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**THE
CONTINENTAL MONTHLY:**

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THE VALUE OF THE UNION.

II.

Having taken a hasty survey, in our first number, of the value and progress of the Union, let us now, turning our gaze to the opposite quarter, consider the pro-slavery rebellion and its tendencies, and mark the contrast.

We have seen, in glancing along the past, that while a benevolent Providence has evidently been in the constant endeavor to lead mankind onward and upward to a higher, more united, and happier life, even on this earth—this divine effort has always encountered great opposition from human selfishness and ignorance.

We have also observed, that nevertheless, through the ages-long *external* discipline of incessant political revolutions and changes, and also by the *internal* influences of such religious ideas as men could, from time to time, receive, appreciate, and profit by, that through all this they have at length been brought to that religious, political, intellectual, social, and industrial condition which constituted the civilization of Europe some two and a half centuries since; and which was, taken all in all, far in advance of any previous condition.

Under these circumstances, the period was ripe for the germs of a religious and political liberty to start into being or to be quickened into fresh life, with a far better prospect of final development than they could have had at an earlier epoch. Born thus anew in Europe, they were transplanted to the shores of the new world. The results of their comparatively unrestricted growth are seen in the establishment and marvellous expansion of the republic.

Great, however, as these results have been, the fact is so plain that he who runs may read, that they would have been vastly greater but for a malignant influence which has met the elements of progress, even on these shores. Disengaged from the opposing influences which surrounded them in Europe—from the spirit of absolutism, of hereditary aristocracy, of ecclesiastical despotism, from the habits, the customs, the institutions of earlier times, more or less rigid, unyielding on that account, and hard to change by the new forces, disengaged from these hampering influences, and planted on the shores of America—these elements of progress, so retarded even up to the present moment in Europe, found themselves most unexpectedly side by side with an outbirth of human selfishness in its pure and most undisguised form. This was not the spirit of absolutism, or of hereditary aristocracy, nor of ecclesiastical and priestly domination. All of these, which have so conspicuously figured in Europe, have perhaps done more at certain periods for the advancement of civilization, by their restraining, educating influence, than they have done harm at others, when less needed. All of these institutions arose naturally out of the circumstances, the character, and wants of men, at the time, and have been of essential service in their day. But the great antagonist which free principles encountered on American soil; which was planted alongside of the tree of liberty; which grew with its growth, and strengthened with its strength; which, like a noxious parasitic vine, wound its insidious coils around the trunk that supported it—binding its expanding branches, rooted in its tissues, and living on its vital fluids;—this insidious enemy was slavery—a thoroughly undisguised manifestation of human selfishness and greed; without a single redeeming trait—simply an unmitigated evil: a two-edged weapon, cutting and maiming both ways, up and down—the master perhaps even more than the slave; a huge evil committed, reacting in evil, in the exact degree of its hugeness and momentum. Yes! this great antagonist was slavery—an institution long thrown out of European life; a relic of the lowest barbarism and savagism, the very antipodes of freedom, and flourishing best only in the rudest forms of society; but now rearing its hideous visage in the midst of principles, forms, and institutions the most free and advanced of any that the world has ever witnessed.

In the presence of this great fact, one is led to exclaim: 'How strange!' How monstrous an anomaly! What singular fatality has brought two such irreconcilable opposites together? It is as if two individuals, deadly foes, should by a mysterious chance, encounter each other unexpectedly on some wide, dreary waste of the Arctic solitudes. Whither no other souls of the earth's teeming millions come, thither these two alone, of all the world beside, are, as if helplessly impelled, to settle their quarrel by the death of one or the other. Thus singular and inexplicable does it at first sight seem—this juxtaposition of freedom and slavery on the shores of the new world.

On second thoughts, however, we shall find this apparent singularity and mystery to disappear. We are surprised only because we see a familiar fact under a new aspect, and do not at once recognize it. What we see before us in this great event is only an underlying fact of every individual's *personal* experience, expanded into the gigantic proportions of a *nation's* experience.

In every child of Adam are the seeds of good and of evil. Side by side they lie together in the same soil; they are nourished and developed together; they become more and more marked and individualized with advancing years, swaying the child and the youth, hither and thither, according as one or the other prevails; until at some period in the full rationality of riper age comes the deadly contest between the power of darkness and the power of light—one or the other conquers; the man's character is fixed; and he travels along the path he has chosen, upward or downward.

So it is now with the great collective individual, the American republic. So it is and has been with every other nation. The powers of good and evil contend no less in communities and nations than in the individuals who compose them; and, according as one or the other influence prevails in rulers or in ruled, have human civilization and human welfare been advanced or retarded.

In the American Union, the contrast has been more marked, more vivid, and of greater extent than the world has ever seen, because of the higher, freer, more humane character of our institutions, and the extent of region which they cover. The brighter the sunshine, the darker the shadow; the higher the good to be enjoyed, the darker, more deplorable is the evil which is the inverse and opposite of that good. Hence, with a knowledge of this prevalent fact of fallen human nature, and also of the fact that nations are but individuals repeated—one might almost have foreseen that if institutions, more free and enlightened than had ever before blessed a people, were to arise upon any region of the globe—something proportionately hideous and repulsive in the other direction would be seen to start up alongside of them, and seek their destruction.

Is this so strange then? It is only in agreement with the great truth, that the best men endure the strongest temptations. He who was sinless endured and overcame what no mere mortal could have borne for an instant. So the highest truths have ever encountered the most violent opposition. The most salutary reforms have had to struggle the hardest to obtain a footing; in a word, the higher and holier the heaven from whence blessings descend to earth, the deeper and more malignant is the hell that rises in opposition. With the truly-sought aid of Him, however, who alone has all power in heaven, earth, and hell, victory is certain to be achieved in national no less than in individual trials.

But in both national and individual difficulties it is indispensable, in order that courage may not waver, that hope may not falter—it is indispensable that there should be, as already urged, a clear intellectual comprehension of the full nature of the good thing for which battle is waged. The brilliant vision of attainable good must be preserved undimmed—ever present in sharp and radiant outline to the mental eye; and so its lustre may also fall in a flood of searching light on the evil which is battled against, clearly revealing all its hideousness.

A clear understanding by the people at large, of what that is in which the value of the Union consists, is only next in importance to the Union itself; since the preservation of the Union hangs upon the nation's appreciation of its value. Then only can we be intensely, ardently zealous; full of courage and motive force; full of hope and determination that it shall be preserved at whatever cost of life or treasure. But without the deep conviction of the untold blessings that lie yet undeveloped in the Union and its Constitution, without the hearty belief that this Union is a gift of God, to be ours only while we continue fit to hold it, and to be fought for as for life itself (for a large, free individual life for each one of us is involved in the great life of the Union), without this deep, rock-rooted conviction in the heart of the nation, we shall tend to lukewarmness—to an awful indifference as to how this contest shall end; and begin to seek for present peace at any price. We say *present* peace, for a permanent peace, short of a thorough crushing of the rebellion, is simply a sheer impossibility—a wild hallucination. Nor is it a less mad fantasy to suppose that the rebellion can be effectually crushed without annihilating slavery, the sole and supreme cause of the rebellion. Such lukewarmness and untimely peace sentiments, widely diffused through the loyal States, would be truly alarming. Those who feel and talk thus, are like blind men on the verge of a fathomless abyss; and should a majority ever be animated by such ideas, we are gone—hopelessly fallen under the dark power, never perhaps to rise again in our day or generation. But we have no fears of such a dismal result; the nation is in the divine hands, and we feel confident that all will be right in the end.

We have presented two reasons why the Union is priceless. Still further may this be seen by a glance at the opposite features and tendencies of the rebellion; and by the consideration of three or four points of radical divergence and antagonism between slavery and republicanism.

We set out with the following general statements:

The less selfish a man becomes—the more that he rises out of himself—in that degree (other conditions being equal) does he seek the society of others from disinterested motives, and the wider becomes the circle of his sympathies.

On the other hand, the more selfish he is—the lower the range of faculties which motive him—in that degree, the more exclusive is he—the more does he tend to isolate himself from others, or to associate only with those whose character or pursuits minister to his own gratification. Beasts of prey are solitary in their habits—the gentle and useful domestic animals are gregarious and social.

Now the same is true of communities. The more elevated their character—the more that the moral and intellectual faculties predominate in a community; or the more virtuous, intelligent, and industrious—in short, the more civilized it is—the closer are the individuals of that community drawn together among themselves, and the greater also is its tendency to unite with other communities into a larger society, while it preserves, at the same time, all necessary freedom and individuality. The more civilized and humanized a nation is, the greater are the tendency and ease with which it organizes a *diversified*, as distinguished from a homogeneous unity; or, the greater the ease with which it establishes and maintains the integrity and freedom of the component parts, of the individuals and communities of individuals, as indispensable to the freedom and welfare of the whole national body.

Thus advancing civilization will multiply the relations of men with each other, of communities with communities, of states with states, of nations with nations; and will also organize these relations with a perfection proportioned to their multiplicity; and thus draw men ever closer in the fraternal bonds of a common humanity.

On the other hand, the more a community becomes immoral, ignorant, and indolent—the lower its aims and motive, the less it cultivates the mental powers, the fewer industries it prosecutes, and the less diversified are its productions—in proportion as it declines in all these modes, in that degree does it tend to disintegration, to separation and isolation of all its parts, and toward the establishment of many petty and independent communities; in other words, it tends to lapse into barbarism.

Such a movement is, however, against the order of Providence, and thus is an evil that corrects itself. Men are happier (other conditions being equal) in large communities than in small; and when selfishness and ambition have broken up a large state into many small and independent ones, the same principle of selfishness, still operating, keeps them in perpetual mutual jealousy and collision, until, whether they will or not, they are forced into a mass again by some strong military despot, or conquered by a superior foreign power, and quiet is for a time again restored.

From these considerations we conclude that civilization, as it advances, is but the index of the capacity of human beings to form themselves into larger and larger nationalities (perhaps ultimately to result in a federal union of all nations), each consisting of numerous parts, performing distinct functions; yet so organized harmoniously that each part shall preserve all the freedom that it requires for its utmost development and happiness, and yet depend for its own life upon the life of the entire national body.

It may also be concluded that this capacity of men so to organize is just in proportion to the development of the higher elements and faculties of the mind, the religious, moral, social, and intellectual, and the diminished influence of the lower, animal, and selfish nature.

Consequently, when in such a large and harmoniously organized nationality as the American Union, there arises a movement which, without the slightest rational or high moral cause, aims to break away from this advanced, this free and humanizing political organization; and not only to break away from the main body, but also maintains the right of the seceding portion itself to break up into independent sovereignties; then, the conclusion is forced upon every impartial mind that the spirit which animates such a disruptive movement is a spirit opposed to civilization, since it runs in precisely the opposite direction; as, instead of tending to unity, to accord, to a large organization with individual freedom, it tends to disunity, separation, the splitting up of society into many independent sovereign states, or fractions of states, certain, absolutely certain to clash and war with each other, especially with slavery as their woof and warp; and thus bring back the reign of barbarism, and the ultimate subjection of these warring little sovereignties to one or more iron despotisms.

The inevitable tendency of the rebellion, if successful, and its doctrine of secession *ad libitum*, is (even without slavery—how much more with it!) to hurl society to the bottom of the steep and rugged declivity up which, through the long ages, divine Providence, the guide of man, has been in the ceaseless and finally successful endeavor to raise it. The American republic is the highest level, the loftiest table land yet reached by man in his political ascent; and the forces that would drag him from thence are forces from beneath, the animal, selfish, devilish element of depraved human nature, which so long have held the race in bondage; and which, now that they see their victim slipping from their grasp, and rising beyond reach into the high region of unity, peace, and progress, are moving all the powers of darkness for one final and successful assault. Will it be successful? We cannot believe it.

What is the cause of this wicked, heaven-defying, insane movement on the part of the South? The answer is written in flames of light along the sky, and in letters of blood upon the breadth of the land. Slavery first, slavery middle, and slavery last. Accursed slavery! firstborn of the evil one—the lust of dominion over others for one's own selfish purposes, in its naked, most shameless, and undisguised form. Dominion of man over man in other modes, such as absolute monarchy, aristocracy, feudalism, ecclesiastical rule—all these justify their exactions under the plea of the welfare of the subject, or the salvation of souls. Slavery has nothing of the kind behind which to

hide its monstrosity; nor does it care to do so, except when hard pushed, and then it feebly pleads the christianization of the negro! A plea at which the common sense of mankind and of Christendom simply laughs.

Now slavery, we know, is just the reverse of freedom, and hence it is only natural to expect that the fruits, the results of slavery, wherever its influence extends, would closely partake of the nature of their parent and cause. Slavery, then, as the antipodes of freedom, must engender in the community that harbors and fosters it, habits, sentiments, and modes of life continually diverging from, and ever more and more antagonistic to, whatever proceeds from free institutions.

Let us look at some of these. There are four points of antagonism between free and slave institutions that seem to stand out more prominently than others; at any rate, we shall not now extend our inquiry beyond them.

Slavery, then, begets in the ruling class:

1. An excessive spirit of domineering and command;
2. A contempt of labor;
3. A want of diversified industry;
4. These three results produce a fourth, viz., a division of slave society into a wealthy, all-powerful slaveholding aristocracy on the one hand; and an ignorant, impoverished, and more or less degraded non-slaveholding class on the other.

It is at once seen how slavery develops to the utmost, in the master and dominant race, a habit of command, of self-will, of determination to have one's own way at all hazards, of intolerance of any contradiction or opposition; of quickness to take offence, and to avenge and right one's self. The possession and exercise of almost irresponsible power over others tend to destroy in the master all power of self-control; foster intolerance of any legal restraint, of any law but one's own will, that must either rule or ruin. It is a spirit that is cultivated assiduously from childhood to youth, and from youth to full age, by constant and ubiquitous subjection of the negro, young and old, to the petty tyranny, the whims and caprices of little master and miss, and by the exercise of authority at all times and in all places by the white over the black race. It is a spirit that is essential to the slave driver; and when the habit of dictation and command to inferiors has grown into every fibre of his nature, he cannot dismiss it when he deals with his equals, whenever his wishes are opposed. Hence the violence, the lawlessness, the carrying and free use of deadly weapons, the duels and murders that are so rife in the South, and the haughty manners of so many Southern Congressmen. The rebellion is simply the culmination and breaking forth of this arrogant, domineering, slavery-fostered spirit on a vast scale. Failing to hold the reins of the National Government, it must needs destroy it.

Such a temper and disposition is evidently incompatible with human equality and equal rights; and in it we have one of the roots of Southern ill-concealed antagonism to free republican government.

2d. The second Southern, or slavery-engendered element that is antagonistic to free institutions, is contempt of labor.

Could anything else be expected? Because slaves work, and are compelled to it by the overseer's lash, *all* labor necessarily partakes of the disgrace which is thus attached to it. It is surprising how perverted the Southern mind is upon this point. Because slavery degrades labor, they maintain that the converse must also be true, viz., that all who labor must unavoidably possess the spirit of slaves; and hence they supposed that the North would not make a vigorous opposition, because all Northerners are addicted to labor.

The truth however is this: Where labor is despised no community can flourish as it is capable of doing; much less one with free institutions. We might just as well talk of a body without flesh and bones; of a house without walls or timbers; of a country without land and water, as of free institutions without skilled and honorable labor. It is the very ground on which they stand.

This then is another source of antagonism between slave and free institutions.

3d. A third point, not only of difference, but also of antagonism between slave society and free, consists in the permanent contraction or limitation of the field of labor in the former, and its perpetual expansion and multiplication of the branches of industry in the latter. Not only does the slave perform as little work as he can with safety, but besides this, the sphere in which slave labor can be profitably employed is a limited one. Agriculture on an extensive scale, on large plantations, is the only one that the slaveholder finds to repay him. All articles, or the vast majority of them, used by the South, that require for their production a great number of different and subdivided branches of labor, come from the North.

We have said that labor, skilled, honored, educated labor, is the material foundation, the solid ground upon which free institutions rest. We now further add this undeniable and important truth, viz., that as branches of labor are multiplied; as each branch itself is subdivided and diversified; as new branches and new details are established by the aid of the ever-increasing light of scientific discovery, and the exhaustless fertility of human inventive genius; as all these numerous industries are more or less connected and interlocked; as this great network of ever-

multiplying and diversified human labors expands its circumference, while also filling up its interior meshes, in the degree that all this takes place, the broader and firmer becomes this industrial foundation for free institutions.

It is on this broad platform of diversified and interlocked labors that man meets his brother man and equal. The variety and diversity of labors adapts itself to a like and analogous diversity of human characters, tastes, and industrial aptitudes and capacities. And the mutual dependence and interlocking of these multiplied branches of industry bring the laborers themselves into more numerous, more close, and independent relations. Men are first drawn together by their mutual wants and their social impulses; but when thus brought together, they tend to remain united, not merely by affinity of character, but also, and often mainly by their having something to *do* in common—by their common labors and pursuits. Advancing civilization, since it ever brings out and develops more and more of man's nature, must, as a natural result, ever also multiply his wants. These multiplying wants can be satisfied for each individual only by the diversified activities of multitudes of his fellows; the results of whose united labors, brought to his door, are seen in the countless articles that go to make up a well-built and well-furnished modern dwelling. Labor is thus the great *social cement*; and can any one fail to see that it is upon the basis of such a diversified and interwoven industry that a corresponding multiplicity, intermingling, and union of human relations are established; and also that it is only under free institutions in the enjoyment of equal rights, where all are equal before the law, and where political authority and order emanate from the people themselves, that labor itself can be free; and not only free, but ennobled, and at full liberty to expand itself broadly and widely in all departments, without any conceivable limits? While at the same time, by the interlacing of its countless details, it cements the laborers, the respective communities, the entire nation into a noble brotherhood of useful workers.

We have yet to learn the elevating, refining power of labor, when organized as it can, and assuredly will be. At present we have no adequate conception of this influence. It is solely for the sake of labor, for the sake of human activity, that it may fill as many and as wide and deep channels as possible, and thus permit man's varied life and capacities to flow freely forth, and expand to the utmost; it is solely for this end that all government is instituted; and under a free, popular government, under the guidance of religion and science, labor is destined to reach a degree of development and a perfection of organization, and to exert a reactive influence in ennobling human character that shall surpass the farthest stretch of our present imaginings. Our rare political organization is but the coarse, bold outlines—the rugged trunk and branches of the great tree of liberty. Out of this will grow the delicate and luxuriant foliage of a varied, beautiful, scientific, and dignified industry and social life.

This is the glorious, towering, expanding structure, which the insane rebellion, the dark slave power, is raging to destroy! to tear it, branch by branch, to pieces, and scatter the ruins to the four winds, in order to set up, what? in its place. A foul, decaying object—a slave oligarchy, which, do what it will, is, at each decennial census, seen to fall steadily farther and farther into the rear even of the most laggard of the Free States, in all that goes to make up our American civilization.^[1] And all this because it sees that the life of the republic is the death of slavery, and free labor the eternal enemy of slave.

This difference in the conditions of labor, then, forms the third point of antagonism between free and slave institutions.

It is an antagonism that is ever on the increase—ever intensifying, and utterly irremediable in any conceivable way or mode. Much as the nation longs for peace, this is utterly hopeless, let it do what it will—compromise, try arbitration, mediation—nothing can bring lasting peace but the death of slavery. Freedom may be crushed for a season, but as it is the breath of God himself, it will live and struggle on from year to year, and from age to age, and give the world no rest until it has vanquished all opposition, and asserted its divine right to be supreme.

If slave society, therefore, thus necessarily diverges ever farther and farther from the conditions which characterize, and those which result from the operations of free institutions, such society must of course be fast on its way to a monarchical, or even an absolute and despotic government. The whites of the South even now may be considered as separated into two distinct classes—the governing and the governed. The slaveholders are virtually the governing class, through their superior wealth, education, and influence; and the non-slaveholders are as virtually the subject class, since slavery, being the great, paramount, leading interest, overtopping and overshadowing all things else, tinging every other social element with its own sombre hue, is fatal to any movement adverse to it on the part of the non-slaveholder. Everything must drift in the whirl of its powerful eddy, a terrible maelstrom, into which the North was fast floating, when the thunder of the Fort Sumter bombardment awoke it just in time to see its awful peril and strike out, with God's help, into the free waters once more.

From these considerations, can we be surprised at the rumors that now and then come from the South, of incipient movements toward a monarchical government? Not at all. Should the rebellion succeed—a supposition which is, of course, not to be harbored for a moment—but in such an improbable contingency there can be hardly a reasonable doubt that a monarchy would be the result. Not probably at first. The individual States would like to amuse themselves awhile with

the game of secession, and the joys of independent sovereignty, State rights, etc., as Georgia has already begun to do, in nullifying the conscription law on their bogus congress. But eventually their mutual jealousies, their 'quick sense of honor,' their contentious and intestine wars (and nothing else can reasonably be looked for) will bring them under an absolute monarchy, more or less arbitrary, or under the yoke of some foreign power.

The antagonism between free and slave institutions, which we have inferred, from a glance at the peculiar workings of each, finds its complete confirmation in certain statements made by Mr. Calhoun, some twenty years ago, which were to this effect, viz.:

'Democracy in the North is engendering social anarchy; it is tending to the loosening of the bonds of society. Society is not governed by the will of a mob, but by education and talent. Therefore the South, resting on slavery as a stable foundation, is a principle of authority: it must restrain the North; must resist the anarchical influence of the North; must counterbalance the dissolving influence of the North. He upheld slavery because it was a bulwark to counterbalance the dissolving democracy of the North; that the dissolving doctrines of democracy took their rise in England, passed into France, and caused the French Revolution; that they have been carried out in the democracy of the North, and will there ultimate in revolution, anarchy, and dissolution.' (Taken from Horace Greeley, in *Independent* of December 25th, 1862.)

These are Mr. Calhoun's own words, and he will probably be allowed to be a fair exponent of Southern sentiment: we may gather from these utterances how the free republicanism of the North is regarded by the slave oligarchy.

We cannot forbear adding another statement of Mr. Calhoun, made to Commodore Stuart, as far back as 1812, in a private conversation at Washington, which was in substance as follows, viz.: That the South, on account of slavery, found it necessary to ally herself with one of the political parties; but that if ever events should so turn out as to break this alliance, or cause that the South could not control the Government, that then it would break it up.

Comment upon this is unnecessary. Let no loyal man forget these expressions; they reveal the egg from whence, after fifty years' incubation, this rebellion has been hatched.

But our theme, 'The Value of the Union,' continually expands before us; nevertheless we must bring our article to a close. We do so with the following remarks:

An individual is truly free, not in the degree only in which he governs himself, but in the degree that he governs himself according to the central truth and right of things, or according to the loftiness of the standard by which he regulates his conduct.

It is by the possession of truth, and by obedience to what that truth teaches, that a man rises out of evil and error, and out of bondage thereto.

The possession of truth constitutes intelligence.

But intelligence is worse than useless without obedience to its highest requirements, which is virtue.

Virtue, or morality, in its turn (or decent exterior conduct), is nothing without that which constitutes the soul's topmost and central faculty, viz., the religious sentiment, or that which links the soul to God, the centre of all things. As the parts of any organism, as we have seen, fall into confusion and discord when the central bond is wanting; so do the powers of the soul, when it closes itself by evil doing against the entrance of the beams of life and light that unceasingly flow upon it from God, the spiritual sun and centre of the universe.

Now, as individuals make up the nation, this will be free, and the Union valued and preserved, in the degree that each individual is intelligent, virtuous, and religious.

Upon those, then, who educate the individual, those to whom the infant, the child, the youth, is entrusted, to mould and imbue at the most pliant and receptive period of life—on those, whose office it is to form the young mind into the love and practice of all things good and true, and an abhorrence of their opposites; upon these, the parents, the teachers, and the pastors of the land; upon these, when this hurricane of civil war shall have passed away, do the preservation of this Union and the hopes of mankind more than ever depend. Upon home education and influence; on the schools and on the churches on these three forces centred upon, interwoven, and vitalized by true Christian doctrine, as revealed in the Sacred Scriptures or inspired Word of God, rest the destinies of the American republic. May those who wield them live and act with an ever more vivid and growing consciousness of their great responsibility.

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

CHAPTER XXV.

Joe led Slema away, and, springing from the block, I pressed through the crowd to where Larkin was standing.

'Larkin,' I said, placing my hand on his arm, 'come with me.'

'Who in h—— ar ye?' he asked, turning on me rather roughly.

'My name is Kirke. You ought to know me.'

'Kirke! Why ye ar! I'm right down glad ter see ye, Mr. Kirke,' he exclaimed, seizing me warmly by the hand.

'Come with me; I want to talk with you.'

He sprang from the bench, and followed me into the mansion.

Entering the library, I locked the door. When he was seated, I said:

'Now, Larkin, who do you want this girl for?'

'Wall, I swar! Mr. Kirke, ye fire right at th' bull's eye!' Then, hesitating a moment, he added:

'Fur myself.'

'No, you don't; you know that isn't true.'

'Ha!—ha! This ar th' second time ye've told me I lied. Nary other man ever done it twice, Mr. Kirke; but I karn't take no 'fence with ye, nohow—ha! ha!'

'Come, Larkin, don't waste time. Tell me squarely—*who* do you want this girl for?'

'Wall, Mr. Kirke, I can't answer thet—not in honor.'

'Shall *I* tell *you*?'

'Yas, ef ye kin!'

'John Hallet.'

'Wall, I'm d——d ef ye doan't take th' papers. Who in creashun told ye thet?'

'No one; I *know* it, Hallet's only son is engaged to this girl. He wants her, to balk him.'

'Ye're wrong thar. He wants har fur *himself*.'

'For himself!'

'Yas; he's got a couple now. He's a sly old fox; but he's one on 'em.'

'Is he willing to pay eighty-two hundred dollars for a mistress?'

'Wall, Preston owes him a debt, an' he reckons 'tain't wuth a hill o' beans. Thet's th' amount uv it.'

Thus the wrong of the father was to be atoned for by the dishonor of the child! Preston was right: the curse which followed his sin had fallen on all he loved—on his wife, his mistress, the octoroon girl, his manly, noble son; and now, the cloud which held the thunderbolt was hovering over the head of his best-loved child! And so He visiteth 'the sins of the fathers upon the children!'

'But he is wrong! Preston's estate will pay its debts. If it does not, Joe will make good the deficiency, I will guarantee Hallet's claim. See him, and tell him so.'

'He hain't yere, an' woan't be yere. He allers fights shy. An' 'twouldn't be uv no use. He's made up his mind to hev th' gal, an' hev har he will. He's come all th' way from Orleans ter make sure uv it.'

'But, Larkin, you've a heart under your waistcoat; *you* won't lend yourself to the designs of such a consummate scoundrel as Hallet!'

'Scoundrel's a hard word, Mr. Kirke. 'Tain't used much round yere; when it ar, it draws blood like a lancet.'

'I mean no offence to you, Larkin; but it's true—I will prove it;' and I went on to detail my early acquaintance with Hallet; his vast profession and small performance of piety; his betrayal of Frank's mother; his treatment of his son, and all the damning record I have spread before the reader.

As I talked, Larkin rose, and walked the room, evidently affected; but, when I concluded, he said:

'Tain't no use, Mr. Kirke; I'd ruther ye wouldn't say no more. It makes me feel like the cholera. An' 'tain't no use! I've *got* ter buy th' gal.'

'You have *not* got to buy her! You need only go away. I will give you a thousand dollars, if you will

go at once.'

'No, no, Mr. Kirke; I karn't do it. I'd like ter 'blige ye, and I need money like th' devil; but I karn't leave Hallet in th' lurch. 'Twouldn't be far dealin' 'tween man an' man. He trusts me ter do it, an' I'm in with him. I *must* act honest.'

'How *in* with him?'

'Why, he an' ole Roye ar tergether. The' find th' money fur my bis'ness—done it fur fifteen yar. The' git th' biggest sheer, but I karn't help myself, I went inter cotton, like a d—d fool, 'bout a yar ago, an' lost all I hed—every red cent; an' now I shud be on my beam ends ef it warn't fur them.'

'Then Hallet has made his money dealing in negroes!'

'Yas, a right smart pile, in thet, an' cotton. He got me inter th' d—d staple. I hed nigh on ter sixty thousan' then—hard rocks; but I lost it all—every dollar—at one slap; though I reckon *he* managed, somehow, ter get out.'

'Yes, of course, *he* got out, and saddled the loss upon you. Were you such a fool as not to see that?'

'P'raps he did; but he covered his trail. He's smart; ye karn't track *him*. But it makes no odds; I *hev* ter keep in with him. I couldn't do a thing, ef I didn't.'

'Yes, you could. Come North. I'll give you honest work to do.'

'You're a gentleman, Mr. Kirke, an' I'm 'bliged ter ye; but I karn't leave yere. I've got a wife an' chil'ren, an' the' wouldn't live 'mong ye abolitionists, nohow.'

'You have a wife and children?'

'Yas'; a wife, an' two as likely young 'uns as ye ever seed—boy 'bout seven, an' gal 'bout twelve.'

'Well, Larkin, suppose *your* little girl was upon that auction block; suppose some villain had hired *me* to aid in debauching her; suppose you, her father, should come to me and plead with me not to do it; suppose I should tell you what you have told me, and then—should go out and buy *your* child; what would you do? Would you not curse me with your very last breath?'

He seated himself, and hung down his head, but made no reply.

'Answer me, like the honest man you are.'

'Wall, I reckon I shud.'

'Selma is to marry my adopted son. She is as dear to me as your child is to you. Can you do to her, what you would curse me for doing to *your* child? Look me in the face. Don't flinch—answer me!'

I rose, and stood before him. In a few moments he also rose, and, looking me squarely in the eye—there was a tear in his—he brought his hand down upon mine with a concussion that might have been heard a mile off, and said:

'No, I'm d—d ter h—ef I kin.'

'You are a splendid, noble fellow, Larkin.'

'Ye're 'bout th' fust man thet ever said so, Mr. Kirke. Ye told me suthin' like thet nigh on ter twelve yar ago. I hain't forgot it yit, an' I never shill.'

'You're rough on the outside, Larkin, but sound at the core—sound as a nut. I wish the world had more like you. Leave this wretched work!'

'I'd like ter, but I karn't. What kin a feller do, with neither money nor friends?'

'Get into some honest business. I know you can. I'll help you—Joe will help you. We'll talk things over to-night, and I know Joe will rig out something for you.'

He remained seated for a while, saying nothing; then he rose, and, the moisture dimming his eyes, said:

'I reckon ye're not over pious, Mr. Kirke, an' I *know* ye'd stand a hand at a rough an' tumble; but d—d ef thet ain't th' sort o' religion I like. Come, sir; ef I stay yere, ye'll make a 'ooman on me.'

As we passed into the parlor, I said to Joe, who was seated there with Selma:

'Give Larkin your hand, Joe; he's a glorious fellow.'

'My *heart* is in it, Larkin,' said the young man, very cordially. 'It would have come hard to draw a bead on *you*.'

'I knows it would, Joe, an' I wus ter blame; but I never could stand a bluff.'

We passed out together to the auction stand. Selma and her brother ascended the block, while Larkin and I mingled with the buyers, who had collected in even larger numbers than before. The auctioneer brought down his hammer:

'Attention, gentlemen! The sale has begun. I offer you again the girl, Lucy Selma. You've h'ard the description, and (glancing at Joe, and smiling) you know the *conditions* of the sale. A thousand dollars is bid for the girl, Lucy Selma; do I hear any more? Talk quick, gentlemen; I shan't dwell on this lot; so speak up, if you've anything to say. One thousand once—one thousand twice—one thousand third and last call. Do I hear any more?' A pause of a moment. 'Last call, gentlemen. Going—g-o-i-n-g—go—'

The word was unfinished; the hammer was descending, when a voice called out:

'Two thousand!'

'Whose bid is that?' cried Joe, striding across the bench, the glare of a hyena in his eyes.

'Mine, sir!' said the man, with a look of sudden surprise. His face was shaded by a broad-brimmed Panama hat, and his hair and whiskers were dyed, but there was no mistaking his large, eagle nose, his sharp, pointed chin, and his rat-trap of a mouth. It was Hallet! Springing upon a bench near by, I cried out:

'John Hallet, withdraw that bid, or your time has come! I warn you. You cannot leave this place alive!'

He gave me a quick, startled look—the look of a thief caught in the act—but said nothing.

'Who is he?' cried a dozen voices.

'A Yankee nigger-trader! A man that seduced and murdered the woman who should have been his wife; that cast out and starved his own child, and now would debauch this poor girl, who is to marry his only son!'

'Wall, he *ar* a han'some critter.' 'Bout like th' Yankees gin'rally.' 'Clar him out!' cried several voices.

'If you allow him to bid here, you are as bad as he,' I continued, unintentionally fanning the growing excitement.

'Wall, we woan't.' 'Pitch inter him!' 'Douse him in th' pond!' 'Ride him on a rail!' 'Give him a coat uv tar!' and a hundred similar exclamations rose from the crowd, which swayed toward the obnoxious man with a quick, tumultuous motion.

'He'm in de darky trade; leff de darkies handle him!' cried Ally, seizing Hallet by the collar, and dragging him toward the pond.

The face of the great merchant turned ghastly pale. Paralyzed with fear, he made no resistance.

Pressing rapidly through the crowd, and tossing Ally aside as if he had been a bundle of feathers, Larkin was at Hallet's side in an instant. Planting himself before him, and drawing his revolver, he cried out:

'Far play, gentlemen, far play. He's a cowardly scoundrel, but he shill hev far play, or my name ain't Jake Larkin!'

Instinctively the crowd fell back a few paces, and Larkin, with more coolness, continued:

'Th' only man yere thet's got anything ter say in this bis'ness ar Joe Preston; an' *he'll* guv even a Yankee far play. Woan't ye, Joe?' he cried. Then, turning quickly to his partner, he added: 'Ye didn't know th' kunditions, Mr. Hallet, did ye? Speak quick.'

'No—I—didn't know I was—giving offence,' stammered Hallet, looking in the direction in which Larkin's eyes were turned.

Selma had taken the auctioneer's chair, and Joe stood, with folded arms, glaring on Hallet.

'Come, Joe,' continued Larkin, 'I've done ye a good turn ter-day. Let him off, an' put it ter my 'count.'

'As you say, Larkin; but he must withdraw his bid, and leave the ground at once.'

'I withdraw it, sir,' said Hallet, in a cringing tone, clinging fast to the negro trader.

'Doan't hold on so tight, Mr. Hallet. Lord bless ye! nary one yere'll hurt ye; they'm gentler'n lambs—ha! ha! But when ye want anuther gal, doan't ye come *yere* fur yer darter-in-law—ha! ha!'

Putting his arm within Hallet's, he then attempted to press through the crowd; but the blood of the chivalry had risen, and, spite of Joe's remarks, they showed no inclination to let the Yankee off so cheaply. Forming a solid wall around him, they blocked Larkin's way at every turn, and cries of 'Let him alone, Larkin!' 'Cool him off, boys!' 'Doan't ye spile th' fun, Larkin!' 'Guv th' feller a little hosspitality!' echoed from all directions.

Putting up his revolver, Larkin turned to them, and said, in the mildest and blandest tone conceivable:

'Thet's right, boys—ye *orter* hev some fun; but this gintleman's sick. Doan't ye see how pale he ar? He couldn't stand it, nohow. But thar's a feller thet kin,' pointing to Mulock, who stood looking on, at the outer edge of the crowd. 'Ef ye're spilin' fur sport, ye moight try yer hand on

him!'

'Yas, he'm de man!' cried Ally. 'He holped whip de young missus. He telled on har fur twenty dollar. He'm de man!'

Mulock did not seem to realize, at once, that he was the subject of these remarks. The moment he did, he sprang out of the crowd, and darted off for the woods at the top of his speed. A hundred men followed him, with cries of 'Mount, head him off!' 'Five dollars ter th' man thet kotch'es him!' 'Take him, dead or alive!'

Amid the universal excitement and confusion that followed, Larkin walked rapidly away with Hallet.

'You can heat the kettle, boys; Mulock can't run,' cried Joe, from the platform. 'But you must give him a fair trial.'

'We'll do thet, never ye fear!' echoed a dozen voices.

'I nominate his friend, Mr. Gaston, for judge,' said Joe.

'Gaston it is!' 'Gaston it is!' 'Mount the bench, Mr. Gaston!' shouted a hundred 'natives.'

Gaston got upon the auction stand, and said:

'I'll serve, gentlemen; but, before we select jurors, the sale must go on. Miss Preston is not sold yet.'

'All right! all right! Hurry up, Mr. Hammerman!' shouted the crowd.

The auctioneer took his place:

'A thousand dollars is bid for this young lady. Going—gone—*gone*, to Mr. Joseph Preston.'

Selma put her arms about Joe's neck, and, in broken tones, said: 'My brother! my dear brother!' Then she laid her head on his shoulder, and wept—wept unrestrainedly.

Who can fathom the untold misery she had endured within those two hours?

CHAPTER XXVI.

The impromptu judge took his seat on the bench, and the excited multitude once more subsided into quiet. In about fifteen minutes a tumult arose in a remote quarter of the ground, and Mulock and his pursuers appeared in sight, shouting, screaming, and swearing in a decidedly boisterous manner. The most of the profanity—to the credit of the self-appointed *posse comitatus* be it said—was indulged in by the ex-overseer, who, with his clothes torn in shreds, and his face covered with blood, looked like the battered relic of a forty years' war. A red bandanna pinioned his arms to his sides, and a strong man at each elbow spurred his flagging footsteps by an occasional poke with a pine branch. Ally followed at a few paces, looking about as dilapidated as the culprit himself. To him evidently belonged the glory of the capture.

As they approached the stand. Gaston rose, and called out:

'Do not insult justice, by bringing the prisoner into court in this condition. Let his face be washed, his garments changed, and his wounds bound up, before he appears for trial. Dr. Rawson, I commission you special officer for the duty.'

'I'm at your service, Major Gaston,' said the doctor, stepping out from the crowd into the open semicircle in front of the bench. 'Will some one procure the loan of a coat, hat, and trousers at the mansion?'

Ally started for the needed clothing, and the physician led the way to the small lake. In about twenty minutes the volunteer officials returned with the criminal, clothed in a more respectable manner, and Gaston said to him.

'Prisoner, take your place.'

Resistance was useless, and Mulock, with a slow step, and a sullen, dogged air, ascended the platform, and seated himself in the chair provided for him at its further extremity. Gaston sat at the other end, facing him; and four brawny 'natives,' with revolvers in their hands, took positions by his side.

'Silence in the court!' cried Gaston.

The noisy multitude became quiet, and the extempore official proceeded—with greater solemnity than many another judge of more regular appointment exhibits on similar occasions—to say:

'Prisoner, you are charged with two of the highest offences known to our laws; namely, with aiding and abetting an illegal and cruel assault on a white woman, and with procuring and inciting the murder of your own wife. You are about to be tried for these crimes by a jury of your countrymen and I am appointed judge, that full and impartial justice may be done you. It shall be done. Counsel will be awarded you; and, that you may not be condemned by prejudiced men, you will be given the privilege of peremptory challenge against four out of every five of the jurors I shall nominate, I shall now proceed to name the jury, and you will signify your objection to those

you do not approve. Thomas Murchison.'

That gentleman came forward, and Mulock said:

'I take him.'

'Godfrey Banks.'

'He's inimy ter me.'

The man stepped aside; and thus they proceeded, the prisoner taking full advantage of the liberty of choice allowed him, until, out of a panel of nearly sixty, twelve respectable, yeomanly-looking men had been selected. As each juror was approved of by the crowd (who had the final decision), he took a seat on a row of benches facing the 'judge' and the prisoner. When the last one had taken his place, Gaston said:

'Prisoner, you have heard the charges against you; are you guilty, or not guilty? If you think proper to acknowledge your guilt of either or both the crimes with which you are charged, I shall feel it my duty to award you a lighter punishment.'

'I hain't guilty uv 'ary one on 'em,' said Mulock, without looking up.

'What legal gentleman will appear for the people?' cried Gaston, turning to the audience. Several sprigs of the law shot out from the multitude, 'I accept *you*, Mr. Flanders. Who will act for the prisoner?'

Each one of the volunteers fell back, and no response came from any part of the ground. Mulock evidently was neither blessed nor cursed with many friends.

'Does no one appear for the prisoner? Gentlemen of the legal profession, I am sorry to see this reluctance to aid a defenceless man. Will not some one oblige *me*, by volunteering? I shall consider it a personal service,' said Gaston.

Still no response was heard. At least five minutes passed, and the 'judge's' face was assuming a look of painful concern, when Larkin approached the bench.

'Gintlemen,' he said, 'th' man hain't no friends, an' it's a d—d shame not ter come out fur a feller as stands alone. Ef I knowed lor, I'd go in fur him, ef he wus th' devil himself.'

No one came forward in answer to even this appeal; and, turning on the crowd, while warm, manly scorn glowed on his every feature, the negro-trader cried out:

'Ye're a set uv d—d sneakin' hounds, every one on ye. Ye're wuss than th' parsons, an' the' hain't fit ter tote vittles ter a bar.' Turning to the 'judge,' he added, in a more respectful tone: 'I doan't know th' fust thing 'bout lor, Major Gaston, an' this man's nigh as mean a cuss as th' Lord ever made; but ef ye'll 'cept me, I'll go in fur him!'

'I will accept you with pleasure. You're doing a gentlemanly thing, Mr. Larkin.'

A murmur of applause went round the assemblage, as Larkin and the other counsel took seats near the jury.

The 'judge' then rose, and said:

'Gentlemen of the jury: You have engaged in a solemn office. You are about to try a fellow being for his life. It is a painful duty, but it is an obligation you owe to the community, and to yourselves, and you will not shrink from it. Society is held together by laws made to protect the innocent and punish the guilty. But, as *our* society is organized, there are some offences which our tribunals cannot reach. In such cases the people, from whom all laws proceed, have a right to take the law into their own hands.

