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THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY:

DEVOTED TO

Literature and National Policy.

VOL. III.—JANUARY, 1863.—No. I.

New York:
JOHN F. TROW, 50 GREENE STREET,
(FOR THE PROPRIETORS.)
1863.

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The article in the present number entitled "American Destiny," will be found worthy of very attentive perusal. It is the production of a Private attached to the 20th Battery of Ohio Volunteer Artillery. What country but ours supplies *such* material to the ranks of its common soldiery?

The continuation of "A Merchant's Story," by the author of "Among the Pines," is unavoidably delayed till the succeeding number.

Our February Number will contain a Review of our Finances and Mr. Chase's Report. By Hon. R. J. Walker.

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by JAMES R. GILMORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

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VOL. III.-JANUARY, 1863.—No. I.

THE HUGUENOTS OF NEW ROCHELLE.

It is worthy of record that Westchester County, New York, was settled by emigrants from New England and France, and both seeking homes from religious persecutions. As early as 1642, John Throcmorton, with thirty-five associates, made the first settlement in this section, with the approbation of the Dutch authorities. With Roger Williams, driven away from New England by the violence of Hugh Peters, they came here, and called the region *Viedeland or Land of Peace*—a beautiful name for the region of those seeking rest of conscience from wicked and violent men. But even here the Puritan did not find the desired quiet and safety; for several of his band perished in the Indian massacre that sorely visited New Netherland on the 6th of October, 1643.

The next settlement of Westchester was commenced in the year 1654, also by some Puritans from Connecticut, who adopted its present name, and the Rev. Ezekiel Fogge was their first 'independent minister;' and in 1684 a Mr. Warham Mather was called 'for one whole year, and that he shall have sixty pounds, in country produce, at money price, for his salary, and that he shall be paid every quarter.' Governor Fletcher, however, declined inducting the Presbyterian into that living, 'as it was altogether impossible,' he said, 'it being wholly repugnant to the laws of England to compel the subject to pay for the maintenance of any minister who was not of the national Church.' The Episcopal Governor, however, proposes 'a medium in that matter.' Some French emigrants had already found their way to this region, and M. Boudet, a French Protestant minister of Boston, who was in orders from the Bishop of London, could preach in French and English, and the people called him to the living, the parish being large enough for two clergymen. M. Boudet was accordingly sent for, hoping, as the English Governor writes, 'to bring the congregation over to the Church;' but, 'when he came, they refused to call him.' The Yankee Puritans were evidently not to be outmanaged by the English churchman. Westchester then numbered 'two or three hundred English and Dissenters; a few Dutch.'

On the 20th September, 1689, Jacob Leisler, of New York, purchased of Mr. Pell 6,000 acres of land in Westchester, a portion of the manor of Pelham, obtained from the Indians in 1640-'49. The grantor, heirs, and assigns, as an acknowledgment, were to pay Mr. Pell 'one fatted calf on every fourth and twentieth day of June, yearly, and every year, forever, if demanded.' It is a well known fact that every Huguenot, on the festival of St. John, pays his proportion toward the purchase of the fat calf whenever claimed.

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During the year 1690, Leisler leased to the banished Huguenots these lands, purchased for them, as they came directly here from England, and were a portion of the 50,000 who found safety in that glorious Protestant kingdom four years before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. At the revocation itself, not less than half a million escaped from bigoted France to Holland, Germany, and England; and to those in the latter country, Charles II., then on the British throne, granted letters of denization under the great seal, and Parliament relieved them from 'importation duties and passport fees.' During this same year, many, flying from France, were aided in their escape by English vessels off the island of Rhé, opposite brave *La Rochelle*. According to tradition, some of these were transported to this region, naming their new settlement in honor of their

'Own Rochelle, the fair Rochelle,
Proud city of the waters.'

