we reap our harvest from ours. From the moment when the first settlers set foot upon our shores our inevitable destiny was foreshadowed; the seeds of the 'Great Rebellion' were even then deeply implanted, and all causes have since that day worked together for its fulfilment. We too must be purified by fire and sword; and may we not hope that our beloved country may emerge from the slaughter, the ruin, and the conflagration, more prosperous, more powerful than ever before, and casting off the slough of impurity that has for long years been hardening upon her, renovated and redeemed by the struggle, sweep majestically on to a purer and nobler destiny than even our past has given promise of, and attain a loftier position than any nation on earth has yet acquired?

The intimate relation of the feudal ages, between baron and retainer, established at first upon principles of individual safety and the public weal, soon degenerated into that of noble and serf. That which at first was but an honorable distinction between knight service on the one hand, and protection and patronage on the other, became, in the course of time, the baser relation of haughty assumption and oppression on the one hand, and the most abject servitude on the other. Descended from the same stern Saxon stock, separated only by purely artificial barriers, by the fortuitous circumstance of birth, the sturdy peasant could ill brook the tyranny of the privileged class—those 'lords rich in some dozen paltry villages.' That stern independence which has ever been the prominent characteristic of the Saxon mind, revolted at the palpable injustice of the relation of lord and serf. The aristocracy, on the contrary, fortified in their arrogance, at a later day, by the irruption of the Norman nobility, with their French ideas and customs, so far from yielding to the signs of the times and the light of dawning civilization, refused to give up one tittle of their assumed prerogatives, and became even more exacting in their demands, more lofty in their supposed superiority. Thus was engendered between the two classes a bitterness of feeling, a spirit of antagonism, that has never yet disappeared. Patiently did the peasant bide his time, and only when the tyranny became utterly unendurable did the movement commence which has swept downward to our time, reiving away one by one the miscalled privileges of the favored class, bringing, year by year, the condition of the laborer nearer to the true balance of society.

This antagonism reached its height in the Cromwellian era, and the men of those times stand forth upon the page of history as the exponents of the great principles of civil freedom. The strength of the Cromwellian party lay in the fact that it was composed almost entirely of the laboring and the middle classes, the bone and sinew of the land. Then for the first time in English history the world saw the plebeian pitted against the aristocrat, and the strife which ensued involved not so much the question of kingly prerogative and the 'divine right' of monarchs, as the pent-up feuds of ages—feuds arising from the most flagrant injustice and wrong on the one hand and forced submission on the other. This of itself was enough to lend to the contest a character of ferocity which well might make civilization turn pale. But even this bitterness was slight compared with that engendered by the *religious* element of the war. The history of the world has shown no wars so cruel and bloody, no crimes so heinous, no hatred so deep seated and abiding as those produced by religious differences. Strange that it should be so! Strange that the sacred cause whose province is to develop the purest and holiest emotions of the soul, should call forth and develop the fiercest, the darkest, and most unrelenting passions of the human heart! Yet so it proved in this instance. Their fierce, fanatical enthusiasm was a powerful element of strength to the Roundheads, which was lacking to the effeminate, corrupt, and godless Cavaliers. With such an auxiliary the struggle could not be doubtful; religious fanaticism carried the day.

In the years succeeding the Restoration, the evil effects of this religious antagonism were modified by mutual concessions, and in time almost disappeared under the impartial administration of a government founded upon a firmer basis than ever before, and more consonant to Saxon ideas of justice and social equality. But with us of America there was no such modification, for from the midst of this time of war and tumult, of savage hatred and unrelenting persecution, American society sprang. Our country was settled by representatives of these two extremes of English society, and in their choice of abode the hand of Providence is distinctly seen laying the foundations of our struggle of to-day, which is to prove the refining fire, the purification and regeneration of our race. Had the Cavaliers landed upon the shores of New England, the bracing winds of that northern clime, the rugged and intractable nature of the soil, the constant presence of dangers from the fiercer Indian tribes of the north, and the absolute necessity of severe and incessant toil to support existence, would have awakened and developed in them those manly qualities which for centuries had lain dormant in their souls—would have imparted new strength to their frames, new vigor and energy to their modes of thought; their indolence and effeminacy would soon have passed away, and they would have constantly approached, instead of departing from the true Puritan type. While, on the other hand, the stern, rough, almost savage peculiarities of the Puritan would in like manner have been modified by the genial influences of a southern sun and a teeming soil, and while the severe training and rough experiences of centuries, as well as their peculiar mental constitution, would have prevented their entirely lapsing into the indolence and effeminacy of the Cavalier, the whole race would nevertheless have undergone a softening change, bringing them in their turn nearer the type of their old antagonists; and thus each succeeding year would have seen these two extremes of social life drawing nearer and nearer together, and at last blending in dull, contented, plodding harmony. And the result would doubtless have been the degeneration of the entire race, and our fate that of the Spanish American colonies.

But this did not suit the designs of Providence. It was His purpose that there should be here those manifold social and political conflicts which are the life of a great nation—which are, indeed, the motive power to the wheels of human progress. A great problem in human destiny was here to be wrought out; a powerful nation was to arise, bearing within itself the elements of its own continual purification. The Cavalier landed upon the shores of Virginia, and spread his settlements southward. The influence of climate upon both the physical and mental constitution of man is well known. The enervating climate of the 'sunny South,' the soil fruitful beyond a parallel, pouring forth its products almost spontaneously, and, above all, the 'peculiar institution,' which released the planter from the necessity of toil, all tended to aggravate the peculiarities of mind and body which the settlers inherited from their ancestors; and the result has been a race which, while it presents here and there an example of brilliant, meteoric genius, is, in the main, both intellectually and physically inferior to the hardy denizens of the North and West. The same influences have fostered the aristocratic notions of the early settlers of the Southern States. With



every element of a monarchy in their midst, the Gulf States have long been anything but a republic. De Bow, when, a few years since, he broached in his Review the idea, and prophesied the establishment of a monarch in our midst, was but giving expression to a feeling which had long been dominant in the Southern heart. All their institutions, associations, and reminiscences have tended steadily to this result, and in the event of the success of the rebellion, it needs but some bold apostle to take upon himself the propagation and execution of the plan, to make the idea a startling reality. And herein lies the secret of the sympathy of the English aristocracy with the confederates in their struggle for independent existence.