'The prisoner is charged with crimes which, from the circumstances surrounding their commission, cannot be reached by regular courts of justice. They were witnessed by none but blacks, whose testimony, by our statutes, is not admissible. We, the people, therefore, are to try him; and, to get at the facts, we shall receive the evidence of negroes. You will judge for yourselves as to its credibility. If any doubt of the prisoner's guilt rests in your minds, you will give him the benefit of it, and acquit him; but if, on the other hand, you are fully persuaded that he committed either or both the crimes of which he is accused, you will convict him. *You* will patiently hear the testimony that may be presented; *I* will honestly and impartially give sentence, according to the decision at which you may arrive. The trial will now proceed.'

The witnesses were then examined. Ally was the first one sworn. He deposed to the circumstances attending the whipping of Phyllis, and the assault on Selma; but, as his evidence was altogether hearsay—he not being present on either occasion—it was ruled out, as was also his account of the bribing of Mulock by the mistress.

Three other negroes were then called, and they proved that Mulock aided in dragging Selma to the whipping rack, and witnessed the beating; but they failed to show that he was privy to or participated in the assault on his wife. Others were examined, who saw parts of the two transactions, and then the testimony closed.

As the last witness left the stand, Gaston said:

'I shall allow the prisoner the benefit of the final appeal. The attorney for the people will now address the jury.'

The lawyer, a young man of no especial brilliancy or ability, rose, and, going rapidly over the testimony, drew the conclusion from it that Mulock had instigated the beating of both mother and daughter, and was therefore guilty of the assault and the murder, and should accordingly be punished with death.

The motive actuating him he held to be revenge on Preston, for having, long previously, debauched his wife Phyllis. This passion, held in check during Preston's lifetime by fear of the consequences which might follow its indulgence, had broken out after his death, and wreaked itself on the two defenceless women.

The gentleman's reasoning was not very cogent, but, what he lacked in logic, he made up in bitter denunciation of Mulock, who, according to his showing, was a little blacker than the prime minister of the lower regions.

As he took his seat, Larkin rose, and, addressing himself to both the jury and the multitude, spoke, as near as I can recollect, as follows:

'Gintlemen, this yere sort o' bis'ness is out uv my line. I'm not used ter speechifyin', an' I may murder whot's called good English; but I'd a durned sight ruther murder *thet*, then ter joodiciously, or ary other how, murder a human bein'; an' it's my private 'pinion *ye'll* murder Mulock, ef ye bring him in guilty uv death.

'A man hain't no right ter take human life, 'cept in self-defence. Even ef Mulock was so bad as this loryer feller tries ter make him out—but he hain't, 'cause 'tain't in natur for a man ter be wuss than th' devil himself—ye'd hev no right to stop his breath. Ye didn't guv it ter him; it doan't b'long ter ye, an' th' lor doan't 'low ye ter take what hain't your'n. Ef ye does, it's stealin', an' I knows thet none on the gintlemen uv the jury ar so allfired mean as ter steal—'ticularly ter steal whot woan't be uv no sort o' use ter 'em, nohow.

'The loryer yere, hes spread hissself on Mulock's motive fur doin' this thing; 'sistin' thet fur seventeen yar he's ben a nussin' suthin—nussin' it as keerfully as a mother nusses her chil'ren. Now, young 'uns gin'rally walks when they's 'bout a yar old; but this one thet Mulock's ben a nussin' didn't git 'round till it wus seventeen; an' I reckon a bantlin' thet karn't gwo alone afore it's thet age, woan't never do much hurt ter nobody.

'But these hain't th' raal p'int's uv th' case. I'm loryer 'nuff ter tell ye, ye must gwo on th' evidence; an' thar hain't no evidence ter show thet Mulock hed anything ter do with th' whippin' uv his wife; an' th' *murder* wus in thet. He *did*—so th' nigs say, an' I reckon the' tells th' truth; an' thet's whot nary loryer kin do ef he try; so ye sees, a *nig* is smarter nor a loryer. Wall, the nigs say he help'd in whippin' th' white 'ooman; an', as 'torney fur th' *truth*, gintlemen, which I'm gwine in fur yere, I've got ter 'low it. He did aid an' 'bet, as the loryers call it, in thet, an' thet proves him 'bout as mean as a white man ever gits ter be; an', 'sides thet, he did *sell* har fur twenty dollars—a 'ooman thet even th' 'judge'—an' he *ar* a *judge* uv sech things—was willin' ter pay twenty-five hun' red fur; he *did* sell har fur *twenty dollars*; an' thet proves him a fool! Now, fur bein' both mean an' a fool, I 'low he orter be punished. But doan't ye kill him, gintlemen! Guv it ter him 'cordin' ter his natur an' his merits.' Just luk at him. Hev ye ever seed sech a face, an' sech an eye as thet, in ary human bein'? Why, his eye ar jest like a snake's; an' its natural, ye knows, fur snakes ter crawl; the' karn't do nuthin' else, an' the' hain't ter blame fur it. No more ye karn't blame Mulock for bein' whot he ar. So guv him a coat uv tar—a ride on a rail—a duckin' in th' pond—anything thet's 'cordin' ter his natur an' his merits; but doan't ye take 'way his *life*! Ef ye does thet, he's *lost*—*LOST* furever; fur, I swar ter ye, his soul ar so small, thet ef it was once out uv his body, th' *LORD* himself couldn't find it, an' th' pore feller'd hev ter gwo wand'r'in' 'round with nary whar ter stay, an' nary friends, aither in heaven or t'other place! So be easy with him, gintlemen! Guv him one more chance. Let him stay yere a spell longer, fur yere his soul may grow. An' it *kin* grow! Everything in natur grows—even skunks; an' who knows but Mulock may sprout out yit, an' grow ter be a MAN!

'I'se nuthin' more ter say, gintlemen, only this: Afore ye make up yer minds ter bring Mulock in guilty uv death, jest put yerselfs inter his place, an' ax yerselfs ef *ye'd* like ter hev a rope put 'round yer windpipe, as ye'd put it 'round his'n! Ef ye wudn't, jest remember, 'tain't manly ter use ary 'nother man in a how ye wudn't like ter be used yerselfs. I'm done.'

Larkin was frequently interrupted, during the delivery of this address, by the loud shouts and laughter of the crowd; but, at its close, a perfect tornado of applause swept over the multitude, and a hundred voices called out:

'No; doan't ye hang him.' 'Give him one more chance.' 'Doan't gwo more'n the tar.' 'Larkin's a loryer, shore.'

Amid these and similar exclamations, the jury retired to the little grove of liveoaks. In about fifteen minutes they returned to their seats.

'Gentlemen of the jury,' said Gaston, 'have you agreed on your verdict?'

'Greed on one thing, Major Gaston,' said the foreman, rising; 'hain't on t'other.'

'On what have you agreed?'

'On whippin' th' young 'ooman.'

'What say you on that—guilty, or not guilty?'

'Guilty.'

'And so say you all?'

'Yas, Major.'

'How do you stand on the other charge?'

'Four gwo in fur guilty; th' rest on us think Jake Larkin 'bout right as ter hangin' on him.'

'It is not for Mr. Larkin, or you, to say what shall be done with the prisoner. You are to decide whether he is or is not guilty of instigating the murder of his wife. You must retire again, until you agree upon that.'

"'Twouldn't be uv no use; Major. We reckon he's mean 'nuff ter hev done it; but whether he done it, or no, we gwo fur givin' him a chance ter live.

'Ye're white men, I swar!' cried Larkin, springing from his seat, and grasping the hands of several of the jurors in turn.

'Take your seat, and observe order, Mr. Larkin,' said the judge, smiling in spite of himself.

'All right,' said Larkin; 'ye're *some* as a judge, Major—'bout up ter me as a loryer, an' thet's saying a heap; so jest be easy on th' pore devil. *Do, yer Honor!*'

'Silence, sir!' said Gaston, laughing.

Larkin took his seat, and the 'judge' continued:

'Prisoner, you have heard the verdict. Have you anything to say why sentence for aiding in the assault on the white lady should not now be passed upon you?'

'No, Major Gaston; I've nothin' ter say,' said Mulock, dejectedly.

Gaston continued: 'You have been tried by a jury of your own selection. They are unanimous in pronouncing you guilty of a cowardly and unwarrantable assault on a white woman. They evidently deem you guilty of the worse crime of abetting the murder of your own wife, and humane feelings only deter them from saying so. In these circumstances, I feel it my duty to award you a more severe punishment than I should have done had you been fully acquitted of the last charge. I shall therefore sentence you to be coated with warm tar, ducked, in that condition, three times in the pond, and then ridden on a rail to your shop at Trenton; and may this example of public indignation lead you to a better life in future. Mr. Larkin, I commission you to superintend the execution of the sentence.'

'No, ye don't, Major—yer *Honor*, I mean! I'll stand by, an' see Mulock hes far play; but I woan't do nary one's dirty work, I swar.'

'Well, who will volunteer for the duty?' said Gaston, appealing to the audience.

About a score of 'natives' offered themselves; but, fixing his eye on a stout, goodnatured-looking man, who had not volunteered, Gaston said:

'Won't *you* do it, Mr. Moore?'

'Yas, ter 'blige ye, Major, I will,' replied the man.

The 'judge' then pronounced the court adjourned, and the crowd escorted Mulock and the impromptu executioners to the site of the old distilleries. There an iron kettle filled with tar was already simmering over a light-wood fire, and, being divested of his borrowed plumage, Mulock was soon clad in a close-fitting suit of black. He was about to be led to the pond, when Ally appeared on the ground. Making his way through the crowd, he called out:

'De young missus doan't want dis ting to gwo no fudder. She'll 'sider it a 'ticular favor ef de gemmen'll leff Mulock gwo.'

'We karn't let him off without consent uv the judge,' said Mr. Moore.

A messenger was sent for Gaston, who soon appeared, and consented that further proceedings should be stopped. Mulock was at once released, and, coatless, hatless, and all but trouserless, he made his way through the hooting multitude, and left the plantation, a blacker, if not a wiser and a better man.

As we walked away from the 'scene of execution,' I said to the negro-trader:

'Larkin, you should have been a lawyer; you managed that thing admirably.'

'Th' boys hed got thar blood up, an' I know'd I couldn't clar him. A man stands a sorry chance in sech a crowd, ef they's raally bent on mischief.'

On the following morning the remainder of the negroes were purchased by Joe; and in the afternoon I was on my way home.

CHAPTER XXVII.

As I was sitting in my library, late one evening, rather more than a month after the events recorded in the last chapter, a hasty ring came at the street door.

'Who can be calling so late?' said Kate. 'Had *you* not better go?'

Drawing on my boots, I went to the door. As I opened it, my hand was suddenly seized, and a familiar voice exclaimed:

'What about Selly? How is she?'

'Lord bless you, Frank! is this you? How did you get here?'

'How is Selma! Tell me!'

'Safe and well—in Mobile with Joe.'

'Thank GOD! thank GOD for *that!*'

'How did you get here?'

'By the Africa; she's below. I managed to get up by a small boat. I *couldn't* wait.'

'Well, go up stairs. Your mother is in the library.'

After the first greeting had passed between Kate and the newcomer, he plied me with questions in regard to Selma, I told him all, keeping nothing back. Meanwhile, he walked the room, struggling with contending emotions—now joy, now rage, now grief. He said nothing till I mentioned Hallet's connection with the affair; then he spoke, and his words came like the rushing of the tornado when it mows down the trees.

'That is the *one* thing too much. I have held back till now. Now he *dies!*'

'Don't say that, my son!' exclaimed Kate. 'Leave him to his conscience, and to GOD. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the LORD!''

'Vengeance is MINE! Don't talk to me mother! I want no sermons now!'

She looked at him sadly through her tears, and said:

'Have I deserved this of *you*, Frank?'

'Forgive me! forgive me, my mother!' and he buried his face in her dress, and wept—wept as he never did when a child.

A half hour passed, and no one spoke. Then he rose, and said to me:

'When did you hear from her last?'

'I had a letter yesterday; here it is,' said Kate. 'You see, she is expecting you.'

He took it, and read it over slowly. All trace of his recent emotion had gone, and on his face was an expression I had never seen there before. For the first time I noticed his resemblance to his father!

'When will you go!' continued Kate.

'I don't know. I cannot *now*.'

'Why not *now*? What is there to prevent?'

'I must go home first. I must see Cragin.'

'Cragin does not expect you for a fortnight,' I said; 'you can be back by that time.'

'But I *cannot* go now!' and again he rose, and walked the room. 'I'm not ready yet. My mind isn't made up.' After a pause, he added: 'Would you have me marry a slave—a woman of negro blood?'

'I would have you do as your feelings and your conscience dictate.'

'You cannot love her, if you ask that question,' said Kate, kindly, but sorrowfully.

'I *do* love her. I love her better than man ever loved woman; but can I make her my *wife*? A negro wife! negro children!—ha! ha!' and he clasped his hands above his head, and laughed that bitter, hollow laugh, which is the sure echo of fearful misery within.

'I cannot advise you, my son. You must act, *now*, on your own judgment. I will only say, that through it all—when put at slave work—when bound to the whipping stake—when she stood on the auction block for two long hours—she was sustained *only* by trust in *you*. It is true—she told me so; and if you forsake her now, it will'—

'Kill her! I know it! I know it, O my GOD! my GOD!' and he groaned in agony—such agony as I never before saw rend the spirit of mortal man.

The next morning he started for Mobile. Ten days afterward, the following telegram was handed me:

'Selma is dead. Frank is here, raving crazy. Come on at once.

JOSEPH PRESTON.'

That night I was on my way, and that day week I reached Mobile. The first person I met, as I entered Joe's warehouse, was Larkin.

'Where is Joe?'

'Ter th' plantation. He's lookin' fur ye. I'll tote ye thar ter onst.'

In half an hour we were on the road. We arrived just before dark, and at once I entered the mansion. Joe's hand was in mine in a moment.

'What caused this terrible thing?' I asked, hastily, eagerly.

'I don't know. When he arrived, Frank was low-spirited and moody, but very glad to see me. I brought him up here at once. He seemed overjoyed at meeting Selma, and would not let her go out of his sight for a moment. Still he appeared excited and uneasy, till I met him at the supper table. Then he was more like himself. I went with them into the parlor, and there conversed with Frank on business matters for fully two hours. We planned some shipments to Europe, and talked over sending Larkin to Texas to buy cattle for the New Orleans market. We agreed on it. I was to provide means, by keeping ninety-day drafts afloat on them (I'm short, just now, having paid out so much for the negroes), and they and I were to divide the profits with Larkin. Frank's head was as clear as a bell. I had no idea he was so good a business man. Well, about eight o'clock I left them together, and, a little after nine, went to bed. Selma's room is next to mine, and it couldn't have been later than eleven when I heard her go to it.

'The next morning she didn't come down as usual. I had a servant call her. She made no reply; but I thought nothing of it, till half an hour afterward. Then I went up myself. I rapped repeatedly, but got no answer. Becoming alarmed, I sent a servant for an axe. Frank brought it up, and I battered down the door, and found her lying on the bed, dressed as usual, a half-empty bottle of laudanum beside her—DEAD!'

'My God! And Frank made her do it!'

'Don't say that. If he *did*, he is fearfully punished; he has suffered terribly.'

'Where is he?'

'In the front room. He has raved incessantly. At first four men couldn't hold him. Somehow, he got a knife, and cut himself badly. I got it away, but he threw me in the struggle, and nearly throttled me. He's calmer now, and I've had him untied; but old Joe has to stay with him night and day. Nobody else can manage him.'

We went into the room. Frank sat in one corner, pale, haggard, only the shadow of what he was but ten days before. His head was leaning against the wall, and he was gazing out of the window.

As I entered, 'Boss Joe' came forward and greeted me, but neither of us spoke. Approaching Frank, I laid my hand on his shoulder.

'My boy, I have come for you.'

He rose, and looked at me, a wild glare in his eyes.

'Well, it's high time; I've waited long enough. I'm ready. I don't deny it—I killed her. Make short work of it. I'd have saved you the trouble, but this infernal nigger told me I'd go to hell if I did it; and I know *she* isn't there. I want to see her again! I want her to forgive me—to forgive me! Oh! oh!' and he sank into his chair, and moaned piteously.

'He tinks you'm de sheriff, massa Kirke,' whispered Joe.

I leaned over him. The tears started from my eyes, and fell on his face, as I said:

'You *will* see her again. She does pity and forgive you.'

He sprang from his seat, and clutched my hands. 'Do you believe it? Joe says so; but Joe is a nigger, and what does a *nigger* know?' Then, putting his mouth close to my ear, he added: 'They told me *she* was one. It was false—false as hell; but'—and he threw his arms above his head, and groaned the rest—'but it made me say it. O my God! my God! it made me say it!' His head sank on my shoulder, and again he gave out those piteous moans.

'Have comfort, my boy. I know she loves and pities you, *now*!'

He looked up. 'Say that again! For the love of God say that again!'

'It is so! As sure as there's another life, it is so!'

He gazed at me fixedly for a few moments—then again commenced pacing the room.

'I wish I could believe it. But *you* ought to know; you look like a parson. You are a parson, aren't you?'

'Yes; I'm a parson. I *know* it is so!'

'Well, tell them to hurry up. I want to go to her at once—*now*! I can't live another week in this way. Tell them to hurry up.'

'Yes, I will; and you'll go with me to-morrow, won't you?'

He gave me again, a long, scrutinizing look. 'You're the sheriff, aren't you?'

'Yes.'

'Well, then, I'll go with you. But you must promise to make short work of it.'

'Yes, yes; I'll promise that. But lie down now, and be quiet. I'll be ready for you in the morning.'

'Well, well, I'll try to be patient;' and he threw himself on the small cot in one corner of the room. 'But you'll let old Joe stay with me, won't you?'

'Yes; certainly.'

'Thank you, sir. Joe, bring me a cigar—that's a good fellow. You're the decentest nigger I ever knew. It's an awful pity you're black. They told me *she* was black. 'Twas an infernal lie! I know it, for I saw her last night, and she was whiter than any woman you ever saw. Black! Pshaw! nobody but the devil's black; and *she*—she's an angel NOW!'

As we passed out of the room, Joe said to me:

'Would you like to see Selma?'

'Have you kept the body?'

'Yes; I knew you would want to see her.'

He led the way up stairs to her chamber. In a plain, air-tight coffin, lay all that was left of the slave girl. Her hands were crossed on her bosom; her long, glossy, brown hair fell over her neck, and on her face was the look the angels wear. She seemed not dead, but sleeping!

As I turned away, Joe took my hand, and, while a nervous spasm passed over his face, he said:

'She was all that I had; but I—I forgive him!'

'And for that, GOD will forgive *you*!'

The next day we buried her.

'Boss Joe' accompanied us to the North. We reached home just after dark. When we entered the parlor, Frank gazed around with an eager, curious look, as if some familiar scene was returning to him. In a few moments Kate entered. She rushed to him, and clasped him in her arms. He took her face between his two hands, and looked long and earnestly at her. Then, dropping his head on her shoulder, and bursting into tears, he cried:

'My mother! O my mother!'

He had awoke. The terrible dream was over. From that moment he was himself.

What passed between him and Selma on that fatal evening, I never knew. He has not spoken her name since that night.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Mrs. Dawsey lay at the mansion, under guard, for several weeks. When finally able to be moved she was conveyed to the 'furnished apartments' bespoken for her by Joe. Her husband, after a short confinement in jail, was set at liberty, and then made strenuous efforts to effect his wife's release on bail. He did not succeed. Public feeling ran very high against her; and that, probably more than the fact that she was charged with an unbailable crime, operated to prolong her residence at the public boarding house kept for runaway slaves and common felons at Trenton.

At the next session of the 'county court,' after an imprisonment of four months, she was arraigned for trial. Owing to the death of Selma, Mulock was the only white witness against her. He told a straightforward story, the most rigid cross-examination not swerving him from it, and deposed to Dawsey's having attempted to bribe him to go away. His evidence was conclusive as to the prisoner's guilt; but her counsel, an able man, made so damaging an assault on his personal character, that the jury disagreed. Mrs. Dawsey was then remanded to jail to await a new trial, at the next sitting of the court.

Shortly after the trial, Mulock suddenly disappeared. Hearing of it, and suspecting he had been spirited away by Dawsey, Joseph Preston went to Trenton, and, procuring a judge's order for Mulock's arrest as an absconding witness, caused a thorough search to be made for him in Jones

and the adjoining counties. He himself visited Chalk Level, in Harnett County, and there found him, living again with his white wife. That lady had previously won and lost a second spouse, but, it appeared, was then in such straits for another husband, that she was willing to take up with her own cast-off household furniture. Whether a new marriage ceremony was performed, or not, I never learned; but I have been reliably informed that Mulock complained bitterly of his wife for having defrauded him of twenty-five of the fifty dollars she had agreed to pay as consideration for his again sharing her 'bed and board.'

Mulock admitted having received four hundred dollars from Dawsey for absenting himself, and gave, as an excuse for accepting the bribe, his conviction that Mrs. Dawsey could not be found guilty on his testimony. After his arrest he was confined in the same jail with the 'retired' schoolmistress.

The second trial was approaching; but, late on the night preceding the sitting of the court, the jailer's house—which adjoined and communicated with the prison—was forcibly entered by four armed men disguised as negroes. They bound and gagged the jailer, his wife, and two female servants, and, seizing the keys, entered the jail, and carried Mulock off by force. The keeper heard a desperate struggle, and it was supposed Mulock was foully dealt by. The footprints of four men were the next morning detected leading to a spot on the bank of the river, where a boat appeared to have been moored; but there all traces were lost, and the overseer's fate is still shrouded in mystery.

Mrs. Dawsey, whose cell adjoined Mulock's, was not disturbed, but public suspicion connected her husband with the affair. There was, however, no evidence against him, and he went 'unwhipped of justice.'

The lady was arraigned for trial on the following day, but, no witnesses appearing against her, she was—after a tedious confinement of ten months—set at liberty. Thus, at last, she achieved 'a plantation and a rich planter;' but her darling object in life—to lead and shine in society, for which her education and character peculiarly fitted her—she missed. With the exception of her brutal husband, an ignorant overseer, and a superannuated 'schulemarm,' imported from the North, she has no associates. Society has built up a wall about her, and, with the brand of Cain on her forehead, she is going through the world.

Larkin, after breaking off his connection with his 'respectable associates,' descended from trading in human cattle, to trafficking in fourfooted beasts, and all manner of horned animals. Joe offered him an interest in his business; but the negro-trader had too long led a roving life to be content with the dull routine of regular business. Young Preston, and Cragin, Mandell & Co., stipulating for a half of his profits, furnished him a capital of fifty thousand dollars; and with that he embarked largely in 'cattle driving.' He bought in Texas, and sold in New Orleans, and did a profitable business until the breaking out of the rebellion. Since that event he has been an officer in the confederate army.

Frank remained at my house for a fortnight after his return from the South, and then, apparently restored, went to Boston. Business had grown distasteful to him, and he sought a dissolution with Cragin; but the latter prevailed on him to remain in the firm, and go to Europe. He continued there until news reached Liverpool of the fall of Fort Sumter. Then he took the first steamer for home. Arriving in Boston, he at once effected a dissolution with Cragin, and then came on to New York to make his 'mother' a short visit prior to entering the army. He expressed the intention of enlisting as a private, and I tried to dissuade him from it, by representing how easily he could raise a company in Boston, and go as an officer. 'No,' he replied; 'I know nothing of tactics. I am unfit to lead; I can only fire a musket. With one on my shoulder, I will go and sell my life as dearly as I can.'

On the 18th of May, 1861, he left New York, a private in Duryee's Zouaves (5th Regiment N. Y. V.), and on the 10th of June following, while fighting bravely by the side of York, Winthrop, and Greble, at Big Bethel, fell, badly wounded by a musket ball.

When he was fit to be moved, I had him conveyed home. His recovery was slow, but, as soon as he was able to go out, and, while still suffering from his wound, he went on to Boston to render Cragin some assistance in his business. General Butler's expedition was then fitting out for New Orleans. Weak as he was, Frank raised a company of Boston boys for it, and went off as their captain.

He was present at the bombardment and capture of New Orleans; but growing weary of the inactivity which followed those events, and hearing of the stirring times in Tennessee, he resolved to resign his commission, and seek service in the Western army.

After his resignation had been accepted, and on the eve of his departure for the North, when returning, one night, to his lodgings, he was accosted by a woman of the street. Her face seemed familiar, and he asked her name. She answered, 'Rosey Preston.' He went with her to her home—a miserable room in the third story of a tumbledown shanty in Chartres street—and there found her child, a bright little fellow of about six years. With them, on the following day, he sailed for the North.

Arriving here, he settled on Rosey the income of a small sum, and procured her apartments in a modest tenement house in East Thirtieth street. There Rosey now works at her needle, and the little boy attends a public school.

Within the week of Frank's arrival, and when he was about setting out for the West, I was surprised one morning, by Ally's appearance in my office. Newbern had fallen, and he had made his way, with his mother, into the Union lines, and, after a good deal of difficulty, had secured a passage on a return transport to New York. I provided employment for his mother, but Ally insisted on going into the war with Frank. He went as his servant, but fought at his side at Lawrenceburgh, Dog Walk, Chaplin Hills, and Frankfort, and in three of those engagements was wounded. His bones now whiten the plains of Tennessee. Rosey he never saw, and never forgave.

Frank was with the small body of regulars who, at Murfreesboro, on the 31st of December, checked the advance of Hardee's corps after McCook's division had been driven from the field, and who saved the day. He was wounded in the arm, early in the morning, but kept the field, and joined in that heroic movement wherein fifteen hundred men marched through an open field, and charged a body of ten thousand posted in a grove of cedars. Six hundred and forty-six of the brave band were left on the field. Frank was one of them. A Belgian ball pierced his side, and came out at his back. He saw and recognized the man who gave him the wound, and, raising himself on his elbow, fired a last shot. It did its work. The rebel lies buried where Frank fell.

The telegram which informed me of this event, said: 'He is desperately wounded, but may survive.' He is now at home, slowly recovering. What he saw and did while serving in Kentucky and Tennessee, I may at some future time narrate to the reader.

In relating actual events, a writer cannot in all cases visit artistic justice on each one of his characters; for, in real life, retribution does not always appear to follow crime. But, whatever *appearances* may be, who is there that does not feel that virtue is ever its own reward, and vice its own punishment? and what one of my readers would exchange 'a quiet conscience, void of offence toward God and toward man,' for the princely fortune of John Hallet—who is still the great merchant, the 'exemplary citizen,' the 'honest man'?

LAST WORDS.

Whoever comes before the American people in a time of great *deeds* like this, with mere *words*, should have no idle story to tell. He should have something to say; some fact to relate, or truth to communicate, which may awaken his countrymen to a true estimate of their interests, or a true sense of their duties.

The writer of these articles *has* something to say; some facts to relate which have not been told; some truths to communicate about Southern life and society, which the public ought to know. Some of these facts, gathered during sixteen years of intimate business and social intercourse with the planters and merchants of the South, he has endeavored to embody in this volume.

He has woven them into a story, but they are nevertheless facts, and all, excepting one, occurred under his own observation. That one—the death of old Jack—was communicated to him as a fact, by his friend, Dr. W. H. Holcombe, of Waterproof, La., now an officer in the confederate army.

The author does not mean to say that his story is true as a connected whole. It is not. In it, persons are brought into intimate relations who never had any connection in life; events are grouped together which happened at widely different times; and incidents are described as occurring in the vicinity of Newbern—the slave auction, for instance—parts of which occurred in Alabama, parts in Georgia, and parts in Louisiana. But all of the characters he has described *have* lived, and all of the events he has related *have* transpired. He would, however, not have the reader believe that all he says of himself is true. Some of it is; some of it is not. The story needed some one to revolve around; and, as he began by using the personal pronoun, he continued its use, even in parts—like the scenes with Hallet, wherein the *I* stands for entirely another individual.

The real name of the character whom he has called Selma (he can state this without wounding the feelings of any one, as none of her relatives are now living), was Selma Winchester. She was educated at Cambridge, Mass., was a slave, and died of a broken heart shortly after being put at menial labor in her mother-in-law's kitchen. Her character and appearance, even the costume she wore on the occasion of her visit to the opera—a scene which many residents of Boston and vicinity will remember—are attempted to be described literally. She was not the daughter of Preston; *her* father was a very different sort of man. Nor was she sold at auction. The young woman who was engaged to 'Frank Mandell,' and bought at the sale by her brother, was equally as accomplished, though not so beautiful as Selma. She committed suicide, as herein related. The author has blended the two characters into one, but in no particular has he departed from the truth.

The gentleman called Preston in the story was for many years one of the writer's correspondents. He had two wives, such as are described, and was the father of Joe and Rosey, whose connection was as is related. He was *not* the owner of 'Boss Joe.' The original of that character belonged (and the writer trusts still belongs) to a cotton planter in Alabama. He managed two hundred hands, and in no respect is he overdrawn in the story. His sermon is repeated from memory, and is far inferior to the original. He was a Swedenborgian, and one of the finest natural orators the writer ever listened to. Old Deborah was his mother, and died comfortably in her bed. The old woman who fell dead on the auction block, was the nurse of the young woman who was engaged to Frank. The excitement of the scene, and her anxiety for her 'young missus,' killed her.

Larkin's real name is Jacob Larkin. He was at one time connected with the person called Hallet.

He was well known in many parts of the South, and relinquished Negro trading under circumstances similar to those related in the story. He is now—though a rebel in arms against his country—an honest man.

John Hallet, the writer is sorry to say, is also a real character; but he does not disgrace the good city of Boston. He operates on a wider field.

That most excellent woman, Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, said to the author, shortly after the fall of Fort Sumter: 'If you cannot shoulder a musket, you can blow a bugle.' In this, and in a previous book, he has attempted to blow that bugle. If the blasts are not as musical as they might be, he has no apology to make for them. They have, at least, the ring of *truth*; and whether they please the public ear, or not, the author is satisfied; for he knows that each one of his children will say of him, when he is gone:

'My father did not stand by with folded arms, while this great nation was threatened with ruin. Against his best friends—against the convictions of a lifetime—he spoke the TRUTH! He *tried* to do something for his country.'

'MAY MORNING'

Oh! the sky is blue, and the sward is green,
And the soft winds wake from the balmy west,—
The leaves unfold in their gilded sheen,
And the bird, in the tree top, builds its nest;
The truant zephyr plumes her wings
Once more, and quitting her perfumed bed,
Soft calls on the sleeping flowers to wake,
And sportive roams o'er each dewclad head.

The bluebells nod within the wood,
The snowdrop peeps from its milky bell,
The motley Thora bends her hood,
Whilst beauteous wild flowers line the dell;
The wildbrier rose its fragrance breathes,
The violet opes her cup of blue,
The timid primrose lifts its leaves,
And kingcups wake, all bathed in dew.

From flower to flower the wild bee roams,
Then buried within the cowslip's cup,
He murmurs his low and music tones,
Till she folds the wanton intruder up;
The spring bird, wakening, soars on high,
Gushing aloft its melting lay;
Whilst painted clouds flit o'er the sky,
All ushering in the dawn of May!

Like a laughing nymph she springs to light,
And tripping along in the world of flowers,
Brushes the dew, in the morning bright,
And weaves a joy for each heart of ours!
With frolic hands, the daisy meek,
From her lap of green she playful throws;
Whilst the loveliest flowers spring round her feet,
And fragrance bursts from the wild wood rose!

Oh! glad is the heart, as through leafing trees
The soft winds roam and in music play;
Whilst the sick come forth for the healing breeze,
And rejoice in the birth of the beauteous May,
And glad is the heart of the joyous child,
As bounding away through the tangled dell,
It roams 'mid the flowers in greenwoods mild,
And hunts the caged bee in the cowslip's bell!

Oh! bright is this world—'tis a world of gems—
And loveliness lingers where'er we tread;
On the mountain top—or in lone wood glens:
A spirit of beauty o'er all is spread!
Then warmed be our hearts to that kindly Power

That scatters bright roses o'er life's rough way;
That unfolds the cup of the snowdrop's flower,
And mantles the earth with the gems of May!

THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.

There is perhaps no branch of our service which is more efficient at the present time than that of the navy. Since the war of 1812, we have been comparatively inactive, with the exception of some coast service during the Mexican war, which was scarcely worth mentioning. In the present civil war, however, our navy has increased in a tenfold proportion—increased in activity and efficiency—and to-day, with its superior force of iron-clad steamers, will favorably compare with any navy on the globe in power, even though it may be inferior in a numerical point.

Though crippled at first at the commencement of this rebellion by the traitors among her officers in command—crippled by the loss of vessels and property destroyed by rebels—her ranks thinned by resignations and desertions, the navy struggled onward, slowly but surely, gaining vitality and power, until, under the present administration, it has 'lengthened its cords and strengthened its stakes,' attaining its present efficiency. Accessions have been made in vessels, new grades of officers have been appointed, the various bureaus have been enlarged, and an immense number of volunteer officers have been appointed, mostly chosen from petty officers and seamen, or from the merchant service, to command armed transports and the smaller craft used for the shallow waters of the Atlantic coast. A strong blockade has been effected, a number of valuable prizes taken, and the navy has rendered invaluable service by its bombardments of the enemy's towns and fortifications, on the coast of the United States as well as along the banks of the Mississippi, Ohio, and Tennessee rivers. In fact, much is due to the navy for its great efficiency in the present civil war in America.

We will give to the reader some statistics, taken from the September issue of the Naval Register for 1862, from which an idea can be formed of the great strength of this branch of our service. As these statistics are official, they will serve as a valuable source of information to those who are interested in the welfare of the country. Let us then review the organization of the United States navy.

The organization of the navy is as follows: The Navy Department, which consists of the office of the Secretary of the Navy and its various bureaus, and the officers of the navy, consisting of officers of the navy, officers of the marine corps, and warrant officers, besides volunteer and acting volunteer officers, these two last being new grades. There is no list of petty officers and seamen published in the Register, these being simply kept on the unpublished rolls, kept in the office of the Secretary of the Navy.

In the Navy Department proper may be found the following officers: The Secretary of the Navy; his Assistant; the chiefs of the bureaus of yards and docks, equipment, and recruiting, navigation, ordnance, construction and repair, steam engineering, provisions and clothing, and medicine and surgery. Since the publishing of the last annual Register, one of these bureaus is a new organization—the bureau of navigation not yet perfected. It will be seen by referring to this Register that the office of the Secretary of the Navy and the bureaus attached, require, besides the chief officers, one engineer, forty-four clerks, five draughtsmen, and eight messengers.

The officers of the navy proper are divided into the following grades: Rear admirals, commodores, captains, commanders, lieutenant commanders, lieutenants, surgeons ranking with commanders, surgeons ranking with lieutenants, passed assistant surgeons ranking next after lieutenants, assistant surgeons ranking next after masters, paymasters ranking with commanders, paymasters ranking with lieutenants, assistant paymasters, chaplains, professors of mathematics, masters in the line of promotion, masters not in the line of promotion, passed midshipmen, midshipmen detached from the naval academy and ordered into active service, boatswains, gunners, carpenters, sailmakers, navy agents, naval store keepers, naval constructors, officers of the naval academy, officers on special service, engineers in chief, first assistants, second assistants, third assistants, and officers of the marine corps.

The volunteer officers of the navy are acting lieutenants, acting volunteer lieutenants, acting masters, acting ensigns, acting master's mates, acting assistant surgeons, acting assistant paymasters and clerks, and acting first, second, and third engineers.

The petty officers of the navy are comprised as follows: Yeomen, armorers, boatswains, gunners, carpenters, sailmakers, and armorer's mates, master-at-arms, ship's corporals, coxswains, quarter masters, quarter gunners, captains of forecastle, tops, afterguard, and hold, coopers, painters, stewards, ship's officers, surgeons, assistant surgeons and paymasters, stewards, nurses, cooks, masters of the band, musicians, first and second class, seamen, ordinary seamen, landsmen, boys, first and second class firemen, and coal heavers.

The ranking of officers of the navy compared to the grades of the army may thus be enumerated: An admiral of the navy ranks with a major general in the army, a commodore as a brigadier general, a captain as a colonel, a commander as a lieutenant colonel, a lieutenant commander as a major, a lieutenant as a captain, a master as a first lieutenant, and an ensign (the new grade) as

second lieutenant. The senior rear admiral of the navy, Charles Stewart of Pennsylvania, now on the retired list, ranks as a major general commanding in chief, and is the highest official in the navy except the Secretary.

The pay of the navy is quite an item in the list of Government expenditures. A few statistics relative to the expenditures will not prove uninteresting to the reader. The pay of seven admirals in the active list, commanding squadrons, and of fourteen rear admirals in the retired list, is \$87,000; of twenty-six commanders and six on the retired list, is \$117,860; of seventy captains on the active list, \$239,300; thirty-two on the retired list, \$85,400; one hundred and seventy commanders on active list, \$554,380, and nine on the reserved list, \$18,800; two hundred and forty-four lieutenant commanders, active list, \$672,000; one hundred and eighty surgeons of various grades, \$708,000; ten passed assistant surgeons, \$8,700; two hundred and eighteen assistant surgeons, \$422,900; eighty-one paymasters, \$81,000; sixty assistant paymasters, \$67,850; twenty-three chaplains, \$34,500; twelve professors of mathematics, \$21,600; seventeen masters, \$18,320; three passed midshipmen, and one midshipman (old list), \$4,308; four hundred and eighteen midshipmen, graduates of the naval academy, \$259,600; fifty-four gunners, \$67,500; forty-two acting gunners, \$33,600; sixty carpenters, \$60,000; forty-six sailmakers, \$43,650; eight navy agents, \$25,000; twelve naval store keepers, \$18,000; nine naval constructors, \$16,200; engineers and assistants, \$756,700; officers of the naval academy, \$759,000; officers of the marine corps, \$536,000; acting volunteer officers of the navy of all grades, \$2,975,300, and petty officers and seamen, \$2,560,000; making a total of \$10,863,118, for pay alone.

Let us add to this, other expenses to swell out the list. For clerk hire alone it is said that \$600,000 is annually paid out; for navy yards and depots, \$12,583,280 64; for the different bureaus, \$8,325,161; and for contingent expenses, \$2,600,000. Add to this the pay of the hospitals, \$1,200,000; for magazines, \$200,000; repair and equipment, \$11,400,000; chartering and purchasing of vessels for naval purposes, \$10,800,000; thus making a total of \$47,708,441 64, which, added to the pay of the navy, makes the annual expenditure \$58,571,559 64.

Let us now turn our attention to the vessels of the United States navy. In this department has the navy greatly increased within a few years. To give the reader an idea of our navy, we append the following statistical account of the vessels, giving their class, tonnage, number of guns, name, and station, which cannot but be of great interest to all who are interested in the affairs of the nation. We will give them in the following table:

SHIPS OF THE LINE—6.

Alabama	84	guns,	2,663	tons.
New Orleans	84	"	2,805	"
North Carolina	84	"	2,633	"
Ohio	84	"	2,757	"
Vermont	84	"	2,633	"
Virginia	84	"	2,633	"

Of these, the Alabama is on the stocks at Kittery, Maine, the New Orleans on the stocks at Sackett's Harbor, and the Virginia on the stocks at Boston. The Vermont is store ship at Port Royal, South Carolina, while the North Carolina and Ohio are receiving ships at Boston and New York. The Pennsylvania, 120-gun ship, was destroyed by the rebels at Gosport, Virginia, last year. This class of vessels are the most ineffective we have in the service, the Ohio being the only one which has done good service.

SAILING FRIGATES—6.

Brandywine	50	guns,	1,726	tons.
Potomac	50	"	1,726	"
Sabine	50	"	1,726	"
Santee	50	"	1,726	"
St. Lawrence	50	"	1,726	"
Independence ^[2]	50	"	2,257	"

The Brandywine, Independence, and Potomac are used as receiving and store ships. The Sabine is at New London recruiting, the Santee is in ordinary at Boston, and the St. Lawrence is attached to the East Gulf Squadron.

SAILING SLOOPS—21.

Constitution	50	guns,	1,607	tons.
Constellation	22	"	1,452	"
Cyane	18	"	792	"
Dale ^[3]	15	"	566	"
Decatur	10	"	566	"
Falmouth	2	"	703	"

Fredonia	2	"	800	"
Granite	1	"	—	"
Jamestown	22	"	985	"
John Adams	18	"	700	"
Macedonian	22	"	1,341	"
Marion	15	"	566	"
Portsmouth	17	"	1,022	"
Preble	10	"	566	"
Saratoga	18	"	882	"
Savannah	24	"	1,726	"
St. Marys	22	"	958	"
St. Louis	18	"	700	"
Vandalia	20	"	783	"
Vincennes	18	"	700	"
Warren	2	"	691	"

BRIGS—4.

Bainbridge	6	guns,	259	tons.
Bohio	2	"	196	"
Perry	9	"	280	"
Sea Foam	3	"	264	"

Of the sailing sloops and brigs the following are in active service: Saratoga, coast of Africa; Mediterranean Squadron, the Constellation; the West Gulf Squadron, Portsmouth, Preble, and Vincennes; Pacific Squadron, Cyane, and St. Marys; St. Louis on special service; the Dale and Vandalia in the South Atlantic Squadron; the Constitution, Macedonian, Marion, and Savannah, as school and practice ships; the Falmouth, Warren, and Fredonia as store ships, and the sloop of war, Decatur, in ordinary. In the West Gulf Squadron are the brigs Bohio and Sea Foam; in the East Gulf Squadron is the brig Perry, while the Bainbridge is at Aspinwall.

TRANSPORT SHIPS—14.