In the Documentary History of New York, vol. iii., p. 926, we find a petition to Colonel Fletcher, Governor of the colony, signed by Thanet, and Elei Cothouneau, in behalf of above twenty of these French refugees. 'Your petitioners,' they state, 'having been forced, by the late persecutions in France, to forsake their country and estates, and flye to ye Protestant princes * * *, wherefore they were invited to come and buy lands in this province, and they might by their labour help the necessities of their families, and did spend all their small store with the aid of their friends, whereof they did borrow great sums of money [MS. torn]. They had lost their country and their estates, but saved their good principles and a pure faith; and, in a strange land, petitioned his Excellency 'to take their case in serious consideration, and out of charity and pity to grant them for some years what help and privileges your Excellency shall think convenient.' This is one of the earliest authentic records (1681) we have met with concerning the New Rochelle French refugees.

Pell, the lord of the manor, besides the 6,000 acres already obtained, also granted 100 additional, 'for the sake of the French church, erected or about to be erected, by the inhabitants of the said tract of land.' This Huguenot church in New Rochelle was built about 1692-'93, of wood, and stood in the rear of the present mansion house. It was destroyed soon after the Revolutionary war. Louis Bougeaud, about the same time, donated a piece of land forty paces square, for a churchyard to bury their dead; and, subsequently, a house with three acres of land was given by the town to the Huguenot church forever.

The Rev. DAVID BOUREPOS was the first minister of the New Rochelle Huguenots; he had likewise served his French brethren on Staten Island. The Governor requesting him to nominate 'some persons for the vacant offices of justices of the peace,' he replies that 'he could not comply, as none of his colonists at New Rochelle had a knowledge of the English tongue.' Nothing now is known of Bourepos' ministry or history. From his title of D.D., he must have been a man of learning; and we can learn something about the time when he died from the date of his will. 'Letters of administration were granted to Martha Bourepos, wife of David Bourepos, 25th of October, 1711' (New York Surrogates' Office). He probably resigned his pastoral charge in 1694.

Rev. DANIEL BOUDET, A. M., was the next minister of the French Protestant church at New Rochelle, a native of France; and he accompanied the French refugees, who reached Boston in the summer of 1686. About the year 1695, M. Boudet came to New Rochelle, and at first used the French prayers, according to the Protestant churches of France, and subsequently, every third Sunday, the Liturgy of the English Church. In 1709 the French church at New Rochelle determined to follow the example of some of their Reformed brethren in England, and conform to the English Church. All the members except *two* agreed to adopt the Liturgy and Rites of the Church of England, as established by law. Some thirty names appear on the document, requesting this important ecclesiastical change; and for the information especially of the genealogical reader, we note some of them: Michael Houdin, Jacob Bleecker, David Lisenard, Isaac Guion, Peter Bertain, John Soulice, Paul Lecord, Jean Abby, Jos. Antuny, Peter Bonnet, Peter Parquot, Benj. Seacord, Judith Leconet, Allida Guion, Josiah Le Conte, Elizabeth Lisenard, Moses de St. Croix, Deborah Foulon, Marie Neufville, Mary Stoupe, Jean Nicolle, John Bryan, Oliver Besley, Frederick King, Susanna Landrin, Anne Danielson, Rutger Bleecker, Mary Rodman, Agnes Donaldson, Esther Angeoine, Thomas Steel, Jane Contine, Jane Maraux, James Pine. 'The petitioners are members of the French Church at New Rochelle' (1793), and 'principally descendants from French Protestants, who fled from the religious persecutions in France, in the year one thousand six hundred and eighty-one.' Their fathers settled at New Rochelle, 1689, nearly a century before the date of this document. Few lists of family names are more imposing than this; and to this day, their descendants in Westchester County, increased to thousands, rank with our most useful and respectable citizens in wealth, good works, and piety. We are no great sticklers for genealogical *trees* or *Doomsday Books*, yet we believe in pride of family to a proper extent. There was a time once, in this republican land of ours, when many gloried in ignoring the fact that they came from distinguished stocks, as the spirit of our democratic institutions opposed the notion of family histories. We were all born of an honest, industrious race, for several generations back, and that is enough; and so it may be. Still, a man, when asked if he had a grandfather, would logically infer he had one, but he could not historically, unless there was some record of the fact. This indifference is happily passing way, and an interest of late is manifesting itself in such researches. No American, in whose veins runs Huguenot blood, need be ashamed of his origin. His ancestral history is most honorable, brave, and proud.