The Puritan, guided by the hand of God, planted his future abode on the shores of New England, a land truly congenial to him, whose whole mental and physical life had hitherto been one of storm and tempest. Nor could a fitter type in the human race have been found than he to tame the rock-crowned hills, to brave the rigors of such winters as Old England never knew, and the lurking dangers at the hands of a powerful and jealous race. Here was no place for indolence and luxurious ease. Only by the most persevering and painful labors could the bleak hills and gorge-like valleys be made to yield the fruits of life. Only by unremitting energy and the most patient self-denial could starvation be kept from his door, while constant watchfulness and never-flinching courage were required to ward off the many dangers that beset his path. Nature herself seemed pitted against him to contest every inch of his progress. But his nature was as stern and rough as that of the land he had come to tame. Accustomed to move steadily on in the pursuit of some one great purpose, to surmount every obstacle and crush every impediment, looking neither to the right nor the left, nor even pausing to pluck the flowrets that bloomed by the wayside, there was for him no such word as fail. Here the unbounded resources and exhaustless energy of body and mind found fitting scope. What to ordinary men would seem but hopeless, cheerless toil, was to him but pastime. The Puritan was just the man for New England, and New England the land for the Puritan. How he succeeded let all Christendom proclaim, for his works were not for himself nor his immediate posterity, but for the whole world.

But it is not so much with the results of his labors that we have to do as with their effects upon himself and his posterity. Here, as in the case of the Cavalier, every circumstance of his life tended to aggravate the hereditary peculiarities of his class. The success of his enterprise, the crowning of those hopes which had led him to cast off all ties of the old world, the lofty spirit which induced him to reject all external aid, and, above all, the crisp, free mountain air he breathed, begot in him a feeling of independence and superiority, and, at the same time, ideas of social equality, which have made themselves manifest to all time. Where all were toilful laborers, and few possessed more than a sufficiency of worldly goods to provide for the necessities of the day, there was no room for the distinctions of rank. Power, with them, resided in the masses; the results of their labor were common stock; their interests were one and the same. Add to these facts their ancient hatred of the aristocracy, and we have the influences Under which New England has ever tended to republicanism. The Puritan race has ever been republican to the core, and this is one great and vital respect in which they have continually diverged from their Southern brethren.

Yet with, all their virtues, with all their sublime heroism, was blended an inordinate, morbid selfishness. Shut in within their little republic from all Communion with the outer world, lacking the healthful influences of conflicting ideas and that moral attrition which polishes the cosmopolitan man, enlarging his views of life and giving broader scope as well to the active energies of the soul as to the kinder sympathies and benevolent sensibilities of the heart, this little community became more set in their traditional opinions, and gradually imbibed a hearty contempt for all beyond the pale of their own religious belief, which soon extended to all without the bounds which circumscribed their narrow settlements. Living alike, thinking alike, feeling alike, placing under solemn ban all speculations in religion, and even all research into the deeper mysteries of natural science, grinding with iron heel the very germ of intellectual progress, in their blind presumption they would have closed the doors of heaven itself upon all mankind save the called and elected of the Puritan faith. This intellectual life was one of mere abstractions, and as a natural consequence all their thoughts and emotions, their joys and sorrows, their loves and hatreds, became morbid to the last degree. But the bent bow will seek release; the reaction came at last, and the astonishing mental progress of the New England of to-day, the wild speculation upon all questions of morals and religion, rivalling in their daring scope the most impious theories of the German metaphysicians, which our New England fosters and sustains, and above all, the proverbial trickery of the Yankee race, are but the reaction of the stern and gloomy tenets of that olden time which would have made of our earth a charnel house crowded with mouldering bones.

In the midst of this intensely morbid Puritan life, no more eligible object could have been presented for the exercise of their bitterest antipathies than the descendants of their ancient enemies, the Cavaliers,—who were already rivalling them in the South, and who, as we have shown, were equally ready to cast or lift the gauntlet. Occupying the very extremes of religious faith, radically differing in their views of public polity, of bitterly hostile antecedents and traditions, the one looking upon the other as an outcast from salvation itself, and the other in its turn nothing loth brands its opponent with the epithets of surly, hypocritical, psalm-singing knaves, then as now, and as they have ever been since the foundations of our country were laid, these two classes stood arrayed against each other in every respect save that of open, carnal warfare. The bitterest of foes in the beginning, diametrically opposed in every possible respect, each has plodded on in his own narrow path, and the two paths have continually diverged to our day, and the present outbreak is but as the breaking of a sore which has long been ripe. It is of