Charles Phelps	1	gun,	362	tons.
Courier	3	"	554	"
Fearnot	6	"	1,012	"
Ino	9	"	895	"
Kittatinny	4	"	421	"
Morning Light	8	"	937	"
Nightingale	1	"	1,000	"
National Guard	4	"	1,046	"
Onward	8	"	874	"
Pampero	4	"	1,375	"
Roman	1	"	350	"
Supply	4	"	547	"
Shepard Knapp	8	"	838	"
William Badger	1	"	334	"

The ships are divided as follows: The Supply and William Badger are in the North Atlantic Squadron; the Ino, the Onward, and Shepard Knapp in the South Atlantic Squadron; the Fearnot, the Kittatinny, and Morning Light in the West Gulf Squadron; the Courier is used as a store ship at Port Royal, the Charles Phelps as a coal ship, and the Roman as ordnance vessel at Hampden Roads, Virginia.

TRANSPORT BARKS—16.

Amanda	6	guns,	368	tons.
Arthur	6	"	554	"
A. Houghton	2	"	326	"
Braziliera	6	"	540	"
Ethan Allen	7	"	556	"
Fernandina	6	"	297	"
J. C. Kuhn	5	"	888	"
Jas. L. Davis	4	"	461	"
Jas. S. Chambers	5	"	401	"
Kingfisher	5	"	450	"
Midnight	5	"	386	"
Pursuit	6	"	603	"
Release	2	"	327	"

Roebuck	4	"	455	"
Restless	4	"	265	"
Wm. G. Anderson	7	"	593	"

In the East Gulf Squadron are the barks Amanda, Ethan Allen, Jas. L. Davis, Jas. S. Chambers, Kingfisher, and Pursuit. In the West Gulf Squadron, the Arthur Houghton, J. C. Kuhn, Midnight, and W. G. Anderson. In the South Atlantic Squadron the Braziliera, Fernandina, Roebuck, and Restless, while the Release is a store ship in the Mediterranean. To these may be added one barkantine, the Horace Beals, of 3 guns and 296 tons, employed in the Western Gulf Squadron.

SCHOONERS—8.

Beauregard	1	gun,	101	tons.
Chotank	1	"	53	"
Dart	1	"	94	"
G. W. Blunt	1	"	121	"
Hope	1	"	134	"
Sam Rotan	2	"	212	"
Sam Houston	1	"	66	"
Wanderer	4	"	300	"

In the Potomac Flotilla is the schooner Chotank. The G. W. Blunt and the Hope are in the South Atlantic Squadron; the Dart and Sam Houston in the West Gulf Squadron, while the Sam Rotan, Wanderer, and Beauregard (the last named captured from the rebels) are in the East Gulf Squadron.

YACHTS—2

America:	South Atlantic Squadron.
Corypheus:	West Gulf Squadron.

These vessels are used chiefly as tenders and despatch vessels.

MORTAR SCHOONERS—18.

Arletta	3	guns,	199	tons.
Adolf Hugel	3	"	269	"
C. P. Williams	3	"	210	"
Dan Smith	3	"	149	"
Geo. Mangham	3	"	274	"
Henry Janes	3	"	261	"
John Griffith	3	"	246	"
M. Vassar	3	"	182	"
Maria A. Wood	2	"	344	"
Norfolk Packet	3	"	349	"
Orvetta	3	"	171	"
Para	3	"	190	"
Racer	3	"	252	"
Rachel Seman	2	"	303	"
Sophonria	3	"	217	"
Sarah Bruen	3	"	233	"
T. A. Ward	3	"	284	"
Wm. Bacon	3	"	183	"

Of these eighteen mortar schooners, five are at Baltimore, two in the North Atlantic Squadron, five in the West Gulf Squadron, one in the East Gulf Squadron, four in the Potomac Flotilla, and one in the James River Flotilla.

We have thus given the statistics of the sailing vessels of the navy. We now give a table of the steam vessels of all descriptions in our navy, which are the most valuable auxiliaries we have. It is probably the most effective steam navy in the world, and in its department of huge iron-clads cannot be excelled even by the navies of the old world. The steam vessels of our navy may thus be enumerated:

STEAM FRIGATES—9.

Colorado	48	guns,	3,435	tons.
Niagara	34	"	4,582	"
Powhatan	11	"	2,415	"
Minnesota	48	"	3,307	"

Mississippi ^[4]	12	"	1,692	"
Princeton	8	"	900	"
San Jacinto	12	"	1,446	"
Saranac	9	"	1,446	"
Susquehanna	17	"	2,450	"

The Niagara, one of the finest screw frigates in the navy, and which, with the Colorado, is now repairing, is noted for being connected with the Atlantic cable expedition, as well as for conveying the Japanese embassy home. She is the pet of the navy, and great credit is due the late George Steers for such a splendid specimen of naval architecture. The Powhattan, Minnesota, and Mississippi are attached to the South Atlantic Squadron; the San Jacinto to the East Gulf Squadron; the Susquehanna to the West Gulf Squadron, and the Saranac to the Pacific Squadron. The old Princeton is the receiving ship at Philadelphia. Of these steam frigates, six are screw, and three sidewheel.

STEAM SLOOPS—10.

Brooklyn	24	guns,	2,070	tons.
Canandaigua	9	"	1,395	"
Dacotah	6	"	997	"
Hartford	25	"	1,990	"
Housatonic	9	"	1,240	"
Lancaster	22	"	2,362	"
Oneida	9	"	1,032	"
Pensacola	22	"	2,158	"
Richmond	26	"	1,929	"
Wachusett	9	"	1,032	"

The Brooklyn, Hartford, Housatonic, Pensacola, Richmond, and Oneida are in the West Gulf Squadron; the Canandaigua in the South Atlantic Squadron; the Lancaster in the Pacific, and the Dacotah and the Wachusett in the West India Squadron.

STEAM GUNBOATS—40.

Conemaugh	8	guns,	955	tons.
Crusader	6	"	545	"
Cambridge	5	"	858	"
Chippewa	4	"	507	"
Cayuga	6	"	507	"
Chocura	4	"	507	"
Huron	4	"	507	"
Itasca	4	"	507	"
Kanawha	4	"	507	"
Kennebec	4	"	507	"
Kineo	4	"	507	"
Katahdin	4	"	507	"
Mohawk	7	"	459	"
Mohican	6	"	994	"
Mystic	4	"	451	"
Marblehead	4	"	507	"
Monticello	7	"	665	"
Miami	7	"	630	"
Naragansett	5	"	809	"
Ottawa	4	"	507	"
Owasco	4	"	507	"
Octorora	6	"	829	"
Pawnee	9	"	1,289	"
Pocahontas	5	"	694	"
Pembina	4	"	507	"
Penobscot	4	"	507	"
Panola	4	"	507	"
Penguin	6	"	389	"
Pontiac	8	"	974	"
Seminole	5	"	801	"
Sciota	4	"	507	"
Seneca	4	"	507	"
Sagamore	4	"	507	"
Sebago	6	"	832	"

Tahoma	4	"	507	"
Unadilla	4	"	507	"
Wyandotte	4	"	458	"
Wyoming	6	"	997	"
Wissahickon	4	"	507	"
Winona	4	"	507	"

Of these gunboats, some of them rated as steam sloops of the third class, twelve are in the South Atlantic Squadron; five in the North Atlantic Squadron; ten in the West Gulf Squadron; three in the East Gulf Squadron; two in the Potomac Flotilla; one in the East Indies; one in the Pacific; one at Philadelphia; and five under repairs at the different navy yards.

AUXILIARY STEAM GUNBOATS—47.

Anacostia	2	guns,	217	tons.
Aroostook	4	"	507	"
Albatross	4	"	378	"
Currituck	5	"	193	"
Perry	4	"	513	"
Barney	4	"	513	"
Clifton	6	"	892	"
Ellen	4	"	341	"
E. B. Hale	4	"	192	"
Fort Henry	6	"	519	"
Genesee	4	"	803	"
Huntsville	4	"	817	"
Hunchback	4	"	517	"
Harriet Lane ^[5]	4	"	619	"
John Hancock	3	"	382	"
Jacob Bell	3	"	229	"
Louisiana	4	"	295	"
Mercidita	7	"	776	"
Montgomery	5	"	787	"
Mt. Vernon	3	"	625	"
Maratanza	6	"	786	"
Memphis	4	"	791	"
Norwich	5	"	431	"
New London	5	"	221	"
Potomska	5	"	287	"
Patroon	5	"	183	"
Paul Jones	6	"	863	"
Port Royal	8	"	805	"
Saginaw	3	"	453	"
Sumter	4	"	460	"
Stars and Stripes	5	"	407	"
Somerset	6	"	521	"
Sachem	5	"	197	"
Southfield	4	"	751	"
Tioga	6	"	819	"
Uncas	3	"	192	"
Underwriter	4	"	331	"
Valley City	5	"	190	"
Victoria	3	"	254	"
Water Witch	3	"	378	"
Wasmutta	5	"	270	"
Western World	5	"	441	"
Wyandank	2	"	399	"
Westfield	6	"	891	"
Yankee	3	"	328	"
Young Rover	5	"	418	"
Yantic	4	"	593	"

Six of these auxiliary steam gunboats are in the Potomac Flotilla; eight in the West Gulf Squadron; thirteen in the North Atlantic Squadron; nine in the South Atlantic Squadron; four in the Eastern Gulf Squadron; one in the West India Fleet; one at San Francisco, and five in ordinary.

Alabama	8	guns,	1,261	tons.
Alleghany	6	"	989	"
Augusta	8	"	1,310	"
Bienville	10	"	1,558	"
Florida	10	"	1,261	"
Flag	9	"	963	"
Hatteras	3	"	1,100	"
Jas. Adger	9	"	1,151	"
Keystone State	9	"	1,364	"
Kensington	3	"	1,052	"
Massachusetts	5	"	1,155	"
Quaker City	9	"	1,600	"
Rhode Island	7	"	1,517	"
R. R. Cuyler	8	"	1,202	"
South Carolina	6	"	1,165	"
Santiago de Cuba	10	"	1,667	"
State of Georgia	9	"	1,204	"
Tennessee	1	"	1,275	"
Cimmerone	10	"	860	"
Connecticut	5	"	1,800	"
Dawn	3	"	391	"
Daylight	4	"	682	"
Delaware	3	"	357	"
Dragon	1	"	118	"
Flambeau	2	"	900	"
Issac Smith	9	"	453	"
Mahaska	6	"	832	"
Morse	2	"	513	"
Planter	2	"	300	"
Satellite	2	"	217	"
Shasheen	2	"	180	"
Sonoma	6	"	955	"
Thos. Freeborn	2	"	269	"
A. C. Powell	1	"	65	"
Alfred Robb	4	"	75	"
Ceres	1	"	144	"
Cœur de Leon	2	"	60	"
Cohasset	2	"	100	"
Ella	2	"	230	"
Eastport	8	"	700	"
Henry Brinker	1	"	108	"
Hetzel	2	"	—	"
John P. Jackson	6	"	777	"
John L. Lockwood	2	"	182	"
Leslie	2	"	100	"
Mercury	2	"	187	"
Madgie	2	"	218	"
O. M. Petit	2	"	165	"
Pulaski	1	"	395	"
Resolute	1	"	90	"
Reliance	1	"	90	"
Rescue	1	"	111	"
Stepping Stones	1	"	226	"
Teaser	2	"	90	"
Vixen	2	"	—	"
Whitehead	1	"	136	"
Young America	1	"	171	"
Zouave	1	"	127	"

Most of these auxiliary altered steamers have been purchased and refitted for naval service. A number of our ocean mail steamers have been purchased by the Department, such as the Augusta, Florida, Alabama, Quaker City, Keystone State, and State of Georgia; while others have been taken from our rivers flowing into the Atlantic, on which this last class of vessels were formerly plying. In the South Atlantic Squadron are fifteen of this class of transport steamers; fifteen in the North Atlantic; four in the Western Gulf; one in the East Gulf; one in the Brazil, and three in the West India Squadrons. There are also twelve in the Potomac Flotilla; one in the Western Flotilla; two supply steamers; and three in ordinary; with one receiving ship. In the Potomac Flotilla is the captured rebel gunboat Teaser. The De Soto may also be added to this class, carrying 9 guns of 1,600 tons, and at present attached to the Western Gulf Squadron.

We now call the attention of the reader to that most formidable class of vessels in our navy,

IRON-CLAD STEAMERS—15.

The iron-clads of our navy are divided into two classes—the river and ocean steamers, as also steam rams. We will first notice the ocean class:

Galena	6 guns,	738 tons.
Monitor ^[6]	3 "	776 "
New Ironsides	18 "	3,486 "
Roanoke	6 "	3,435 "

The Galena and Monitor have been well tested in the present war, but the Galena at present is considered a failure. The New Ironsides, now on special service, is said to be one of the most formidable iron-clad vessels in the world. Of the iron-clad river steamers, we enumerate the following:

Benton	16 guns,	1,000 tons.
Baron de Kalb	13 "	512 "
Cairo	13 "	512 "
Cincinnati	13 "	512 "
Carondelet	13 "	512 "
Essex	7 "	1,000 "
Louisville	13 "	468 "
Lexington	7 "	500 "
Mound City	13 "	512 "
Pittsburgh	13 "	512 "
Tyler	9 "	600 "

The Galena is in the North Atlantic Squadron; the New Ironsides in special service; the Roanoke repairing in New York; and the river iron-clads are attached to the Western Flotilla.

IRON-CLAD RAMS—12.

General Bragg	2 guns,	700 tons.
Gen. Sterling Price	- "	400 "
General Pillow	2 "	500 "
Great Western.	- "	800 "
Kosciusko	- "	— "
Lafayette	- "	1,000 "
Little Rebel	3 "	400 "
Lioness	- "	— "
Monarch	- "	— "
Queen of the West ^[7]	- "	— "
Switzerland	- "	— "
Simpson	- "	— "

Six of these rams, though finished, have not received their armament. They are all attached to the Western River Flotilla. Five of these were captured from the rebels, and one was purchased.

OTHER VESSELS NOT CLASSED—22.

Iroquois	9 guns,	1,016 tons.
Kearsage	7 "	1,031 "
Tuscarora	10 "	997 "
Wabash	48 "	3,274 "
Clara Dolsen	— "	1,000 "
Choctaw	— "	1,000 "
Conestoga	— "	— "
Darlington	— "	— "
Ellis	2 "	— "
Eugenie	— "	— "
Gem of the Sea	4 "	371 "
Gemsbok	7 "	622 "
Judge Torrence	— "	600 "
King Philip	— "	— "
Michigan	1 "	582 "
Mount Washington	— "	— "
Magnolia	3 "	— "
Oliver H. Lee	3 "	199 "

Philadelphia	—	"	—	"
Relief	2	"	468	"
Stetten	—	"	—	"
Ben Morgan	—	"	407	"

Among these vessels unclassified, are one steam frigate, three steam sloops, eight ocean and four river steamers, three barks, one schooner, and one mortar schooner.

UNFINISHED VESSELS OF THE NAVY

STEAM FRIGATE—1.

Franklin	50	guns	3,684	tons.
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STEAM SLOOPS—7.

Lackawanna	9	guns,	1,533	tons.
Ticonderoga	9	"	1,533	"
Shenandoah	9	"	1,378	"
Monongahela	9	"	1,378	"
Sacramento	9	"	1,367	"
Juniata	9	"	1,240	"
Ossipee	9	"	1,240	"

STEAM GUNBOATS—28.

Puritan (iron-clad).	4	guns,	3,265	tons.
Tonawanda	4	"	1,564	"
Tecumseh	2	"	1,034	"
Onondaga	4	"	1,250	"
Ascutney	8	"	974	"
Agawam	8	"	974	"
Chenango	8	"	974	"
Chicopee	8	"	974	"
Eutaw	8	"	974	"
Iosco	8	"	974	"
Mattabeset	8	"	974	"
Mingoe	8	"	974	"
Mackinaw	8	"	974	"
Metacomet	8	"	974	"
Otsego	8	"	974	"
Pontoosac	8	"	974	"
Sassacus	8	"	974	"
Shamrock	8	"	974	"
Taconey	8	"	974	"
Tallapoosa	8	"	974	"
Wateree	8	"	974	"
Wyalusing	8	"	974	"
Lenape	8	"	974	"
Maumee	4	"	593	"
Com. Morris	1	"	532	"
Com. McDonough	6	"	532	"
Calhoun	4	"	508	"
Com. Hull	3	"	376	"

IRON CLAD OCEAN GUNBOATS—22.

Dunderburg	10	guns,	5,019	tons.
Dictator	2	"	3,033	"
Monadnock	4	"	1,564	"
Miantonimah	4	"	1,564	"
Agamenticus	4	"	1,564	"
Canonicus	2	"	1,034	"
Manhattan	3	"	1,034	"
Mahopac	2	"	1,034	"
Manayunk	2	"	1,034	"
Catskill	2	"	844	"

Camanche	2	"	844	"
Lehigh	2	"	844	"
Montauk	2	"	844	"
Nantucket	2	"	844	"
Nahant	2	"	844	"
Patapsco	2	"	844	"
Passaic	2	"	844	"
Sangamon	2	"	844	"
Weehawken	2	"	844	"
Moodna	2	"	677	"
Marietta	2	"	479	"
Sandusky	2	"	479	"

IRON CLAD RIVER GUNBOATS—12

Catawba	2	guns,	1,034	tons.
Tippecanoe	2	"	1,034	"
Chickasaw	4	"	970	"
Kickapoo	4	"	970	"
Milwaukee	4	"	970	"
Winnebago	4	"	970	"
Tuscumbia	3	"	565	"
Ozark	2	"	578	"
Osage	2	"	523	"
Neosho	2	"	523	"
Indianola ^[8]	2	"	442	"
Chillicothe	2	"	303	"

The most formidable class of these unfinished vessels are the iron-clad gunboats. Of these are four of immense size, viz., the Puritan, Tonawanda, Tecumseh, and Onondaga. The mammoth iron-clad of all is the enormous Dunderburg, carrying 10 guns of from fifteen to twenty inches in calibre, and having a tonnage of 5,019 tons. The Dictator is another immense iron-clad. Of the river Gunboat Fleet, the Catawba and Tippecanoe stand as first class, carrying heavy nine and eleven inch Dahlgren guns.

The building of these ocean iron-clads is at the following places: Nine of them are building at New York; three at Brooklyn; one at Portsmouth; two at Jersey City; four at Boston; two at Chester; two at Pittsburgh; one at Brownsville, Pennsylvania; and one at Wilmington, Delaware. The river iron-clads are built at the following places: Five at Cincinnati; six at St. Louis; and one at Mound City, Illinois. Of the first-class steam gunboats, eleven are building at New York; four at Boston; two at Portland, Maine; two at Portsmouth, New Hampshire; one at Bordentown, New Jersey; one at Brooklyn; two at Philadelphia; one at Chester; and two at Baltimore, Maryland.

The other vessels building in the yards are as follows: the steam frigate Franklin, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire; the steam sloops Juniata, Monongahela, and Shenandoah, at Philadelphia; the Lackawanna and Ticonderoga, at New York; and the Ossipee and Sacramento, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

There are a large number of contracts out for new gunboats and steamers, which, when completed, will make us the most formidable navy in the world. In conclusion, we will give to the reader the following table, classifying the vessels now in our navy, and giving statistics of their tonnage and the number of guns which they carry:

RECAPITULATION.

	Vessels.	Guns.	Tons.
Ships of the line	6	504	16,124
Sailing frigates	7	348	14,161
Sailing sloops	24	372	21,151
Brigs	4	20	999
Transportation ships	16	64	11,420
Transportation barks	16	91	8,468
Schooners	8	12	1,081
Yachts	2	—	—
Mortar schooners	18	52	4,316
Steam frigates	9	199	21,673
Steam sloops	10	161	16,205
Steam gunboats	40	200	24,783
Auxiliary steam gunboats	47	209	23,875
Transport steamers altered to war vessels	58	240	36,170
Iron-clad ocean steamers	4	32	8,435

Iron-clad river steamers	11	130	6,640
Iron-clad rams	12	7	3,800
Other vessels not classed	14	9	3,788

Unfinished Vessels of the Navy.

Frigates	1	50	3,684
Steam sloops	7	68	9,669
Steam gunboats	28	184	35,160
Iron-clad ocean gunboats	22	58	26,955
Iron-clad river gunboats	12	33	8,682

The total number of vessels of all classes in the navy, is 376, having a tonnage of 307,234 tons, and carrying 3,038 guns of heavy calibre.

With these statistics, compiled from 'official' sources, we conclude this article, and in our next shall take up the subject of naval gunnery in the United States.

THREE MODERN ROMANCES.

'GUY LIVINGSTONE,' 'SWORD AND GOWN,' AND 'BARREN HONOR.'

This terrible power of fictitious invention, wherewith God has endowed man, and which now-a-days we take readily enough, without comment, is yet the growth of comparatively modern times, the development within a few centuries of a new faculty. The Greek never solaced his leisure with the latest tale of a gifted Charicles or Aristarchus, and the grave Roman would have been as much startled by a 'new novel' as by the apparition of a steam engine. The famous Minerva press was the first mighty wellspring whence gushed the broad and rapid torrent of cheap fiction. This perennial fountain has long ceased to flow, yet has its disappearance left no unsatisfied void. The procreation of human kind has failed to support the elaborate theory of Malthus, but had the sage philosopher transferred his calculations from the sons of men to works of fiction, then indeed he might stand forth the prophet of a striking truth. The extensive plain over which this flood is spread seems even to be extending its limits, and a spongy soil of unlimited capacity is ready ever to absorb the fresh advance of waves. It is indeed striking to observe how authors and men of talent have increased, so vastly out of all proportion with other classes of men. Observing it, the political economist may well shout 'Io triumphe!' for that even in so delicate and intangible a matter as intellectual gifts, the famous doctrine of supply and demand is so thoroughly carried out. We raise, however, no hue and cry after 'poor trash.' Neither have we the blood-thirsty wish to run to ground the panting scribbler, or to adorn ourselves with the glories of his 'brush.' Let those who countenance him by reading his works, and who can reconcile the purchase thereof with their consciences, answer to their fellow men for the inevitable consequences. But it must be confessed that there is in this department a sad want. All readers of moderate discrimination must have felt it painfully. In the literature of fiction we need organization. How do we know a good tea from a bad? Is it by the universal consent of the good people of China—by a democratic 'censeatur' of the celestial nation? Not at all. Every variety is tasted by men who rinse their mouths after each swallow, and the comparative merits are gauged and graduated by adepts, who make it the sole business and profession of their lives. A similar process we need in fiction. The old system of criticism in reviews and magazines worked well in its day, but it won't do now. The era of the old-fashioned novel critic has gone by. He knows it, and his voice is seldom heard. Even a numerous body, working promiscuously and without conjunction, could not accomplish much. The only manner in which the requisite result could be brought about would be by a regularly organized set of men, working under direction and regulated by authority, like the body of tax assessors or national judiciaries. Such a corps should be trained to their work as to a profession like that of law or medicine, having brotherhoods in every publishing town or city, working together and subordinately, like the order of the Jesuits. They should test every work before it was given to the public, and brand it with precisely its mark of real merit. And thus might be accomplished a most inestimable public service. In France such a system might be practicable, and not hostile to the spirit and institutions of a nation accustomed to have everything, even to the play programmes of the theatre, regulated by the powers that be. But in America, home of democracy and fatherland of individual independence, such a scheme, so invaluable though so impossible, must, we fear, ever remain a tantalizing vision. As it is, of course many a man of real ability is drowned in the rushing waves of multitudinous authors, and his works pass undistinguished to that unknown grave which gapes so mysteriously in some hidden recess of the universe, and silently swallows yearly the vast masses of printed paper which has done its brief work and been thrown by read or unread, forgotten. It is to assist in the rescue of a struggling author from this yawning abyss that the present article is sent forth, a plank in the shipwreck.

Who may be the object of our present criticism, we must confess we know not. Whether it be a brother man, or whether our words of praise may win us the kind regards of a 'gentle ladye,' we can only conjecture. Our process must be *in rem*, not *in personam*. 'It'—for thus perforce we must

speak of our Unknown—weareth an iron mask of inscrutable mystery, as complete as that of the all-baffling Junius. The field, however, of speculation is open to our wandering reflection. Herein we guide ourselves by natural signs, the configurations of the stars and the marks of the soil. We judge from the mould in which the favorite male characters are cast, and from the traits invariably bestowed upon the heroines, also by the general choice of scenery, by the groupings, the 'properties.' Upon such authority of intrinsic evidence we have no hesitation in pronouncing the writer to be a man. Certain novel-writing ladies indeed are given to depicting most royal heroes, types of the ideal man, glorified beings endowed with every charm of physique and of spirit. Such find an irresistible fascination in allowing their fancy to run wild riot and poetic revel in contemplation of a wonderful male creature, so graceful, so beautiful, so strong, so brave, so masterly, so bad or so good as the case may be—a spirit of chivalry incarnate in the perfection of the flesh. They cannot build a shrine too lofty, nor burn too generous store of incense before this exalted one. The man, as he reads, smiles. Such a brother has never been born to him of woman—never since the days of Adam in paradise, neither ever shall be. The fair votaress standeth without the veil of the temple, nor have its mystic recesses ever disclosed to her scrutinizing vision actual 'Man.' Let us not however harshly dispel such illusions, neither drench with the cold flood of unnecessary ingenuousness the glowing embers of myrrh and frankincense. Occasionally, perchance, some sinful human, conscious within himself of no demerits beyond his fellows, may repine at passing comparison with this shadowy conception. But as a general rule, it is wise enough to tolerate such pleasant vagaries of worshipping woman. Of this fair description are the proud statues which look out upon us in Apollo-like majesty from the galleries in 'Guy Livingstone,' 'Sword and Gown,' 'Barren Honors.' Guy, Royston Keene, and Alan Wyverne, are such fanciful delineations, such marvels of bodily glory and chivalrous spirit. They might be drawn by a woman. The accompaniments are in admirable keeping; and the whole scenery is gotten up to match, and most unexceptionally. Our characters are dissipated upon a scale suited to the heroic age and the primeval constitution of the race. They gamble quite *en prince*, and carouse most royally. They have a capacity for terrible potations, should mischance or crossed affections so incline them; yet they can seldom plead the latter excuse, for we are given to understand that woman-kind are born to be their helpless slaves and victims. They are perpetually doing deeds of terrible '*derring-do*;' upon the backs of unmanageable steeds they leap limitless chasms and the tallest of walls; they gallop to death in battle and dispel *ennui* in midnight conflicts with desperate poachers. Such scenes are quite within the scope of some feminine imaginations, but scarcely such a power of description as that wherewith we have them here set forth. Women thrill sometimes at fierce tales of stalwart knock-down struggles, many of them will back fearlessly the most mettlesome of thoroughbreds; but when it comes to talk thereof, they strive in vain for adequate power of language. The best words and the strongest sentences will not come. These demand the clarion roundness and ring essentially masculine—very *virile* indeed. The muscular gripe of a man—not the white, tapering fingers of any maiden—held the pen which wrote so gloriously of Livingstone's terrible riding, of Royston Keene's bloody sabre charges. We know it by unerring instinct, as we could tell a morsel of the smooth cheek of the damsel from the grizzled jowl of man.

But as usual, the crowning glory of most anxious labor is to be sought in the female characters. These are nearly all of the majestic, haughty, and queen-like caste—tall, imperious beauties, empresses of society, to whom men are slaves, and life a triumphal march of unbroken conquests. So it is at least until they meet some one terrible subduer of woman—a Guy or a Keene—in whom they recognize masterhood, and the right and power to reign. With the last stateliness of royalty these magnificent presences glide through the proud pomp and pageantry of their surroundings, graceful as swans, faultless in classic form, and face as white as Grecian marbles, domineering as sisters of Cæsars, violet eyed, statuesque, cold upon the chiselled surface, but aglow with the white heat of feeling and forceful passion beneath. How blue are their clear veins interlacing beneath a crystalline skin!—for their blood is a more sublimed fluid than that which waters the clay of ordinary humanity. They have with them an unutterable glory of conscious power, the magnificence of a perfect, God-given nature, such a haughty spirit of rivalless dominion as might have swelled the soul of a Jewish queen, monarch of Israel, ruler of God's chosen people in the day of their unbroken pride, when she felt that none greater than herself dwelt upon the globe. But with inevitable tread approaches the universal moral which points the tale. The measured step of the godlike hero echoeth along the corridors. The royal maiden, hearing the ominous tramp, is cognizant of an unwonted thrill and a sensation unfelt before. Her prophetic instinct telleth her too truly that her wild independence is concluded, that the day of bondage and of fetters has dawned, that the inexorable One, who alone in all the millions of created men is able, is even now present with, the gyves of her slavery in his hand. But the denouement is never at the bridal altar. Our host entertaineth us with no loves of Strephon and Phillis, nor leads beneath shady arcades to a vine-clad cottage, wherein is love and rich cream and homemade butter. The three sisters, the dread Moiræ, in their darksome cavern, spinning the golden thread of destiny, reel from their distaff no bright soft film of wedded happiness. The polished metal, many times refined, would never show half its qualities were it not subject to unwonted tests. We suffer according to our powers of endurance, and are tried according to our gifts. Else why are the powers and the gifts given to us by a Providence which never wasteth, nor doeth in freakish negligence. The yoke of love is not weighty enough to bow sufficiently the curving neck. With a love which cannot be satisfied comes the mighty temptation to sin and disgrace. Even into this black chasm our beauties look with steady eye, and meditate the step. It is a part of their self-sustaining nature and towering spirit to wreak their own will. Once let them give their love to man, and it is the passion of their lives. Of gossip and the wagging tongue of scandal, and of that vague, shadowy phantom, reputation, they reckon not. These unsubstantial fleeting barriers are

dissipated in an instant before the mighty breath of their omnipotent passion. Their love is the great fact of their lives. Why should it yield to less powerful sentiments, to inferior satisfactions. If the laws and sentiments of the commonalty of mankind oppose, why gain the lesser, palling pleasure of a fair character among our fellows whom we care not for, and lose the one joy of existence? Such, in all three of these novels, to a greater or less extent, is the theory of action of the female characters.

They are however rescued from the last degree of actual crime in each case by the good taste of the author, feeling that such chapters had better not be written voluntarily in fiction, or perchance by his love for his proud maidens, whom he cannot taint with degradation in act, even if the sin upon their souls be wellnigh as black in the eyes of a strict judge, arbiter alike of the seen and the unseen. Such are hardly the conceptions wherewith the brain of a cultivated woman would teem. It were too glaring treason to her sex and to her own nature. Although it must be said that there is no word of coarseness or bold suggestion of wickedness to be found upon any page. So far from it, we scarcely find recognized the crime to which the maidens are tempted, and we half-ignorantly wonder at the existence of compunctions, excited at we can scarcely say what. But the author knew probably well enough, and if she were one of the sisterhood of women, then must she be isolated and at enmity with them all. Her hand is against every woman's and every woman's hand against her.

Perhaps there is a fault in the tone of these novels. This may have been inferred by some strict moralists from the preceding paragraph. But they have indeed not the slightest trace of impropriety about them. They are not tainted in the slightest with the insidious viciousness of French novels. Their fault arises from rather an opposite tendency of mind and a different train of feelings. They are of the world, worldly. They are cold and sarcastic; they inculcate self-sufficiency, and preach to man to be a tower of strength in himself, not always in the praiseworthy Christian way. There is no single word of scoffing or disrespect for religion, no slur upon it whatsoever. Only we are aware, as by an instinct, that in the circle of our characters it is wholly ignored. In their world it is not an agent, whether for themselves or others. It is as unrecognized a system as is Mohammedanism or Buddhism with ourselves. The heroes have all 'seen the world' in the most thorough and terrible sense of those words. For them virtue and vice are much alike. Their wills are iron. They fix their eye upon their goal, and straight thereto they firmly march over the obstacles of precipices, through the blackness of quagmires, crashing athwart laws, customs, and conventionalities, as elephants calmly striding through underbrush. They disregard the prejudices of the world equally for evil and for good. And a moral independence which might furnish forth the most glorious of martyrs in invincible panoply is quite as likely to assist a hardy sinner. The sneer and sarcasm and contempt are for the conventionalities of the world, for the belief of the mass of mankind in right and wrong, and for the customs and habits which the republic of humanity has established for better assistance in the paths of virtue—as if, forsooth, such were vulgar because common, and to be despised by the mighty because useful to the feeble. This is not the proper spirit for the satirist. If he wields his pen in support of such a theory he will do more harm than good. A conventionality is not necessarily bad or contemptible merely as such. Not a promiscuous and indiscriminate slashing, but a careful pruning is the proper method in the garden of society. The indiscreet hand will cut what it should leave, and leave perhaps what might have been better sacrificed. The artificial trellises whereon we train our feeble virtues, which may hardly stand by their own strength, must not be shattered in a general slaughter of weeds which have taken root and nourishment in the rank soil of fashionable etiquette. Let us not dash the image from the altar, nor quench the fire at the shrine, before we have another idol and another shrine to give to the old worshippers, who must worship still. Such reckless iconoclasm is too dangerous. It is in this point of discretion that our author is most reprehensible. The moral tone of his works might have been improved had his independent tendencies been rather more judiciously indulged. There is, however, one character of loveliness and purity almost sufficient to leaven the whole mass and to dash our entire reprehension. In all the scope of our novel reading, nowhere do we remember to have met a more exquisitely charming character than that of fair Constance Brandon. Every charm of spirit and of person is lavished upon her. At the same time she is conceived with faultless taste. No feeble extravagance offends our feelings; no tinsel or affectation thwarts our admiration. The execution is worthy of the thought, which is simply beautiful. The portrait is like Raphael's divinest Madonna, with the changing radiance and velvety warmth of life thrown into the matchless face. Why could we not have had more such, instead of such indifferent domesticities as *La Mignonne*?

When we say that none of these three novels are destined to pass into the eternal literature of the language, we pass no very harsh or damning judgment. Men of the highest powers must bow to the same decree. Our author, though his thews and sinews are stalwart, is yet hardly cast in the mould to indicate such excessive vitality. He can hardly trouble the stride of those lordly veterans of the turf, Scott or Thackeray; yet without exertion spurning the rearward turf, he clicks his galloping hoofs in the faces of the throng of the ordinary purveyors of fiction. His fancy is exuberant; his imagination brilliant, florid, verging at times almost upon the apoplectic. But the cognate mental member, invention, is most sadly destitute of free and sweeping action. His plots are of the simplest, and betray indubitably a numbness or imperfect development of the inventive faculties of the brain. People who read novels for the denouement, who ride a steeple chase through them, leaping a five-page fence here, a ditch of a chapter there, and anon clearing at a mighty bound a rasper of some score or more paragraphs, resolute simply to be in at the death in the last chapter, anxious to see the wedding torches extinguished, and the printer setting up 'Finis'—such would find little satisfaction in 'Barren Honor,' almost none in 'Sword and Gown.' Reading these works is like passing through a wondrously beautiful country. But it is not the

indolent beauty of southern climes, to lounge through sleepily in a slow-rolling travelling carriage. You must ride through it on the proud back of a blooded steed. Canter, run, if you like, when the ground is fit and the spirit moves, as often enough it may; but do not fix your eyes upon any distant gaol, and time your arrival thereat. Enjoy what is close at hand. Admire now the blue glories of the proud hills, recumbent in careless grace of majesty in the indolent sunlit atmosphere; gaze then into the sombre depths of solemn retreating forest; tremble anon in the black shadow of the fierce rock beetling over your bridle way; and fill your rejoicing being with the fresh-distilled vigor of the springy step of your charger on the turf. It will put bounding manliness into your sluggish civilian blood. Read each page, each chapter for itself; or regard it as one handsome marble square in the tessellated pavement of a haughty palace, not as a useful brick in the domestic sidewalk, which is to carry you straight to a homely destination. Observe the description of scenes, how powerful! the delineation of character, how fascinating! and be pleased with the luxuriance of the style and the gorgeous drapery of language wherewith so royally the thoughts are robed.

Our author is not true to nature—he is extravagant, high-wrought. Nobody ever met his heroes or his heroines in real life, nor lived the scenes told of in his poetry. His men and women are the men and women of an enthusiastic fancy; his scenes and incidents are the scenes and incidents of our romantic dreams. We know none so lovely as ethereal Constance Brandon; we never gazed into the violet-flashing eyes of a Cecil Tresilyan; none of our friends are quite prototypes of the omnipotent 'Cool Captain;' they betray neither the athletic chivalry of Livingstone nor the winning beauty and high-souled nobility of generous Alan Wyverne. We never saw such models, for such never quitted their ideal essences to become incarnate in the flesh. But why need this be an insuperable objection? We don't find Achilles any the less interesting because we doubt the ability of any degenerate modern to calmly destroy such outnumbering hosts of his fellow beings, and send such a throng of warrior souls to hades without scath or scar to his invulnerable self. *Ivanhoe* got out of some very awkward scrapes by the exertion of a prowess quite exceptional in such a 'light-weight.' The extravagance is not glaring enough to discompose us. Surely a tolerable proximate approach to possible existence ought to satisfy a not viciously captious critic. We are reading of shadowy beings: why should not the facile mists be permeated with a somewhat subtler light, and melt into somewhat airier forms of perfection than we have been accustomed to catch imprisoned in the substantial dulness of the flesh? If we will only choose, we may revel in the company of somewhat glorified mortals. It may be a luxury to us, if we will not be jealously illiberal and envious. It is pleasant to emerge from our little chintz-furnished parlor, and lounge in castles of dimly magnificent extent, where we are sure to meet the choicest society; where some order their mighty hunters from the capacious stables, and others go out to drop a stag, or run a fox, or bag a few pheasants in the preserves, just to get an appetite for dinner, from which stupendous meal, tended by hosts of velvet-footed menials and florid old-family butlers, resplendent ladies rise to retire to gorgeous drawing rooms of any draperied dimensions we may choose to fancy, leaving perhaps a score of gentlemen guests to quaff cobwebbed wines in unstinted goblets. Why isn't it pleasant to linger sometimes in these royal abodes, and to saunter in the endless lawns and forest glades of the rich and the great, where we may encounter ladies rather handsomer and gentlemen rather haughtier than they are generally made in our own circle? Let us not be captious, but agreeably appreciative.

In a short sentence in one of the opening chapters of 'Sword and Gown,' our author proclaims probably the intention, certainly the result of his literary labors—to produce a string of beautiful cameos, with just thread enough of story to string them upon. This task is done, and well done. The classical allusions are numerous, and seldom can we blame one as out of place. Generally they are wrought into beautiful little pictures, complete in themselves. He manages them with wonderful dexterity, never making too much of them, nor dwelling upon them too long; but with his masterly skill in language he handles his words as a painter his colors, and now we have a bold royal sketch, cloudy outlines of gigantic proportions, shadowy scenes of indefinite grandeur, done with a few strong, words and magnificent adjectives; and now a little paragraph, charming in its exquisite daintiness, like a miniature rarely done upon the face of a costly gem. It is in this word-painting that he is surpassingly admirable. Delineation, description, portraiture are his forte. The same quality of mind which gives dreams of princely men and divine women seems to have brought also a generous endowment of warm, rich words, wherewith to do justice to the imaginings. All the beauty, dignity, and glory of English logography seem to be his: he marshals an array of adjectives and phrases which seem all of the blood royal of our munificent mother tongue. Oftentimes his page sounds like the deep-rolling anthem of a mighty cathedral organ. Might and music are in his syllables; and without sifting his sentences for a noble thought or a beautiful idea, we may be pleased by the stately tread of their succession, and their rich harmonious cadences.

The scenes are apt to be rather melodramatic. Wonderful passions work wonderfully. Eyes flash, lips are set, cheeks grow pale, quite often. Great coolness, vast powers, are continually displayed; yet they are well displayed, after the fashion of gentlemen, not of bravoos or villains or highwaymen. He handles thunder and lightning, the terrific weapons of the mighty Jove himself, in a very haughty, Jove-like manner, it must be confessed. He isn't afraid of singing his fingers with the thunderbolts, but seizes them with the familiar gripe of unquestionable authority. In a glorified language he paints glorified visions. Very little of the calm domestic sunlight of the working noonday glimmers among his pages, but a perpetual, everlasting gorgeousness of deep-colored sunset radiance. For merit of style all these novels are well worthy of commendation and of study. Education and extensive reading have preserved them from faults of gaudiness and meretricious ornament. They are chastened by good taste and regulated by gentlemanly

cultivation. They are written by a scholar, and not by a scribbler; and while reading their magnificent pages we need have no misgiving that we are admiring the flashy ornaments of wordy or half-educated mediocrity. Far the best of them is also the first, 'Guy Livingstone.' The poorest is 'Sword and Gown;' this has the feeblest plot, in fact a mere apology for a story, and contains more passages which seem unfinished, and what on a second reading would scarce have satisfied their own writer. 'Guy Livingstone,' though not faultless, is a work of power, talent, and brilliancy. Guy himself is an Olympian character, sketched upon the scale and model of a Torso, a giant in his virtues and his vices and his frame—but exaggerated with such tact and ability that even the impossible hugeness charms and fascinates. The feats of the hero in the dance and carpeted salon, on his mighty hunter leading the breakneck chase, carry us away with all the heat and ardor of sympathy; nor do we stumble in our companionable excitement over any unwelcome snag of commonplace thought or vulgar daring. Constance Brandon, as we have above intimated, we consider a splendid masterpiece—a woman lovely as the imagination of man fondly likes to dream, with every winning grace of manner and amiable charm of purity. She is the finest character and the fairest face beyond all compare in the gallery; and the scenes in which she figures are the most able, the most moving, and the most unexceptionable in every point of view, of all that our author has given us.

MILL ON LIBERTY.