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In 1705, Colonel Heathcote thus speaks of M. Boudet, the Huguenot preacher at New Rochelle: 'A good man, and preaches very intelligibly in English, which he does every third Sunday in his

French congregation, when he uses the Liturgy of the Church. He has done a great deal of service since his first coming into this country. * * * He has thirty pounds a year settled on him out of the public revenue here, as the French minister in York hath; but that is paid with so much uncertainty that he starves, for the use of it.' During the year 1710, Governor Hunter permitted his congregation to build a new church of England, as by law established, and the 'Venerable Propagation Society' presented the new church with 'one hundred French prayer books of the small sort, and twenty of a larger impression; and in consideration of the great learning and piety of Monsieur Boudet, and his long and faithful discharge of his office, they augmented his salary from £30 to £50 per annum.' At this period we find the following excellent record of this excellent French minister: 'M. Boudet is a good old man, near sixty years of age, sober, just, and religious.' One hundred more French prayer books were sent to his church, 'for the edification of the French youth who have learned so much of that language as to join with him therein.' During the year 1714, M. Boudet took the spiritual charge of the Mohegan or River Indians, at which period he is called 'minister of the French colonistic congregation at New Rochelle.' In 1714 he reports fifty communicants in his church, and asks for an English Bible, with a small quantity of English Common Prayers, because 'our young people, or some of them, have sufficiently learned to read English for to join in the public service, when read in English.'

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M. Boudet died in September, 1722, aged sixty-nine years, nearly twenty-seven of which he had been the minister of the New Rochelle church. He was eminently useful in keeping his congregation together amidst its adverse circumstances, and was greatly beloved. He was interred beneath the chancel floor of the old church; and for whose use he bequeathed his library.

The Rev. PIERRE STOUPPE, A. M., succeeded M. Boudet. He was also a native of France, and said to be a son or nearly related to the Rev. M. Stoupe, pastor of the French Protestant church in London, who was sent to Geneva, in 1654, by Oliver Cromwell, to negotiate there in the affairs of the French Protestants. He was born 1690, studied divinity at Geneva, and accepted a call to the Huguenot church at Charleston, S. C. Here he continued to preach until 1723, when, resigning the charge, he conformed to the Church of England, crossing the Atlantic for ordination. He was admitted to holy orders in 1723, and licensed to officiate as a missionary in the colony of New York, and to the French Protestants of New Rochelle, with a salary of £50 per annum. To this latter flock he proved very acceptable, from his ability to preach in French, the only language which most of them understood. His elders, or *anciens*, as sometimes called, were then Isaac Quantein and Isaac Guion. The new Huguenot pastor soon found trouble, as his predecessor had, with the dissatisfied M. Moulinais and his followers. Still he was useful: in 1726 he writes that he 'baptized six grown negroes and seven negro children, fitted eight young people for the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, to which they have been accordingly admitted,' and 'the number of communicants at Easter was thirty-three.'

In a letter of December 11, 1727, he presents some important information concerning the early settlement of New Rochelle: 'The present number of inhabitants amounts to very near four hundred persons. There is a dozen of houses near the church, standing pretty close to one another, which makes the place a sort of a town; the remainder of the houses and settlements are dispersed up and down, as far as the above 6,000 acres of land could bear. Nay, besides these, there were several other French families, members of New Rochelle, settled without its bounds.' Such was the commencement of the present picturesque and beautiful village of New Rochelle. More than a century and a half has passed away since its founders, the French refugees, emigrated to the spot; but their noble and holy principles have left good, undying influences, now seen in the refinement, morals, and religion of their descendants, in this entire region.