such antagonisms that nations are made: it is but differences such as these that have separated the common stock of Adam into so many distinct races and nationalities through all the ages of the world. Such a result we see to-day in our country, in two separate and distinct nations, hitherto nominally united under one form of government—nations as distinct as ever were the Roman and the Greek. As the Cavalier of the Cromwellian era was a horror to the pharisaical Puritan, and the Puritan in his turn a contempt and an abomination to the reckless, pleasure-hunting Cavalier, so to-day is the 'psalm-singing, clock-peddling Yankee' a foul odor to the fastidious nostrils of the lordly Southerner, and the reckless prodigal, dissipated and soul-selling planter a thorn in the flesh of Puritan morality. The Yankee is to the Southerner a synonym for all that is low and base and cunning, and the Southerner is to the Yankee the embodiment of all worthlessness and crime. The same spirit is observable in those Northern States which were settled by a mixed emigration from both portions of the country, and the fact is well known that even in those loyal Western States where the Southern element most predominates, is found the bitterest hatred and denunciation of the Yankee; so that he is no sage who draws the line east and west, north and south, and in every mixed community, between the descendant of the Cavalier, and the man of Puritan stock. Shall any one say that this is but the result of the war? Where then does history record a like instance? Where can be found the record of a civil war where the people, descended from a common stock and bound together by a common interest, sprang with such alacrity to the call to arms, and waged a war so relentless and cruel even in its very commencement, except there had been radical antagonisms existing through a long series of years?

But it may be urged that a large portion of the Southern population are emigrants from the New England States, and consequently of Puritan descent, and that while this very class of slaveholders are notoriously the most cruel and exacting of masters, they stand in the front ranks of secession and are the most deadly enemies of the North. True, but the enmity of this class, wherever it exists, is that of the most sordid, unprincipled self-interest. Gold is their god, and all things else are sacrificed to the unhallowed lust. But this enmity is oftentimes assumed from motives of self-preservation. Objects of suspicion to the Simon-Pure Southerner from the very fact of their nativity, and visited with the most horrible retribution wherever they have shown a leaning toward the land of their birth, they find it necessary to out-herod Herod in order to preserve their social status and the possessions which are their earthly all. Hence, to disarm suspicion, often those have been made to take the more prominent positions in this tragic drama who, did circumstances permit the expression of their true sentiments, would be found to be at heart the most truly loyal citizens of the South. Another class—and this includes more particularly the descendants of Northern emigrants—born and bred among the moral influences of Southern society, imbibing all the ideas and prejudices of their surroundings, lose their identity as effectually as the raindrop is lost in the surging billows of the ocean. Drinking in with their years the prevailing hatred of the very stock from which their own descent is derived, they become part and parcel of the people among whom their lot is cast, and ordinarily run to the farthest extreme of the new nationality. Herein is seen the fallacy of the ancient maxim—*Cœlum, non animum mutant qui trans mare currant*. The all-potent influence of self-interest, the overshadowing sway of undisputed dogmas, soon sweep away the lessons and prejudices of earlier years, and effectually transform the foreign born into the citizen of the new clime and nation. Were the population of the South more equally divided between the Northern and Southern born, this would not be the case; but in all the slave-holding States the Cavalier element so overwhelmingly predominates as to crush before it all opposing ideas, prejudices, and opinions.

This radical antagonism, smouldering for years, found its first great expression in the Tariff question of 1832, which was not so much a question of State rights and agricultural interests as the vehicle, or rather the weapon of the pent-up hatred of years. General Jackson saw the true bearing and origin of the dispute; and when he prophesied that the slavery question would be the next issue sprung by the designing revolutionists of the South, he did but show his appreciation of the great fact of the moral and physical antagonism between the descendants of the Cavalier and the Puritan. He might, and probably would, had circumstances required it, have gone farther, and prophesied, that should the slavery question in its turn be settled, some other cause of dispute would soon be found and grasped by the apostles of separation and revolution, as a means for the accomplishment of their great design. He alone, of all our statesmen, with his far-seeing eye saw and appreciated the tremendous issue involved. He was sternly opposed to the compromise which was subsequently made, well knowing that if the question were not then settled, at once and forever, the flame was but smothered for a time, to break out again in future years, with far greater vehemence. His policy was to crush the malcontents by the strong arm of power, to make such a display of the strength and resources of the Federal Government, such an example of the fate which must ever await treason in our midst, and, above all, such a convincing manifestation of the utter hopelessness of all attempts to destroy a great and good government, deriving its powers and functions from the people themselves, as to put forever at rest the machinations of traitors and anarchists. Experience has shown that he was right, and shown us, too, that if, in this our day, a second compromise be adopted, and a peace patched up upon a basis ignoring the true cause of dispute, or of oblivion to the past, or, worst of all, of yielding, on our part, one jot or tittle to the demands of our antagonists, as sure as there is a God in heaven—as sure as that retribution follows the sinner, the war will have to be fought over again, more savage, more bloody, and more desolating than ever, by our posterity, if not even in our own time. Fought over again, not once, but again and again, as often as the revolving wheel of human progress and enlightenment shall bring to the surface the black waters of the steaming cesspool

below.

But what of the result? Watchman! what of the night? The night is stormy and dark; men's hearts are failing them for fear; those who see clearly in the day time, now grope helplessly in the dark; the blind are leading the blind; society is at a stand still, waiting and watching for the coming day. Yet afar off in the east the patriot's eye may even now see the first faint streaks of that light which shall usher in the golden dawn.