Any work from the pen of John Stuart Mill will arrest the attention of readers and thinkers wherever the English language is spoken, and, indeed, wherever the spirit of inquiry and improvement has aroused the intellect of man. This author has proved himself a veritable instructor and benefactor of his race. His writings have been always grave and valuable, addressed to the understanding of men, indicating arduous study on his own part, and eliciting reflection of the profoundest character in the mind of his reader. In his well known work 'On Logic,' published twenty years ago, he exhibited the highest capacity for abstract speculation, and placed himself by the side of Aristotle and Bacon in the rank of philosophers; while that 'On the Principles of Political Economy,' more practical in its aims, entitles him to the reputation of an able and enlightened statesman.

Last year we had published in this country, a treatise from the same fertile pen on the subject of 'Representative Government,' which, however, was subsequent in the order of composition to that which has just now appeared in the United States from the press of Ticknor & Fields, of Boston. Both these productions, that on 'Representative Government,' and that 'On Liberty,' are valuable to the American people, teaching lessons important to be learned even by them. From the nature of our institutions, and especially from the vainglorious sentiments too generally entertained by us, we are apt to consider ourselves so well versed in the principles of civil liberty and of representative government, as to be incapable of learning anything on these subjects, especially from English writers. Unfortunately, recent events are calculated rudely to disturb our self-satisfaction, and to arouse within us a serious distrust, not indeed of the principles embodied in our institutions, but of our practical ability to carry them out to their legitimate results, and thus to enjoy, fully and permanently, the advantages of the system of free government of which we have always been so boastful.

It is perhaps natural that the mass of the American people should conceive the whole of liberty as comprised in the privilege of voting, and its substantial benefits as being fully secured by the popular form of government. This, however, would be an inconsiderate conclusion, involving a most pernicious error; and so far is it from constituting any important part of the discussion, that in the whole of Mr. Mill's work, there is scarcely more than a glance at this aspect of the question. The liberty which the author investigates and commends by the most unanswerable arguments, is not that which is embodied in political institutions, so much as that which results from the liberal and enlightened spirit pervading and controlling the social organization. It is not the power to choose representatives and to make laws, but it is rather the privilege, in all proper cases, of being a law to one's self, and of representing in one's own individuality the peculiar ideas and capacities which each one is best fitted to unfold and develop for his own good without injury to society. Political tyranny, at this day, is by no means the chief danger to which men are anywhere exposed; and that subject has been so thoroughly understood in modern times, that books are hardly required now to be written upon it. It is social despotism—the tyranny of custom and opinion—which chiefly enlists the intellect of our philosophical and interesting author, though he does not fail to lay down the true limits of the legislative authority as well. He is thoroughly versed in the history of 'the struggle between liberty and authority,' which he says 'is the most conspicuous feature in the portions of history with which we are earliest familiar, particularly in that of Greece, Rome, and England. But in old times this contest was between subjects, or some classes of subjects, and the government. By liberty was meant protection against the tyranny of political rulers.' This struggle has been carried on for ages, until it has now come to be an axiom, universally received in civilized nations, that government is instituted solely for the good of the governed. And in the progress of amelioration and improvement, it has been supposed that the popular principle of universal suffrage, with frequent elections, and consequent responsibility of political agents, would effectually prevent the exercise of tyranny in governments; and this especially when governments are instituted under written constitutions, with powers limited and clearly defined therein. The people, through their chosen

representatives, wielding the whole power of the national organization, could not be expected to tyrannize over themselves. Experience, however, soon proved that the tyranny of the majority in popular governments is to be guarded against quite as carefully as that of despotic rulers in any other form of polity. For, says Mr. Mill, 'when society is itself the tyrant—society collectively over the individuals which compose it—its means of tyrannizing are not restricted to the acts which it may do by the hands of its political functionaries.' The obvious truth of this statement needs no elaborate attempt at illustration. In all the departments of thought and action, of opinion and habit, the power of society over its separate members is tremendous and unlimited, sometimes penetrating 'deeply into the details of life, and enslaving the soul itself.' It would not be difficult for any man of intelligence and observation to recall instances, within his own knowledge, in which this arbitrary power of the community has been most unjustly exerted to oppress and injure individuals. The injury and oppression have been none the less, because their operation has been silent, attended with no physical force or legal restraint, but reaching only the mind and heart of the sufferer, crushing them with the moral weight of unjust opprobrium, and torturing them with all the ingenious appliances of social tyranny.

The remedy for this sort of despotism—the most dangerous of all, if not the only danger to be feared in civilized communities and in liberal governments—is not to be found in laws or constitutions, but in the enlightened liberality and trained habits and sentiments of society itself. 'Some,' says Mr. Mill, 'whenever they see any good to be done or any evil to be remedied, would willingly instigate the government to undertake the business; while others prefer to bear almost any amount of social evil, rather than to add one to the departments of human interests amenable to governmental control.' And, upon the whole, he thinks, 'the interference of government is, with about equal frequency, improperly invoked and improperly condemned.' The only device which Mr. Mill proposes, as the effectual means of counteracting this sort of tyranny, either political or social, is the establishment of a rule or principle, by which the limits of authority over individuals shall, in both cases, be strictly and philosophically defined. He does not undertake to say how this rule is to be enforced—by what sanctions, or by what authority it can be made effectual for the protection of individual rights. But as the evil to be remedied is one arising chiefly from the errors of public opinion, the corrective would naturally seem to be the inculcation of sound principles and just sentiments, infusing them into the social organization, and gradually enthroning them in the public conscience. The bare announcement of truth, in a matter of such transcendent importance, is an immense progress toward the goal of improvement. Principles, well founded and of real value, once understood, will eventually make their way. With all the errors of society, and the wrong-headed stubbornness and selfishness of humanity, with the immense obstructive power of established interests, the haughty despotism of old opinions, and the petrified rigidity of social customs, the solvent energy of truth nevertheless will penetrate every part of the imposing fabric, and gradually undermine its foundations. Underlying the whole, there is a broad foundation for improvement; and there is a natural tendency in society to seize upon and appropriate good, whenever fairly exhibited to its view and placed within its reach.

As embodying the general purpose of the author, and the principle which he seeks to establish, we give the following passage, in his own words:

'The object of this essay is to assert one very simple principle, as entitled to govern absolutely the dealings of society with the individual in the way of compulsion and control, whether the means used be physical force in the form of legal penalties, or the moral coercion of public opinion. That principle is, that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection. That the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear, because it will be better for him to do so, because it will make him happier, because, in the opinions of others, to do so would be wise, or even right. These are good reasons for remonstrating with him, or reasoning with him, or persuading him, but not for compelling him, or visiting him with any evil in case he do otherwise. To justify that, the conduct from which it is desired to deter him, must be calculated to produce evil to some one else. The only part of the conduct of any one, for which he is amenable to society, is that which concerns others. In the part which merely concerns himself, his independence is, of right, absolute. Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign.'

This statement has the great merit of being, at least, perfectly clear and definite. In some particular cases, the principle may be difficult of application; but in the principle itself, as defined in this passage, there is not the slightest uncertainty or indistinctness. The author is very careful, however, to except from its operation all persons who are not in the maturity of their faculties, as well as all those backward nations who are not capable of being improved by free and equal discussion. The condition of society in which alone this liberal maxim will be safe and appropriate, must be that of a people so far elevated and enlightened, that persuasion and conviction are the most powerful means of improvement. Wherever is to be found an advanced civilization, with all the complex moral and social relations which grow out of it, there the necessity for physical force will be found to have declined. Public opinion will have acquired great authority, if not absolute control; and the rights of individuals will require, for their protection against the overpowering weight of the social combination, all those safeguards

against possible tyranny, which can only be afforded by the general acceptance of the liberal principle just quoted. The social authority must be educated and restrained by its own willing recognition of individual rights. As the power most likely to be abused for purposes of oppression is that of opinion and custom, too often operating silently and insidiously, the corrective is only to be applied by the establishment of a counteracting spiritual authority, in the bosom of society itself, at all times ready to utter its mandate and to proclaim the inviolable sanctity of individual liberty, within the limits fixed by enlightened reason and conscience. In the earlier stages of civilization, or in societies of more simple and primitive character, individual development has not reached the point which either requires such principles or admits of their application. The merely physical life of such people can hardly give rise to these questions: political power and actual force necessarily occupy the place of those subtle and all-pervading moral and social influences which prevail in the subsequent stages of progress. As men become more enlightened, they become also more capable of self-control, and are consequently entitled to greater liberty of action. Sooner or later, the necessity for conceding it to the utmost limit of the principle stated, will be fully acknowledged.

But it is notable that the author does not attempt to maintain his dogma on the ground of right or morality, but solely on that of a wise and broad utility. He foregoes all the advantage he might obtain in the argument by resorting to the moral considerations which sustain it. It is better for the real interests of society that individual members should enjoy the largest measure of liberty; and if this be not equivalent to the assertion that it is also their right, upon the plainest moral grounds, it is at least certain that the two principles are coincident in this case, as they will be found to be in all others, where the real interests of mankind are concerned. So true is it, that what ever, in a large sense, is best for the permanent advantage of any society is, at the same time, always right and consistent with sound moral principles.

In a matter of such vital importance as that of human liberty, which, in the language of another eminent writer, 'is the one thing most essential to the right development of individuals, and to the real grandeur of nations,' it was necessary that its foundations should be made so broad, in any correct philosophical analysis of its nature, as to comprehend the whole field of human activity. Accordingly, Mr. Mill includes within its proper domain the three great departments: consciousness, or the internal operations of our own minds; will, or the external manifestation of our thoughts and feelings in acts and habits; and lastly, association, or coöperation with others, voluntarily agreed upon, and not interfering with the rights and liberties of those who may choose to stand aloof from such combinations. In reference to the first of these, which asserts the undoubted right to enjoy our own thoughts and feelings, with absolute freedom of opinion on all subjects, Mr. Mill remarks that 'the liberty of expressing and publishing opinions may seem to fall under a different principle, since it belongs to that part of the conduct of an individual which concerns other people; but being almost of as much importance as the liberty of thought itself, and resting in great part on the same reasons, is practically inseparable from it.' But, in truth, the right of expression, which does not properly come under the head of consciousness or thought, but under that of will or action, is the only one of the two which at this day is of any practical importance. The idea of controlling thought or belief has, in effect, been everywhere abandoned. Indeed, it may be questioned whether any such control ever has been or could have been exercised; for thought itself could never be known except through some outward manifestation. It was therefore the *expression* which was punished, and not the inward consciousness. Opinions, it is true, have too often been the avowed ground of oppression and persecution. Men have been injured in various ways, on account of their known or suspected belief; even in modern times and in communities claiming to be free, political disabilities, social reprobation, and the stigma of disqualification as witnesses have been imposed upon persons entertaining certain views on theological questions. But these persecutions may have compelled the suppression or disavowal of obnoxious opinions, and may have made hypocrites; they never changed belief, or produced any other conviction than that of wrong and outrage. The soul itself is beyond the reach of any human authority, not to be conquered by any device of terror or torture.

Difference of opinion is unfortunately the ground of natural aversion among men; and it requires much enlightenment and liberal training to enable society to overcome this universal prejudice and to inaugurate complete and absolute toleration. 'In the present state of knowledge,' says Buckle, the historian, 'the majority of people are so ill informed, as not to be aware of the true nature of belief; they are not aware that all belief is involuntary and is entirely governed by the circumstances which produce it. What we call the will has no power over belief, and consequently a man is nowise responsible for his creed, except in so far as he is responsible for the events which gave him his creed.' It may be doubted whether the majority of people are quite so ignorant as Mr. Buckle here represents them; for the conflict between beliefs is rather the result of feeling or passion than of judgment. Because men who differ in opinion hate each other, it does not follow that they must therefore deny the right to freedom of thought, or maintain that belief may be changed at will. The red man and the white man may cordially hate each other; but it would hardly be accurate to say that the former denies the right of the latter to his color, or thinks him morally responsible for it. Yet men are quite as much responsible for the color of their skin as for the character of their honest convictions, and they have almost equal power to control the one or the other. In truth, the hatred arising from conflict of opinion is not the offspring of thought, but of emotion. It is chiefly a derangement of the affections; not so much an error of the reason. The most unenlightened man has the innate conviction that he is entitled to his peculiar belief, because it is impossible for him to admit any other; nor is it at all natural or necessary that one individual should question the sincerity of another's opinion on any subject, because it differs from his own. Intolerance in this particular has been the result mostly of interference and

usurpation—the consequence of that theological despotism to which men have, in some form or other, in all ages, been more or less subjected.

It is not, therefore, the liberty of thought and belief that Mr. Mill finds it necessary to defend, in his exposition of the first division of the subject; but it is only that of expression and discussion—the liberty of the press—the right to make known opinions upon any subject, and to produce arguments in support of them. In this country, it may be supposed to be wholly unnecessary to investigate this subject, inasmuch as the liberty of the press is here maintained to the most unlimited extent. So far as the mere legal right is involved, this is undoubtedly true; the established laws interpose no impediment to the expression and publication of opinions, except those indispensable regulations which are intended to preserve the public peace and morality, and to protect private character from wanton injury. We have no reason to fear any invasion of the liberty of the press—any political interference with the right of free discussion—unless in times of great public danger, or, as Mr. Mill says, 'during some temporary panic, when fear of insurrection drives ministers and judges from their propriety.' But there is a despotism of society, in this country as well as elsewhere, which, independent of law or authority, often imposes silence on unpopular opinions, and suppresses all discussion, by means of those ten thousand appliances and expedients adopted by communities to express displeasure and to command obedience. Even, however, if there were not the slightest evidence of intolerance in the country, if the rational principles of liberty were universally acknowledged and practised upon, it would still be most useful and interesting to follow this author in his admirable discussion of the subject. It would be a matter of no little importance to understand the rational grounds on which the great and acknowledged principles of liberty are actually founded, and to see the perfect frankness and fearlessness with which this philosophic author follows the doctrine to its extreme but inevitable conclusions. For instance, Mr. Mill does not hesitate to say, 'if all mankind minus one, were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind.' And this position is maintained not solely or chiefly on the ground of injustice to the person holding the obnoxious opinion, but because the forcible suppression of it would do even greater injustice to those who conscientiously reject it. For if the opinion be true, its establishment and dissemination would benefit mankind; and even if it be false, it is equally important it should be freely made known, inasmuch as it would contribute to 'the clearer perception and livelier impression of truth produced by its collision with error.' Besides, no man can certainly know that any opinion is true, so long as anything which can be said against it is not permitted to be presented and freely discussed. Liberty is the indispensable atmosphere of truth. Without it, truth will as surely languish and die, as animals or plants will perish without air. All great improvements have been accomplished only through the conflicts of adverse opinion. Progress is change, and if all discussion is prohibited, change and improvement are impossible.

It is interesting also to see the unlimited scope allowed to this bold doctrine, and the fearlessness with which it is applied to subjects usually deemed sacred and forbidden to all question or controversy. The existence of a God, the certainty of a future state, the truth of Christianity—all these are the proper subjects of free discussion and untrammelled opinion, quite as much as any other questions, however unimportant or indifferent. It becomes the devoutest Christian to hear discussions on these transcendent subjects without the least ill will or intolerance toward the adversary who may thus endeavor to shake his faith in those sublime truths which he holds indisputable and more sacred than all others. It is doing the highest possible service to the doctrines to attack them; for if they be sound and true, they will certainly survive, and be all the more glorious for having passed safely through the ordeal. Christianity itself was more vital and effective in its earlier stages, when fighting its way into existence against all sorts of persecutions, than it has ever been since in the palmiest days of its power. When its doctrines are no longer questioned, it will cease to be a living spirit controlling the hearts of men. It will be a cold and formal thing, resting on the general acquiescence, but no longer exhibiting its all-conquering power in the active effort to overthrow opposing creeds.

No genuine liberty can exist, until the community shall have reached that elevated condition of liberality and wisdom which will gladly submit its most cherished sentiments to the analysis of unsparing logic, and that without the least effort to punish, in any way, the daring attempt to undermine its faith. The champions of truth will be strengthened by the encounter with error; weak and false arguments, which really injure truth, will give way, and the solid foundations of impregnable logic will be substituted in their place. It is impossible to overestimate the service done to a good cause, by exposing it fearlessly to the worst attacks of its enemies. 'The fatal tendency of mankind to leave off thinking about a thing when it is no longer doubtful, is the cause of half their errors. A contemporary author has well spoken of 'the deep slumber of a decided opinion.'" And another author enthusiastically exclaims: 'All hail, therefore, to those who, by attacking a truth, prevent that truth from slumbering. All hail to those bold and fearless natures, the heretics and innovators of the day, who, rousing men out of their lazy sleep, sound in their ears the tocsin and the clarion, and force them to come forth that they may do battle for their creed. Of all evils, torpor is the most deadly. Give us paradox, give us error, give us what you will, so that you save us from stagnation. It is the cold spirit of routine which is the nightshade of our nature. It sits upon men like a blight, blunting their faculties, withering their powers, and making them both unable and unwilling to struggle for the truth, or to figure to themselves what it is they really believe.'

The chapter which Mr. Mill devotes to this subject—the liberty of discussion and publication—is thoroughly exhaustive in its character. It presents the question in almost every light in which it is

desirable to see it, and successfully meets every objection which can be made to his doctrine. For the first time, a logical and philosophical exposition of the great principles of liberty is presented to the world, and that too in a most readable and attractive form. The work is calculated to do immense good. It places liberty on a rational foundation, and dispels every doubt which might have been entertained by the timid, as to the safety and propriety of permitting free discussion on those points of belief which are too often held to be beyond the domain of investigation and argument. We do not pretend, here, to give anything like a synopsis of the grounds assumed, and the reasonings adopted by the author. A full and correct idea of these can only be obtained from the book itself. But before leaving this part of the work, we cannot forbear quoting a passage on this subject from an essay by Henry Thomas Buckle. Even at the risk of prolonging this article beyond its proper limits, we quote at some length, on account of the vast interest of the topic and the different notions which too generally prevail as to the propriety of its discussion:

'If they who deny the immortality of the soul, could, without the least opprobrium, state in the boldest manner all their objections, the advocates of the doctrine would be obliged to reconsider their own position and to abandon its untenable points. By this means, that which I revere, and an overwhelming majority of us revere, as a glorious truth, would be immensely strengthened. It would be strengthened by being deprived of those sophistical arguments which are commonly urged in its favor, and which give to its enemies an incalculable advantage. It would moreover be strengthened by that feeling of security which men have in their own convictions, when they know that everything is said against them which can be said, and that their opponents have a fair and liberal hearing. This begets a magnanimity and a rational confidence which cannot otherwise be obtained. But, such results can never happen while we are so timid, or so dishonest, as to impute improper motives to those who assail our religious opinions. We may rely upon it that as long as we look upon an atheistical writer as a moral offender, or even as long as we glance at him with suspicion, atheism will remain a standing and permanent danger, because, skulking in hidden corners, it will use stratagems which their secrecy will prevent us from baffling; it will practise artifices to which the persecuted are forced to resort; it will number its concealed proselytes to an extent of which only they who have studied this painful subject are aware; and, above all, by enabling them to complain of the treatment to which they are exposed, it will excite the sympathy of many high and generous natures, who, in an open and manly warfare, might strive against them, but who, by a noble instinct, find themselves incapable of contending with any sect which is oppressed, maligned, or intimidated.'

The most interesting, and perhaps the most remarkable part of Mr. Mill's book, is that which he devotes to individuality as one of the elements of well being. Having very fully discussed the question of liberty in thought and expression—the right of controlling one's own mind, and of making known its conclusions—he proceeds to apply the same principle to the conduct and whole scheme of human life, maintaining that every man ought to be entirely free to act according to his own taste and judgment in all matters which concern only himself. The sole condition or limitation which society may rightfully impose upon the eccentricities of individuals, is the equal right of all others to be unmolested and unobstructed in their occupations and enjoyments. Every man is endowed with faculties, capacities, and dispositions peculiar to himself, there being quite as much diversity in the mental character of men as in their physical appearance. It is this infinite diversity of thought and feeling, as much perhaps as anything else, which distinguishes man from the lower animals. It is of the utmost importance to the progress of society, for it is only by departing from the common path, and pursuing new and untried modes of existence and action, that improvements are gradually made. If there were no disposition on the part of individuals to deviate from the ordinary customs which have descended from generation to generation, it is evident there would never be any important change in the modes of human life nor in the institutions of mankind, and if there could be any improvement at all, it would be extremely slow and unimportant. It is the peculiarities of individuals which alone can furnish the points of departure for new modes of action and new plans of life. Hence it is not less the right of individuals than it is the interest of the race that every one should not only be permitted, but should even be encouraged to follow the dictates of his own genius, with the most perfect and unlimited freedom consistent with the peace and security of other men. Each one of the numberless buds on a full-grown tree is the germ of another individual precisely similar to the one from which it is taken. But if new trees are propagated from these buds, they will exhibit not the slightest diversity in character from that of the parent stock. It is only from the seed, original centres of vitality and individuality that new varieties are produced and improvements obtained either in the flower or the fruit. So in human society: if each life is only an offshoot from the main body—a mere bud from the parent tree—with no diversities in character, and no salient points of original activity, it is evident that men would remain substantially the same from generation to generation, and society would stand still forever. Such, it is well known, is the case in those Eastern nations in which a rigid system of caste prevails, the same positions and occupations descending from father to son, without the possibility of one generation escaping from the fatal routine to which its predecessor was subjected.

Hence it is that Mr. Mill, with great earnestness, insists that 'there should be different experiments in living,' and 'that the worth of different modes of life should be proved practically, when any one thinks fit to try them;' for, he continues, 'where not the person's own character, but the traditions and customs of other people are the rule of conduct, there is wanting one of the

principal ingredients of human happiness, and quite the chief ingredient of individual and social progress.' Undoubtedly, that man who acts in conformity with his own nature and disposition, if they do not mislead and betray him, will have greater satisfaction and enjoyment than he who is constrained by the opinions or authority of others to pursue courses not conformable to his taste and judgment. That which men naturally incline to undertake and ardently desire to accomplish, is usually that which they are best fitted to do, and which will give the most appropriate exercise to their peculiar faculties. It is evidently the general interest that every individual in society should be employed in that peculiar work which he can best perform. More will be effected, with less dissatisfaction and suffering. And obviously, no better mode can be devised to put every man to the thing for which he is capacitated by nature, than to give full scope to his individuality, under the multiplied and powerful influences which liberal education and elevated society are calculated to exert in impelling him forward. The effect will be not only to do more for society as a whole, but to make superior men by means of self-education. 'He who does anything because it is the custom, makes no choice. He gains no practice either in discerning or desiring what is best. The mental and moral, like the muscular powers, are improved only by being used. The faculties are called into no exercise by doing a thing merely because others do it, no more than by believing a thing only because others believe it. If the grounds of an opinion are not conclusive to a person's own reason, his reason cannot be strengthened, but is likely to be weakened by adopting it: and if the inducements to an act are not such as are consentaneous to his own feelings and character (where affection or the rights of others are not concerned), it is so much done toward rendering his feelings and character inert and torpid, instead of active and energetic.'

Against these views, and, indeed, against the great body of valuable thoughts so admirably presented in this work, no rational objection would seem to be fairly adducible. But there are some very striking passages liable to a very different criticism—passages which, if not founded on actual misconception of facts, are, at least, so exaggerated in statement as to require very material modifications, both as to the existence of the evil they allege and the remedy they propose. Mr. Mill complains of the despotism of society as having utterly suppressed all spontaneity or individuality, and reduced the mass of mankind to a condition of lamentable uniformity. He thinks this evil has not only gone to a dangerous extent already, but that it threatens a still further invasion of individual liberty with even greater disasters in its train. It is better, however, to let Mr. Mill speak for himself in the following passages:

'But society has now fairly got the better of individuality; and the danger which threatens human nature is not the excess but the deficiency of personal impulses and preferences.' * * *

'In our times, from the highest class of society down to the lowest, every one lives as under the eye of a hostile and dreaded censorship.' * * *

'I do not mean that they choose what is customary, in preference to what suits their inclination. It does not occur to them to have any inclination except for what is customary. Thus the mind itself is bowed to the yoke; even in what people do for pleasure, conformity is the first thing thought of; they like in crowds; they exercise choice only among things commonly done; peculiarity of taste, eccentricity of conduct, are shunned equally with crimes; until by dint of not following their own nature they have no nature to follow; their human capacities are withered and starved; they become incapable of any strong wishes or native pleasures, and are generally without either opinions or feelings of home growth or properly their own.'

And so, speaking of men of genius as being less capable than other persons 'of fitting themselves, without hurtful compression, into any of *the small number of moulds* which society provides in order to save its members the trouble of forming their own character,' he continues:

'If they are of a strong character and break their fetters, they become a mark for the society which has not succeeded in reducing them to commonplace, to point at with solemn warning, as 'wild,' 'erratic,' and the like; much as if one should complain of the Niagara river for not flowing smoothly between its banks like a Dutch canal.'

Mr. Buckle also bears testimony to the same effect in the following language:

'The immense mass of mankind are, in regard to their usages, in a state of social slavery; each man being bound under heavy penalties, to conform to the standard of life common to his own class. How serious these penalties are, is evident from the fact that though innumerable persons complain of prevailing customs, and wish to shake them off, they dare not do so, but continue to practise them, though frequently at the expense of health, comfort, and fortune. Men not cowards in other respects, and of a fair share of moral courage, are afraid to rebel against this grievous and exacting tyranny.'

Now, we are decidedly of opinion that the expressions used by both these eminent writers are altogether too strong. We think it is true, both in Europe and America, that whenever the masses of society recognize a man of real genius, they are ever ready to welcome him with all his peculiarities—not merely to overlook his ordinary eccentricities, but to pardon grave offences against morality, and even to imitate his errors. It may well be that the multitude are not quick to

distinguish superiority; though with the proper information and opportunity of judging, they seldom fail instinctively to appreciate great qualities, especially if these be such as relate to practical life, or artistic development, rather than to abstract and speculative science. Men addicted to pursuits of the latter kind, make their merits known more slowly; but when they are known, they command unbounded respect in society.

The real difficulty, unfortunately, is, that the vast majority of men are not gifted with marked individuality, or great genius. They do not break through the trammels of custom, not so much because these trammels are strong, as because their impulses are weak. Whenever a man of real energy appears, the crowd separates before him, the cobwebs of custom are brushed away as he advances, and the world receives him very generally for what he is worth, and too often for more. That impostors and pretenders frequently succeed in deceiving society, is owing to the fact that it is ever anxious and ready to receive and reward its benefactors.

But even Mr. Mill himself recognizes the wisdom of paying due deference to the experience of mankind, and of considering established customs as *prima facie* good, and proper to be followed. He admits 'that people should be so taught and trained in youth, as to know and benefit by the ascertained results of human experience,' and that 'the traditions and customs of other people are, to a certain extent, evidence of what their experience has taught *them*; presumptive evidence, and as such, have a claim to his deference.' From all which, it is plain that there is a just medium between what is recognized and established, and what is newly proposed as a substitute for the old. The masses of mankind are incapable of judging between the value of prevailing usages and novel practices; much less are they capable themselves of striking out new paths fit to be followed by their fellow men. The true difficulty then is the want of energetic individuality and original genius, rather than the want of a field for the exhibition of their power, or an opportunity for their exertion. It cannot be denied, however, that there is a certain inertia in society, requiring no little exertion to overcome it, even in the case of unquestionable improvements. But this is unavoidable, and at the same time most fortunate for the safety of mankind; for otherwise, we should be subjected to perpetual changes and sudden convulsions, which would make even progress itself a doubtful good.

There is also another important aspect in which this question may be advantageously considered. No one doubts that coöperation in society contributes vastly to the increase of human power, production, and happiness. Unanimity in sentiment promotes harmony, and contributes to prosperity. Nor will it be denied that if truth could be certainly attained upon any point whatever, it would be desirable that it should be universally recognized and accepted. Undoubtedly, if any man in the community should be disposed to dispute that truth, he ought to be permitted freely to do so; but we cannot see that this opposition would be better than his acquiescence. Now, the problem is to reconcile the degree of unanimity and coöperation which is requisite for the full exertion of social power, with that amount of individuality which would be useful in promoting a progressive change. Spontaneity or originality is disintegrating in its immediate tendency. It disturbs the order of society, though, in the end, on the whole, it is advantageous. Thus we have the tenacity of old habits and prevailing sentiments on the one hand, tending to the harmony of society, and enabling all its members to coöperate in the great works which make communities powerful. On the other hand, we have the sporadic and disturbing efforts of individual genius, ever seeking to withdraw the social current into new channels, and eventually, through many trials, errors, failures, and triumphs, alluring and leading it into better paths. It is not good for society that either of these conflicting forces should gain the decided ascendancy; nor do we believe with Mr. Mill, that the preponderance at the present time belongs to the former.

As to the influence of fashion, which is evidently alluded to in the passages quoted, that plainly stands on a different and peculiar footing. It has a double power to enforce its decrees. The one is economical and commercial—the power of capital to control productions, and the advantages of producing largely after a few forms or patterns; the other is the social or psychological influence—the natural sympathy among men which induces uniformity of dress and habit. Extravagant excess often rules. Yet there is never wanting in the public of all civilized countries, a disposition to adopt improvements when they contribute to the general convenience, economy, and happiness; and we believe, on the whole, the tendency is to become more and more rational every day. Besides, a certain degree of uniformity is desirable in this as in all other things. No little loss and inconvenience would ensue if the fancies of every individual were permitted to run riot, and no man's taste were modified by that of his neighbor, or controlled by the general inclination. It is impossible to conceive the motley and discordant mass which a community of such people would present.

The bearing of these social phenomena in other directions and upon other interests, is the subject of equal condemnation by the author. The effect upon government, and the general tendency of the democratic principle, are represented in such highly colored pictures as these:

'In sober truth, whatever homage may be professed, or even paid to real or supposed mental superiority, the general tendency of things throughout the world is to render mediocrity the ascendant power among mankind.

'At present, individuals are lost in the crowd. In politics it is almost a trivialeity to say that public opinion rules the world. The only power deserving the name is that

of masses, and of governments, while they make themselves the organ of the tendencies and instincts of masses. This is as true in the moral and social relations of private life as in public transactions. Those whose opinions go by the name of public opinions, are not always the same sort of public; in America they are the whole white population; in England, chiefly the middle class. But they are always a mass, that is to say, collective mediocrity.

'Their thinking is done for them by one mind like themselves, addressing them or speaking in their name, on the spur of the moment, through the newspapers. I do not assert that anything better is compatible, as a general rule, with the present low state of the human mind. But that does not hinder the government of mediocrity from being mediocre government. No government by a democracy or a numerous aristocracy, either in its political acts, or in the opinions, qualities, and tone of mind which it fosters, ever did or could rise above mediocrity, except in so far as the sovereign many may have let themselves be guided (which in their best times they have always done) by the counsels and influence of a more highly gifted and instructed One or Few. The initiation of all wise or noble things comes and must come from individuals; generally at first from some one individual.'

In all this there is too much truth; but it is truth which is wholly unavoidable. Nor are the circumstances complained of peculiar to the present age, or to the institutions which now generally prevail. Democratic and representative forms of government have so degenerated, as to fail in the vital point of bringing the best and ablest men to the control of affairs. But has any more despotic or hereditary form been equally successful, in the long run, in promoting the freedom, progress, and grandeur of nations? Is the mediocrity of a whole people more injurious to humanity than the precarious superiority of distinguished families, or the selfish power of haughty privileged classes? One important consideration seems to be overlooked by Mr. Mill in these one-sided views of the present condition of society; and that is, the comparatively greater elevation and improvement of the whole mass of civilized communities; and the question is suggested, whether humanity is more interested in the mediocre power of the millions, or the exceptional greatness of a few men of extraordinary genius; whether the influence of individual originality is actually lost to the world, because it is apparently overshadowed by the moderate intelligence of the countless masses of men. We maintain that the loss of this influence is not real, but merely apparent: like some great wave in the boundless ocean, it seems to sink into the quiet surface, while in truth its effects are necessarily felt on the shores of the most distant continents and islands. Society, at the present time, is in a state of transition; it is engaged in absorbing ideas and influences which seem utterly to disappear in its fathomless depths, while it is simply preparing for higher exertions and nobler conquests over ignorance and tyranny.

One thing at least may be said with obvious truth, and with certainty of large compensation for the evils supposed to exist in the present condition of society, as represented by Mr. Mill; it is this: if public opinion is so omnipotent in the enforcement of mediocre schemes and ideas, it can bring to bear a vast fund of power, whenever real genius may be so fortunate as to make itself felt and respected. No man having any faith in humanity, not even Mr. Mill himself, will deny the power of individual genius to make its impression even on the mediocre masses; for that would be to deny the essential nature and efficiency of originality, and its capacity to accomplish the work which it is destined to do for the benefit of mankind. Actual conditions at the present moment, may possibly place unusual obstructions in the way of genius; though the entire freedom and accessibility of the press would seem to negative that view. At any rate, it follows from the very premises of Mr. Mill and those who think with him, that the actual organization of society, of which he complains, if it can be wielded in the interest of great ideas, is possessed of an authority which will make its decrees irresistible. In this fact we see ground of hope, rather than of despair, for the future of mankind. Mediocrity cannot always hold the reins and direct the progress of human society.

In his work on representative government, Mr. Mill fully recognizes the operation of free institutions as 'an agency of national education;' and he well says, 'a representative constitution is a means of bringing the general standard of intelligence and honesty existing in the community, and the individual intellect and virtue of its wisest members more directly to bear upon the government, and investing them with greater influence in it than they would have under any other mode of organization.' It cannot be otherwise. The masses are gradually rising in intelligence, as well as in the capacity and disposition to recognize and receive real superiority wherever it may be found. Certain cumbrous machinery heretofore used in social and political action, now stands in the way of free and efficient efforts to reach the best results. But these impediments will soon be swept away. They cannot remain eternally in the path of society; for, if by no other means, they will be removed by the flood of discontent and denunciation which now surges violently against them, and threatens them every instant with demolition and destruction.

A dusky vapor veils the sky,
And darkens on the dewy slopes;
Chill airs on rustling wings flit by,
Sad as the sigh o'er buried hopes:
I tread the cloistered walk alone,
Between the shadow and the light,
While from the church tower thronging down
Pale phantoms greet the coming night.

My heart swells high with scorn and hate
At social fictions, narrow laws
By which the few maintain their state,
And build us out with golden bars:
'She wears a careless smile,' I said,
'And regal jewels on her brow;
Those queenly lips, ere now, have made
Rare mockery of her broken vow.

'And what was I,—to touch that heart?
Only a poet, made to pour
Love's silver phrase with subtle art
In tides of music at her door.
What though she bore a brightened blush,
As if the echo linger'd long?
Even so she listens to the thrush
That thrills the air with eddying song.

'How sweet, on summer-scented morns,
To hear through all our lingering walk,
As soft as dew on fragrant lawns,
The wandering music of her talk!
Ah! dreaming heart, that asked no more
When dower'd with that o'erflowing smile:
Ah! foolish heart, to linger o'er
The memories that can still beguile.'

I paused. On distant breezes borne,
A silken stir floats slowly by,
And from the clouds a silver dawn
Breaks through the vapor-shrouded sky;
The cloister'd walk is paved with light,
And bathed in crystal beams she stands:
No jewels crown her presence bright,
A single rose is in her hands.

'Oh! fair white rose,' she softly said,
'Make peace between my love and me;
Lest from my life the colors fade,
And leave me faint and pale like thee:
Tell him that dearer is the flower
Once honored by his poet hand,
Than ermined rank, and princely power,
With any noble in the land.'

Then soft as rose-leaf on my brow
A sudden kiss comes floating down,
On wings as light as angels know,
And crowns me with a kingly crown.
And banish'd by a touch divine,
Fled all the memories of pain;
I clasped the pleading hands in mine,
And told her all my love again.

The pale mist like an incense cloud
From some great altar drifts away,
In silvery fullness o'er us flows
The glory of a pallid day.
Amid the opening buds of hope
I smile at half-forgotten fears;
For love, I said, grows holier still
And purer through baptismal tears.

'IS THERE ANYTHING IN IT?'

'A true bill.'-SHAKSPEARE.

I used to be 'verdant' in the art of legislation. A short time since I paid my initiation fee, and learned the mystery. It is true I had heard much of legislative corruption, and had often seen paragraphs relating thereto in the newspapers, but I looked upon them as political squibs, put forth by the 'outs' in revenge for the defeat of their party schemes. Here let me stoutly assert that I cannot testify of my own knowledge to any instance of legislative corruption. *Mem:* This declaration is intended to save me from being called before any of the numerous investigating committees, which, like the schoolmaster, are abroad just now. At the same time I propose to relate in brief terms how I was initiated, and the reader may rest assured that it is 'an ower true tale.'

In the winter of 186-, not very long ago, you will perceive, the corporation of which I was a member found it important to obtain some legislation which would be very serviceable to those concerned. I was selected to go to Harrisburg, to see the members of the Legislature individually, and request them, if there was nothing objectionable in the bill, to vote for it. I had no doubt but that my reasons would prove satisfactory, especially as our business was of a nature to essentially contribute to the development of the mineral and agricultural resources of the State. With these honest and innocent ideas of legislation, I started on my mission. On arriving at the capitol, I called on our immediate member, Mr. Jones, who, if his own professions were to be trusted, was anxious to do all he could to promote the object of my visit. He was an old member, and 'knew the ropes.' From him I had every reason to expect aid in procuring the passage of my bill. His room was at a hotel, where a large number of the members of both houses boarded, and he knew them all. Of course, it was a very proper place for me to take rooms. I accompanied Jones to the gentlemen's sitting room in the evening, where he introduced me to many of his fellow legislators, at the same time hinting to them that I might have a bill of some importance for them to consider. In one or two instances, I noticed that knowing glances were exchanged between Jones and those to whom he introduced me. On one occasion a member called him aside, and, after some other conversation, in a low tone, said: '*Is there anything in it?*' The remark was so decidedly foreign to anything that could refer to my bill, that I concluded that it related to some rumor that was floating about without any certainty of its truth.

During the next day, I employed myself in listening to the debates and watching the course of business in the House. It was all new to me, and, of course, very interesting. While seated in the lobby, a middle-aged man of short stature, dark whiskers, and limping gait, whom I had heard designated as 'Sheriff,' and who appeared to have no visible means of support in Harrisburg, except his cane, carelessly dropped into a seat by my side, and engaged in commonplace conversation. He soon approached a more business-like matter, and said he had understood I was interested in some local legislation which would come before the House. I told him that I had charge of a bill which I should endeavor to have passed, 'It requires some tact and experience,' said he, 'to engineer a bill through such a House as this;' and he ended this preliminary conversation by asking the same mysterious question I had heard the night previous, viz.; '*Is there anything in it?*' I answered that I hoped there would be something in it, if it passed, for the parties interested, as it would enable us to develop certain matters of interest to the State, as well as to make a profit for the stockholders. 'If,' said he, 'it is a bill of such importance, you ought to have some man of experience to assist you in putting it through.' I assured him that 'our member' was a man of experience, and would stand by me, and be ready and willing to impart any instruction that might be necessary. The answer I received was a sarcastic smile, and the 'Sheriff' left.

I continued to watch the course of legislation for a few days, and soon discovered that I was the object of considerable interest to a number of outsiders. Whenever I entered the lobby, the 'Sheriff' and several gentlemen, who were always in his company, would cast their eyes in the direction of my seat, and then confer together. They seemed to keep a strict watch on my movements. At last, when an opportunity offered, I asked Jones what this 'Sheriff' was doing about the House. 'He seems to have no business, and is constantly watching the proceedings of both Houses, vibrating between them like an animated pendulum,' said I. 'Oh,' said Jones, 'he is a member of the *Third House!*' Here was a new thing to me. I evidently had not learned all the machinery of legislating. I asked for an explanation, and soon learned that the 'Third House' consisted of old ex-members of either House or Senate, broken-down politicians, professional borers, and other vagrants who had made themselves familiar with the *modus operandi* of legislation, and who negotiated for the votes of members on terms to be agreed upon by the contracting parties—in short, these were the Lobby members of the Legislature—a portion of mankind which I had never heard mentioned in terms other than contempt and disgust. Was I then to become familiar with these leeches—these genteel loafers, who, having no apparent business, yet manage to live at the best hotels, drink the best of wines, and go home at the end of the session with more money than any of the *honest* members? The sequel will show.

After waiting a week, I became impatient at the want of interest on the part of Jones in my bill, which so materially concerned a large number of his constituents. He, better than any other member, knew how much our company was doing for the development of the country, the furnishing of employment for laborers, and the increase of taxable inhabitants. He knew that not a man in the county had an objection to urge, or a remonstrance to present against our proposition. Why, then, did he not take my ready-drawn bill and present it without any further

delay?

Jones was a member of the committee on corporations, and was said to have much influence in that important vestibule to the temple whence corporate privileges issue. He might, then, if so disposed, soon have my bill through that committee, I determined to bring the matter to a point at once, and cut short my board bill by a speedy presentation of my legislative bill, or obtain the unequivocal refusal of 'our member' to act. I had spent one Sunday in Harrisburg, and did not wish to suffer another infliction of the kind, if any effort of mine could avoid it. On Monday the House did not meet until three o'clock, as those members who live within a few hours' ride of the capital always wish to go home, and another class wish to spend Saturday and Sunday in Philadelphia, enjoying the various *hospitalities* of the city of Brotherly Love, and the superior facilities for religious instruction, of which legislators generally stand in great need. These two parties combine, and have no difficulty in adjourning over from Friday noon to Monday evening.

At the meeting of the House, I was promptly on hand, and at once attacked Jones. I handed him my bill, drawn in due form, saying:

'Mr. Jones, I have been here a week, and have made no progress in the business for which I came. I am anxious to be at home attending to other duties. I propose to leave the bill in your hands, and depend upon you to see it through. There seems to be no necessity of my being detained longer, for I cannot hasten the matter. There cannot be the slightest objection, I presume, to its passage, when once introduced.'

Jones saw that I was becoming impatient, and seemed to be entirely satisfied that I should be quite so; and he informed me that the chief difficulty would be in passing it through the committee on corporations. The bills referred to that committee, he said, were always scrutinized very closely, and it would need some engineering. He clapped his hands, and called a page to his seat, whispered a few words to him, when he, like Puck, darted off on his errand. Jones then turned to me, and renewed the conversation. I soon saw the veritable Third House 'Sheriff,' whom I have described, approaching us. 'Our member' then handed him the bill, saying:

'My friend here is very desirous of pushing his bill through. Do you think there will be any difficulty about it?'

I could not see the propriety of consulting this Third House borer, especially as he was a total stranger to me. The 'Sheriff' looked wise a short time, and then said:

'Well' (addressing his conversation to me), 'you know that we have all kinds of men to deal with here, and some of them will pay no attention to a bill, however meritorious, *if there is nothing in it*—I mean, if it brings no money to their pockets. It is very lamentable that such is the case, but long experience has taught me that no bill of as much importance as yours, can get through here, without the aid of money.'

I was dumb with indignation! The flood of legislative light thus suddenly shed upon my unsophisticated mental vision, was too dazzling for me. I replied, when I could command my voice, with some very severe animadversions on bribery and corruption, with which the 'Sheriff' and Jones expressed a hearty agreement, but they said we must take men as we find them, and deal with them accordingly, or do without what we knew to be our just dues; and the 'Sheriff' hobbled away, and took a seat in the lobby. I left Jones with a determination to go over to the Senate and consult with the Senator from our district, and ascertain whether he entertained the same views of necessary appliances for legislation, as did my friends of the Second and Third Houses. Our Senator was a very sedate man, who had a reputation for honesty and piety, equalled only by that of Jones himself. I explained my business, showed him my bill, and he read it carefully through. On handing it back to me, he said, quietly:

'If there *is anything in it*, it will pass without much opposition. If not, it will hardly go through the House. There is a *Ring* formed over there, which will prevent any legislation of this kind, unless it is well paid for.'

Here was another legislative idiom! 'The Ring.' What did that mean? I was not long kept in ignorance, for I soon learned that it was a combination of members who had agreed to vote for no bill unless approved by them, and not only approved, but well paid for. It was easy for twenty or thirty individuals to control all important legislation in this way, by casting their votes for one side or the other. This ring is always in alliance with the Third House, and always in market, as I learned by my brief experience.

Satisfied that I must go about the business of legislation as I would any other purchase, I began to figure up the profit and loss account, to see how much fleecing we could stand, and make the bill profitable to ourselves. I returned to Jones to ascertain, if possible, if he was in the ring, and how much money it would require to get my bill through. He at once and most emphatically disclaimed all knowledge of the ring, and could not tell at all, how much money would be needed. He advised me to go to my Third House friend, the 'Sheriff,' who was posted up in such matters, and I concluded to act on his suggestion. The 'Sheriff's' advice was of a very practical nature. He thought it might take \$3,000 to get it through—perhaps \$5,000 for both House and Senate. It seemed a sheer piece of robbery and corruption, and I delayed further action until I could write to the directors of our corporation and state the case to them. This delayed me another week. When the answer came, it enclosed a check for \$5,000, with directions to 'buy the scoundrels, if they were for sale, like dogs in the market.' On the day after I received the check, I went to the House, determined to make the best terms I could among those who followed legislation as a

trade and made merchandise of their votes. Jones thought \$3,000 would get it through the committee on corporations, and if I would hand him that amount he would manage it as economically as possible. He insisted that he did not wish anything for himself. He would scorn to accept a cent for his influence, and would feel everlastingly disgraced to take a farthing from a constituent. He was only anxious to serve me and have me fleeced as little as possible. Of course, I believed him. In proof of my confidence, I immediately handed over \$2,000 to his custody, in convenient packages for distribution. The same day my bill was read in place and referred to the committee on corporations! This was on Tuesday. On Thursday I was at the seat of Jones, when he reported the bill from his committee. As he took it from his desk, a small strip of paper was dropped upon the floor. It seemed to have been accidentally folded in the bill. It was, beyond all question, accidentally dropped. I picked it up, not knowing but that it might be of some importance. As he was reporting various bills, I looked at the slip of paper. The title of my bill was at the head, or immediately following the words, 'In committee,' and below were eight names, foremost of which was that of 'our member.' The names and figures were as follows:

Jones,	\$125
Smith,	125
Baker,	125
Van Dunk,	125
McGee,	125
McMurphy,	125
Grabup,	125
Holdum,	125
	—
Am't received by Jones,	\$1,000

I folded this interesting *morceau*, and placed it in my pocket. I was greatly surprised to see the name of Jones down for \$125, when he had so positively declared that he did not want a cent; but I was happy to find that he had expended only \$1,000 to get it through the committee. When he took his seat, I asked him if he had any difficulty in passing the bill through the committee? He said he had a little. The members thought \$2,000 rather a small 'divy' (the legislative commercial phrase for dividend) for such a bill; but he induced them to let it go through for that sum. I could not but remember that little memorandum in my pocket, which only exhibited a distribution of half that amount, including one eighth of the sum to 'Jones.' It looked very much as if his fellow committee men had been sold as well as bought, and that he had quietly pocketed \$1,125 in the operation. However, I said nothing, but concluded that I was fast being initiated into the mysteries of *honorable* legislation. I must now wait to see if my money would hold out to carry the bill through, provided Jones continued to be the financial agent, and continued to make a fifty per cent. dividend for himself before disbursing to his fellows. I thought his course did not look like 'honor among thieves.'

After the bill was reported, my friend, the 'Sheriff,' came to congratulate me on such prompt action by the committee, and hoped I would be as successful with the ring on the floor of the House. I told him that he seemed to be well posted on such matters, and I would like to retain him as my counsellor in the case. With that characteristic modesty which adheres to a veteran member of the Third House, who has served fifteen winters in the lobby, he protested his want of ability to manage such matters; but concluded that, if I really desired it, he would assist me all in his power. I insisted that he was just the man, and must stand by me. We immediately entered into negotiations, I was to place my remaining \$3,000 in his hands, and he would use such portions of it as would be necessary to secure the ring in both branches of the Legislature. He would disburse as little as possible, and return me what remained, out of which I could pay him what I thought proper for his services. As he was well acquainted with nearly all the members, I had no doubt of his ability to carry it through, for it was just that kind of a bill that no valid objection could be raised against. Jones, who had proved by his acts how entirely disinterested he was in all his efforts in my behalf, told me that there need be no fear of the 'Sheriff,' and he (Jones) would be responsible for a fair account of the disbursement of the money. I could have no suspicion of Jones's honesty and fair dealing after my previous experience; so, in presence of our honest member, I handed over the \$3,000. Soon after this, I saw the 'Sheriff' and Jones figuring earnestly together, and then go and consult with several members, who I supposed were in the ring. It would be ungenerous to suppose that Jones would receive money for voting for a bill to improve his own county, and he was undoubtedly doing all he could without compensation, while entirely conscious that others were being paid. My readers will be as ready to adopt this opinion as myself after what I have already recorded of him. Private bill day came, and mine was on the calendar. I must confess to a little palpitation when I heard the title read. I was made anxious and indignant, when a member from Philadelphia started to his feet, and said:

'I object to that bill.'

Jones trusted the member would not insist on his objection to that purely local bill. It was no use, the objection was adhered to. When business proceeded again, Jones went to the objecting member, who sat near where I stood anxiously watching the proceedings. Jones spoke to him warmly, when the other retorted with:

'Well, *if there is anything in it*, I will withdraw my objection, but not until I am *satisfied*.'

The objector passed into the rotunda with Jones and the 'Sheriff,' where he *must* have been

satisfied, for when he returned to his seat, he withdrew his objection, and it was, with the others, laid aside for a second reading. I never knew the arguments which were presented to induce him to withdraw his objection, but he probably found *how much* there was 'in it.' In the afternoon my bill passed without opposition.

The 'Sheriff' now informed me that I must hurry up the transcribing of my bill, or it would be a long time in getting over to the Senate. I told him that I supposed all bills must take their course according to their numbers. He said he would go to the clerk with me and get it 'hurried up.' When we spoke to the clerk, he said it could not be transcribed for a day or two, for it was nearly at the bottom of the large package that had been passed. The 'Sheriff' quietly handed a five-dollar note to the clerk, and his mind suddenly changed, and, 'seeing it is for you,' he would have it attended to immediately. The next thing to be looked for was a transcribing clerk who would do it. Another five-dollar note accomplished this object, and the work was finished up that night. In the morning it went to the Senate, and there it went through smoothly.

After my success, I called on the 'Sheriff' to see how much of the \$3,000 he had used. As I anticipated, it was all used; but I strongly suspected that the whole ring, in this case, consisted of Jones, the 'Sheriff,' and the objecting member who went into the rotunda, and that the two former made a pretty large 'divy,' and paid the others, including the clerks, as little as possible.

In the course of my investigations, I learned that one of the Third House often receives money on his own representation that certain members will not vote without pay, when they (the members) are entirely innocent and unsuspecting, while the leeches of the lobby are selling their votes and charging them with bribery.

Such is the little 'mystery' which I paid five thousand dollars to become acquainted with. As our company has no more acts of incorporation to ask for, I hope never to be obliged to learn the lesson over again.

Perhaps others may manage better and cheaper from taking note of my experience.

THE CONFEDERATION AND THE NATION.

When the States which are now in war against the Government, declared themselves no longer bound by the Constitution, and no longer parts of the nation, they rested their action, so far as they deigned to account for it, on the ground that the United States were nothing more than a confederation, constituted such by a mere compact, which could be broken when the interests or the whim of any party so dictated. The loyal States, on the other hand, straightway took up arms in defence of the integrity of the nation, constituted such by organic law, which is supreme forever throughout the length and breadth of the land. Now, while there are in our midst men base enough to endeavor to seduce the unthinking portion of our community to the idea that the traitors are entitled to those rights, and to be treated in that way conceded only by one nation to another, it may be well to consider, in the light of our own history, the argument as to the nature of our Government; for it is only by granting the correctness of the view advanced by the rebels, that we can for one moment entertain any proposition for compromise, or any of those vague but pernicious ideas brought forward by Peace Democrats looking to a disgraceful settlement of this war. With this purpose in view, we propose to briefly examine the main points in the Articles of Confederation and the Constitution, and by thus comparing the frameworks of the two governments, to show the definite and irreconcilable difference which exists between them.

The Articles of Confederation were entered on within four days after the second anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, by the same body which adopted that instrument, and about nine years before the adoption of the Constitution in convention. The three years which just elapsed had been a season of singular and searching trial. While unity of feeling was compelled in the face of a powerful and aggressive foe, and in the defence of liberties held and prized in common, the mutual relations of the colonies were so indefinitely ascertained, and authority was so loosely bestowed, that unity of action was impossible; there was no power to do the very things which necessity and desire alike dictated. Having taken up arms against the most powerful nation of the time, whose system enabled it to concentrate vast energies on the subjugation of this dozen revolted colonies scattered along the Atlantic coast, they found themselves in so helplessly disorganized a condition, that, separated from the mother country, they could hardly, for any length of time, have successfully pursued the quiet life of peace.

Under these circumstances, they bound themselves together by Articles of Confederation. These were, what similar articles had always been, a species of treaty, having peculiar objects, seeking them in a peculiar way, and declared perpetual, but having an obligation no stronger than that of a treaty, and practically dissoluble at the will of the parties. Thus, the States issued letters of marque and reprisal; Congress determined on peace and war, but the States were depended on to accept the former and carry on the latter when declared. Congress might ascertain the number of ships and men to be furnished, but the States appointed the officers. Congress might fix the sums necessary to be used in defraying public expenses, but the States must raise them. Congress might regulate the value of coin, but the States might issue it. The loose character of this tie is seen still more plainly in the fact that there was no efficient final tribunal. The commissioners appointed by Congress might decide a controversy arising between two States,

but there was nothing by which the commissioners could be guided, no stability or force as precedents in their decisions when made, and no power to enforce them if neglected or rejected by one or both the parties. It was simply a provision for constantly recurring arbitration, obtained by reference to a changeable, and practically unauthoritative board of judges. Moreover, this government, weak and unorganized as it was, was withdrawn on the adjournment of Congress; for the Committee of States, appointed to act in the recess, was useless, as well from the paucity of its powers, as from the fact that a quorum of its members could seldom be obtained.

Such a system, or rather, lack of system, could be tolerated only while the peril of their life and liberties compelled the people to perform the duties the government was powerless to enforce. After the war was over, and the people were left with independence and freedom, with a powerful ally in Europe, with elements of unrivalled resource, but with a heavy load of debt, with disorganized social and political relations, with crippled commerce, and without the powerful uniting pressure from outside, this system of confederation began to develop its evils and its insufficiency. To complete the triumph begun by the desolating struggle through which we had just passed, and, by building up a system under whose operation the nation's wealth could pay the nation's debt, and the nation's power protect the nation's honor and interest, to assert at once the claim and the right to respect, was the necessity of the time. To answer this necessity was a very different thing from conducting the war. Commerce was now to take the place of naval conflict; mutual intercourse in the interest of trade was to replace the performance of those duties which the common defence had imposed. The life of the people was now to be saved, not by armed struggles in its defence, but by nurturing its resources, opening its various channels, and freeing it for the performance of its healthful and renewing functions.

For this purpose, a system which could not make treaties of commerce without leaving it in the power of thirteen States to break them by retaliation, which could not prevent one or all of these States from utterly prohibiting the import or export of such commodities as they chose, and which left the people powerless to induce or compel advantages from foreign commerce, while it was even more helpless in regard to domestic commerce—for this purpose such a system was absolutely useless.

After struggling for a few years under the cramping and confusing effects of this system, it was given up, and the Constitution, as framed in 1787, was adopted. The relations assumed by the States at this time were marked. By the Articles, each State had retained its sovereignty, freedom, and independence. By the Constitution, the people and the States reserved such powers as were not expressly given to the United States, or prohibited to the States. The omission of the claim to sovereignty and independence in the Constitution, is as significant as is its presence in the Articles. It appears as a definite surrender of those attributes, as complete, as binding, as permanent as language could make it. Nor must we forget, while the momentous questions of our times are yet undecided, that sovereignty once surrendered can never be 'resumed.' The relations, the duties, and the attributes of the life to which it belongs have been completely and forever given up, while those of another have been as entirely and irrevocably assumed.

The States had thus passed from one into another sphere of existence, whose relations were as different as their objects. The Articles were a league of friendship for common defence, the security of liberties, and the general and mutual welfare. No identity of interest was supposed to exist or sought to be served. Such needs as were, at the time of the adoption, felt in common, were provided for, and the States were left to provide, as best they could, for the others. This much and no more was sought by the States. That the objects of the Constitution were different, as well as that they were avowed by a far different authority, is shown in the declaration with which it opens: 'We THE PEOPLE of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union'—not as to time, for both the old and the new union were declared perpetual; but in kind, for which the States surrendered the former claim to sovereignty and independence. 'To establish justice'—not to insure the amicable relations of allied States, but to form a tribunal which should decide upon the common allegiance and the common privileges of the people. 'To insure domestic tranquillity'—an object unrecognized in the Articles of Confederation, and implying, not association but identity; not the mutual obligations of partnership, but the intimate connection of the national household. 'Do ordain and establish this Constitution.' There is no longer the indefinite expression of half-conceived obligation, nor the imperfect pledge to imperfect union, but there is, instead, the solemn, authoritative language of a sovereign people, self-contained, self-sufficing, conscious alike of its duties and its rights, giving form to what shall be the law of the land, fundamental as being based on the will of the people, supreme as higher than the will of any part of the people, whether individual or State.

A difference as radical pervades all the provisions of the Constitution. By the Articles, the vote in Congress was taken by States. By the Constitution, a majority controls in all but extraordinary business, and the vote is always taken by members. The Congress is no longer the assembled States; it is the assembled representatives of the people—of the nation. It is no longer charged with the management of the mutual relations of parties to an alliance, but with the making of laws which shall be the supreme law of the land throughout its entire extent. By the Articles, prohibitions to the States are made conditional on the consent of Congress—but by the Constitution, the more important acts of sovereignty—forming treaties, issuing bills of credit, regulating the circulating medium—are unconditionally forbidden to the States. The Congress now controls foreign commerce, raises the revenue, levies taxes, and cares for the welfare of the nation. By the Articles, new members of the Confederation were to be admitted by the consent of nine—about two-thirds of the States. By the Constitution, the applicants are regarded rather as

an organized body of men, seeking to identify themselves with the American people. To such the national Congress extends the privilege of citizenship, and from such demands conformity to our method of national life.

But while these are instances of the radical difference existing between the methods of treating the same subjects in the Articles of Confederation and in the Constitution, there are elements in the Constitution, peculiar to itself, which make the relations and duties of the States under them utterly irreconcilable. These are embodied in the organization of the national Government. In assuming the functions, it took upon itself the forms and instrumentalities of a sovereign and universal authority. Having founded the Government on the supremacy of the people, and deposited all original power with the representative and legislative body, the Constitution provided for the prompt and thorough exercise of that power by vesting the executive authority in the President of the United States, and such officers as Congress should appoint for him. In the Federation there was no executive, for there was very little to execute. What few things it lay in the power of the assembled States to determine should be done, were given to the respective States to do. When they were refractory or negligent, there was no power in Congress, either to appoint other agents, or to compel them to the performance of their duties. A promise voluntarily given, and deemed subject to voluntary violation, was the only pledge given for the execution of mutual agreements.

Were our national Government now as it was then—as the rebels maintain, and as their Northern friends would have us act as if we believed—the rebellion would indeed be a justifiable attempt to secure self-evident rights. But it is not so. Under the Constitution, an executive is appointed directly by the people, who is bound, by an oath too sacred for any but a traitor to violate, to protect, defend, and preserve the organic law which binds us as a nation forever, and to apply and execute the laws of Congress made in accordance therewith.

And to these laws, which, made by the representatives of the people, embody their sovereign authority, there is given the further sanction of judicial supervision. In the Confederation there was no general and permanent standard by which decisions could be made and preserved. Everything was made to depend on the irresponsible and often conflicting action of the States, or on the unauthoritative determination of the congressional commission. To remedy this defect, and make more complete the national character of our present Government, a judicial power of the United States was vested in the Supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as Congress may establish. This Supreme Court, with original jurisdiction in all cases affecting foreign nations, and in all cases in which a State shall be a party, and with appellate jurisdiction in other cases, is at once a final tribunal for inter-State disagreement, and a representative to the world of an united nation, having an individual existence, and capable of performing all the functions of an individual nation.

We have thus traced the main lines of difference between the Articles of Confederation and the Constitution, and have seen that the latter was meant to be, and is the organic law of a developed and completed nationality. Under it, every one of us becomes an American citizen, exercising, as is right, certain local privileges, and dependent for their immediate protection on the State authorities, but possessing other wider and nobler rights, which inhere in him as a citizen of the United States, and which are asserted and supported by the power and dignity of the entire nation. No words can more fully express the lofty majesty of that state of nationality on which we have entered, never, under God, to fall from it, than those of the Constitution itself, to support which every member of every government, the local as well as the national, is bound by solemn oath. 'This Constitution, and the laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made under the authority of the United States, shall be the SUPREME LAW OF THE LAND, anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.'

Before such words as these, binding these States together as one nation, whose integrity nothing but treason would seek to destroy or weaken, the fierce invective of the Southern, and the feeble sophistry of the Northern traitor shrink to insignificance. They are at once the record and the prophecy of our success, declaring the foundation on which the Government is based, and pointing to yet greater glories to be attained in the superstructure.

REASON, RHYME, AND RHYTHM.

CHAPTER II.—THE SOUL OF ART.

'In diligent toil thy master is the bee;
In craft mechanical, the worm that creeps
Through earth its dexterous way, may tutor thee;
In knowledge, couldst thou fathom all its depths,
All to the seraph are already known:
But thine, o Man, is Art—thine wholly and alone!'—SCHILLER.

'The *contemplation* of the Divine Attributes is the source of the highest enjoyment:
their *manifestation* is the enduring base and unfailing spring of all true Art.'

Many good and great men persist in refusing to teach, save through abstract dogmas and logical

formulæ, always disagreeable to and rarely comprehended by the masses, those high moral truths, which they are so eager to imbibe when presented to them under the attractive form of art. It is indeed impossible for man to grasp the essential truths of life through the understanding alone; because, created in the image of the triune God, he can only make vital truths fully his own in the symbolic unity of his triune being. If considered only as body or sensuous perception, only as soul or heart, only as spirit or intellect—he cannot be said to live at all, since it is only in the perfect union of the Three that his essential life is found. To make instruction really available to him, he must be taught as God and nature always teach him—as soul, spirit, and body. To sever them is to disintegrate the mystic core of his very being; to disregard the triune image in which he was made. As art is symbolic of man himself, it addresses itself to his whole being. Thus, man exists as:

Soul-Spirit-Body: to which the corresponding senses are—

Hearing-Seeing—Touching: the corresponding arts—

Music-Painting-Sculpture. Poetry is no fourth art; it but embraces and embodies them all in its correspondent divisions of—

Rhythm-Description-Form.

The 'Body' draws its life from the world of matter made by God, by an assimilation of the elements suited to and prepared for its needs.

The 'Spirit' lives by an analogous process; but its proper food is the wisdom of God.

In a like manner lives the 'Soul;' its tender instincts are to be pastured upon the love of God.

Oh, marvellous condescension! The Infinite deigns to be appropriated as the source of all life and growth by the finite!

In close connection with the threefold being of man, stand the Fine Arts.

'Body.' Sculpture is the art of corporeal form, appealing to the eye as the necessary medium for satisfying the corporeal sense of touch. It gratifies this sense that 'ideal beauty' should breathe through solid, tangible, and material forms. For the triune man longs for perfection in his triune being. It should not astonish us that this art attained its greatest perfection in the ages of classical antiquity; and that music and painting, the symbolic arts of soul and spirit, should have attained their highest excellence only after the advent of our sublime ideal Christ.

'Spirit.' As seeing is the sense holding the closest relation with the spirit or intellect, and light is the most spiritual element of nature,—so painting, addressing itself to the spirit of man, must be regarded as the most spiritual of the arts. Classic art became romantic during the Christian era; Christianity impressed it with an almost painful longing for the divine. Classic beauty was indeed there, but with the expression of inadequacy to its internal consciousness, oppressed with the grief of its fallen existence, and with the sadness of an infinite longing on its ethereal countenance.

'Soul.' Music, addressing itself through the ear to the emotions, is the art of the longing, divining, loving soul. It never excites abstract or antagonistic thought; it unites humanity in concrete feeling. It certainly cannot be denied that sounds address themselves immediately to the feelings; that the tones of the voice are highly sympathetic; that the sighs, groans, shrieks, cries of a sufferer affect us far more vividly than the mere sight of the same degree of suffering.

But though the arts seem to us to be thus divided, each art is also threefold, and must appeal to the triune nature of man. As man only truly lives, so he only truly creates, as a threefold being, yet his *life* is ever one, so that soul, spirit, and body are constantly acting and reacting upon each other. When the divine wisdom shines into the spirit, it gives it the perception of intellectual truths, which truths throw their light far into the dimmer soul; and when the divine love pours into the soul, it gifts it with the almost limitless faculty of loving, which warms and quickens the colder spirit, until it germs and buds in the lovely bloom of human charities and self-abnegating good deeds.

It is not our intention here to enter into any detailed speculations upon the hidden mysteries of our being; we simply call the attention of the reader to the fact that there is a class of truths which must belong to the universal reason (such as mathematical axioms, syllogistic formulæ, logical deductions, etc., etc.), because they compel assent as soon as recognized;—thus a ray of divine wisdom itself must exist in our spirits, which cannot be perverted, and which elevates the human mind to the immediate perception of impersonal, abstract, and conviction-compelling truths. We cannot deny them, even if we would! All sound logic has its power in the light proceeding from this divine ray.

A ray of the divine love must also exist in the essence of the human soul, to enable it to perform the marvels of self-abnegating devotion, of which the most humble among us frequently seem capable. Strange Promethean fire!

As it is the allotted task of every individual to form his soul into a noble and powerful personality, to be an artist in the highest sense of the word, since he must aid in chiselling a glorious statue from the living block intrusted to his care,—is it not essentially necessary that every human being should be taught to discern and love the beautiful? And vast is the difference between the artist

in the school of men and in the school of God; the first, working for and in time, must be satisfied with leaving to his fellow men some brilliant yet perishing records of his thoughts; while the latter, working for eternity, may labor forever to approach the infinite beauty set before him as his glorious ideal of perfection!

We have already asserted that poetry is no fourth art on a line with the other three. It indeed embraces and resumes them all, with added powers of its own. It cannot, however, be denied that, employed in combination with poetry, the other arts lose much of their special power and effect, for thus associated they hold a subordinate station, are forced to appear in a colder medium, and are subjected to the laws of a harmony but partially adapted to their individual interests. Undeniable as this may be, poetry still maintains its high claims to our consideration. Though its tones be colder than those of music, since they must pass through the analytic intellect instead of appealing immediately to the sympathetic heart; if its hues are less vivid than, those of painting, as they must be transmitted through the slower medium of words in lieu of impressing themselves immediately upon the delighted eye; if less palpable to the corporeal sense of touch than sculpture, with its solidity of form,—yet is its range wider, fuller, and far more comprehensive than any one of the sister arts. If any one should be inclined to doubt that it is indeed a *resumé* of them all, let him consider that in its prosodial flow, measured pauses, metrical lines, varied cadences, stirring or soothing rhythms, sweet or rugged rhymes,—it is music: in its metaphorical diction, descriptive imagery, succession of shifting pictures, diversified illustration, and vivid coloring,—it is painting; while in its organic development and arrangement of parts, its complicated structure, in the individualism of characters, and the sharply defined personalities of its dramatic realm,—it struggles to attain the fixed and beautiful unity of sculpture.

The arts find their essential unity in the fact that their sole object is the manifestation of the beautiful. No one knows better than the artist that beauty is not the production, of his own limited understanding, but that, after having duly made his preliminary studies of the laws of the medium through which he is to manifest it, it shines into, it reveals itself, as it were, intuitively to the divining soul. Far lower in its sphere than that infallible inspiration which speaks to us through the sacred pages of Holy Writ of the things immediately pertaining to our relations with God, true artistic power must still be considered as inspiration, since it is constantly arriving at more than the unassisted reason of man could command by the fullest exercise of its highest logical powers. The impassioned Romeo cries: 'Can philosophy make a Juliet?' That philosophy has never made a Juliet in art is positively certain! Let us then reverentially enter upon an analysis of the effect of beauty upon the human spirit, whether found in the perfect works of our God, or shining through the more humble imitations and manifestations of the fallible human artist.

The perception of beauty first excites a sensation of pleasure, then a feeling of interest in the beautiful object, then a perception of kindness in a superior intelligence, from which it is at once seen it must ultimately flow, then a feeling of grateful veneration toward that beneficent Intelligence. Unless the perception of beauty be accompanied with these emotions, we have no more correct idea of beauty than we can be said to have an idea of a letter of which we perceive the fine handwriting and fair lines, without understanding the contents. The emotions consequent upon the due perception of beauty are not given by the senses, nor do they arise entirely from the intellect, but, proceeding from the entire man, must be accompanied by a right and open state of the heart. A true perception and acknowledgment of beauty is then certainly elevating; exalting and purifying the mind in accordance with its degree. And it would indeed seem, from the lavish profusion with which the Deity has seen fit to scatter it around us, that it was His beneficent intention we should be constantly under its influence. Now the artist is one gifted by his Creator to discern that ineffable beauty which is everywhere present, to live in the realm of the ideal, and to reveal it to men through words, forms, colors, sounds, and, would he insure the salvation of his own soul, through good deeds. Thus it can be proved that 'religion is the soul of art,' and essentially necessary to the artist, because it gives him, simultaneously, the ideas and feelings of the Absolute, without which he must lose his way, falling into sterile and ignoble copies of the real, like the Dutch painters, and thus be able to produce nothing but detailed and accurate copies of low subjects, of factitious emotions, or of vulgar sensations. Without faith, the artist prefers the body itself to the feelings which animate it—the polished limbs of a Venus to the brow of a Madonna! The intellect alone can never soar to the regions of eternal truth, to the Absolute; it must be aided by the heart in its daring flight. Faith and love are the snowy and glittering wings of true artistic excellence. When the soul is full of the bliss of beauty, the feeling of its happiness urges the artist on to the necessity of imparting it,—while his heart is wrapt in the vision of the Absolute, he would fain build for his joyous thoughts an eternal abode with his fellow men, that they too might see the steppings of the All Fair, and so be cheered and stimulated in these their gloomy days of evil.

Thus it cannot be denied that religion alone gives depth and sublimity to the creations of art, because it alone gives faith and hope in the Infinite. If we are often astonished to see the springs of artistic inspiration so rapidly exhausted in many men of genius of our own epoch, it is because of their overwhelming egotism and limited subjectivity, because the worship of the finite replaces that of the infinite, because religion has become for them a mere memory of childhood. To recover their blighted fertility of imagination, they must again become as little children, again betake themselves to the shady and lonely way leading to the temple of God.

In proof of this position, we constantly find that men gifted, sensuously, with acute perceptions of

the beautiful, yet who do not receive it with a pure heart, never comprehend it aright; but making it a mere minister to their desires, a mere seasoning of sensual pleasures, sink until all their creations take the same earthly stamp, and it is seen and felt that the heavenly sense of beauty has been degraded into a servant of lust. But as the spirit of prophecy consisted with the avarice of Balaam and the disobedience of Saul, so God knows all the stops of the heaven-gifted but self-corrupted artists, and, in spite of themselves, has often made them discourse high harmonies, and give the most eloquent and earnest enunciations of the very sentiments and principles in which their own condemnation could be found clearly and vividly written. The good seed, although divine, if there be no blessing upon it, may indeed bring forth wild grapes, but these grapes are well discerned, for there is, in the works of bad men, a taint, stain, and jarring discord, blacker and louder exactly in proportion to their moral deficiency. At best it is no part of our duty to examine into and pronounce upon the frail characters of men, but rather to hold fast to that which we can prove good, and feel to be ordained for our own benefit.

It can, moreover, be fully proved that the artists, as a class, have never been false to religion. From the poets of the dark ages sprang a literature strange and marvellous, but full of naive faith, and bearing striking witness to the activity of the human spirit even in those dim centuries: I mean the literature of 'visions and legends.' And to estimate the importance of these consolatory creations aright, we must remember how precarious and miserable life then was, passed in constant privation and poverty, menaced with increasing perils; and then consider the fact that these legends kept constantly before the mind of the oppressed people the consoling idea of a superintending Providence, who numbers all our tears and hears our lightest sighs. The legend indeed never confined itself wholly to this earth as the theatre of its wild drama; immortality was always its groundwork, and its last scene always opened in the invisible world, where the saints were surrounded with undying halos of glory, and from whence they watched over men with increasing love, while in their midst reigned a gentle figure full of grace and majesty, uniting, in a mysterious and ineffable manner, the holy virginity and sacred maternity of woman; a gentle, humble being, through whose innocent meekness the two worlds, finite and infinite, had been forever linked in the person of the infant God, whom she forever bore upon her virgin bosom. What a tender lesson for barbaric life!

We must also remember that these legends were eminently popular, that they passed from mouth to mouth round the winter hearth, teaching the young and soothing the children, like the cradle song of a mother, pouring hope into the cell of the captive, teaching the virtuous oppressed that a just God mercifully listened to all their secret sighs, and, leading the poor to look beyond the squalid poverty which surrounded them, pointed to them the legions of angels, which were lovingly camped around them. It is impossible to overestimate the blessed effects of such a literature, or to count the naive hearts which it may have rescued from suicide and despair!

The spirit of the literature of the middle ages culminates in the Christian poet, Dante. History, theology, politics, paganism, sweet and melancholy elegies, flashes of fiery indignation, all men and all generations, meet in his majestic epic. Yet the closest unity is preserved through this astonishing range of subjects; one sublime idea broods over its every line,—the idea of a God of perfect justice—of undying love!

We cite, in corroboration, the following lines from this noble poet, though a prose translation can do but little justice to the glowing original:

'God is One in substance; Power, Wisdom, and Love assume in Him a triple Personality, so that in all tongues singular and plural are alike applicable to Him. He is spirit; he is the circle which circumscribes everything and which nothing ever circumscribes; immense, eternal, immutable, He is the Primal out of which all is darkness. Unlimited by time, without laws save in His own will, in the bosom of eternity, He, who is three in One, acts;—Power executes what Wisdom proposes, and Infinite Love is forever germinating into ever new loves. Like a triple arrow from a single bow, from the depths of the Productive thought, spring, whether single or united, matter, form, with the living heart of all finite beings—their own governing laws. Created things are but the splendor of the immutable ideas which the Father engenders, and which He loves unceasingly. Ideas—thoughts—sacred words! Light, which, without being detached from Him who wills it into being, shines from creature to creature, from cause to effect, on—on—until it produces only contingent and transitory phenomena; Light which, repeated and reflected from mirror to mirror, pales as its distance increases from its Holy Source.'

That would surely be an interesting work which would glean for us the multiplied expressions of the faith of the 'laurel-crowned,' who have left their consoling records for humanity, their tracks of light over the dark earth-bosom in which they sleep. But this is not place for such researches; we must confine ourselves to but few quotations, designed to show that religion is the soul of art.

In proof of this we might quote the whole of the fine tragedy of Polyeucte; it is full of ardent religious feeling. The moral is indeed condensed in the following lines:

'If, to die for our king is a glorious destiny,—
How sublime is death when we may die for God!'

Urged by that unconquerable love of the Absolute which possesses all true poets, Racine seeks in God alone the source of all regal power:

'The eternal is his name, the world is his work,
He hears the sighs of the oppressed;
He judges all mortals with equal justice,
From the height of his throne he calls kings to account.'

Our English poet Shakspeare, whose works are full of sublime morality, puts into the mouth of one of his matchless heroines the following exquisite passage, recalling to us the lessons of the New Testament:

'Alas! alas!
Why all the souls that are, were forfeit once,
And He that might the advantage best have took
Found out the remedy: how would you be,
If He, who is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? In the strict course
Of justice none of us should see salvation:
We do pray for mercy; that same prayer
Should teach us all to render deeds of mercy.'

Klopstock, the German poet, sings only of God, not in the creation alone, the last judgment, in his august and dreadful majesty, but in the wonders of His tender love:

'I trust in thee, Divine Mediator! I have chanted the canticle of the new covenant;
my race is run; Thou hast pardoned my tottering steps! Sound! sound, quivering
strings of my lyre! My heart is full of the bliss of gratitude to my God! What
recompense could I ask? I have tasted the cup of angels in singing of my
Redeemer!'

Not less devout than the 'Messiah,' but far more beautiful, is Tasso's exquisite 'Jerusalem Delivered.'

A complete system of theology may be found in the majestic pages of Milton's sublime 'Paradise Lost.'

That which with the heathen poets was but an episode, the religious element of the poem, as the 'Descent into Hades,' the 'Wanderings through Elysium,' etc., etc., ends by absorbing the entire work after the advent of Christianity. The 'Divine Comedy,' the 'Paradise Lost,' and the 'Messiah,' form a magnificent Christian trilogy, of which the scene is almost always in a supernatural sphere, and in which the principal actor is—the Providence of God.

On this subject we have no further time to dilate, and the reader may easily verify its truth for himself. If he would convince himself that the deepest draughts of inspiration have ever been drawn by the highest artists from religious ideas, let him add to the names above given, those of Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolomeo, Tintoret, Correggio, Murillo, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and, in our own days, Overbeck; let him gaze into that divine face of godlike sorrow given us by an untaught monk, Antonio Pesenti, in his marvellous crucifix of ivory, let him listen to the pure ethereal strains of Palestrina, Pergolese, Marcello, Stradella, and Cherubini, and thus be assured that religion, the love of the Infinite, is the 'Soul of Art.'

THE BUCCANEERS OF AMERICA.

The most terrible name, perhaps, in the juvenile literature of England and English America, during the last century and a half, has been that of WILLIAM KIDD, the pirate. In the nursery legend, in story, and in song, the name of Kidd has stood forth as the boldest and bloodiest of buccaneers. The terror of the ocean when abroad, he returned from his successive voyages to line our coasts with silver and gold, and to renew with the devil a league, cemented with the blood of victims shot down whenever fresh returns of the precious metals were to be hidden. According to the superstitious of Connecticut and Long Island, it was owing to these bloody charms that honest money-diggers have ever experienced so much difficulty in removing these buried treasures. Often, indeed, have the lids of the iron chests rung beneath the mattock of the stealthy midnight searcher for gold; but the flashes of sulphurous fires, blue and red, and the saucer eyes and chattering teeth of legions of demons have uniformly interposed to frighten the delvers from their posts, and preserve the treasures from their greedy clutches. But notwithstanding the harrowing sensations connected with the name of Kidd, and his renown as a pirate, he was but one of the last and most inconsiderable of that mighty race of sea robbers who, during a long series of years in the seventeenth century, were the admiration of the world for their prowess, and its terror for their crimes.

The community of buccaneers was first organized upon the small island of Tortuga, situated on the north side of St. Domingo, at the distance of about two leagues from the latter. It was upon this island that the first European colony was planted in the New World, in the year and month of its discovery. But although the colony became considerable, and flourished so long as the natives remained in sufficient numbers to cultivate the plantations of the Spaniards, yet it did not take vigorous root. The numbers of the natives were greatly reduced by the arms of their conquerors, and were afterward still more rapidly diminished by oppression; and although an attempt was

made to supply their places by a forced importation of forty thousand Indians from the Bahamas, the experiment was of little avail. In less than half a century, the aboriginal race was extinct. The country was beautiful beyond description: rich in its mines, and its soil of unexceeded fertility. But the Spaniard, if not by nature indolent, is prone to luxury. The earth producing by handfuls, the colonists saw little necessity of laborious exertion. They accordingly degenerated from the spirit and enterprise of their ancestors, and fell into habits of voluptuous idleness. Agriculture was neglected, and the mines deserted. Contenting themselves with a bare supply of the wants of nature, they sank into such a state of indolence, that many of their slaves had no other employment than to swing them in their hammocks the livelong day. No colony could flourish composed of such a people. During the first half century of its existence, it had indeed become considerable; but for a century afterward it dwindled away, neglected and apparently forgotten by the parent country, until even the remembrance of its former greatness was lost.

At length, about the middle of the seventeenth century, the Spaniards were roused from their repose. So early as the year 1630, the severity of the French colonial system had driven many of the most resolute of the colonists from the islands belonging to that nation, especially from St. Christopher's. Numbers of these men, in order to an unrestrained enjoyment of liberty, took refuge in the western division of St. Domingo, supporting themselves with game, and by hunting wild cattle, for which they continued to find a market, either in the Spanish settlements, or by trading with vessels visiting the western coast for that object. Meanwhile the exactions upon the colonists of St. Christopher's and the submission required of them to exclusive privileges, induced a further and greater number to abandon the island, and join the adventures of their own countrymen in the forests of St. Domingo. Those adventurers—many of whom had already been roaming the St. Domingo forest for nearly half a century, increasing in numbers by accessions from time to time—had, in 1630, established a social and political system of their own, peculiar to their own community. Their original calling was the hunting of wild boars and cattle, which abounded in the island. To this was added, to a small extent, the business of planting, and to this again the more adventurous profession of sea-roving and piracy. Their vessels were at first nothing larger than boats, or rather canoes, constructed from the trunks of trees—excavations after the manner of the ordinary light canoes of our own aboriginals. But from the size of some descriptions of trees growing in that climate, these canoes were capable of carrying crews of from thirty to fifty and seventy-five men, with the necessary supplies for short voyages among the Antilles. As they had no women among them, nor other consequent responsibilities, it was their custom to associate in partnerships of two, called comrades, who lived together, and assisted each other in the chase and in the domestic duties of their huts or cabins. Their goods were thrown into common stock; and when one of a partnership died, the survivor became the absolute heir of the joint stock—unless the deceased, by previous stipulation, bequeathed his goods to his relatives, perchance a wife and children in another land. They were frequently absent from their lodges on their hunting excursions for twelve months and two years at a time; but their lodges with their goods were left in perfect safety, for the crime of theft was unknown among them.

Differences seldom arose among them, and when they did occur, they were usually adjusted without much difficulty. In obstinate and aggravated cases, however, their disputes were decided by firearms, in the use of which the nicest principles of fairness and honor were observed. A ball entering the back or the side of a party, afforded evidence that he had fallen by treachery, and the assassin was immediately put to death. The former laws of their own country were disregarded; and by the usual sea baptism received in passing the tropic, they considered themselves expatriated from their native land, and at liberty to change their family names, which many of them did—borrowing terms from the character of the profession which they had chosen, as suited their fancy. Their dress was a shirt and drawers dipped in the blood of the animals they killed, shoes without stockings, a leathern girdle by which their knife and a short sabre were suspended, and a hat or cap without a brim. Their common food was the choicest pieces of bullock's flesh, seasoned with orange juice and pimento, and cured by smoke; of bread they lost the use, and, until the trade of piracy was adopted, water was their only drink. The term *buccaneers*, by which the hunters were first known, was derived from a tribe of the Caribs, who were called thus from the manner in which they prepared meats for their food, whether flesh of beasts or of men. For this purpose they constructed a sort of grate or hurdle, consisting of twenty bars of Brazil wood, laid crosswise half a foot from each other, upon which the flesh of prisoners of war or of game was laid in pieces, and a thick smoke raised beneath from properly selected combustibles, which gave to the meat the vermil color and a delightful smell. These fixtures, thus adjusted, were called *buccans*, and the process of curing the meat *buccaning*. The hunters, having adopted this process from the savages, were like them called *buccaneers*. In process of time the name was applied to the sea robbers as well as to the hunters; and when piracy became the general profession as a substitute for planting and the chase, all were called buccaneers indiscriminately.