The result, in the event of the success of the North, is too palpable to require a moment's thought, involving, as it does, every possible blessing to our race, every advantage to the progress of the new theories of social equality, and of man's capacity for self-government. But what in the other event? The evils would be legion—countless in number and direful in effect, not to us alone, but to the whole American race. First and foremost is that hydra *precedent*. We are fighting, not alone for the stability of any particular form of government, not alone for the sustaining of an administration, not alone for the upholding of those God-given ideas which have made America the most favored land on earth; but against a PRECEDENT, which involves and would destroy them all. Precedent which is, and ever has been, all powerful to overturn theories and systems, to topple kings from their thrones, and plunge nations into slavery. Of all dangers which every liberal form of government has to shun, none is so deadly as this. Grave and venerable judges, sages though they may be, rest upon it, and thereon base decisions involving millions of property, and sometimes life itself. And though, as Blackstone has declared, a bad precedent in law is comparatively harmless, inasmuch as succeeding judges are in no wise bound by it, but free, and in fact bound to decide the law as it was before the evil precedent was established, and to interpret it as it ought to be, yet in national affairs this is not so. No matter how bad or absurd a precedent may be, designing men will be found in all ages and climes to avail themselves of it, honestly or dishonestly. Men's minds are not constructed alike, and that which seems evil to one is to another good. The foulest of all theories, the basest of systems, the most suicidal of policies, will at all times find sincerely honest adherents and supporters. Individuality of mind admits a million of shades and degrees of right and wrong. Moreover, an idea once broached before the people, no matter how detestable it may at first appear, is already halfway advanced upon the road to execution. Thousands of criminals have been executed for crimes their minds would never have conceived save for the suggestion of some artful apostle of evil. Give me but a precedent once firmly established, I care not how bad it may be, and I shall revolutionize the world.

And what is the precedent against which we have to contend? It is that of separation. If secession would stop where it has begun, if the result of our defeat were to be but two great republics of the North and South upon our continent, there would still be room for the development of both, and we might even look forward to such a peace with some degree of complacency, and with hope for a future of happiness and prosperity. But it will not stop here. As surely as that an overruling Providence directs the affairs of men, the movement will go on until there are as many separate and hostile republics as there are States in our Union. The mutterings of separation—which have already been heard in the West, are but the precursors of the storm which can only be forever allayed by the triumph of our arms in the present contest. The slightest disagreement between the East and the West would soon be made a pretext for secession: the least dispute or conflicting interest between any two great portions of our country would find a speedy remedy in separation. The West would divide from the East, the Atlantic States from the Lake States, the Mississippi States from the Pacific, the North Pacific States from the South Pacific, and where would be the end? Already the great West has learned her own gigantic strength, which before she knew not that she possessed, and if the time should come when her interests should apparently point in a different direction from those of the East, with such a precedent before her, would she not avail herself of that new-found strength? Already the soldiers of the West have begun to sneer at the achievements of those of the East, and to consider themselves the braver and the manlier of the two. Are these not the signs of the times? And do they not betoken a future of anarchy in the event of the establishment of this most pernicious and monstrous of doctrines?

And is it to be expected that these many republics, monarchies, aristocracies, or whatever form they may take, will long remain at peace with each other? Ask the muse who presides over the pages of history how often has her pen been called upon to record the circumstance of separate nations, of the same blood and antecedents, lying quietly and peaceably beside each other. Family quarrels are proverbially the most bitter of all on earth, and family hatreds the most unrelenting. It was but the ties of kin that lent such a character of ferocity to our wars with England and to the present contest with the South.

But what shall we say of that scheme which aims at a reconstruction of the Union by leaving New England out? Simply this: that, aside from any considerations of policy—without attempting to argue the question of a good or evil result from such a movement, the answer is plain enough: *you cannot do it*—and that which is impossible needs no argument for or against. The energy and activity of mind and body, the lofty independence, the firm self-reliance, the dogged determination and undaunted adherence to a great and high purpose, of the whole Saxon race, is concentrated in the people of that mountain land. Theirs have been the heads to plan and the hands to execute every great work we have accomplished since the foundation of our nationality. The railroads and canals and telegraphs of the North, the South, the East, and the West are their work; and their capital and their inventive, energetic minds still shape and control every great commercial enterprise of our land. Their sturdy emigrants have pushed civilization across the boundless prairies of the West, and opened the primeval forests of the Pacific States. Go where

you will on the face of the earth, and you find them there before you, and ever the same busy, tireless apostles of progress, the leaders in every great work, and the rulers of commerce, everywhere looked up to as the type of the executive mind, and, by the tacit consent of Christendom, intrusted with the guidance of every enterprise requiring pluck, perseverance, and ceaseless activity. And theirs will still be the brains to control the destinies of our race, however isolated they may become, however they may be made the objects of distrust and contempt. Ay! shut them out if you will, and from that moment New England becomes the Switzerland of America, the home of great ideas and great men, the temple where Freedom shall take up her everlasting abode, and the altar fires of Liberty shall never die away. And her people will become the priests of that great religion which, taking its rise in a lofty appreciation of the true end of human existence, is already bursting out all over the Christian world, in fitful flames, which shall yet become the devouring element that shall wither and consume away oppression and kingcraft from the face of the earth. Shut her out, then, if you will, but you cannot shut out the flame which she shall kindle; you cannot shut out the tones of her trumpet voice, proclaiming to the world the doctrines of eternal truth. Self-reliant, possessing within themselves every element of success, her people can and will make their way, as heretofore, alone and unaided. Asking no favors of the world, they will pursue the even tenor of their way, undisturbed by the mutterings and growlings of their impotent foes, while their little republic, like a city set upon a hill, continues to reflect from her glittering pinnacles the sunlight of heaven to all quarters of the earth. The petty vengeance which the disunionists of to-day are attempting to wreak upon her will recoil upon their own heads, and they themselves may yet be forced some day to look to little New England as their redeemer from anarchy. A purely commercial people, her interests are not circumscribed by her narrow geographical limits, but are, as well as her tastes and sympathies, cosmopolitan. She stretches out her feelers to all parts of the earth, wherever her wandering sons may have betaken themselves, and fastens there a little vine or creeper whose roots are still in her own bosom. It is a part and a necessity of her very existence, to handle and direct catholic interests. This, as well as her position in other respects, has made her the arbiter of this nation and country, and you can no more shut her out from participation in the affairs of this continent than you can shut in the mighty river from its outlet to the ocean. And if you cut her off, see to it that she does not become the little Rome whose conquering arms shall reduce all the nations of the continent to her sway.