Previously to the great and sudden augmentation of their forces, by the immigration from St. Christopher's about the year 1660, the buccaneers had taken possession of Tortuga, the geographical position and character of which island was well suited to their commercial and piratical purposes. This little island had been occupied by a few Spaniards as early as 1591; but their numbers were so small as not to interfere with the object of the buccaneers, while its rocky conformation afforded peculiar facilities for defence in the event of attack.

The greatly increasing numbers of the buccaneers at length aroused the colonial voluptuaries of Spain to a sense of their danger. It was perceived that while the colonists were dwindling away, the outlaws were becoming so formidable in their numbers that they soon might be enabled to

contest for the mastery of the island of Hispaniola itself. They therefore commenced a war upon them, and not being able to prosecute it with sufficient vigor themselves, they called to their aid troops from the other Spanish islands, and also from the continent. With these auxiliaries the barbarians were hunted with great severity, and many of them massacred. Finding themselves pursued in this manner, the outlaws banded together for mutual defence. Their avocations required them often to separate in the daytime; but they assembled in considerable numbers at night; and if individuals were missing, diligent search was made until their fate was ascertained. If he returned from an extended chase, it was well. If not—if it was discovered that he had fallen a victim to the Spaniards, or had been taken prisoner—his loss was requited with terrible vengeance. Everything Spanish was devoted to destruction, without distinction of age or sex. But in this partisan warfare, the buccaneers maintained a decided advantage. When too hotly pressed, they could fly to their canoes or hoys, as they were called, and escape to Tortuga; and if the Spaniards pursued them thither in numbers too powerful for an open combat, they would return back again to their principal island. Despairing at length of success in this mode of warfare, the Spaniards resolved to conquer the ruffians by destroying their means of subsistence. For this purpose, by a general hunt over the whole island, the wild bulls were killed, and the droves of cattle previously roaming the forests were consequently reduced so rapidly that the buccaneers found it necessary to change their employment—to form settlements and cultivate the lands. More than two thousand of them clustered upon Tortuga, where the business of cultivating sugar and tobacco was begun; but the more general and lucrative employment became that of piracy. They had as yet no larger craft than the boats and canoes already mentioned, but with these they managed to navigate the West India seas, shooting into secure places of refuge among the smaller islands, or keys, at pleasure.

The community had now become so large, in 1660, that something like order and government was seen to be necessary even by the buccaneers themselves; and they accordingly sent to the Governor of St. Christopher's for a governor. The boon was readily granted, and M. le Passeur was commissioned to that office. He repaired promptly to Tortuga with a ship of armed men and stores; assumed the command, and immediately commenced fortifying the island—a work to which nature had largely contributed by the peculiar conformation of some of the rock precipices. There was upon one high rock, inaccessible at all points save by ladders, a cavern large enough for a garrison of a thousand men, with an abundant spring gushing from the rocks. This post was seized and provisioned. Twice the Spaniards invaded them from Hispaniola, but were repulsed—the last time with terrible slaughter. The invaders were eight hundred in number. They had seized a yet higher point of rock than the natural fortress occupied by the buccaneers, upon which they were endeavoring to plant their cannon, in order the better to dislodge the enemy. The time chosen for the invasion was when a large number of the freebooters were at sea. These, however, returning suddenly by night, climbed the mountain upon the heels of the Spaniards, and attacked them with such fury as to compel them by hundreds to throw themselves from the rocky parapets into the valley beneath, by which their bodies were dashed in pieces. Those who were not killed by the fall were put to the sword; and few or none returned to rehearse the bloody story.

This ill-starred expedition was the last sent from St. Domingo against the buccaneers, who thenceforward became the masters and lord proprietaries of Tortuga. Nor were the buccaneers longer exclusively composed of adventurous Frenchmen. Visions of golden cities in the New World had been flitting before the eyes of the English for a century before, and had not even been eclipsed by the signal failures of Sir Walter Raleigh in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. Indeed the expeditions of the gallant knight, however bootless to himself, may have served to stimulate the cupidity of his countrymen for a long time afterward, inasmuch as some of Sir Walter's officers testified that they actually approached within sight of the golden city. Sir Walter's great contemporary, Sir Francis Drake, after committing many depredations upon the Spanish American coast, had returned to England with a vast amount of treasure. The expeditions both of Sir Francis and Sir Walter were of a character bordering closely upon piratical; and in that romantic age, it was not considered as greatly transcending their examples for daring spirits to seek their fortunes in the New World, even by associating themselves with the buccaneers of Tortuga. Be this, however, as it may, England and Holland and other European states respectively furnished many reckless and daring recruits to the army of freebooters; and their piracies increased with their numbers. Ostensibly they directed their operations only against the commerce of Spain, with whom they were directly at war, and whose galleons from the continent, freighted with the produce of the mines, offered golden incentives to bravery. But however virtuous in this respect might have been the intentions of the sea robbers, it was not invariably the merchantmen of Spain which suffered from their depredations, since from 'an imperfection, in the organs of vision,' or from some other cause 'they were not always able to distinguish the flags of different nations.' Others than the Spaniards, were consequently occasional sufferers; and a ready market was found for their plunder in the French, and English islands, especially in Jamaica, which England had conquered from Spain in 1655. This latter island was in fact their principal depot; for although the British Government, both under the Protectorate and afterward, had endeavored to direct the attention of the Jamaica colonists to agricultural pursuits, they had entirely failed, for the reason that the buccaneers, making it their principal resort, poured in such vast treasures, that the inhabitants amassed considerable wealth with little difficulty, and despised the more honest occupations of honest labor. The population rapidly increased, and in a few years amounted to twenty thousand, whose only source of subsistence was derived from the buccaneers.

Hitherto France had disclaimed as her subjects the roving cattle-hunters upon the island of

Hispaniola; but after they had formed settlements and established themselves so firmly upon Tortuga, the French West India company took them under the ægis of the lilies for protection; and M. Ogeron, 'a man of probity and understanding,' was sent from the parent country to govern them. With the arrival of the new governor the domestic relations of the buccaneers underwent a material change, for the former brought many women with him—fit persons, from the past profligacy of their lives, to consort with the inhabitants of Tortuga. But the buccaneers were not fastidious in the selection of wives, and history gives us no right to suppose that there was a single forlorn damsel left without a husband. 'I ask nothing of your past life,' would the buccaneer say to the fair one to whom he proposed himself. 'If anybody would have had you where you came from, you would not have come here. But as you did not belong to me then, whatever you may have done was no disgrace to me. Give me your word for the future, and I will acquit you for the past.' Then striking his gun barrel, he would add, 'Shouldst thou prove false to me, this will not.'

Meanwhile, the buccaneers, becoming stronger and stronger every day, extended their designs, and pushed their operations with a degree of audacity and success that rendered them the terror of the seas. As yet their marine consisted only of boats and canoes, but these were, as before stated, of a size to carry from fifty to a hundred men each. They attacked not only merchantmen, but vessels of war, with a degree of intrepidity unexampled in the history of man. No matter for the size of a ship, or for her armament. They paused not to calculate chances. Their invariable practice was to carry their prizes by boarding. Their boats were propelled with the swiftness of an arrow. As certain as they grappled with a vessel, she was sure to be taken; for their onslaughts were desperately furious and irresistible. The Spanish Government complained bitterly, both to England and France, of the outrages upon her commerce by the pirates, a large majority of whom were the born subjects of those nations. The answers, however, of both were the same: that those piratical acts were not committed by the buccaneers as their subjects; and the Spanish ambassador was informed that his master might proceed against them as he saw fit. In consequence of the transactions of the buccaneers with the people of Jamaica, England went farther, and actually removed the governor of that colony. But, whether with the connivance of the civil authorities or not, the intercourse between the pirates and the people continued without serious interruption. Some of the buccaneers, however, pretended to hold commissions both from the French and the Dutch; but it was mere pretext. Their authority was in truth nothing more than what the sailors are wont jocosely to call 'a commission from the Pope.' Yet they affected to consider themselves in lawful war against Spain, for the reason that the Spaniards had debarred them from the privileges of hunting in the forests and fishing in the waters of St. Domingo—thus depriving them of the exercise of what they called their lawful rights. In regard to the cruelties which they frequently inflicted upon the prisoners who fell into their hands, they pleaded in justification those enormities which the conquerors of Spanish America inflicted upon the aborigines there. The horrible cruelties of Cortez and Pizarro are familiar to every student of history. 'I once,' says Las Casas, speaking of the conquest of the New World, 'beheld four or five chief Indians roasted alive at a slow fire; and as the miserable victims poured forth their dreadful yells, it disturbed the commandant in his siesta, and he sent an order that they should be strangled; but the officer on duty would not do it, but, causing their mouths to be gagged that their shrieks might not be heard, he stirred up the fire with his own hands, and roasted them deliberately until they all expired.' The conquerors had resorted to these dreadful executions under the cloak of religious zeal, but in reality to make the poor wretches disclose the secret depositories of their treasures. Instances of the same refined cruelty, at the contemplation of which humanity shudders, marked the history of the buccaneers. Their motives were the same as those which had governed the conduct of Cortez; and they, too, found a salvo for their consciences by persuading themselves that they were commissioned as a court of vengeance—the instruments of retributive justice in the hands of Providence—to punish the Spaniards for the remorseless cruelties practised upon the unoffending Mexicans. And here another extraordinary fact may be noted in the history of the buccaneers. After their community had become consolidated and their government in a manner systematized, strange as it may seem, notwithstanding their murderous profession the observances of the Christian religion were introduced to sanctify their atrocities. 'They never partook of a repast without solemnly acknowledging their dependence upon the Giver of all good.' In their infatuation, whenever they embarked upon any expedition, they were wont to invoke for its success the blessing of Heaven; and they never returned from a marauding excursion that they did not return thanks to God for their victory. 'On the appearance of a ship which they meant to attack, they offered up a fervent prayer for success; and when the conflict had terminated in their favor, their first care was to express their gratitude to the God of battles for the victory which He had enabled them to gain.'

The first leader of the buccaneers, after their concentration upon Tortuga, whose deeds of desperate valor 'damned him to everlasting fame,' was PIÉRRÉ LE GRANDE, a native of Dieppe, in Normandy. The crowning act of his piratical career was his taking the ship of the vice admiral, convoying a fleet of Spanish galleons, near the Cape of Tiburon, on the western side of St. Domingo—an act which was performed with a single boat, manned by only eighteen men, and armed with no more than four small pieces of ordnance. And even these latter were of no use, as the admiral's ship was carried by boarding, with no other arms than swords and pistols. Le Grande had been so long at sea, without falling in with any craft worth capturing, that his provisions were becoming short; and his crew, pressed with hunger and brooding over their ill

success, were desperate. Thus situated, they espied the Spaniard bearing the vice admiral's flag, and separated from the rest of the flotilla. Notwithstanding the immense disparity of force, Le Grande determined to capture her, and his crew took an oath to stand by him till the last. The boat of the pirates was descried by the Spaniard in the afternoon, and the admiral was admonished of what might be its character; but he scorned the admonition, viewing the apparently pitiful craft with contempt, and adopting no precautions against it. Just in the dusk of evening the pirates ran alongside of his ship. As already remarked, the crew of Le Grande had sworn to stand by their captain; but in order to cut off all means of escape in the event of defeat, and therefore to make them fight with greater desperation, their chief, at the moment they were climbing the sides of the ship, caused the boat to be suddenly scuttled, and sunk. Indeed the boarding of the Spaniard was hastened by the necessity of leaping from their own vessel, already sinking beneath them. Under these circumstances, the boarding was so rapid, that the Spaniards were completely taken by surprise; so much so that as the pirates rushed into the great cabin, they found the captain, with several boon companions, engaged at a game of cards. Exclaiming that his assailants must be devils, the commander, with a pistol at his breast, was compelled to an immediate surrender. Meanwhile a portion of the assailants took possession of the gunroom; seized the arms, and killed all who resisted. This vigorous assault soon carried the ship by a surrender at discretion. She proved to be a rich prize; and the prisoners were treated with lenity, which was not always the course adopted by the buccaneers when they were disappointed in the amount of their expected plunder. Many were the crews compelled to pay with their lives for the poverty of their cargoes. In the present case Le Grande retained for his own service such of the common sailors as he needed, and after setting the rest on shore, proceeded to France with his prize, where he remained, without ever returning to America.

The success of this exploit, and the rich reward by which it was crowned, at once stimulated the cupidity of the Tortugans, and fired their breasts with the ambition of emulating the bravery of the Great Peter. Those who were yet engaged in planting or in other honest occupations, at once abandoned them, and betook themselves to the more inviting trade of piracy. Being unable to build larger vessels than the boats or hoys then in use, they carried on the war in these against the smaller vessels of Spain engaged in the coasting trade and in the traffic of hides and tobacco with the inhabitants of Jamaica. The vessels thus captured were substituted for their own smaller craft, by means of which they were soon enabled to make longer voyages, and stretch across to the coasts of the Spanish main. At Campeachy and other points they found many trading vessels, and often ships of great burden. Two of these commercial vessels they captured, and also two large armed ships, all laden with plate, within the port of Campeachy, which they boldly entered for that purpose, and sailed with them in triumph to Tortuga. Such rich returns greatly augmented the wealth of the island; and every additional capture enabled them to increase their marine, until at the end of two years from the last achievement of Pi rre Le Grande, the pirates had a navy, very well manned and equipped, of more than twenty ships of different sizes. With such a force, composed of men of the most desperate fortunes and dauntless courage, the commerce of Spain with her colonies in Central and South America was in a few years almost entirely destroyed. The ships bound from Europe for the colonies were rarely molested by the pirates, who chose to fall upon them when laden with the precious metals, which Spain, in her avarice, was transporting home—not foreseeing that by that very process she was gradually working her own national ruin. Sometimes a fleet of galleons, when under strong convoy, succeeded in the return voyage; but a single ship, of whatever strength or force, seldom escaped the vigilance of the pirates. They followed such fleets as they judged it unsafe to attack, and a slow sailer or a straggler was inevitably captured. So daring were these robbers, that even before they were enabled to obtain a smaller craft, a crew of fifty-five of them in one of the large canoes sailed into the Southern Ocean, and proceeded along the coast of the continent as far north as California. On their return, they entered one of the ports of Peru, and captured a ship, the cargo of which was valued at several millions. Their canoe was then exchanged for the noble prize, in which they returned in triumph.

Preparations for their expeditions were made with the utmost care, and articles of agreement were always carefully written out and signed; and the dealings of the robbers among each other were usually characterized by the most scrupulous honor. In regard to their provisions, the rations were distributed twice a day—the officers, from the highest to the lowest, faring no better than the common sailor. It was stipulated exactly what sums of money or what proportionate sums each person engaged in a voyage should receive, with the understanding, of course, *no prey, no pay*. The commanders of the ships were frequently the owners. Sometimes they belonged to a company of adventurers on board. In other instances they were chartered for the service of individuals or companies on shore. The first stipulation, therefore, on arranging for a voyage, regarded the compensation to be received by the owner or owners of the ship, being ordinarily one third of the products of the cruise. If the boat or vessel in which an enterprise was first undertaken was the common property of the crew, the first vessel captured was allotted to the captain, with one share of the booty obtained. In cases where the captain owned and fitted out the original vessel, the first ship taken belonged to him, with a double share of the plunder. The surgeon was allowed two hundred crowns for his medicine chest, and a single share of the prizes; and whoever had the good fortune to descry a ship that was captured, received a reward of a hundred crowns. A tariff of compensation for the wounded was also adjusted according to the greater or less severity of the wounds they might receive. For example, the compensation for the loss of a right arm was six hundred pieces of eight, or six slaves as an equivalent; for a left arm, five hundred pieces of eight, or five slaves; for the loss of a right leg, five hundred pieces, or five slaves; for an eye, one hundred pieces, or one slave; for the loss of a finger, the same. Claims

of this character were first paid at the close of a voyage, from the common stock of the prize money. The commander of an expedition was allotted five portions of a common seaman; and the subordinate officers shared in proportion to their rank. The residue of the booty was then divided with exact equality among the crews, from the highest to the lowest mariner, not excepting the boys. Some of the duties of these latter were peculiar. For instance, when the pirates had captured a vessel better than their own, they transferred themselves to it, leaving the boys to escape from the deserted vessel last, after having set it on fire. Favor never had any influence in the distribution of the booty, which was rigidly decided by lot—lots being drawn for the dead as well as for the living. The portions for the dead were given to their surviving companion; or if the companion had also been killed, the allotment was sent to the family of the deceased. If they had no families, then the money or plate or other goods that would have belonged to them was distributed to the poor, or piously bestowed on churches, which were to pray for the souls of those in whose names the benefactions were given. These allowances to the dead and wounded were considered debts of honor—such as the brokers of Wall street would note as 'confidential.' Their intercourse with each other was marked with civility and kindness. They, of course, squandered their money on coming ashore, in all manner of dissipation, and with the recklessness which has ever characterized the sailor. To those who were in want they would contribute freely; and the kind offices of humanity among each other were readily interchanged. In ordinary cases, their prisoners were liberated, save those who were needed for their own assistance; and these were generally discharged after two or three years. Whenever they were in want of supplies, they landed upon the islands and levied exactions upon the people—planters and fishermen. The green turtles, however, among the Florida Keys, supplied a large portion of their food; and it is presumed that they became as great adepts in the turtle line as the corporation pirates of modern times.

So extensively was the commerce of Spain in these seas, under her own flag, cut up, notwithstanding the ships of war repeatedly sent for its protection, that foreign flags were resorted to, in hopes of deceiving the rovers. But the *ruse* was not successful. Two of the buccaneer chiefs, Michael de Basco and Brouage, receiving intelligence that a cargo of great value had been shipped under the Dutch flag at Carthagena, in two ships much larger than their own, boldly entered the harbor, captured both, and plundered them of their treasure. The Dutch captains, chagrined at being thus beaten by inferior vessels, said to one of the pirate chiefs that had he been alone, he would not have dared thus to attack them. The buccaneer haughtily challenged mynheer to fight the battle over again—stipulating that his consort should stand aloof from the engagement, and, that should the Dutchman conquer, both the pirate vessels should be his. The challenge, however, was not accepted. At another time, when Basco and two other chiefs, named Jonqué and Laurence Le Graff, were cruising before Carthagena with three indifferent vessels, two Spanish men-of-war put out to attack them. The result was the capture of both the latter by the pirates, who kept the ships, but magnanimously sent the crews on shore—affecting, from the ease with which they had been vanquished, to look upon them with utter contempt.

There was yet another pirate chief, whose name stands out in bold relief, for his infamous cruelties, even among the bloody records of the buccaneers. He was a Dutchman by birth, who had settled in Brazil during the occupancy of that country by the United Provinces. On the restoration of the Portuguese to their Brazilian possessions this bloody wretch retreated to Jamaica. His name not being known, he received the soubriquet of *Rock Braziliano*, by which he was henceforward known. Very soon after his arrival at Jamaica, he joined the pirates, first as an ordinary mariner; and acquitted himself so well as to gain, in a short time, the respect and affection of his comrades. A mutiny breaking out on board the vessel in which he was embarked, caused a separation of the crew; a second vessel was taken possession of by a portion of them, and Braziliano chosen chief. He pursued his career with various success and the most frightful cruelty. His hatred of the Spaniards was exceedingly bitter, and when landing in Spanish settlements to procure provisions, he frequently roasted the inhabitants alive if they were not forthcoming at his command. In one of his cruises upon the coast of South America, he was wrecked, and his vessel lost. Escaping to the shore with his crew of only thirty men, he was pursued by a troop of one hundred Spanish cavalry. Upon these he turned, and defeated them with terrible slaughter, and with but trifling loss to himself. Mounting the horses of the slain, Braziliano continued his course coastwise, until, falling in with some boats from Campeachy, which he seized, he made sail for Jamaica—capturing another ship on the voyage laden with merchandise and a large amount of money in pieces of eight. Remaining on shore long enough to dissipate their booty in the usual round of drunkenness and debauchery which characterized the buccaneers when not upon the wave, Braziliano and his companions put to sea again, directing their course to his old haunts about Campeachy. Shortly after his arrival, while looking into the port, in a small boat, to spy what ships were offering for prizes, he was captured and thrown into prison. The Spanish authorities determined upon his execution; but in consequence of an admonition that terrible vengeance would be inflicted upon all Spanish prisoners falling into the hands of the pirates, in the event of his punishment, this horrible villain was released upon the security of his own oath, that he would forthwith relinquish his profession. But before he reached Jamaica on his return, he captured another prize; and after the avails of that were spent in every species of debauch, he went to sea again, committing greater robberies and cruelties than ever.

Jamaica, though a British possession, having, as we have seen, long afforded a market for the pirates, had in process of time become equally a rendezvous with Tortuga. Wealth, in immense quantities, had been poured into that island by the pirates, and had been diffused thence among the other West India possessions, British and French. The licentiousness of the buccaneers was

unbounded, and their blood-stained spoils were scattered with incredible prodigality. Indeed they seemed to be at a loss how to spend their money fast enough. Their captains had been known to purchase pipes of wine, place them in the street, knock in the head, and compel every passer-by to drink; and mention is made of one, who, returning from an expedition with three thousand dollars in his pocket, was sold into slavery three months afterward for a debt of forty shillings. If admonished in regard to their reckless waste of money, their reply was that their lives were not like those of other men. Though alive to-day, they might be dead to-morrow, and hence it was folly for them to hoard their treasure. 'Live to-day,' was their maxim, 'to-morrow may take care of itself.' Those, therefore, who were worth millions to-day, robbed by courtezans and stripped at the gaming table, were often penniless in a week—destitute of clothes and even the necessaries of life. They had therefore no recourse but to return to the sea, and levy new contributions, to be dissipated as before.

But the commerce of Spain with her colonies was ruined. Failing in her exertions to conquer the buccaneers, and finding them to be so firmly established as to defy any force which she could send against them, and wearied in making so many consignments, as it were, directly into their hands, Spain dismantled her commercial marine and closed her South American ports, in the hope—a vain one, as it proved—that when the resources of the pirates upon the high seas were cut off, their establishments would be necessarily broken up, and the freebooters themselves disperse. But far different was the event. No sooner had these rapacious and savage men ascertained that there were no more galleons of her bullion to be taken, than they concentrated their forces, with a determination to strike nearer the mines themselves. Powerful expeditions were therefore openly organized at Jamaica and elsewhere, for the purpose of making descents upon the cities and towns of the Spanish main. The temptations to such a course were indeed strong; and the Spaniards, by their ostentatious display, materially assisted in their own ruin. For instance, the city of Lima, in 1682, on the occasion of the public entry of the viceroy, actually had the streets paved with ingots of silver, to the amount of seventeen millions sterling! 'What a pretty prize,' exclaims the *London Times*, 'for a few honest tars!' Then the splendor and magnificence of their churches, ornamented with immense gold and silver images, crucifixes, and candlesticks, and not unfrequently large altars of massive silver, became objects of a *devout regard*. Nor did the pirates fail to present themselves before every accessible shrine; for in truth, they swept over the vast central portion of the continent from Florida to Peru, plundering and laying in waste the most populous regions, and the wealthiest cities—meeting, moreover, with less resistance than attended the march of Cortez and Alvarado in achieving the conquest. Their visitations were sudden, and wherever they struck their blows fell like the thunderbolt. The consequence was that the consternation of the people upon the land became as great as their terror upon the ocean. The great roads were deserted; and the lands were no more ploughed than the sea.

VIRGINIA.

(SUGGESTED BY A PAINTING BY J. McENTEE.)

'The tree has lost its blossoms,...
But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we find
Sown deep even in the bosom of the North;
So shall a bitter spring less bitter fruit bring forth.'
Childe Harold.

Wan and weird the solemn twilight gleameth in the dreary sky,
Dusky shadows growing deeper, sad night-breezes sorrowing by,
Sighing 'mid the leafless bushes bending o'er the sullen stream,
Wailing 'mid the fire-stained ruins darkly rising 'gainst the gleam
Of the wild unearthly twilight. In the shivering evening air
Cheerless lie the gloomy meadows—blight and ruin everywhere!

Far away the wide plain stretches, dark and desolate it lies
'Neath the shuddering winds that murmur, 'neath the gleaming of the skies;
Hark to the swollen river, how it moaneth in its flow,
'Mid the bridge's fallen arches, 'neath the bushes bending low,
Now unbroken by a ripple, flowing silently and still,
Gives again unto the heavens twilight gleaming wan and chill.

Where the corn once waved in beauty its bright wealth of shining leaves,
Glittering in the noonday's glory, rustling in the summer eves,
As the murmuring wind swept o'er it, bending low each tasselled head,
'Neath the soft and shimmering radiance by the moon of summer shed—
There no plough will make its furrow—waste the sunny field doth lie,
And no grain will wave its tresses to the breezes wailing by.

Where amid the whispering forests once the laughing sunlight fell,

Fallen tree and blackened stump now the dreary story tell
Of the woe and desolation sad Virginia shadowing o'er,
From the fatal Rappahannock to Potomac's fort-crowned shore,
Tell the tale of saddened hearthstones, desolate hearts that mourn each day
For the dearly loved ones stricken, wounded, dying, far away.

Wake, Virginia! from thy slumber, from thy wild and traitorous dream;
Wake! and welcome loyal Northmen, sabres' ring and bayonets' gleam;
Cast aside the clanking fetters that still echo on thy soil,
Teach thy sons that no dishonor clings to manly, honest toil:
So again thy tree shall blossom, fairer, stronger than before,
And God's peace will rest upon thee, thy scourged fields will hover o'er.

VISIT TO THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

APRIL, 1863.

We remember many years ago passing directly from the gallery of Düsseldorf pictures, then recently opened in New York, to the hall of the National Academy. The contrast to a lover of his country was a painful one. The foreign school possessed ripeness of design, and accurate, if in many instances somewhat mannered and artificial execution. The native collection exhibited a poverty in conception, and a harshness and crudity in performance, sadly discouraging to one who would fain see the fine arts progress in equal measure with the more material elements of civilization. Since that time, however, year by year, the art of painting, at least, has steadily advanced, the light of genius has been granted to spring from our midst, our artists dwelling in foreign lands have returned to find a congenial atmosphere under their native skies, and, in so far as landscape is concerned, we have now no need to shun comparison with the best pictures produced abroad. Our school is an original one, for our artists have gone to the great teacher, Nature, who has shown them without stint the bright sun, luminous sky, pearly dawns, hazy middays, glowing sunsets, shimmering twilights, golden moons, rolling mists, fantastic clouds, wooded hills, snow-capped peaks, waving grain fields, primeval forests, tender spring foliage, gorgeous autumnal coloring, grand cataracts, leaping brooks, noble rivers, clear lakes, bosky dells, lichen-covered crags, and varied seacoasts of this western continent. Here is no lack of diversity, here are studies in unity, both simple and complex, and here, too, even civilized man need not necessarily be unpicturesque; witness Launt Thompson's 'Trapper,' Rogers's bits of petrified history, or Eastman Johnson's vivid delineations of scenes familiar to us all. We have no reason to follow in any beaten, hackneyed track, but, within the needful restrictions of good sense, good taste, and the teachings of nature, may wander wherever the bent of our gifts may lead us. We may choose sensational subjects, striking contrasts, with Church, follow the exquisite tracteries of shadow, of mountain top and fern-clad rock, with Bierstadt, learn the secrets of the innermost souls of the brute creation with Beard, revel in cool atmospheres and transparent waters with Kensett, paint in light with Gifford, in poetry with McEntee, or with Whittredge seek the tranquil regions of forest shade or quiet interior.

In the examination of every work of art, we find three questions to be asked: Has it something to say; is that something worth saying; is it well said? In painting, poetry, music, sculpture, and architecture, satisfactory replies must be given, or the mind refuses to recognize the work under consideration as fulfilling the conditions necessary to perfection within its individual range. Too often worthlessness of meaning is hidden under exquisite execution, the most dangerous form an aberration from the true principles of art can take, especially in an age when the material receives an undue proportion of attention, and the spirit is exposed to so many risks of being replaced by a false, outside glitter. A worthy, noble, or beautiful idea, clad in a corresponding form, is then the core of every art production; and although much of which the fundamental idea is neither worthy, noble, nor beautiful, is sometimes admired, yet the impression on the whole is painful, as would be exquisite diction and entrancing eloquence flowing from the lips of a man of genius arguing in a cause unholy and pernicious to the best interests of humanity.

Notwithstanding the tasteful and judicious arrangement of the pictures in the hall of exhibition, No. 625 Broadway, a cursory survey only is required to enforce the conviction that the necessities of light and space demand the erection of a building especially adapted to the purposes of an academy of design, and we hope the fellowship fund will speedily justify the commencement of that important undertaking.

The first picture that meets the eye on entering, is one of 'Startled Deer,' by W. H. Beard, N. A. (No. 197). This is a noble delineation—such stately forms, splendid positions, and expressive eyes! This artist is not content with giving us color, shape, and every hair exact, but we look through the creatures' eyes into the depths of their being. His animals love, fear, wonder—in short, are capable of all the manifold feelings pertaining to the brute creation. Who can say how much of that creation is destined to perish forever! The gesture of the spotted fawn seems reason sufficient why the Lord of love should one day give happiness and security in return for apprehension and pain suffered here below, especially if indeed the sin of man be the moral cause of the sorrows incident to the lower existences. At all events, Beard's animals are so

endowed with individual characteristics, that we make of them personal friends, who can never die so long as our memories endure. The herbage in the foreground is tenderly wrought, and the whole picture preaches an impressive sermon.

No. 151. 'An Autumn Evening'—Regis Gignoux, N. A. This picture does not satisfy us nearly so fully as others we have seen by the same artist. The general effect strikes us as somewhat artificial, the light does not seem to fall clearly from the sky, but as if through prisms or tinted glass. We have seen the inside of a shell, or the edge of a white cloud turned toward the sun, glittering with similar hues, very beautiful for a small object, but wanting in dignity and repose for an entire landscape. We remember with great pleasure Gignoux's 'Autumn in Virginia,' and his painting of 'Niagara by Moonlight' gave us a far more majestic impression of the great cataract than the famous day representation by Church. As we gazed, we called to mind a certain night when the moon stood full in the heavens, vivid lunar bows played about our feet, and, mounting the tower, we looked down into the apparently bottomless abyss, dark with clouds of mist, seething, foaming, and thundering. We shuddered, and hastened down the narrow stairway, feeling as if all nature must speedily be drawn into the terrible vortex, and we become a mere atom amid chaos. The picture caused us a shivering thrill, and we acknowledged the power of the artist.

No. 90. 'Mansfield Mountain, Sunset'—S. R. Gifford, N. A. A glorious tale, gloriously told! 'The heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of his hands. Day to day uttereth speech, and night to night showeth knowledge. * * * He hath set his tabernacle in the sun; and he * * * hath rejoiced as a giant to run the way: His going out is from the end of heaven, and his circuit even to the end thereof: and there is no one that can hide himself from his heat.' This artist seems literally to have dipped his brush in light, pure light. We remember a juvenile book, entitled, 'A Trap to catch a Sunbeam;' such a trap must Gifford possess; he surely keeps tubes filled with real rays wherewith to flood the canvas and transfigure the simplest subject. Here we have a mountain, a lake, some sky, clouds, and a setting sun—but what an admirable combination! The picture seems fairly to illumine that part of the gallery in which it is placed. Had the artist lived in the olden time, he might have been feloniously made way with for his secret, but the present age seems more generous, and his fellow workers delight to praise and honor his genius. We find from the same hand 'Kauterskill Clove' (No. 15)—a flood of golden beams poured upon a mountain glen, with rifted sides, autumn foliage, and a tiny stream; a coming storm obscures but does not hide the distant hills. A bold delineation—but very beautiful, and true to the character of the scenery it represents. There are also a reminiscence of the present war ('Baltimore, 1862—Twilight,' No. 409), and one of foreign travel ('Como,' No. 385), equally suggestive of—not paint—but real, palpitating atmosphere.

No. 49. 'Mount Tahawas, Adirondacs'—J. McEntee, N. A. A picture of great simplicity and grandeur, and one we should never weary of looking into, waiting for the opaline lights of dawn to deepen into the full glory of day. This, like all the works of McEntee we have had the good fortune to see, bears the impress of a poet-soul. A vague stretching forth toward the regions of the infinite, a melancholy remembrance of some enduring sorrow, a tender reminiscence of scenes peculiar to certain heartfelt seasons of the year, a hazy foreshadowing of coming winter, a lingering over the last dying hour of day, a presaging of storms to come, or a lotus-eating dream by some quiet lake, are the themes to be evolved from many of his conceptions. Alas for 'Virginia' (No. 218), mother of presidents, and nurse of the Union! Can it indeed be her sky that shines down so weird and strange over desolate plains, through broken walls and shattered beams, and darkens as it shrinks in horror from the broken bridge once spanning the blood-stained waters of the fatal run? No. 233 is a 'Twilight,' No. 58 an 'October on the Hudson,' and No. 171 a 'Late Autumn,' by the same artist, all excellent specimens of his tender and poetical mode of handling a subject. In looking at one of his pictures, we think more of the matter than the manner, and, carefully correct as is the latter, the mind is often too filled with emotion to care to examine into the very minutiae, whose delicate execution has so powerfully aided to produce the general effect.

No. 123. 'Morning in the White Mountains'—J. F. Kensett, N. A. Excellent in every way, with crystal water, living rocks, and rose-tinted morning clouds.

No. 74. 'Coast Scene, Mount Desert'—F. E. Church, N. A. A puzzle. We are glad once more to welcome to a public gallery a significant work by this widely known and much admired artist. Of late, the exhibition of such works (in so far as we know) invariably alone, may perhaps have subjected him to some misconception.

No. 73. 'The Window'—W. Whittredge, N. A. This is a charming picture of a home that must be dear to all the dwellers therein. A lovely landscape is seen through an open window, which admits a mellow light to fall upon a Turkey rug, tasteful furniture, and that 'wellspring of joy in a house,' a young soul, endowed with undeveloped, perhaps wonderful capacities, crowing in the arms of a turbaned nurse. It is altogether one of the best interiors ever exhibited in New York. No. 305, 'Summer,' a pleasant nook, and No. 121, 'Autumn, New Jersey,' are by the same accomplished hand. The latter is a meadow scene, with a pleasing sky, some graceful trees in the foreground, and a most attractive bit of Virginia creeper dipping into a clear pool. The gifts of W. Whittredge are manifold, and his works conspicuous for variety in subject and treatment. In the small room, we observed a portrait of this artist by H. A. Loop, N. A., a beautiful picture and excellent likeness. We do not wonder the fine head tempted Mr. Loop to expend upon it his best care.

No. 181. 'Portrait of Dr. O. A. Brownson'—G. P. A. Healy, H. A powerful portrait of a man who has

never been ashamed openly to confess that he could be wiser to-day than he was yesterday. We never met Dr. Brownson, and it was with a thrill of pleasure that we beheld the massive head containing so eminent an intelligence. The learned tomes, antique chair, and entire attitude are in excellent keeping.

No. 66. 'Fagot Gatherer'—R. M. Staigg, N. A. We owe this artist much for his beautiful inculcations of the charities of life. How many stray pennies may not his little street sweeper have drawn from careless passers-by? No. 59, 'Cat's Cradle,' is another pleasing representation of an attractive subject.

No. 202. 'Anita'—George H. Hall. The sweet face, harmonious coloring, and simple pose of this little Spanish girl has made an ineffaceable impression on our memory. We should like to have her always near us. The fruit and flower pieces of this genial artist are delightful and satisfactory.

No. 468. 'Elaine,' Bas Relief—L. Thompson, N. A. The face of Elaine is of great sweetness, and the tender trouble on the brow, in the eyes, and quivering round the mouth, seems almost too ethereal to have been actually prisoned in marble. We think if the Elaine of the legend had looked thus upon Launcelot, and he were truly all that poets sing him, he could not long have preferred to her the light-minded Guenevere. The busts of children by the same hand are also fine, so truthful and characteristic. A worthy pupil is Thompson of that natural school of which Palmer was our first distinguished representative.

No. 466. 'The Union Refugees'—John Rogers. This group tells its own sad tale. The stern defiance in the face of the young patriot, the sorrow-stricken but confiding attitude of the mother, and the child's uplifted gaze of wonder, speak of scenes doubtless often repeated in the history of the past two years—scenes which must sink deeply into the hearts of all beholders.

No. 467. 'Freedman'—J. Q. A. Ward, A. This picture, no doubt, has its fine points, but to our mind it is rather conventional. Neither does it bear out its allegorical relation to the freedmen of our continent. If the chains of the negro are being broken, he does not appear in the character of a Hercules, but rather as a patient and enduring martyr, awaiting the day of deliverance appointed by Heaven.

No. 10. 'Sunrise at Narragansett'—W. S. Hazeltine, N. A. A fine effect of transparent sky, faithful rocks, and rolling surf. The warmth of coloring and vivid reality of this picture render it eminently pleasing.

No. 211. 'The Adirondacks from near Mount Mansfield'—R. W. Hubbard, N. A. A beautiful foreground of fine trees and rocks, with a far-away lookout over a hazy distance. A lake glitters in the plain beneath, and the whole scene is harmoniously bewitching and tranquillizing.

No. 158. 'Out in the Fields'—A. D. Shattuck, N. A. A charming pastoral, with some elms, graceful and feathery as the far-famed trees on the meadows of North Conway.

No. 27. 'Heart's Ease'—William P. W. Dana, A. We heard a little three and a half year old reply, in answer to a question as to which picture she would prefer taking home with her from the Academy: 'The sick child;' and we could not wonder at her choice, for a more touching design has seldom been placed on canvas. The name, the accompaniments, and the child's expression betoken a rare delicacy of conception. The flowers are exquisite, and the cheerful contrast of color in the drapery seems a promise of gayer, if not happier hours.

But space—together, probably, with the patience of our readers—fails for the enumeration of all the interesting and meritorious paintings in the exhibition of '63; otherwise, we might discourse at length upon the two masterly works by Bierstadt (Nos. 6 and 35), the 'Swiss Lake,' by Casilear, W. T. Richards's carefully elaborated foregrounds, Huntington's charming figures, De Haas's spirited sea scenes, and other meritorious productions under names well known to the lovers of art in New York.

As good oftentimes springs from evil, may not perhaps the present severe trial through which our country is passing aid in lifting the hearts of her children to more spiritual regions, that they may approach ever nearer and nearer to a more thorough comprehension and enjoyment of the 'Eternal Beauty, ever ancient and ever new,' as feebly mirrored in human art?

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.—(Continued.)

During the long weeks of Joel Burns's illness and convalescence, he had become much attached to James Egerton. And when the medical student quitted Burnsville, after carrying Mr. Burns through the fever in triumph, the latter felt more grateful than words would express. It is true,

young Egerton remained at his bedside by direction of the physician whose pupil he was: still the manner in which he had discharged his duties won the heart of the patient. So, when at length he was preparing to depart, Joel Burns endeavored to think of some way to manifest his appreciation which would be acceptable to the youth. This was difficult. Both were of refined natures, and it was not easy to bring the matter to pass. Mr. Burns, at length, after expressing his grateful sense of his devotion, plainly told Egerton that he would delight to be of service to him if it were possible.

'I feel obliged to you, Mr. Burns,' said the student; 'but it is not just that I should excite such emotions in your breast. Let me confess that while I do respect and esteem you, it is love of my *profession*, and not of any individual, which has led me to use more than ordinary care while attending to your case. I have a firm belief in the method of my principal, and it is a labor of love with me to endeavor to demonstrate the truth of his theory in the treatment of typhus fever. Your case was a magnificent one. My master is right, and I know it.'

'Now you take just the ground I admire; you enable me to say what before I hesitated to speak of,' said Mr. Burns, warmly. 'Tell me honestly how you are situated. Can I not aid in affording you still further advantages for study and practical observation?'

'Mr. Burns,' replied the student, 'it is my turn to feel grateful—grateful for such genial recognition of what I am, or rather what I hope to make myself. Something of your own history I have learned in this place—this place of your own creation—and I may say there are points of analogy between your own early struggles and mine. But I must depend on myself. To accept aid from you would weaken me, and that you would not wish to do.'

'Go,' said Mr. Burns, with enthusiasm; 'go, and God go with you. But promise me this: let me hear from you regularly. Let me not lose sight of one of whom I hope so much.'

'That I promise with pleasure.'

Then he turned to find Sarah, to bid her good by. She was running across the lawn, but stopped abruptly on hearing her name called.

'Little maiden,' said the young man, 'I am going away. We shall have no more races together. When I see you again, it won't do for either of us to romp and run about.'

'Why? Are you not coming to see us till you are old?'

'I don't know that, but I shall not come very soon. After a while I shall go across the ocean, and you will grow up to be a young woman. So I must say a long good-by now to my little patient.'

Sarah was twelve, Egerton scarcely twenty. For the instant, young as she was, there was actually established between them a sentimental relation. They stood a moment looking at each other.

'Good-by,' said Egerton, taking her hand. 'I think I must have this for a keepsake.' It was a straggling curl, detached from its companions, which the student laid hold of. Sarah said not one word, but took a neat little morocco 'housewife' from her pocket, produced a small pair of scissors, and clipped the curl quickly, leaving it in Egerton's hand.

'You won't forget me,' he said.

'No.'