No! New England has planted herself too deeply in the hearts of the American people—she has sprinkled too many of her scions among the population of the West and South—to allow of a moment's serious thought of cutting her off from our communion. The cry is but the party cry of the designing and evil disposed, the traitors to our name and nation; and with the crushing out of the rebellion and the restoration of our nationality; it will pass away forever.

But to return to the direct results of the war. Having shown the threatened evils of separation, our province leads us no farther, for this comprises *all* the evils within the scope of man's imagination. See, then, the issue involved: in our success lie all our hopes of future stability and prosperity; in our failure lies simply—inevitable ruin. With such a prospect before them—with existence itself hanging in the balance—why are the people of the North asleep? Why will they not see the true bearings of the war in this light, and arise in all their power and strength, determined to crush out this infamous rebellion, even at the cost of the last dollar and the last drop of blood! Shall we grumble at the cost of the war? Shall we growl over the paltry taxes which, even yet, are scarcely felt? Shall the father grieve for the loss of half his wealth which goes to redeem his only son from death—his 'darling from the power of the lions'? Shall the house-holder grumble over the reward he has offered for the rescue of his wife and little ones from the burning house? Shall the felon begrudge the last cent of his earthly possessions that purchases his relief from the gallows? Better that we should all be ruined—better that the land should be entirely depleted of its youth, and the country irretrievably in debt, with a prospect of a future and lasting peace, than a compromise now, with the inevitable certainty of everlasting war and tumult and bloodshed, worse, a thousand times worse than that of the South American States. Shall we make a peace now, only that we may again go to war among ourselves? Would this not be literally 'jumping out of the frying pan into the fire'? The *war* men of the North are the men of peace, and the so-called peace men are the men of eternal war; those are they who would prolong the miseries of our country, simply by turning them in a new direction—by turning all our hostilities into our own bosoms and against our own wives and children. Nay I there can be no pausing now. We have everything to gain by prosecuting the war to the bitter, even ruinous end; everything to lose by leaving the work half done. The South is said to be fighting for its very existence; yet not by a thousand degrees can this be as truly said of them as of us. Therefore should our earnestness, our enthusiasm, our determination, our *desperation* be a thousand times greater than theirs. Do you tell me that we cannot conquer so united, so brave, and so desperate a people? I answer, WE MUST. In the whole wide world of human destiny there is no other road left open for us; the path to defeat is blocked by our own dead bodies. Unless the people of the North arouse and take hold of the work with an energy, an earnestness of purpose, to which the past bears no parallel, too late will they repent the folly of their own supineness, their own blindness. As in the affairs of men, so in those of nations, there is a critical point when those who hope for success must seize the winged moment as it flies and work steadily on with singleness of aim and unchangeable, unfaltering devotion of purpose. That moment, once past, will never return. Now is our golden opportunity, and according as we improve or neglect it will our future be one of greatness and power or one of utter nothingness among the nations of the earth. No subsequent time can repair the errors or failures of to-day.

Since the greater part of this article was written, the prospect of our success has immeasurably

brightened. But let us not by the fairness of the sky be lulled into a false sense of security; let us not be again deceived by the *ignis fatuus* glare which plays around our banners, and which has already so often lured us to forgetfulness and defeat. For the storm may again break forth in a moment when we think not of it, and from a quarter where we seemed the most secure. A single week may reverse every move upon the great chess board of strategy. There should be no relaxation of the sinews of war until the end is accomplished. So should we be safest in our watchfulness and strength, and, by the irresistible influence of overwhelming numbers and might, render that permanent which is now but evanescent.

But, it will be asked, if there is between North and South an antipathy so deep seated and of such long standing, how shall we ever succeed in conquering a lasting peace? how shall we ever persuade the people of the South to live in amity with a race so cordially hated and despised? The question has often been asked, but always by those faint-hearted ones whose clamors for a disgraceful peace have added strength to the cause of our opponents. The answer is so plain that it requires no demonstration. There is but one remedy for so sore a disease, and however severe it may be, however revolting to the tender sensibilities of peace-loving men, the inevitable and inexorable *MUST* urges it on to execution, and stands like a giant, blocking up every other path. It is like those dangerous remedies which the physician applies when the patient's recovery is otherwise utterly hopeless, and which must result either in recovery or in death by its own agency rather than that of the disease. Concession has been tried in vain, 'moral suasion' has been proved to be of no avail. The South must be shown how entirely hopeless must be every effort, in all time, to overturn such a government as ours. They must be made to feel our immense superiority in power and resources; they must be shown in unmistakable colors the unconquerable might of nationality in strong contrast with the weakness of sectionalism, as well as their own dependence upon the North; in a word, every atom of resistance must be utterly and forever crushed out by brute force. To no other argument will they listen, as experience has proved; and this 'last resort of kings' must be exerted in all its strength and proclaimed in thunder tones, even though its reverberations should shake the earth to its very core. This done, and peace once more established, the South must be, *not* abolitionized, not colonized, not Puritanized, nor yet oppressed, but *AMERICANIZED*. They must be familiarized with those immortal principles of justice and freedom, to which they have hitherto been strangers, which lie at the heart of all national success among an enlightened and Christian people. They must be made acquainted with the all-important fact that we are a nation of one blood, one common ancestry; that we can never live at peace as separate nationalities, and that only in unity and mutual concession and forbearance can a glorious destiny be wrought out for our common country. *Then*, not now, will be the time for conciliation on our part, but yet conciliation never divided from the utmost vigilance and a firm support of the doctrine of national supremacy, as opposed to, and paramount to the iniquitous dogma of State rights. The people of the North must first divest themselves of all prejudices, all hereditary antipathies, and wipe away old scores in the dawn of a golden future. Then will our brethren of the South not be slow to respond to the proffered peace and good will and brotherly kindness, and again we shall become a prosperous, united, and happy people.

And what a future lies before our country! What a wealth of uncultivated fields lies waiting for the plough of the adventurous emigrant! What unmeasured wilds wait but for the touch of enlightened and educated labor, to blossom like the rose, to become the site of great cities and smiling villages, the resting place of the wanderer from all quarters of the globe, the residence of a great people, the component parts of a mighty nation whose parallel earth has not seen since the days of the creation! It needs but ordinary human foresight to see that here is to be the fountain head, the permanent abiding place, of four great interests, with which we shall rule the world: manufactures, grain, cotton, and wine. The Great West is to feed all Europe with her harvests of yellow grain; the South, with her cotton interest, is to clothe, not Europe only, but the world; the Pacific States will be the 'vineland' of America, furnishing the wherewithal to 'gladden the heart of man,' while the manufactures of New England and the Middle States shall furnish the implements of labor to the brethren all over the continent, and turn the raw material both of the South and of their own sheep-feeding hills into garments for the toiling millions of America. Here, then, we shall produce, as no other country can, the great staples of life; and when we add to them those considerable minor interests which we share more equally with the rest of the world, namely, wool-growing and *mining*, as well of the precious ores as of coal and the baser metals, how stupendous seem our resources, how tremendous the influence we are to wield among the great human family! And is it a necessity of social life that these great interests should jar? that political and commercial antagonisms should spring up between these cumulators of the world's great stock of wealth, for no better reason than that their hands are engaged upon a different work, or, rather, upon different branches of the same great work of production? Nay, verily! So long as we are bound together by a common tie of country, living and working under the same laws and institutions, such antagonisms can only exist in the trains of designing demagogues. So far from conflicting, these great interests will, from the very nature of the law of exchange, work harmoniously together, blending the one into the other as perfectly fitting parts of one concordant whole. One section will play into the hands of another, sustaining each other from the very necessity of self-preservation; and each will find in his brother the readiest consumer of the products of his labor. Only in the event of separation can jealousies, antipathies, and narrow-minded prejudices spring up between the different sections, and healthy competition be degraded into low and mercenary jobbing; only by separation can the onward march of the American race be retarded and the arm of American industry paralyzed. Accursed, then, be the hand that aims a blow at the foundations of our fair fabric of Liberty; thrice accursed he whose

voice is raised in the promulgation of those pernicious doctrines whose end is to lead a great people astray.

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## GREAT HEART.

Great Heart is sitting beneath a tree:  
Never a horse upon earth has he;  
But he sings to the wind a hearty song,  
Leaves of the oak trees rustling along:  
'Over the mountain and over the tide,  
Over the valley and on let us ride!'

There's many a messenger riding past,  
And many a skipper whose ship sails fast;  
But none of them all, though he rides or rows,  
Flies as free as the heart of Great Heart goes,  
Free as the eagle and full as the tide:  
'And over the valley and on let us ride!'

Many a sorrow might Great Heart know,  
Thick as the oak leaves which over him grow  
Many a trouble might Great Heart feel,  
Close as the grass blades under his heel;  
But sorrow will never by Great Heart bide,  
Singing 'Over the valley and on let us ride!'

'But tell me, good fellow, where Great Heart dwells?'  
In the wood, by the sea, in the city's cells;  
Where the Honest, the Beautiful, and True  
Are free to him as they are to you;  
Where the wild birds whistle and waters glide,  
Singing 'Over the valley and on let us ride!'

Few of his fellows doth Great Heart see;  
Seldom he knows where their homes may be;  
But the fays of the greenwood are still on earth—  
To many a Great Heart they'll yet give birth;  
And thousands of voices will sing in pride,  
'All over the wide world and on let us ride!'

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## LITERARY NOTICES

LIFE OF CHOPIN. By F. LISZT. Published by F. Leyppoldt: Philadelphia.

Liszt's Life of Chopin! What a combination of names to wing the imagination upward into the ethereal regions of beauty, pure art, and lofty emotion! The imperial pianist discourses upon the genius and peculiar gifts of his brother musician. Before us arises a vision of the strong and fiery Hungarian, with clanger of steel, flash of spur, and ring of hoof, compelling his audiences to attention and enthusiastic admiration; and also of the gentle-mannered and suffering, but no less fiery Pole, shrinking from all rude contact, and weaving enchanted melodies and harmonies, teeming with ever-varying pictures of tender love, hopeless despair, chivalric daring, religious resignation, passionate pleading, eloquent disdain, the ardor of battle with the thunder of artillery, the hut of the peasant with its pastoral pleasures, and the assemblage of the noble, the distinguished, the beautiful, with the nameless fascinations of feminine loveliness, the witching caprices of conscious power,—while through all and above all glows the memory of the glorious past and mournful present of his beloved country. The book, in fact, opens a vista into modes of life, manners of being, and trains of thought little known among us, and hence is most deeply interesting. The style is eminently suited to the subject, and the translation of Liszt's French is equal to the original. This is saying much, but not too much; for when a cognate mind becomes thoroughly imbued with the spirit of an author, the transmutation of his ideas into another form of speech becomes a simple and natural process. To those who already know Chopin and are striving to play his music, this book will be invaluable, as giving a deep insight into the meaning and proper mode of rendering his compositions. To those who know nothing of him, and who are still floundering amid the *fade* and flimsy productions that would fain hide their emptiness and vulgarity under the noble name of music, this life of a true musician will reveal a new world, a new purpose for the drudgery of daily practice, and the expenditure of time, patience, and money.