In an instant more she was bounding over the green grass, while the other walked slowly into the house. In a few minutes he was off. I do not think this scene produced any impression on Sarah Burns beyond the passing moment; but to Egerton, who was just of an age to cherish such an incident, it furnished material for a romantic idea, which he nourished until it came to be a part of his life plans. Whatever was the reason which actuated him, it is a fact that he wrote Mr. Burns, not often, to be sure, but quite regularly. After two or three years he went abroad, still keeping up his correspondence. Mr. Burns, for some reason we will not conjecture, was not in the habit of speaking to his daughter about Egerton. Possibly he did not wish her to remember him as a grown-up man while she was still a little girl. Possibly, he desired, should they ever meet, that their acquaintance might commence afresh. At any rate, Sarah was left quite to forget the existence of the young fellow who watched by her so faithfully; or if by some chance some recollection of him, as connected with that dreadful season, came into her mind, it was purely evanescent and without consequence. Mr. Burns, however, always cherished certain hopes. The reader will recollect his sadness of heart when he discovered how matters stood between Sarah and Hiram Meeker. This was owing principally to his honest aversion to Hiram; but a disappointment lurked at the bottom. It was only the week before the scene at the preparatory lecture that he had received a letter from Egerton, written on American soil, advising him of his return from Europe in a vessel just arrived from Marseilles. Mr. Burns answered it immediately, inviting him to come at once and make him a visit; but he breathed not a word of this to Sarah.

Affairs between her and Hiram were brought to a crisis much faster than Mr. Burns could have anticipated. In short, Dr. Egerton arrived at the most auspicious moment possible. But I shall not be precipitate. On the contrary, I shall leave the lovers, if lovers they are to be, to pursue their destiny in the only true way, namely, through a tantalizing maze of hopes and fears and doubts and charming hesitations and anxieties to a denouement, while I return to the proper subject of this narrative—Hiram Meeker.

CHAPTER V.

Hill has opened a wholesale liquor store on his own account! Where did Hill raise the money to start in business—a poor devil who could never get eighteen pence ahead in the world? It does not appear. For one, I will say that Hiram Meeker did not furnish it. *He* not only belongs to the temperance society, but he believes all traffic in the 'deadly poison' to be a sin. Still where did Hill get the money or the credit to start a wholesale liquor concern? More than this, Hill is doing a pretty large business. Singular to say, he drinks less and swears less than he did. He is more respectable apparently. He has a very fine store in Water street. He does not deal in adulterated liquors. He sells his articles, if the customer desires it, 'in bond;' that is, from under the key of the custom house, which of course insures their purity. By a singular coincidence, Hill's store is adjoining a 'U. S. Bonded Warehouse.' Hill's goods, for convenience' sake, are sent to that particular warehouse—frequently. The liquors are stored in the basement. This basement is not supposed to communicate with the basement of Hill's store. Certainly not. Yet Hill, *solus*, entirely and absolutely *solus*, spends many evenings in the basement of his store. Hill is a large purchaser of pure spirits. Pure spirits are worth thirty-one cents a gallon, and brandy of right brand is worth two or three dollars a gallon. One gallon of pure spirits mixed with two gallons of brandy cannot be detected by ninety-nine persons of a hundred. Some say it is equally difficult to detect a half-and-half mixture. Still Hill sells his brandy in bond. I repeat, Hiram Meeker does *not* furnish Hill the money. It is true, their intimacy still continues. Further, Hill has good references—none other than H. Bennett & Co. Strange as it may seem, H. Bennett himself has been known to put his name on Hill's paper. Yet I am told he does not even know Hill by sight! Hill is making money, though—is making it fast. Hiram is still in the house of Hendly, Layton & Gibb, but this has not prevented him from making, with permission of the firm, several ventures on his own account. These ventures always turn out well. It was not long since he shipped a schooner load of potatoes to New Orleans on information derived from the master of a vessel which had made a remarkably rapid passage, and who reported to him, and to him only. He more than doubled his money on this venture.

In Dr. Chellis's church, Hiram has made respectable progress. He has permitted himself to break over the strict rule first adopted as to his social life. He goes a little into society—the very best society which that congregation furnishes. Report says he is engaged to Miss Tenant. She is the only child of Amos Tenant, of the firm of Allwise, Tenant & Co. This firm is reputed to be worth over a million of dollars. Miss Tenant—Miss Emma Tenant—is the young lady who, from the first, took such an interest in Hiram at the Sunday school. She is an excellent girl. She is very pretty, too, and, I am sorry to say, she seems to have fallen in love—really and positively in love with Hiram. *He*, the calculating wretch, has canvassed the whole matter, has made careful investigations of the condition of the house of Allwise, Tenant & Co., and has satisfied himself that it is firm as a rock, and that Mr. Tenant is no doubt worth the pretty sum of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or such a matter.

Emma is an only child!

Oh, Hiram, how dare you utter those vows of love and constancy and everlasting regard and affection, coming, as you do, with your fingers fresh from turning the leaves at the register's office, where, forgetting your dinner, you have spent the entire afternoon in satisfying yourself about the real estate held by 'Amos Tenant?' Had the record under your precious investigation not been satisfactory, you would not have spent five minutes thereafter in the society of Emma Tenant.

Yet your conscience does not reproach you. No, not one bit. Positively you are not aware of anything reprehensible or even indelicate in what you are about. Thinking of the matter, as you carefully scan the books of record, you regard it precisely as you would any other investigation. To you it is essential that the girl you are to marry should have money. If she has, you will love her (for it is your *duty* to love your wife); if she has not, you cannot love her, and of course (duty again) you cannot wed her.

Poor Emma Tenant! No protecting instinct warns you against the young man who is now making such fervid protestations. You receive all he says as holy truth, sincere, earnest avowal, out of his heart into yours, for time and for eternity!

You, Emma Tenant, are a good girl, innocent and good: why, oh, why does not your nature shrink by this contact?

We forbear to paint the love scene in which Hiram figures. Enough to say that Emma could not and did not disguise the state of her affections. Yes, she confessed it, confessed she had been attracted by Hiram (poor thing) from the day she first saw him enter the Sunday school to take his place as one of its teachers.

How happy she was as she sat trembling with emotion, her hand in Hiram's calculating grasp, while she blushing made her simple confession.

'But your father,' interposed Hiram, anxiously—'he will never give his consent.'

'And why will he not?' replied Emma. 'I am sure he likes you already, and when he knows'—

She stopped, and blushed deeper than ever.

'When he knows,' said Hiram, taking up the sentence, 'he will hate me: I am sure he will.'

'How can you say so?' replied the confiding girl. 'I am his only child, and he will approve of anything which is for my happiness.'

'But he may not think an engagement with me (you see Hiram was determined on the engagement) will be for your happiness. I am not known here—am not yet in business for myself, although so far as that is concerned'—

'Don't speak so—it pains me; as if I could think of such things *now*,' she whispered, as if really in bodily distress.

'But it *must* be mentioned, and at once; we must tell your parents. It would be highly improper not to do so.'

He meant to make all sure.

'Oh, well, I suppose you are right, but it will make no difference to papa if you had not a penny. I have heard him say so a thousand times.'

'Have you,' replied Hiram, drawing a long breath, 'have you really?'

'Indeed I have. He has always said he would prefer to see me marry a high-minded, honorable young man, of strict integrity, without a cent in the world, to the richest man living, if he were sordid and calculating. Oh, he despises such persons. Now are you satisfied?'

Hiram *was* satisfied, that is, logically; but somehow he *felt* a hit, and in spite of himself his countenance was clouded, and he was silent.

'I have said something to wound you. I know I have,' exclaimed Emma.

'To wound me! My angel, my'—etc., etc., etc. (the pen refuses to do its office when I come to record Hiram's love expressions). 'How can you think so at this moment of my greatest rapture, my most complete'—etc., etc., etc. (pen fails again). 'It was my intense joy and satisfaction to learn how noble and disinterested your father is, that rendered me for the moment speechless.'

After considerable discussion, it was arranged that Emma should be the one to communicate to her parents the interesting fact that Hiram sought her hand. On this occasion his courage so far failed him that he preferred not to break the subject himself, although generally so very capable and adroit in personal interviews.

Mr. Tenant, as usual with papas, was a good deal surprised. He had not thought of Emma's marrying—considered her still little else than a school girl, and so on—well—he supposed it must come sooner or later. He knew very little about the young man, but what he did know was certainly in his favor.

To cut the story short, the whole matter was soon pleasantly settled, and Hiram established as the accepted of Miss Tenant.

In a subsequent interview with Mr. Tenant, our hero quite won his heart. That gentleman was an old-fashioned merchant; the senior member of a house known as one of the most honorable in the city. I say senior member, for the 'Allwise' whose name stood first was a son of the original partner through whose capacity mainly it had been built up and made strong. Mr. Tenant, I repeat, was a merchant of the old school, high minded and of strict integrity, not specially remarkable for ability, but possessing good sense and a single mind. The house once on the right track, with its credit and its correspondents established, he had only to keep the wheel revolving in the old routine, and all was well.

Mr. Tenant was quite carried away by Hiram's conversation. The latter was so shrewd and capable, yet so good and honest withal. He first recounted to his prospective father-in-law a little history of his whole life. He portrayed in feeling terms how God had never forsaken, but on the contrary had always sustained and supported him—in his infancy, at school, through various vicissitudes—had conducted him to New York, to Dr. Chellis's church, into his (Mr. Tenant's) family; and now, as a crowning mercy, was about to bestow on him the greatest treasure of the universe to be a partner of his joys and sorrows through life.

Then he discoursed of affairs; of what he hoped with a 'common blessing' to accomplish. He informed Mr. Tenant confidentially that in the approaching month of May he should commence a general shipping and commission business. His plans were matured, and though his capital was small—

'Count on me, young man, count on the house of Allwise, Tenant & Co.,' interrupted the kind-hearted old gentleman. 'I have no boy,' he continued, with tears in his eyes; 'my only one was snatched from me, but now I shall look on you as my son. You will start in May. Good. And what the house can do for you will be done.'

'Then perhaps I may be permitted to refer to you?'

'Permitted? I shall insist on it. What is more, I will see two or three of our friends to make up your references myself. You must begin strong. Where do you keep your account?'

Hiram told him. It was a bank where Mr. Bennett had introduced him.

'That is well enough, but those are dry goods people, not at all in our line. I must introduce you at our bank, or, what is better, I will get Daniel Story to introduce you at his. There you will get a double advantage.'

Need I add that Hiram was in ecstasies? His position would now equal his most brilliant dreams. To be placed at once on an equality with the old South-street houses! To have Daniel Story introduce him to his bank! It was even so. The future son-in-law of Amos Tenant would gain just such an entree to business life.

And profitable use did Hiram Meeker make of these 'privileges.' He no longer thought of depending on H. Bennett & Co. Very quietly he thanked his cousin for his kind offer of assistance by way of reference, etc., but he was of opinion it would be better to have some names in his own line. Then he mentioned who were to be his 'backers,' whereat Mr. Bennett was amazed, yet highly gratified, and, without seeking to inquire further, told Hiram he 'would *do*,' he always said he would, that he must call on him, however, whenever he thought he could give him a lift, and predicted that he would be very *successful* on his own account. All which Hiram received meekly and mildly, but he said nothing in reply.

It is not my purpose to give in detail the particulars of Hiram's commercial life. Having been sufficiently minute in describing his early business education, the experience he acquired, the habits he formed, the reader can readily understand that his career became from the start a promising one. He was familiar with all the ramifications of commerce. He thoroughly knew the course of trade in New York. He had studied carefully the operation of affairs, from the largest shipping interest to the daily consumption of the most petty retail shop. He had managed to lay up quite a respectable sum of money, and all he now wanted was a good opportunity to launch himself, and it was presented.

I am inclined to think Mr. Tenant would have been willing to have taken him into his own firm, had Hiram wished, but he had no such ambition. He desired by himself to lay broad and deep the foundation of a large business, and have it expand and become great in his own hands. He did not believe in partnerships; it is doubtful if he were willing to trust human nature so much as to admit anybody to such a close relation as that of business associate.

In the management of his affairs, Hiram made it a point to acquire the reputation of fair and honorable dealing. His word was his bond. That was his motto; and he carried it out fully and absolutely. Mistakes could always be corrected in his establishment. No matter if the party *were* legally concluded. He stood by his contracts. A mere verbal say so, though the market rose twenty-five per cent. on his hands the next half hour, could be relied on as much as his indenture under seal. And so he gained a splendid name the very first year of his mercantile career. Yet, I *must* say it, behind all this fine reputation, this happy speech of men, this common report and general character, sat Hiram alert and calculating, whispering to himself sagaciously: '*Honesty is the best policy.*'

[In affairs, he meant. Had he carried the apophthegm out into every detail of life, through its moral and social phases, it would have required indeed the eye of the Omniscient to have discerned and penetrated his error.]

I come to the close of Hiram's first year of business on his own account. He had suddenly loomed into importance. But never was there an effect more directly traceable to a cause. He did not embark till he was in readiness for the venture, and results came quickly. With change of position he had made corresponding changes in his social life. He left Eastman's, and took pleasant though not expensive quarters in a more fashionable part of the city, not far indeed from Mr. Tenant's house. He visited in company with Emma all her family friends and acquaintances. He made such progress in the church, that the majority of the female teachers in the Sunday school were in favor of electing him superintendent. In short, he was becoming a very popular young man.

As I have said, I come to the close of Hiram's first year. I wish I could stop here. I go on with that reluctance which I invariably feel when recording what must add to the repugnance with which we all regard Hiram's character.

The engagement between Hiram and Miss Tenant had been made public. The time for the marriage was fixed at about the first of July—only six weeks distant. It was a period when Hiram felt he could leave town most conveniently for his wedding trip. The preparations on Emma's part were ample as became her family and social position. She was very happy. She loved this young man, and believed he loved her. Hiram was good natured and agreeable, and did all in his power to exhibit his best qualities. The result was that he was very much liked by both Mr. and Mrs. Tenant, and was already quite domesticated at their house.

During the spring there was a great deal of speculation in certain leading articles of export. The house of Allwise, Tenant & Co., having first class correspondents abroad and enjoying large credit, advanced more liberally than was prudent. It was the younger members who decided to go largely into the enterprise. There came a panic in the market. Several leading houses in London and Liverpool failed, others in New York followed, and among them Allwise, Tenant & Co.

It proved that this firm, though eminently sound and above board, was not as wealthy as was generally supposed. Its high character for integrity and honor, and an existence of near forty

years without a reverse gave it great reputation for wealth and stability.

The blow was sudden and effective. The capital of the concern was wiped out of existence, and the individual property of the partners followed in this wake of destruction.

Hiram, like others, had overestimated Mr. Tenant's property. The latter was nevertheless a rich man for those days, and worth over one hundred thousand dollars. By this reverse he was penniless.

Hiram was on 'Change when he first caught the rumor of the catastrophe. His position with regard to the family (for his relations with it were now well understood) made it difficult for him to make many inquiries, but he hastened to his counting room and despatched a messenger to Hill to come to him forthwith. Hill was prompt, and having been carefully charged with his commission, at once started to execute it. He came back duly.

'All gone to——. Not a grease spot left of them.'

'Don't be so gross, Hill. You are constantly shocking me with your idle profanity. Are you sure, though?'

'Yes. More bills back, twice over, than they can pay. A clean sweep, by——.'

'That will do, Hill—that will do; but don't swear so, don't.'

'Now I am here,' continued Hill, 'what about that invoice of brandy to Henshaw? He declares the brandy ain't right. You know you thought'—

'Hill,' interrupted Hiram, 'I can't talk with you now. Leave me alone, and close the door after you.'

Hill went out without saying a word.

If we except a slight paleness which overspread his countenance, Hiram had exhibited no sign of emotion from the moment he heard of Mr. Tenant's failure to the time he disposed so summarily of his satellite Hill. When Hill left, he rose and walked two or three times quickly up and down the room, and then took his seat again. His thoughts ran something in this way: 'I never supposed old Tenant to have any business ability, but I thought the concern so well established it could go alone. So it could if those young fellows had not made asses of themselves. What's to be done? Tenant certainly has a large amount of individual property. It is worth saving. Respectable old name—if he keeps his money. (Hiram smiled grimly.) I will step round at once and offer my services, before other folks begin to tinker with him.'

On my word, reader, during all this time Hiram never once thought of Emma Tenant. She did not for a solitary instant enter in any of the combinations which he was so rapidly forming and reforming. So entirely was he occupied with canvassing the effect of the failure on his personal fortunes and thinking over what was best to be done under the circumstances, that he had no space in his brain, much less in his selfish heart, for the 'object of his affections,' to whom he was to be married in one little month.

How would *she* feel? How would the blow affect her? What could he do to reassure her? How could he best comfort her? What fond promises and loving protestations could he offer that now more than ever he desired to make her happy?

Nothing of this, nothing of this occupied him as he sat in his private office, rapidly surveying the situation.

Poor Emma!

Carrying out his decision, Hiram took his way to the establishment of Allwise, Tenant & Co.

He was immediately admitted to Mr. Tenant's private room. That gentleman sat there alone, with his eyes fixed on a long list which his bookkeeper had just furnished him. He looked somewhat disturbed and solicitous, but presented nevertheless a manly and by no means dejected mien.

'Ah, my dear boy, I knew there was no need of sending for you. I *knew* you would be here. God bless you. Sit down, sit down. I want to use your ready wit just now for a few minutes. Thank God, I have your clear head and honest heart to turn to.'

All this time Mr. Tenant was pressing Hiram's hand, which lay impassively in his. The honest man was too much carried away by his own feelings to notice the other's lack of sympathetic pity.

'Why, my dear sir,' said Hiram, at length, 'did you not give me some hint of this? We might have'—

'I had no idea of it myself till the mails were delivered this morning. Phillipson & Braines's stoppage has destroyed us. Such a strong house as we thought it to be! When they suspended, it discredited us with our other friends, for everybody knew our relations with them, so that they would neither accept our bills nor protect us in any way. We are struck down without warning.'

'No hope of reconstruction?' asked Hiram.

'None.'

'You wanted me just now, I think you said.'

'Yes. There are one or two matters which I am inclined to think should be treated as confidential. Certain collections, and so forth. We have already discussed it somewhat. You shall examine and give me your opinion.'

'Had you not better first make some arrangements to protect your individual property?'

'What?'

Hiram repeated the question, and in a more definite shape.

He was astounded when the honorable old merchant told him that he should make no reservations—that his property, all of it, belonged to his creditors, and to his creditors it should go.

Even in this juncture Mr. Tenant was so taken up with his own position that he failed to discover Hiram's real object. He actually turned consoler.

'Courage, my boy,' he exclaimed. 'My wife has a little sum of her own, about twelve thousand dollars, enough to keep us old folks from starving; and as soon as you are married, we will club together, and live as happy as ever—hey?'

'I hope, after all, matters are not as bad as you suppose,' said Hiram, wishing to make some response, but determining not to commit himself.

'Oh, but they are,' said Mr. Tenant. 'We must not deceive ourselves. However, let that pass. Now tell me what you think about these collections?'

Hiram forced himself to listen patiently to Mr. Tenant's statement, for he had not yet decided on the course he was presently to pursue. So he talked over the question, pro and con, managing to fully agree with the views of Mr. Tenant in every particular.

'I knew you would think as I do about this,' exclaimed the latter, joyfully. 'It does you credit, Hiram. It shows your honorable sense. How could I take that money and put it into the general indebtedness? How could I? Well, well, I have already employed too much of your time. We shall do nothing to-day but examine into matters. You will be up this evening?'

'Certainly.'

'Good-by till then, my dear boy.'

Emma must spare you to me for once. To-night we will have our various statements ready, and I shall want your help to look them over.'

'The old fool,' muttered Hiram, as he left the place. 'The old jackass. I won't give it up yet, though. I will try his wife. I will try Emma. No, I won't give it up yet. I will go there this evening, and see what can be done. But if I find that—'

The rest of the sentence was inaudible.

HOW MR. LINCOLN BECAME AN ABOLITIONIST.

Perhaps, Messrs. Editors, you may recall
A story you published some time in the fall,—
I think 'twas October—your files will declare,—
Bearing the title of 'Tom Johnson's Bear.'

Well, the story since that time has grown somewhat bigger,
And has something to say about holding the 'nigger;'
And something, likewise, about letting him go,
The which I've no purpose at present to show:
To wit, how a woodman, a kind-hearted neighbor,
Returning at night from his rail-splitting labor,
Found poor Mistress Johnson forlorn and distressed,
In that perilous posture still holding the beast;
And how she besought the kind gentleman's help,
And how he'd have nothing to do with the whelp;
And how he and Johnson soon got by the ears,
And fought on the question of 'freedom for bears;'
And how, *inter alia*, the beast got away
And took himself off in the midst of the fray;
And how Tommy Johnson at last came to grief:
All which I omit, as I wish to be brief.
The story's too lengthy—it must not be sent all
To cumber your pages, my dear CONTINENTAL.
At present my purpose, my object, my mission is
To show how the woodman became 'Abolitionist.'

Introductions, you know, like 'original sin,'
Hang on, while you long for some sign of repentance
In shape of the last and the welcomest sentence,
So, in short, I'll cut short, draw a line, and begin.

The woodman one night was aroused by a clatter,
Each one in the house crying, 'Ho! what's the matter?'
All jumped out of bed and ran hither and thither,
Scarce knowing amid their alarm why or whither;
But soon it was found 'mid the tumult and din
That burglars were making attempts to break in.
And now there arose o'er the turmoil and noise
The woodman's loud summons addressed to 'the boys.'
'The boys' quickly came, and on looking around,
At one of the windows a ladder was found,
And on it a burglar, who, plying his trade,
A burglarious opening already had made.

Now the woodman, though making this nocturnal sortie
All armed and equipped, at the rate of 'two-forty,'
Called a halt, and proposed, before firing a gun,
To question with care what had better be done.
Forthwith he assembled a council of war,
To gravely consider how fast and how far
In a case of this kind it was lawful to go.
Some said, 'Smash the ladder,' but others said, 'No,
There were many objections to that, and the chief
Was the constitutional rights of the thief;
That the ladder was property all men agreed,
And as such was protected, secured, guaranteed;
And if 'twas destroyed, our greatest of laws
Could not be upheld and maintained 'as it was.'
But others replied, 'That ladder's the chief
Supporter, as all men may see, of the thief;
Let's aim at the ladder, and if it should fall,
Let the burglar fall with it, or hang by the wall
As well as he can; and by the same token,
Whose fault will it be if his neck should be broken?'
To which it was answered, 'That ladder may be
The chattel of some honest man, d'ye see.'
'Well, then, we will pay for't.' 'No, never!' says V.,
'To be taxed for that ladder I'll never agree;
You have brought on this fuss,' said V., mad and still madder;
'You always intended to break the man's ladder;
You have been for a long time the people deceiving
With false and pretended objections to thieving;
You never desired to have robbing abolished;
You only have sought to have ladders demolished.'

'Pray, hold!' said another, 'perhaps while we're trifling
About this old ladder, the thief will be rifling
The house of its contents, or, venturing further,
May set it on fire—the children may murder.'
'Can't help it,' says V.; 'though he murder to-day,
Who knows but to-morrow the murderer may
Repent and reform; then who shall restore
The ladder all perfect and sound as before?
But whether or no, I can never consent
That the thief and the ladder should make a descent,
Which haply might hurt a burglarious brother,
Or totally wreck and demolish the other.'

The woodman bade 'Silence!' He cried out, 'Ho! list!'
Then called on the burglar his work to desist,
And made proclamation throughout all the town
That if in a specified time he came down
And gave a firm pledge of obeying the laws,
He might keep his old ladder all safe 'as it was';
But if he pursued his felonious intent
Beyond the time given, he'd cause to be sent
'Mid the conflict of arms and the cannon's loud thunder,
A missile to knock his old ladder from under.
Then pausing to see the effect of his speech,
He saw nought but the thief still at work at the breach;

And, being opposed to thieves visiting attics,
Combined with those vile anti-ladder fanatics,
And sent a projectile which left the thief where
Thieves and traitors should all be, suspended in air,
Except that he lacked what was due to his calling,
A hempen attachment to keep him from falling.

Then burglars, and thieves, and traitors, and all
Their friends sympathetic forthwith 'gan to bawl,
'We're ruined! we're ruined! To what a condition
The country is brought by this man's abolition!
And echo replied: 'Oh! dreadful condition!
Abolition—bolition—bolition—abolition!'

COST OF A TRIP TO EUROPE, AND HOW TO GO CHEAPLY.

The question is often asked of those who have been to Europe: 'What does it cost?' 'For how little can one travel abroad?' etc. For it is within the hopes of many to go at one time or another; and many would indulge the anticipation more freely, if they 'could see their way,' as the Yorkshire man wanted to do when he thought of getting married. I propose to throw some little light on this oft-repeated question.

The expense of a journey depends greatly on the manner in which it is made. People who go to Europe, frequently imagine that they must go in a certain degree of style; they must expend something by way of showing that they are somebody in their own country! To carry out this idea, they go, on first landing, to expensive hotels; they carry considerable luggage, travel in first-class carriages, and incur various other expenses, to show John Bull and the continentals that they belong to the superior class at home. These people pay largely for their whistle, or trumpet. They will tell you you cannot go to Europe for less than three or five thousand dollars apiece. They fancy they have made a good impression on the Europeans; whereas the Europeans never noticed their vain little attempts at showing off. Nobody cared what they paid or gave away; and the very courier who flattered, or the servants who fawned on them for their money, laughed at them behind their backs. There is another class, more quiet and moderate, who want to be economical, but do not know how to be. They will tell you a short trip can be taken for a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars. They go by the guide books, and those are based always on 'first-class prices and a liberal expenditure.' There are no guide books for those who would *study* economy; who would submit to some privations for the sake of seeing foreign lands and acquiring the desirable knowledge which can only be gained by personal observation. For such, a guide book is very much needed. They constitute a large class of persons. They have an ardent desire to visit the Old World and places of renown—they would go in crowds, but for fear of the expense, and the assurances of their friends that it will cost so much. When we assure them that a trip to England and Scotland, and a tour through France, Germany, Prussia, Holland, Switzerland, and part of Italy, covering four or five months, may be made, has been made, for four hundred dollars, including first-class steamship passages going and returning, they may be encouraged to think of starting as soon as gold is at par.

A gentleman who has established hotels in England and Scotland, and published a Guide through London, says no traveller need pay at a hotel more than eighteen pence (thirty-seven cents of our money) a day for his room. To this is usually added from eighteen to twenty-five cents for attendance; gas being two cents extra per night. In London, however, such moderate hotels are usually in the business part of the town. In the desirable portions for a sojourn, private board and lodging can be had from a guinea to a pound and a half a week; or two furnished rooms may be taken at four or five dollars or more per week. This includes the service of cooking and serving meals; the tenant furnishing the marketing, which costs from two dollars to two dollars and a half a week for each person. This is the cheapest way of living for a party. Such rooms may be found by looking in newspaper advertisements. Agents make them cost more. It will be easy, by making a few inquiries, to hear of a dozen such places; and as people do not move so often in London as here, the knowledge may be available for a year or two.

In Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other cities, the cheap hotels are found in the very best localities. They usually advertise in Bradshaw's 'Monthly Guide,' and in the newspapers. They have clean beds and nice rooms almost universally. If the traveller desires strictly to economize, he need not pay for meals in the hotel, where 'a plain breakfast' (tea and bread and butter) will cost twenty-five cents, and dinner fifty cents; he can, if he choose, go to one of the numerous restaurants in the vicinity, and dine comfortably for twelve cents: other meals in proportion. These places are numerous and good in the cities of Great Britain. On the Continent, the prices at restaurants are higher, for strangers at least; a marked distinction being made between them and the inhabitants of the country. '*I forestieri tutti pagano*' (foreigners all pay), said a Venetian sexton; and that is the rule for universal practice throughout Europe. An order for roast beef at a restaurant will not cover, as it does here and in England, potatoes and bread; they are charged for extra; from three to five cents for a roll; six or eight for potatoes. Ice is too expensive a luxury everywhere across the seas to be thought of by the tourist limited in means. But if restaurants are dear, the markets are cheap in Europe; and the people of the country usually carry provisions with them. You may

see ladies provided each with a small basket, from which are produced in the cars a bottle of *vin ordinaire* and water, rolls of bread, and slices of ham or tongue. These furnish the simple but wholesome repast. Cream cheeses, delicious in quality, are to be procured in France and Italy, with cooked mutton chops, parts of roast fowl, sausage of fresh chicken and tongue, pork and mutton pies, etc., all obtainable fresh at provision stores. A bunch of grapes that will cost a franc (twenty cents) at the railway-station refreshment room, may be had in the market for one or two cents; and other articles in proportion. The custom of the people, and the abundant provision of such things, will suggest to the economical traveller a method of saving largely in his daily expenses. Those who like tea—which they cannot get well made on the Continent—had better take a spirit lamp and apparatus for making it in their rooms. But little trouble is involved in thus providing for one's wants; the most is in making tea or coffee. Those in the habit of so living will save the expensive hotel meals. In hotels, where there is a *table d'hôte*, dinner costs from three and a half francs (seventy cents) to five (a dollar). The breakfast consists merely of bread and *café au lait*, unless extras are ordered, and those are liberally charged for. Nowhere are travellers expected to pay for meals at hotels unless they choose to take them. *Se non mangiate, non pagate*. ('If you eat nothing, you pay nothing.')

The prudent tourist will always bargain for the prices of rooms. In the first-class hotels on the Continent there are usually to be had upper rooms at thirty or forty cents a day. In second-class hotels in France and Italy a room may be obtained for twenty cents, the charge for service being ten cents extra. Candles are always charged for separately; in cheap rooms, ten cents; in higher priced, a franc each per night; the waiter being careful to remove the partially burned one. The best plan is to carry wax candles in one's basket. Soap is never provided, and is an expensive article when called for.

In Germany and Holland the price of a room per day is a florin or guilder—about forty-three cents. Living generally is higher than in Italy, but cooked provisions are abundant and excellent. Throughout Europe, you may be sure of clean beds and tables, no matter how uninviting the premises appear.

One half the cost of travel, and one's temper besides, may be saved by going in third-class carriages. On the Continent the second-class ones are as luxurious as the first, and are preferred by tourists generally. But, except in having no cushions, the third class will prove comfortable enough; the chance for seeing the country is rather better. Here the people of the country are met—chiefly the poorer class—very decent in appearance, however, and invariably respectful and kind in their manners. A large number of monks and nuns will be found here, also well-dressed ladies, who feel more protected than in the superior class of carriages. In the latter, indeed, one is exposed to various annoyances escaped in third-class carriages. The tourists, who abound, are often insolent and encroaching. A burly Englishman or stolid German will not hesitate to turn a timid lady out of her seat; and if ladies have no gentlemen with them, they may be insulted by rude staring or scornful looks from women provided with escorts or a little more finely dressed. All these causes of disturbance are escaped among the third class, where the utmost deference is always shown to strangers.

In Great Britain, where Mrs. Grundy reigns with absolute sway, there is a prejudice against the inferior classes of railway carriages, partially overcome among the middle people of late, as far as the *second* class is concerned; they dare not go in the third. But strangers may be more independent, and may do as they please without reproach. There is nothing to choose in the way of comfortable accommodation between the second and third-class carriages in England; the latter are called 'parliamentary,' on account of the governmental regulation compelling the companies to run them, and fixing the fare at one penny (two cents) a mile. Smoking is not permitted at all in England; on the Continent it is customary, even in first-class carriages and in diligences. When travelling in the diligence or stage coach, secure, if possible, the *coupé* or highest priced places. The front windows command a better view than the side ones of the interior; and where a better view can be had, it is worth paying for. On the Mediterranean steamers take first-class places; the best are bad enough to be intolerable. The second cabins of the steamers crossing the British Channel are pretty good for a short voyage.

A copy which I am permitted to make from the diary of one who travelled with some ladies last summer, from Paris to Florence in Italy and back, gives the entire cost of the trip—occupying a month—at \$106.13. This estimate includes hotel fares, fees, carriage hire, etc., as well as travelling expenses. A copy from the note book of a party who travelled over England and to Edinburgh and Glasgow—spending over two months—gives the sum total of that as \$119.42. This includes fares to and from Paris (\$5 second class), and board in Paris as well as in Great Britain. We may therefore put down the cost of a trip to Europe as follows:

Passage (first class) on steamship of New York, Philadelphia and Liverpool	
line, from New York to London	\$80 00
Returning in same line (fifteen guineas)	79 00
Travelling and board in Great Britain and Paris	119 42
Tour on the Continent	106 13
Allow for stewards' fees, cabs, omnibuses, and a few expenses not noted	15 45
Total cost of European trip,	\$400

Fees to guides, sextons, etc., on the Continent, seldom exceed a franc (twenty cents) each; half that, or a franc for a party, will often suffice. If a church is open for service, nothing is to be paid. Gifts to guides in England average sixpence or an English shilling. The custom of giving money to servants in private houses where one is entertained as a guest, is burdensome and unjust.

In Paris, board and lodging can be had at excellent houses, filled with fashionable guests, for a dollar a day, exclusive of a franc a week each to the maid and waiter. Arthur's celebrated family hotel, 9 Rue Castiglione, afforded accommodation to a party of three at this rate, with a suite of rooms in the Rue St. Honoré, breakfast to order in the private parlor, the constant attendance of a servant, and dinner at the hotel *table d'hôte*. The party found their own candles. A party thus can be as well accommodated as in one of the chief hotels. A single gentleman, who cares less for the elegancies of life, can have a furnished room for seven dollars a month with attendance, or a room at a cheap hotel for a dollar a week, without meals.

It must be understood that the estimate of \$400 for the cost of a tour abroad does not include the price of exchange at the present time, or any exchange. It is simply the amount paid out in our own currency. The purchases made by a tourist of clothing, curiosities, etc., are of course extra. The amount will provide for a tour extending to between four and five months. Three or four weeks are allowed for in London, and two or three weeks in Paris. If the tour be extended and more time be consumed, the additional expense may easily be calculated. Bradshaw's 'Continental Guide' will give the exact cost and distance on the railways; and for hotel expenses, lunches, and fees, a dollar a day will provide the economical traveller. He will need no courier, nor, if he knows the language (French will do, but it is better also to understand Italian and German), a *valet de place*. Both are better dispensed with.

One word as to luggage. Let no traveller encumber himself or herself with a trunk on the Continent. A valise or a carpet bag that can be carried in the hand, will hold enough. Four or five changes of linen, and one dress, besides the travelling costume, are all sufficient. Washing can be done in a few hours anywhere. A lady had better wear a dress of strong dark stuff, and have a black silk for a change. She will need no more, even if months are spent abroad. Even in England a trunk is a nuisance; for luggage cannot be checked, and continual care is necessary. In some remote stations even labels cannot be had, and porters are scarce. I have known passengers, when no porters came to take their trunks to the van, compelled to thrust them into the carriage at the last moment. The better plan is to have only what can be carried under your own eye.

TOUCHING THE SOUL.

Reader, did it ever strike you that there are many theories touching this soul of ours which are generally accepted as truths, without any thought whatever on the subject; so universally accepted, indeed, that it is considered a waste of time to think upon them at all; but which, upon a thorough investigation, might possibly lose some of their old-time infallibility, and the consideration of which might well repay the trouble, by opening a field of thought at once interesting and instructive?

Such there are, and in this province alone are we of this day and generation entirely controlled by the opinions of those over whose dust centuries have rolled. We may speculate freely upon religion, and, while all must acknowledge that true religion is not progressive, new schemes of salvation spring almost daily into life from the brains of heretical thinkers, in their bold presumption stamping with error the simple faith of the primitive Christians. We may peer into the arcana of science and boldly question the theories of the learned of all ages. We may exhaust our mental powers upon points of political economy and the science of government; and even the domain of ethics may be fearlessly invaded and crowded with doubt. But into the unpretending pathway that leads to the secret nooks of the soul, to the foundations of all spiritual excellence, few feet may stray, and even those only to follow the beaten track worn by the feet of those olden thinkers whose very names have long since passed into oblivion, lest by their deviations they should outrage some of those universal prejudices, whose only claim to consideration is their traditionary origin.

And this path is but little trodden in our day, for two reasons; first, because, to the careless eye, it possesses few attractions, and its claims are lost in those of a more exciting and more eminently practical course of thought; secondly, because it seems to have been so thoroughly explored that we have only to read the writings of those who have gone before, and listen to traditionary speculations, to learn all that can be known about that which is our very existence, and, indeed, the only *true* existence.

Two great mistakes. The dying philosopher, one of the wisest the world has ever known, declared that all the knowledge he had gained was but as a grain of sand upon the seashore. So all that is known to-day about the soul is but a drop in the ocean of that great revealing which shall one day dawn upon man's spiritual existence. There is an infinite field yet unexplored—a very *terra incognita* to even those who pride themselves upon being learned in the mysteries of the soul. And to him who ventures upon this seemingly lowly path, so far from proving unattractive, it

becomes a very Eden of thought. Unlooked-for beauties spring to light on every side; the very essence of music and poesy float around him as he advances; while above, around, and through all, sounds the magnificent diapason of everlasting truth.

True, there may be little of practical benefit—as the world defines practicality—in searching out the causes of the myriad emotions that sweep with lightning rapidity across the soul, now raising us to the summit of bliss, now plunging us into the depths of despair—little of practical benefit in endeavoring to analyze the soul itself into its constituent elements, and to bring ourselves face to face with our better, nobler selves, and with the Mighty Power which created us and all things. But there is, in this inner life, a pleasure higher and more lasting than those evanescent ones which the world can afford, and which elevates and purifies as they do not. And aside from mere pleasure, there is in such a study a practicability—taking the word in a broader and nobler sense—which puts to the blush man's busy schemes for wealth and honor. The beauties and sublimity of nature may indeed fill us with awe at the omnipotence of the mighty Architect, and with love and gratitude for His goodness, but it is only in the presence of the soul—His greatest work—that we realize the awful power of the Creator; it is only when threading the secret avenues of our own intellectual and spiritual being that we are brought into actual communion with God, and bow in adoration before Him who 'doeth all things well.' Therefore, I maintain that he whose meditations run most in this channel is not only the happiest, but the purest man; that his views of life are the broadest and noblest; that he it is who is most open to the appeal of suffering or of sorrow; who is most ready to sacrifice self and work for the good of his fellow beings, and to discharge faithfully his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him.

But I am digressing into a prosy essay, which I did not intend, and neglecting that which I did intend, namely, to jot down a few theories which have crept into the brain of one not much given to musing.

For even I—a poor 'marching sub'—sitting here by a cheery coal grate, and watching the white smoke as it curls lazily up from the bowl of my meerschaum, have theories touching the soul—theories born in the glowing coals and mounting in the curling smoke wreaths, but, unlike them, growing more and more voluminous as they ascend, till I am like to be lost in the ocean of speculations which my own musings have summoned up.

I heard, to-night, a strain of weird, unearthly music, sweet and sad beyond expression, but distant and fleeting. Yet long after it had ceased, the chord that it awakened in my heart continued to vibrate as with the echo of the strain which had departed. An unutterable, indescribable longing filled my soul—a vague yearning for something, I knew not what. My whole spiritual being seemed exalted to the clouds, yet restrained by some galling chain from the heaven it sought to enter. And then I asked myself, What is the secret of this mysterious power of music; where shall we look for the cause of those undefinable yet overwhelming emotions which it never fails to excite? A hopeless question it seemed, one which the philosophers of all ages have failed to solve, perhaps because they have not troubled themselves to inquire very seriously about it; and again, perhaps it has baffled them as it has me, and tens of thousands of others of the humbler portion of humanity. And so I fell to dreaming after this wise:

The soul of man is created perfect, so far as regards the presence of every faculty necessary for its development, for its happiness, or misery, in this world or the next. Circumstances may alter it in degree, but in its constituent elements never. The same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, at the moment of its creation and a thousand ages to come. Not even its passage from the body into its future and eternal home can endow it with a single new faculty, or eradicate one of the old. Yet each one of these faculties, capabilities, or sensibilities, is capable of development to an infinite degree. And in this development lies the soul's progress to perfection; it is to go on, through all the ages of its eternal existence, constantly approaching the divine, yet never reaching the goal, like that space between two parallel lines, which mathematicians bisect to infinity. Certain of these faculties, of the very existence of which even the soul itself is unconscious, are those whose province lies purely in the world beyond, to which we all are tending. Never exerted in this life, with which they have nothing to do, through all the earthly existence they sleep quietly in their hidden cells; but when once the silver cord is loosed, and the freed spirit mounts into its native atmosphere, then these dormant powers and susceptibilities are awakened from their slumbers, and take the lead in the march of development, outstripping all others in the race, and soon becoming the ruling powers of the soul. These are they which shall listen to the music of heaven—these are the spiritual senses which shall hear and see and taste and feel those ineffable glories, of which our earthly pilgrimage has no appreciation, and which, if presented to us in the body, we could not perceive, nor, perceiving, comprehend. These are they which shall worship and adore, comprehending the glory of Omnipotence, and drinking in and pouring out the full stream of divine and never-failing love and gratitude.

Reader, did you ever listen to the sympathetic vibrations of a musical string? Place in the corner of your room a guitar—it matters not if it have but a single string, that alone is sufficient for the experiment—then, sitting at some distance from it, sing, shout, or play upon some loud-toned instrument, or, beginning at the foot of the chromatic scale, sound, round and full, each semitone in succession and at separate intervals. The instrument is mute to every note until you strike the one to which the guitar string is attuned; then indeed, the spirit of melody imprisoned within the musical string recognizes its kindred sound, and springs sweetly forth to meet it. You pause, and a low, sweet strain sighs softly through the room, as if a zephyr had swept the string, dying gently away like the faintest breathing of the evening breeze. Repeat the note, and louder than at first, and again its counterpart replies, swelling higher than before, as if in gentle remonstrance

that you should deem it necessary to call again to that which has already replied.

Even so it is with these hidden faculties or susceptibilities of which I have been speaking. In the notes of witching music, in the numbers of poesy, in the sight of beauty, either of nature or of art, either æsthetic or moral, these silent powers recognize a faint approximation to that beauty with which they will have to do in that world where they shall be called into action: they too recognize the kindred spirit, and, springing forward to meet it, vibrate in unison with the chord. But yet, restrained by their prison of clay, bound down by the immutable law which bids them wait their time, their great deep is but troubled, and while, from their swaying and surging, a delicious emotion spreads over the soul, filling the whole being with indescribable joy, it is an emotion which we cannot fathom, vague and undefined, at which we wonder even while we enjoy. To each and all of us the doors of heaven are closed for the present; we never have heard the songs of the celestial spheres, and how should we recognize their echo here on earth, even though that echo is swelling through our own hearts? And the sadness and yearning which such emotions invariably produce, may they not be the yearning for heaven's supernal beauty, and sadness for the chains which bar us from its full realization? Or is it the reflex of the struggles and the disappointment of that portion of the spirit which I have assigned as the mover of the emotion itself?

Carry still further the parallel of the vibrating string, and we shall illustrate the different *degrees* of emotion. It is only by sounding a note in exact unison with that to which the string is attuned that we get the full force of the sympathetic vibration, which is more or less distinct according as we approach or depart from the keynote, till we reach the semitone above or below, when it ceases altogether. Even so do our emotions increase in exact proportion as the exciting cause approaches perfection—according as the beauty heard or seen or felt approaches the heavenly keynote. A simple ballad awakens a quiet pleasure, while the magnificent symphonies of Beethoven or Mozart fill the soul with a rapture with which the former feeling is no more to be compared than the brooklet with the ocean; for the latter is inexpressibly nearer to its heavenly model.

Carry out the theory to its legitimate result, and we shall see that if it were possible to produce, here on earth, music equal to that which rings through the celestial arches—if it were possible here to create beauty in any form, which should fully equal that which shall greet the freed spirit on its entrance into that better world, then indeed would our emotions reach their highest possible climax; then indeed should we hear and see and feel, not with the bodily senses, but with the senses of the soul; then would there be no vagueness, no sadness in the feeling as now, but clear and well defined would be our knowledge, comprehending all spiritual things. Then would our heaven be here on earth, and we should desire no other. Wisely has a great and merciful God thrown an impenetrable veil between the soul and its future belongings, and clipped its wings lest it soar too soon.

So much for a simple strain of music. A trifling matter, perhaps you will say, to make so much talk about. Not quite so trifling as you may think, however; for a single musical chord is a more important and complex thing than to the careless ear it would seem. Who ever cares to *study* a single chord of music? And yet how few are there who know that it is composed of not three or four but a myriad of separate and distinct sounds, appreciable in exact proportion to the cultivation of the ear? The uncultivated ear perceives but the three or four primitive or fundamental notes of the chord, while, to the nicer perception, the more delicate susceptibility of the ear trained by long study and practice to analyze all musical sounds, come harmonic above harmonic, sounds of melody above, beneath, and beyond the few prime motors which act as the nucleus to the gush of tiny harmony which fills the ear—sounds clear and distinct, yet blending in perfect order and symmetry with their fundamental notes, and partaking so much of their character and following with such unerring certainty their direction as to become voiceless to the ear unskilled.

And why should this not be so? Is it not reasonable to suppose that the current of undulations in the atmosphere producing these united sounds should communicate its agitation in some degree to the circumambient air, creating thousands of delicate ramifications branching off in all possible directions from the main channel, yet all partaking of its peculiar character, and becoming in themselves separate sounds, yet consonant and harmonious?

Ah! could we but *see* the vibrations of the atmosphere which a single musical chord produces—the rolling bass, the gliding alto, the sweeping soprano, and the soaring tenor, rolling onward in one broad channel of harmony, with its myriad tributary streams of thirds and fifths, and its curling, twinkling, shifting, blending, soaring mists of delicate-toned harmonics, how would our enjoyment of music be enhanced! how would both eye and ear be delighted, enraptured with the poetry of motion, the harmony of sound, the eternal and indestructible order and concord and consonance of both sight and sound! But this is reserved for the experience of pure spirit—this is reserved to enhance the beauty of the celestial realm. Some day we shall see and hear and know it all—some day in that heavenly future, when the soul of man shall converse and praise and adore in one blended strain of æsthetic beauty, which shall contain within itself the essence of all music and poesy and enraptured sight.

Thinking thus earnestly about the soul, one comes naturally to speculate upon the question of the spirit's return to earth after its final departure from the body. It is a beautiful belief that the souls of our departed friends are permitted to hover around us here on earth, watching all our outgoings and incomings, sympathizing in all our joys and sorrows, mourning over our

transgressions, and rejoicing at our good deeds—in a word, acting the parts of guardian angels. And there are many, even in our day, who hold such a faith. Yet it is a belief founded in imagination and poetic ideas of beauty, rather than in sober truth either of reason or of revelation. The strongest argument I have ever heard against this belief is contained in the remark of a poor old English peasant. 'Sir,' said he, 'I doan't believe the speerits can come back to us; for if they go to the good place, they doan't want to come back 'ere again; and if they goes to the bad place, why God woan't let 'em.' There was more philosophy in the remark than he knew of, and I have not yet found the philosopher who did not stagger under it.

But there is another view of the subject. I hold that the bodily senses can only perceive material things; and the spirit spiritual things; and hence, that, admitting the actual presence of disembodied spirits, neither could we perceive them, nor they us, as material bodies. They might, indeed, perceive the souls within us, but could only be cognizant of our actions as those of pure spirit; while we, blinded by the impenetrable screen of the body, would be debarred of even this recognition.

For through only three of the bodily senses—sight, hearing, and feeling—have the boldest of so-called spiritualists dared to attempt the proof of their doctrine. To begin with the latter, the essential quality of the sense of feeling is *resistance*, without which there can be no perception. And what is resistance? In one class of cases it is simply the *vis inertiae* of matter: in the other and only remaining one, the opposition of some material matter to the force of gravity. Even the perception of the lightest zephyr depends upon the resistance of the atmosphere. Does spirit possess this quality of resistance? The argument on this head is closed the moment the distinction is made between material things and spiritual.

If the wave theory of light and sound be correct—and it is so generally accepted that few writers dare risk their reputations in the defence of any other—the senses of sight and hearing come, for the purposes of this argument, in the same category. Nothing can affect the ear which is not capable of producing vibration in the atmosphere, which may be considered, in comparison with pure spirit, a material substance. Here again the argument is clinched by the mere distinction between matter and spirit, the one being the very antipodes of and incapable of acting upon the other.

Natural science tells us that the white light of the sun is composed of the seven colors of the spectrum in combination, which colors may be readily separated by the refraction of the prism. All objects possess, in a greater or less degree, the power of decomposing light and absorbing colors. Now a ray of sunlight falling upon any given object is in a measure decomposed, a portion of its integral colors is absorbed, and the remainder or complementary colors thrown off—reflected upon the eye, producing by their combination what we call the color of the object. Thus, a ray thrown upon a pure white object is absorbed not at all, but wholly reflected as it came, and the consequence is the proper combination upon the retina of all the colors, producing—a white object. On the contrary, a ray falling upon what we call a *black* object, is wholly absorbed, and the consequence is a total absence of light, or blackness. So a red object absorbs all the orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet of the sunlight, reflecting upon the eye only the red, which is perceived as the color of the object. And so on through all the combinations of the spectrum. Only material substances can either absorb or reflect: therefore is spirit again excluded; for how can it act upon the eye save through those agencies with reference to which the eye itself was constructed, and which, as we have shown, it cannot possibly affect? To sum up the whole argument in a single sentence, the physical senses are dependent, for their perceptions, entirely upon the action of matter, and hence spirit, which is not matter, can in no way affect them.

But here we are met by the record of Holy Writ, which declares that in those former times spirits did often appear to men. Aye! and so there were miracles in those days. But all these things are done away with. Moreover did not those spirits find it necessary in every case to clothe themselves with the image of some *living form* in order to make themselves perceptible to human eyes? So that it was really the form within which the spirit was ensconced that was perceived, and not the spirit itself. And how shall we know what *gases* of the physical world these spirits were permitted, through a special interposition of the Deity and for the furtherance of His divine ends, to assemble together into a concrete form for their temporary dwelling and as a medium through which to communicate with man? And who is so irreverent as to suppose that God would now, in these days, give spirits special permission to return to earth and take upon themselves such forms for the mere purpose of tipping tables and piano-fortes, rapping upon doors, windows, and empty skulls, misspelling their own names, and murdering Lindley Murray, and performing clownish tricks for the amusement of a gapping crowd?

But whence arises this great delusion? Simply from our total lack of knowledge of the glory of that heaven upon which we all hope to enter. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the imagination of man to conceive' the glory of God, the splendor, the magnificence, the supernal beauty of the Celestial. We know indeed that we shall enter upon a world whose immensity, whose sublimity, whose awful beauty shall far surpass the experience of man; but not even the wildest imagination, fed by all the knowledge that astronomers have gained of world beyond world, and system beyond system, of spheres to which our world is but a speck, and of fiery meteors and whizzing comets sweeping their way with the speed of thought for thousands of years through planet-teeming space—not even such an imagination, in its farthest stretch, is able to conceive the glory of that dwelling place which shall be ours. If to-day we were permitted to peer but for a moment into that heavenly abode, then should we see how impossible, to the soul which has once entered upon that beatific state, would be a thought of

return to this grovelling earth. There their aspirations are ever upward and onward toward the Great White Throne, with no thought for the things left behind, even were there not a 'great gulf fixed' between earth and heaven.

And how often do we hear the opinion expressed that the souls of the just do pass, 'in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,' from the things of earth to the full burst of heavenly beauty and sublimity, shooting like the lightning's flash from its prison house of clay to the presence of its God. Reasoning from analogy, which, in this connection, where both experience and revelation are dumb, is the only basis we can rest upon, such a passage would be to the soul instant annihilation; the shock would be too great for even its enlarged susceptibilities. It must become gradually accustomed to the new sights and sounds, and so pass slowly up from one stage of perception and knowledge to another in regular gradation, to the climax of its revelation.

Reader, did you ever come suddenly from a darkened room into the full blaze of noonday? In such a case the eye is dazzled, blinded for a moment, and must gradually accommodate itself to the unaccustomed light before its gaze can be clear and steady. So, too, the ear long shut up in profound silence is deafened by an ordinary sound. Even so the soul, suddenly entering upon the unaccustomed and stupendous sights and sounds of the spiritual world, would be blinded, dazzled, as I have said, to annihilation. It is necessary that its newly awakened faculties, which during its long earthly life have lain in a comatose state, should not be too suddenly called into action, lest they be overpowered by the awful revelation. Like the bodily senses, they require time and gentle though steadily increasing action to develop them, and assimilate them to their new surroundings in their new field of action.

And this is my theory. The soul, when freed from the body, floats gently upward, *deaf, dumb, and blind*—paralyzed, as it were, into a state of neutral existence. Splendid sights may spread around it, wave after wave of eternal sound may roll in upon it, but it sees not, hears not, feels not, not having yet acquired the new faculties of perception. After a certain space of time—which may be days or weeks or months in duration—through its secret chambers steals a thrill of sentient emotion; it recognizes its own existence, and the dawn of that eternal life for which it was created. Slowly one sight after another begins faintly to glimmer before it, as objects emerge from the gloom of some darkened cell to eyes that are becoming accustomed to the darkness. Anon, low, faint murmurs of sound steal in upon it, far distant at first, but gradually swelling as it approaches, till at last, around the freed spirit peals the full orchestral glory of eternity. And so it goes on, passing slowly from stage to stage, apprehending new sights, new sounds, and comprehending new truths. And so it shall go on, through all the cycles of eternity, constantly approaching nearer to the Godhead, yet never to become God.

Do you ask me how can these things be? Let us draw an illustration from nature. The science of acoustics tells us that an organ pipe of a certain length gives forth the deepest, or as musicians would say, the *lowest* sound that art can produce; that all beyond this given length is nothingness, and gives out no sound. What shall we say then? that doubling the length of the tube destroys the vibration of the imprisoned air? Nay, verily, the air still vibrates, sound is still produced, but *the note is below the gamut of the natural ear*, which was created to comprehend only sounds within a certain compass: its capacity goes no farther, and any sound pitched either above or below that compass we cannot perceive. In proof of this is the simple fact that a cultivated ear—that is, an ear of enlarged capacity, can readily catch the faintest harmonics of a guitar, to which others are totally deaf.

Again: I have stood by the Falls of Niagara, and listened in vain for that deep, unearthly roar of which so much has been written and sung. The rush and the gurgle of the waters was there, the sweeping surge of the mighty river, but Niagara's hollow roar was absent. Again and again my ears were stretched to catch the awful sound, till the effort became almost painful, but in vain. And yet the sound was present, ay! eternally present, but the note was just beyond the gamut of my ear. Standing thus for some moments, gazing and listening with the most earnest attention, nature, through her hidden laws, wrought a miracle in my person. The long-continued strain enlarged the capacity of the ear, even as the muscles of the arm are strengthened by frequent and energetic action, or as a faculty of the mind itself is developed by exercise. Lower and lower sank the scale of my aural conceptions, till, as it approached the keynote of the cataract, a low murmur began to steal in upon me, deeper than the deepest thunder tones, and seemingly a thousand miles distant. Louder and louder it swelled, nearer and nearer it approached as the hearing faculty sank downward, till the keynote was reached, and then—the rush and gurgle of the waters was swept away, and in its place resounded the awful tones of earth's deepest *basso profundo*. Then for the first time I realized the terrible sublimity of Niagara—the voice of God speaking audibly through one of the mightiest works of His creation.

And as, musing, I moved away from the appalling scene, the thought rushed into my mind that perhaps my experience of a few moments might be that of the soul when entering upon the sublimities of the future state. Hence my theory, which may go for what it is worth, or, as the Yankees would say, is 'good for what it will bring.'

Reader, do you never feel an intense longing to live over again the scenes of your youth? to begin at some certain period long gone by, and taste again the sweets that have passed away forever? It is one of the bitterest feelings of the heart that years are slipping away from us one by one; that the delights of our youth have gone, never to return, and that we 'shall not look upon their like again;' that the days are fast coming on when we shall say we have no pleasure in them, and that we are rapidly verging upon the 'lean and slippered pantaloons.' Were there any future

rejuvenation, when we might stand again upon the threshold of life and look over its fair fields with all the joy and hope of anticipation, old age would lose all its dreariness, and become but a brief though painful pilgrimage through which we were to pass to joy beyond. But since this can never be, old age is the rust which dims the brightness of every earthly joy, and is looked forward to by youth only with a shudder.

Hundreds of bold and daring navigators have left their bones to whiten amid the snows and ice of the arctic regions, lured thither by the thirst of fame or of knowledge, in the pursuit of science, and in search of the Northwest Passage. But suppose some more fortunate adventurer should discover there, even at the very pole itself, a veritable 'fountain of youth and beauty,' whose rejuvenating waters could restore the elasticity of youth to the frame of age, smoothing away its wrinkles, and imprinting the bloom of childhood upon its cheeks, bringing back the long-lost freshness and buoyancy to the soul; would not the navigators of those dangerous seas be multiplied in the ratio of a million to one? Should we not all become Ponce de Leons, braving every danger, submitting to every privation, sacrificing wealth, fame, everything, in quest of the precious boon? What a hecatomb of mouldering bones would bestrew those fields of ice! For though not one in ten thousand might reach the promised goal, the hegira would still go on till the end of time, each deluded mortal hoping that he might be that happy, fortunate one. As the dying millionaire would give all that he possesses for one moment of time, so would all mankind throw every present blessing into the scale, in the hope of drawing the prize in that great lottery.

There is a fountain of youth and beauty open to every soul beneath the sun: there is a rejuvenation both to soul and body, which shall not only restore all the freshness of the bygone days, but also the joys of the past, a thousandfold brighter and dearer, and that by a process which will not need repeating, for that youth will be eternal. I am using no metaphor now, but speaking of that which is actual and tangible. There is such a fount, but not here: it gushes in the courts of that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For the soul, at the moment of its separation from the body, enters upon a new life, whose course shall be exactly the reverse of that of earth, for it shall constantly increase in all the attributes of youth. There will be no dimming of the faculties, but a continual brightening; no grieving over an irrecoverable past, but a constant rejoicing over joys present and to come. There will be no past there, but a present more tangible than this, which is ever slipping from us, and a future far brighter and more certain than any that earth can afford. Strange that men should fail to look at heaven in this light! For thoughtless youth, to whom the world is new and bright, and pleasure sparkles with a luring gleam, there is some little palliation for neglect of the things of heaven; but what shall we say of him who has passed the golden bound, for whom all giddy pleasures have lost their glow, and nought remains but the cares and anxieties of life? Of what worth is earthly pleasure to him who has already drained its cup to the dregs? Of what worth is wealth and honor to the frame that has already begun to descend the slope of time? All these baubles would be gladly sacrificed for the return of that youth which has passed away; and shall they not be given up for that eternal youth which shall not pass away? We mourn for departed loved ones, but what would be our grief and despair if death were annihilation—if we knew that we should never meet them again in all eternity? But we feel that in heaven the olden love shall be renewed; that the forms that now are mouldering in the dust shall be recognized and greeted there, and that the friendships created here shall ripen there in close companionship through never-ending cycles; and thus is death robbed of half its terrors.

But the way to this fount is through a straight and narrow gate, and 'few there be who find it.'

Alas! how unsatisfactory are even the choicest blessings of life! Wealth brings only care, and the millionaire toils all his life for—his food and clothes and lodging; dies unregretted, and is soon forgotten. Honor brings not content, and does but increase the thirst it seeks to assuage. The poor and the unknown are generally happier than the wealthy and famous. 'Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity and vexation of spirit;' and what was true of human nature when 'the preacher' wrote, is true to-day. Admit that life is but a succession of pleasures that can never pall, and the world one vast Elysian field, and that the care of the soul requires the abnegation of every delight, and spreads a gloomy pall over all the brightness of earth; yet even in that case, a life wholly devoted to spiritual interests were but a weary, temporary pilgrimage, which we should gladly endure for a season, in the hope of the golden crown and never-ending bliss in the world beyond, could we but look upon the future life in the light of *reality*. Ah! there is the difficulty, for we are 'of the earth earthy,' and, although we may fervently *believe*, cannot comprehend, cannot *realize* eternity. To too many Christians of the present day eternity, heaven, God, are not a tangible reality, but rather a poetic dream, floating in the atmosphere of faith, but which their minds cannot grasp. Hence they worship an idea rather than a reality.

The noblest pleasures of life, in fact the only real, permanent, exalting, and, I might add, *developing* pleasures, are divided into two classes, those of the heart, and those of the intellect. Yet both, though different in their action, spring from the same central truth.

The happiest man is he whose life is spent in doing good, seeking no other reward than the gratification of beholding the true happiness of his fellow beings. His pleasures are of the heart, and he only is the true Christian of our day and generation. For he who so ardently loves his fellow men cannot but love his God.

The pleasures of the intellect can never pall, but do constantly increase and brighten, because in them the soul enters its native province and acts in that sphere which is its own for all eternity. Yet how do they all lead the mind up to its great Creator! Not a single discovery in science, not

an investigation of the simplest law of nature, not an examination of the most insignificant bud or flower or leaf; and, above and beyond all, not an inquiry in the great truths of morals, of ethics, of religion, or of the very constitution of the mind itself, but at once, and in the most natural consequence, reveals the power and the goodness of God—brings God himself as clearly before us as he *can* be manifested to our fettered souls. Yet if these pleasures too were but temporary, if they were to pass from our sight with all our other earthly surroundings, the pursuit of them would but beget disgust and discontent, and they would be classed with the fragile things which awaken no feelings of awe, nor enhance the glory of the soul. But thank God! they will endure forever. Truth is eternal—its origin is coeval with the Creator, and, like Him, it shall have no end.

Hence all real pleasure is from God himself, and leads directly back to him again. And he who, appreciating the truest joy of existence here, makes such themes his study, should and will seek the only prolongation of those delights which shall carry them alone of all life's blessings with him across the dark river, in the worship and adoration of that omnipotent Being from whose hand these gifts descend, who alone can perpetuate them when time shall have passed away—that God who 'doeth all things well.'

LITERARY NOTICES.

CHAPLAIN FULLER: Being a Life Sketch of a New England Clergyman and Army Chaplain. By Richard F. Fuller. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co., 245 Washington street.

"I must do something for my country."

A remarkable record of a remarkable man. A distinguished member of a distinguished family, a gentleman, scholar, patriot, hero, and Christian, bravely dying for humanity and country—such was Arthur B. Fuller.

It would be impossible, in the few lines allotted to editorials, to give any just idea of the exceeding interest and merit of this sketch. A. B. Fuller, under peculiar circumstances of emergency and danger, *volunteered* to cross the Rappahannock, December 11, 1862. It was of great importance then to prove that the Federal army was composed of strong and patriotic hearts, and he was revered and idolized by our brave soldiers. 'It was a duty which could not be required of him. And for one of his profession to consistently engage in this enterprise would prove his strong conviction that it was a work so holy, so acceptable to God, that even those set apart for sanctuary service might feel called to have a hand in it. His prowess, brave as he was, was nothing; it was not his unpractised right *arm*, but his *heart* which he devoted to the service, and which would tell on the result, not merely of that special enterprise, nor of that battle only, but, by affording a powerful proof of love of country outweighing considerations of safety and life, would have the influence which a living example, and only a living example, can have.' He knew the full amount of the danger to be encountered, and, being of a race which numbers no cowards among them, he steadily looked it in the face. Captain Dunn says: 'We came over in boats, and were in advance of the others who had crossed. We had been here but a few minutes when Chaplain Fuller accosted me with his usual military salute. He had a musket in his hand, and said: 'Captain, I must do something for my country. What shall I do?' I replied that there never was a better time than the present, and he could take his place on my left. I thought he could render valuable aid, because he was perfectly cool and collected. Had he appeared at all excited, I should have rejected his services, for coolness is of the first importance with skirmishers, and one excited man has an unfavorable influence upon others. I have seldom seen a person on the field so calm and mild in his demeanor, evidently not acting from impulse or martial rage.

'His position was directly in front of a grocery store. He fell in five minutes after he took it, having fired once or twice. He was killed instantly, and did not move after he fell. I saw the flash of the rifle which did the deed.'

'He died, but to a noble cause
His precious life was given!
He died, but he has left behind
A shining path to heaven!'

His labors as a pastor were devout, humane, and full of self-abnegation. No single line of sectarianism blurs with its bitterness this fair record of a blameless life, devoted from its earliest days to God and country. 'Better still give up our heart's blood in brave battle than give up our principles in cowardly compromise! I must do something for my country!' Bold and brave words of Arthur B. Fuller's, which he sealed in his blood! This 'life sketch' is published in the hope that it may be of advantage to the family of the chaplain, to whose benefit its pecuniary avails are devoted. And shame would it be to the heart of this great nation if this record of a brave, true man were not thoroughly accepted by it. May the good seed of it be sown broadcast through our land, planting the germs of patriotism, self-sacrifice, virtue, and Christian faith in every heart.

We earnestly commend the book to our readers. May the high estimation in which this Christian hero is held by the country of his love soothe in some degree the anguish of his bereaved family!

This is an elementary class-book, and the name of the profound scholar standing upon its title-page will at once commend it to all intelligent teachers. It is the first of a series intended to simplify the study of the Latin language, in which will be combined the advantages of the older and modern methods of instruction. The experienced author has labored, by a philosophical series of repetitions, to enable the beginner to fix declensions and conjugations thoroughly in his memory, to learn their usage by the constructing of simple sentences as soon as he commences the study of the language, and to accumulate gradually a stock of useful words. This is, surely, the only method to make a dead language live in the mind of a pupil.

A TEXT-BOOK OF PENMANSHIP, containing all the established rules and principles of the art, with rules for Punctuation, Direction, and Forms for Letter Writing; to which are added a brief History of Writing, and Hints on Writing Materials, &c., &c., for Teachers and Pupils. By H. W. Ellsworth, teacher of Penmanship in the public schools of New York city, and for several years teacher of Bookkeeping, Penmanship, and Commercial Correspondence in Bryant, Stratton & Co.'s Chain of Mercantile Colleges. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Those accustomed to the wearisome labor of deciphering illegible handwriting will welcome the appearance of any 'standard text-book enabling all to become tolerable writers.' What a desideratum! Let the disappointment over manuscripts frequently rejected, simply because illegible, and the despair of printers, tell. The book before us seems well adapted to attain the end it proposes. The writer says: 'This work is no creation of a leisure hour, but a careful elaboration of *practical* notes, taken in the midst of active duties. The materials of which it is made are facts, not embodied in our school books, which it appeared important for all to know, together with conclusions drawn from them, and answers to questions of practical interest, which have arisen in the course of my school and after experience, to which no books within ordinary reach could afford satisfactory explanation. These facts and observations have gradually accumulated till it has occurred to me that a compilation of them, properly arranged, might prove as acceptable to other inquirers as such a work would have been to myself.'

This book is full of valuable information in all that relates to the abused and neglected art of penmanship, and we cordially recommend it to schools, teachers, and pupils.

ANNETTE; OR, THE LADY OF THE PEARLS. By Alexander Dumas (the younger), author of 'La Dame aux Camélias; or, Camille, the Camellia Lady.' Translated by Mrs. W. R. A. Johnson. Frederick A. Brady, publisher and bookseller, 24 Ann street, New York.

A novel in the Eugene Sue, Dumas, father and son, style. The plot is complicated, and the translation flowing and spirited. The novels of this school are peculiar. No sense of right and wrong ever seems to dawn upon their heroes or heroines; no intimations of an outraged Decalogue ever add the least embarrassment to the difficulties of their position. The events grow entirely out of human incidents, passions, and interests—conscience has no part to play in the involved drama. After passing through seas of *naïve* intrigue and *innocent* vice, we are quite astonished at the close of 'The Lady of the Pearls' to be landed upon a short moral.

POLITICAL FALLACIES: An Examination of the False Assumptions, and Refutation of the Sophistical Reasonings, which have brought on this Civil War. By George Junkin, D.D., LL.D. New York: Chas. Scribner, 124 Grand street. 1863.

Dr. Junkin is one of the noble band of patriots who have preferred leaving friends, comfortable homes, and honorable positions, to ceding self-respect, and polluting conscience by yielding to the tyrannical requisitions of local prejudice or usurped authority. He is the father-in-law of 'Stonewall' Jackson, and, during twelve years, was President of Washington College, Lexington, Va. In May, 1861, he left that institution and came North. Rebellion had entered the fair precincts of learning, misleading alike young and old, and prompting to acts incompatible with the president's high sense of duty and loyalty. No course was left him but to resign. His book is a clear and upright examination into the so-called 'right of secession, and, while there are some minor points one might feel inclined to discuss, the main arguments are so ably, truthfully, and yet kindly advanced, that we heartily recommend the book to the perusal of all desirous of obtaining sound views on the much-mooted questions of the authority of legitimate government, and the proper understanding of State and National rights. The eighteenth chapter contains some home truths for those who think that religion, consequently Christian morality, has nothing to do with the rulers or the ruling of a great nation. Slavery has had its share in the production of the 'great rebellion,' but the slavery question would have been powerless to disrupt the Union had not erroneous and mischievous ideas been generally current, both South and North, regarding the source and meaning of government, its legitimate purposes, powers, and rights. While individual men have been striving to persuade themselves that, because they formed a certain minute portion of the governing power, they were hence at liberty to resist the lawful exercise of that power, the people—the real people—have gradually been losing their proper weight and authority, have been surrendering themselves, bound hand and foot, to noisy demagogues, petty cliques, or corrupt party organizations. How many examine facts, consider principles, and vote accordingly? How few are willing to step out of the narrow circle of prejudice or mediocrity surrounding them, and bestow responsible places on those whose integrity and ability seem best fitted to attain the nobler ends proposed by all human government? It may be that corruption, loose notions on the duties of citizenship, love of luxury, and grovelling materialism are even now sources of greater danger to the republic than civil war and threatened

dissolution. Such works as that of Dr. Junkin are valuable as assisting to open the eyes of the community to certain popular fallacies, and teach the broad distinction ever subsisting between right and wrong.

THE DEMOCRATIC LEAGUE.—Amongst all the papers and pamphlets issued from the press during our present war, none, perhaps, have exercised a more salutary influence than those emanating from this association. The article entitled SLAVERY AND NOBILITY VS. DEMOCRACY was originally published in this periodical for July, 1862. Pronounced by critics to be among the best magazine articles ever appearing in print, it commanded a very marked attention as an exposition of the atrocious motives that underlaid the great Southern rebellion. The public mind was startled at the developed evidence of a great conspiracy to subvert the fundamental principles of free government in the South. The coalition between the conspirators of the South and their allies amongst the aristocracy of England was laid bare, whilst a great portion of the English press and reviews was shown to be suborned into the service of the most atrocious objects and purposes that ever disgraced the annals of civilization. This article, whilst it elucidated to our own countrymen the secret motives of the rebellion, assisted powerfully to bring a new phase over a perverted English public opinion. The result has been that the vitiated disposition of the English aristocracy to assist the rebels, through intervention, has slunk away before British morality, and is now seen only in aid of piracy on our commerce.

Following this masterly production, the speech of Mr. Sherwood at Champlain was a renewed onslaught upon the anti-democratic coalition. In this speech the most irrefragable evidence, drawn from the recitals in the records of treason, is produced against the conspirators. The perusal of this speech leaves the mind in no doubt as to the purpose of the traitors to overthrow democratic government in the South, and to establish a new form of government, based on exclusion of the democratic principle, and resting on a cemented slave aristocracy. These, amongst other papers of the Democratic League, are so replete with the evidence by which their positions are fortified, and so comprehensive in the scope and magnitude of subjects of which they treat, that they must take a high position in the political literature of the day. The manifold opinions of the press demonstrate how highly they are appreciated. They are now being reproduced in THE IRON PLATFORM, published by Wm. Oland Bourne, 112 William street, New York, and intended for extensive circulation in the cheapest form.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for May, 1863. Boston: By the proprietors, Thomas B. Fox, Jos. Henry Allen, at Walker, Wise & Co.'s, 245 Washington street.

Articles: Benedict Spinoza; The New Homeric Question; State Reform in Austria; Courage in Belief; Jane Austen's Novels; New Books of Piety; The Thirty-seventh Congress; Review of Current Literature.

THE ILLINOIS TEACHER: Devoted to Education, Science, and Free Schools. May. Peoria, Illinois: Published by N. C. Mason. Editors, Alexander W. Gow, Rock Island; Samuel A. Briggs, Chicago.

THE MASSACHUSETTS TEACHER: A Journal of Home and School Education. Resident editors, Chas. Ansorge, Dorchester; Wm. T. Adams, Boston; W. E. Sheldon, West Newton. May number. Published by the Massachusetts Teachers' Association, No. 119 Washington street, Boston.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE REVIVAL OF CONFIDENCE.

Perhaps it is an error to assume that confidence has ever been wanting to sustain the loyal people of the land in their determination to conquer the rebellion. Yet there have been times when despondency seemed to take possession of the public mind, and when the failure of our plans or temporary disaster to our arms revealed the sad divisions which exist among ourselves, and apparently postponed the success of our cause to a period so indefinite as to make the heart of the patriot sick with hope deferred. But ever and anon, through all the changeful incidents of the momentous contest, there have been gleams of light, in which the national strength and greatness have made themselves manifest, and have been so vividly felt as to place the public confidence on a sure and impregnable basis. The present is one of those periods. Americans feel that their Government cannot be overthrown: in spite of the sinister predictions of enemies at home and abroad, they have an instinctive assurance that our noble institutions are not destined to perish in this lamentable conflict, stricken down by ungrateful and traitorous hands in the very outset of a great career. The clouds which have gathered around us are thick and dark; sometimes they have seemed impenetrable; but again they separate, we see the blue sky, the stars come out in all their glory, and even the sun pours his intense rays through the intervals of the storm. We say to ourselves, Courage! this cannot last always; there are the firmament, the stars, and the glorious sun still behind the clouds, and, though long hidden from us, we know

they are there, and will reveal themselves again in all their unclouded splendor. It is with a confidence as strong as this in the very depths of their souls that American citizens still look for the reappearance of the stars of our destiny, the resurrection of the Union in still greater beauty and strength, and the uninterrupted pursuit of its glorious career through the coming ages. Such, heretofore, have been the cherished hopes which have hung around them like a firmament, and they are not yet prepared to believe that their political universe has been, or ever can be, annihilated.

Nor is this confidence a mere sentiment, born of the imagination, and nurtured by vainglorious hope. It has for its support far more substantial grounds than any merely precarious military successes, or any of the favorable incidents which, from time to time, may be cast ashore as waifs by the surging tide of civil war. Let the temporary fortunes of the war be what they will, yet the general bearing of the old Government, its evident consciousness of strength, its unshaken solidity in the midst of the storm which assails it, the confidence that, even with all its errors and blunders, it is still powerful enough to prevail—all these appeal irresistibly to the hearts and judgments of Americans, and make them love and confide in their country, and believe in her destiny, in spite of her misfortunes. The tenacity and stubborn purpose of the rebels are, indeed, remarkable. Their position gives them great advantages for such a conflict; and it must be admitted that they have shown the eminently bad genius to make the most of their fatal opportunities. Yet is the contest most unequal, and the ultimate result of discomfiture to them inevitable. The Federal Government, like a sluggish but powerful man scarcely yet aroused to the exertion of his full strength, moves slowly and awkwardly, and lays about him with careless and inefficient blows; while his active adversary, inferior in strength and in the moral power of his cause, but more fully aroused and more energetic, strikes with better effect, and makes every blow tell. Nevertheless, the strength of the one remains unexhausted, and even increases as he becomes awakened to the demands of the struggle; while that of the other slowly and gradually, but inevitably and irretrievably declines, with every hour of intense strain of faculty which the dreadful work imposes. Partial observers, imbued with sympathy in bad designs, and blinded by false hopes through that fatal error, may still think the South is certain to prevail and to establish the empire of slavery; but cooler heads, with vision made clear by love of humanity, cannot fail to see a different result as the necessary end of the contest. The South herself, under the shadow of a dread responsibility, begins to understand the nature of the case, and the exact position in which she stands; but she is playing a bold and desperate game for the active support of foreign powers. She knows well that the sympathies of the ruling classes abroad are naturally on her side, and she will maintain the struggle to the last extremity, so long as a gleam of hope shines in that quarter. That hope finally extinguished, she knows perfectly well her cause is lost.

The contrast in the financial condition of the contending sections is of itself enough to settle the question of ultimate success. The Federal Government stands this day stronger than ever in the plenitude of her boundless resources, and proudly contemptuous of all the false prophecies of failure and bankruptcy. She is fully prepared for new campaigns, and cannot be dismayed by any possible disaster. She has men and money in abundance sufficient for any emergency. She can stretch forth one hand to relieve the suffering people of England and Ireland, while with the other she fights the great battle of liberty against slavery, of humanity against wrong and oppression. Secure in the sympathies of the masses of men everywhere, she stands on the solid ground, which can never be withdrawn from under her feet. She occupies the central position of freedom and progress, around which cluster and gravitate the hopes and aspirations of all mankind. The conflicting elements may rage and storm; the solid ground may tremble, and even be torn with earthquake convulsions and superficial ruin; but the grand central structure, with its organizing forces, and its inward heat of humanity, with the great life-giving sun of liberty yet shining undimmed upon it, will still remain the refuge of all nations, and the chosen home of all the lovers and champions of human freedom.

Oh! why, sweet poet, is thy strain so sad?
Couldst thou not stamp thy joy on human life?
Yea, even the saddest life has many joys.
Couldst thou not stamp thy joy upon the page,
That they who should come after thee might feel
Their spirits gladdened by it, and their hearts
Made lighter with thy lightsomeness? For thou,
They say, wert joyous as a summer bird,
The very light and life of those who knew thee—
Oh! why, then, is thy song so sad? 'Tis wrong,
'Tis surely wrong, to spend in fond complainings
The talents given for nobler purposes;
And he who goes about this world of ours
Diffusing cheerfulness where'er he goes,
Like one who scatters fresh and fragrant flowers,
Fulfils, I can but think, a better part
Than he who mourns and murmurs life away.

. The poet
Is the revealer of the heart's deep secrets;

The poet is the interpreter of nature;
And shall those light and joyous spirits, they
Who make bright sunshine wheresoe'er they go,
Shall they have no interpreter?

FOOTNOTES:

- [1] See Hon. R. J. WALKER'S invaluable papers on 'The Union,' in CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.
 - [2] Razed from a line-of-battle ship.
 - [3] Lost at sea
 - [4] Destroyed by her officers opposite the rebel batteries at Port Hudson, Mississippi.
 - [5] Taken by the rebels at Galveston.
 - [6] Foundered at sea.
 - [7] Taken by the rebels.
 - [8] Destroyed by the rebel gunboats below Vicksburg.
-

These compounds make available to the people the higher attainments of medical skill, and more efficient remedial aid than has hitherto been within their reach. While faithfully made, they will continue to excel all other remedies in use, by the rapidity and certainty of their cures. That they shall not fail in this we take unwearied pains to make every box and bottle perfect, and trust, by great care in preparing them with chemical accuracy and uniform strength, to supply remedies which shall maintain themselves in the unfailing confidence of this whole nation, and of all nations.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

is an anodyne expectorant, prepared to meet the urgent demand for a safe and reliable antidote for diseases of the throat and lungs. Disorders of the pulmonary organs are so prevalent and so fatal in our ever-changing climate, that a reliable antidote is invaluable to the whole community. The indispensable qualities of such a remedy for popular use must be, certainty of healthy operation, absence of danger from accidental over-doses, and adaptation to every patient of any age or either sex. These conditions have been realized in this preparation, which, while it reaches to the foundations of disease, and acts with unfailing certainty, is still harmless to the most delicate invalid or tender infant. A trial of many years has proved to the world that it is efficacious in curing pulmonary complaints beyond any remedy hitherto known to mankind. As time makes these facts wider and better known, this medicine has gradually become a staple necessity, from the log cabin of the American peasant to the palaces of European kings. Throughout this entire country—in every State, city, and indeed almost every hamlet it contains—the CHERRY PECTORAL is known by its works. Each has living evidence of its unrivalled usefulness, in some recovered victim, or victims, from the threatening symptoms of Consumption. Although this is not true to so great an extent for distempers of the respiratory organs, and in several of them it is extensively used by their most intelligent physicians. In Great Britain, France, and Germany, where the medical sciences have reached their highest perfection, CHERRY PECTORAL is introduced and in constant use in the armies, hospitals, almshouses, public institutions, and in domestic practice, as the surest remedy their attending physicians can employ for the more dangerous affections of the lungs. Thousands of cases of pulmonary disease, which had baffled every expedient of human skill, have been permanently cured by the CHERRY PECTORAL, and these cures speak convincingly to all who know them.

Many of the certificates of its cures are so remarkable that cautious people are led to feel incredulous of their truth, or to fear the statements are overdrawn. When they consider that each of our remedies is a specific on which great labor has been expended for years to perfect it, and when they further consider how much better anything can be done which is exclusively followed with the facilities that large manufactories afford, then they may see not only that we do, but *how* we make better medicines than have been produced before. Their effects need astonish no one, when their history is considered with the fact that each preparation has been elaborated to cure one class of diseases, or, more properly, one disease in its many varieties.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS

have been prepared with the utmost skill which the medical profession of this age possesses, and their effects show they have virtues which surpass any combination of medicines hitherto known. Other preparations do more or less good; but this cures such dangerous complaints, so quickly and so surely, as to prove an efficacy and a power to uproot disease beyond anything which men have known before. By removing the abstractions of the internal organs and stimulating them into healthy action, they renovate the fountains of life and vigor,—health courses anew through the body, and the sick man is well again. They are adapted to disease, and disease only, for when taken by one in health they produce but little effect. This is the perfection of medicine. It is antagonistic to disease and no more. Tender children may take them with impunity. If they are sick they will cure them, if they are well they will do them no harm.

Give them to some patient who has been prostrated with bilious complaint: see his bent-up, tottering form straighten with strength again: see his long-lost appetite return: see his clammy features blossom into health. Give them to some sufferer whose foul blood has burst out in scrofula till his skin is covered with sores; who stands, or sits, or lies in anguish. He has been drenched inside and out with every potion which ingenuity could suggest. Give him these PILLS, and mark the effect; see the scabs fall from his body; see the new, fair skin that has grown under them; see the late leper that is clean. Give them to him whose angry humors have planted rheumatism in his joints and bones; move him and he screeches with pain; he too has been soaked through every muscle of his body with liniments and salves; give him these PILLS to purify his blood; they may not cure him, for, alas! there are cases which no mortal power can reach; but mark, he walks with crutches now, and now he walks alone; they have cured him. Give them to the lean, sour, haggard dyspeptic, whose gnawing stomach has long ago eaten every smile from his face and every muscle from his body. See his appetite return, and with it his health; see the new man. See her that was radiant with health and loveliness blasted and too early withering away; want of exercise or mental anguish, or some lurking disease, has deranged the internal organs of digestion, assimilation or secretion, till they do their office ill. Her blood is vitiated, her health is gone. Give her these PILLS to stimulate the vital principle into renewed vigor, to cast out the obstructions, and infuse a new vitality into the blood. Now look again—the roses blossom on her cheek, and where lately sorrow sat joy bursts from every feature. See the sweet infant wasted with worms. Its wan, sickly features tell you without disguise, and painfully distinct, that they are eating its life away. Its pinched-up nose and ears, and restless sleepings, tell the dreadful truth in language which every mother knows. Give it the PILLS in large doses to sweep these vile parasites from the body. Now turn again and see the ruddy bloom of childhood. Is it nothing to do these things? Nay, are they not the marvel of this age? And yet they are done around you every day.

Have you the less serious symptoms of these distempers, they are the easier cured. Jaundice, Costiveness, Headache, Sideache, Heartburn, Foul Stomach, Nausea, Pain in the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, King's Evil, Neuralgia, Gout, and kindred complaints all arise from the derangements which these PILLS rapidly cure. Take them perseveringly, and under the counsel of a good physician if you can; if not, take them judiciously by such advice as we give you, and the distressing, dangerous diseases they cure, which afflict so many millions of the human race, are cast out like the devils of old—they must burrow in the brutes and in the sea.

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