The work, however, is not alone useful for those especially interested in music, but, being free

from all repulsive technicalities, will be found highly attractive to the general reader. It contains a subtle dissection of a deeply interesting character, sketches of Heine, George Sand, Eugene de la Croix, Mickiewicz, and other celebrities in the world of literature and art, together with a most vivid portraiture of social life in Poland, a land which has ever excited so much admiration for its heroism, and compassion for its misfortunes.

Mr. Leypoldt, the enterprising publisher of this work, merits the encouragement of the American people, inasmuch as he has not feared to risk the publication of a work deemed by many too excellent to be generally appreciated by our reading community. He however has faith in the good sense of that community, and so have we.

Fragmentary portions of Liszt's 'Chopin,' about 60 pages out of 202, were translated by Mr. Dwight of Boston, and appeared in the 'Journal of Music.' Those portions were favorably received, and all who thus formed a partial acquaintance with the work will doubtless desire now to complete their knowledge, especially as some of the most vivid and characteristic chapters were omitted.

MY DIARY NORTH AND SOUTH. By WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL. T. O. H. P. Burnham. New York: O. S. Felt, 36 Walker Street. 1863. (Cloth, one dollar; paper covers, fifty cents.)

It is amusing to read over, at this stage of the war, these letters, in which the Thunderer, as represented by Mr. Russell, dwindled down to a very small squib indeed. Few men ever prophesied more brazenly as to the war,—very few ever had their prophecies so pitifully falsified. Other men have guessed right now and then, by chance; but poor Russell contrived, by dint of conceit and natural obtuseness, to make himself as thoroughly ridiculous to those who should review him in the future as was well possible. It is, however, to be hoped that these letters will be extensively read, that the public may now see who and *what* the correspondent really was, through whom England was to be specially instructed as to the merits of this country and its war. When we remember the advantages which poor Russell enjoyed for acquiring information, his neglect of matters of importance seems amazing—until we find, in scores of petty personal matters and silly egotisms, a key to the whole. He is a small-souled man, utterly incapable of mastering the great principles involved in this war,—a man petrified in English conceit, and at the end of his art when, like a twopenny reporter, he has made a smart little sneer at something or somebody. He writes on America as Sala wrote on Russia, in the same petty, frivolous vein, with the same cockney smartness; but fails to be funny, whereas Sala frequently succeeds. He came here to write for England, not the truth, but something which his readers *expected*. His object was to supply a demand, and he did it. He learned nothing, and returned as ignorant, so far as really *understanding* the problems he purposed to study, as he came. Those who can penetrate the depths of such pitiful characters cannot fail to feel true sorrow that men should exist to whom all life, all duty, every opportunity to tell great truths and to do good, should simply appear as opportunities to turn out a *pièce de manufacture*, and earn salaries. Mr. Russell could have done a great work in these letters—he leaves the impression on our minds that in *his* opinion his boots and his breakfast were to him matters of much more importance than the future of all North America.

WANDERINGS OF A BEAUTY: A Tale of the Real and Ideal. By MRS. EDWIN JAMES. New York: Carleton. 1863.

An entertaining little romance, which will be specially acceptable to the 'regular English novel' devourers—a by no means inconsiderable proportion of the public. Its heroine—a beauty—moves in English society, is presented to the Queen, is victimized by a rascally husband or two, and visits America, where she ends her adventures—*à la Marble Faun*—rather more obscurely than we could have wished, by 'enduring and suffering,' but on the whole happily, so far as sentiment is concerned. As the story contains to perfection every element of the most popular English novels of the day, yet in a more highly concentrated form than they usually present, we have no doubt that its sale will be very great. The volume contains a very beautifully engraved portrait-vignette, 'after a miniature by Thorburn,' which is worth the price of the book, and is neatly bound. Gentlemen wishing to make an acceptable gift to novel-reading friends will find the 'Wanderings of a Beauty' well suited to the purpose.

THE PRISONER OF STATE. By D. H. MAHONEY. New York: Carleton. 1863.

We may well ask 'what sustains the hopes of the rebels?' when such a mass of treason as this wretched volume contains is suffered to be freely published and circulated. That the Administration can find the force to oppose open foes in the field, and yet make no exertion to suppress traitors at home who are doing far more than any armed rebels to reduce our country to ruin, is a paradox for whose solution we have for some time waited, *not* by any means in patience.

That a Copperhead, who from his own account richly deserves the halter, should have the impudence to publish a complaint of being simply *imprisoned*, is indeed amusing. But could the mass of vindictiveness, sophistry, and vulgarity which these pages contain be simply submitted to impartial and intelligent men, we should have little dread of any great harm resulting from them. Unfortunately this Copperhead poison, with its subtle falsehoods and detestable special pleading, its habeas corpus side-issues and Golden-Circle slanders, is industriously circulated among many who are still frightened by the old bugbear of 'Abolition,' and who, like the majority in all wars whatever, have accustomed themselves to grumble at those who conduct hostilities. Such persons do not reflect that a great crisis requires great measures, and that in a war involving

such a tremendous issue as the preservation of the Federal Union and the development of the grandest phase which human progress has ever assumed, we are not to give up everything to our foes because Mr. Mahoney and a few congenial traitors have, justly or unjustly, been kept on crackers and tough beef. When a city burns and it is necessary to blow up houses with gunpowder, it is no time to be talking of actions for trespass.

If we had ever had a doubt of the rightfulness of the course which Government has taken in imprisoning Copperheads, it would have been removed on reading this miserable book. A man who holds on one page that every private soldier is to be guided by his own will as regards obeying orders, and on another sneers at our army as demoralized,—who calls himself a friend of the Union, and is yet a sympathizer with the enemies of the Union,—who abuses in the vilest manner our Government and its officers in a crisis like the present, is one who, according to all precedents of justice, should be richly punished under military law, if the civil arm be too weak to grasp him. It was such Democrats as Mahoney, who yelled out indignantly in the beginning at every measure which was taken to protect us against the enemy, who, when they had nearly ruined our cause by their efforts, attributed the results of their treason to the Administration, and who now, changing their cry, instead of clamoring for more vigor against the rebels, boldly hurrah for the rebellion itself. It is strange that they cannot see that they are now bringing themselves out distinctly as Tories, and men to be branded in history. Do they suppose that such a revolution as this—a revolution of human rights and free labor against the last great form of tyranny—is going *backward*? Do the events of the last thirty years indicate that Southern aristocracy and Copperhead ignorance and evil are to achieve a final victory over republicanism? Yet it is in this faith, that demagoguism will be stronger than a great principle, that such men as Mahoney write and live.

WILD SCENES IN SOUTH AMERICA; or, Life in the Llanos of Venezuela. By DON RAMON PAEZ.  
New York: Charles Scribner, 124 Grand Street.

The work before us takes the reader not only through all the adventures and chances of the desperate life of the llaneros or herdsmen of South America, but also gives many startling scenes from the revolutions of Colombia, embracing an excellent biography of the truly great general Paez, the friend and colleague of Bolivar. But when we remember that it contains such a mass of valuable historical material, from the pen of a son of General Paez, aide-de-camp to his father, and an eyewitness of, or actor in, some of the bloody scenes of a civil war, and that even the description of herdsman's life is filled with deeply interesting scientific records of the natural history and botany of our southern continent, it seems strange that such a volume could appear under a title smacking of the veriest book-making for the cheap Western market.

The writer, Don Ramon Paez, who was born among the people whom he describes, and was afterward well educated in England, was probably the best qualified man in South America to depict the life of the llaneros, of whom his father was long the literal chief. Half of his pages are occupied with the account of a grand cattle-hunt, involving sufferings and adventures of a very varied and remarkable description, giving the world, we believe, the best account of wild herdsman American-Spanish life ever written. A very curious study of the character of the writer himself is one of the many interesting traits of this volume. A love of literature, of science, of much that is beautiful and refined, contrasts piquantly with occasional glimpses of true Creole character, and of a son of 'the best horseman in South America,' who is too much at home among the fierce people whom he describes to fully assume the tone of a foreigner and amateur. In this latter respect Don Ramon seems to have been influenced by regarding as models the works of European travellers, as well as by a very commendable spirit of modesty; for modest he certainly is when speaking of himself, when we consider the temptations to self-glorification which his adventures would have presented to any of the English adventurers of the present day!

The book cannot fail to be extensively read, since it is not only entertaining, but instructive. Its sketches of the *causes* of the continual civil wars in South America are not only explanatory, but may serve as a lesson to us in this country to give ourselves heart and soul to the Union, and to crush out treason and faction by every means in our power. If the rebels and Copperheads triumph, we shall soon see the United States reduced to the frightful anarchy of South America.

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## The Continental Monthly.

The readers of the CONTINENTAL are aware of the important position it has assumed, of the influence which it exerts, and of the brilliant array of political and literary talent of the highest order which supports it. No publication of the kind has, in this country, so successfully combined the energy and freedom of the daily newspaper with the higher literary tone of the first-class monthly; and it is very certain that no magazine has given wider range to its contributors, or preserved itself so completely from the narrow influences of party or of faction. In times like the present, such a journal is either a power in the land or it is nothing. That the CONTINENTAL is not the latter is abundantly evidenced *by what it has done*—by the reflection of its counsels in many



important public events, and in the character and power of those who are its staunchest supporters.

Though but little more than a year has elapsed since the CONTINENTAL was first established, it has during that time acquired a strength and a political significance elevating it to a position far above that previously occupied by any publication of the kind in America. In proof of which assertion we call attention to the following facts:

1. Of its POLITICAL articles republished in pamphlet form, a single one has had, thus far, a circulation of *one hundred and six thousand* copies.

2. From its LITERARY department, a single serial novel, "Among the Pines," has, within a very few months, sold nearly *thirty-five thousand* copies. Two other series of its literary articles have also been republished in book form, while the first portion of a third is already in press.

No more conclusive facts need be alleged to prove the excellence of the contributions to the CONTINENTAL, or their *extraordinary popularity*; and its conductors are determined that it shall not fall behind. Preserving all "the boldness, vigor, and ability" which a thousand journals have attributed to it, it will greatly enlarge its circle of action, and discuss, fearlessly and frankly, every principle involved in the great questions of the day. The first minds of the country, embracing the men most familiar with its diplomacy and most distinguished for ability, are among its contributors; and it is no mere "flattering promise of a prospectus" to say that this "magazine for the times" will employ the first intellect in America, under auspices which no publication ever enjoyed before in this country.

While the CONTINENTAL will express decided opinions on the great questions of the day, it will not be a mere political journal: much the larger portion of its columns will be enlivened, as heretofore, by tales, poetry, and humor. In a word, the CONTINENTAL will be found, under its new staff of Editors, occupying a position and presenting attractions never before found in a magazine.

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The July No. of the Continental will contain articles by the Hon. ROBERT J. WALKER, written from England.

All communications, whether concerning MSS. or on business, should be addressed to

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