M. Stoupe further states that there were in the settlement two Quaker families, three Dutch ones, four Lutherans. 'The first never assist on assemblies; the Dutch and Lutheran, on the contrary, constantly assist when divine service is performed in English, so that they may understand it; and their children, likewise, have all been baptized by ministers of the church. Only the French Dissenters have deserted it, upon M. Moulinais, formerly one of the French ministers of New York, coming and settling, now a year ago, among us; and it is also by his means and inducement that they have built a wooden meeting-house within the time they were unprovided for, that is, from my predecessor's death to my arrival here. * * *

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'There is no schoolmaster as yet in New Rochelle: the parents take care to instruct their own children, and that they do generally pretty well, besides what instructions are given them in the church during summer by the minister. * * * The number of slaves within New Rochelle is seventy-eight: part of them constantly attend divine service, and have had some instruction in the Christian faith by the care and assistance of their respective masters and mistresses, so that my predecessor did not scruple to baptize some, and even admit them to the communion of the Lord's Supper; and I myself have, for the same consideration, baptized fifteen of them within these three years, some children and some grown persons, without the least prejudice to the rest of my flock.' It would be well, in our boasted day of zeal and philanthropy, if all ministers of the blessed gospel manifested the same commendable interest for the spiritual welfare of the negroes, as this Huguenot pastor.

About the period of the French war, he writes, June 5, 1758, 'that since the war broke out, there have been great alterations in his congregations, which have lost many of their members by removals, and by enlisting in the king's service, and by death; nevertheless, the number of his communicants is seventy-four, and he has baptized, within the present half year, fifteen white and five black children.'

The ministry of this faithful Huguenot terminated on the earth, by his death in July, 1760. His biographer esteemed him a 'simple-minded, conscientious man, who for thirty-seven years continued faithfully to discharge the duties of his mission.' His communicants had increased from thirty-eight to eighty, and he was greatly beloved by his congregation. His remains were interred under the chancel of the old French church at New Rochelle, where so long he had watched over the little flock of his Master. M. Stoupe was succeeded by the

REV. MICHAEL HOUDIN, A.M. He was born in France, 1705, educated a Franciscan friar, and, on Easter day, 1730, ordained a priest by the Archbishop of Trêves, and subsequently preferred to the post of superior in the convent of the Recollects at Montreal. But, disgusted with monastic life, M. Houdin, at the commencement of the French war, left Canada and retired to the city of New York. Here, on Easter day, 1747, he made a public renunciation of Popery, and joined the Church of England. Attaining great proficiency in the English language, in June, 1750, he was invited by the people of Trenton, N.J., to officiate as a missionary in that State.

When he first reached New York with his wife, in June, 1744, Governor Clinton, suspicious of all Frenchmen at that moment, confined them to their lodgings, guarded by two sentinels. The following day he was examined by his Excellency, and learned that 'the French intended to attack Oswego with eight hundred men, the French having a great desire of being masters of that place.' Then M. Houdin was ordered to reside at Jamaica, Long Island, where he complained that his circumstances were 'very low,' and 'can do nothing to get a living;' that 'his wife and himself must soon come to want, unless his Excellency will be pleased to take him into consideration.' After this appeal, the authorities advised his return to the city, on his taking the oath of allegiance.

For some years, M. Houdin officiated at Trenton and the neighboring places as an 'itinerant missionary;' and in 1759 his services were required, as a guide, for General Wolfe, in his well-known expedition against Quebec. Before marching, he preached to the Provincial troops destined for Canada, in St. Peter's church, Westchester, from St. Matthew, ch. x. 28: 'Fear not them which kill the body.' And the French chaplain escaped the dangers of the war; but his brave General, at the very moment of victory, fell mortally wounded, on the Heights of Abraham, September 13, 1759. After the reduction of Quebec, he asked leave to join his mission again; but General Murray would not consent, as there was no other person who could be depended on for intelligence of the French movements. While M. Houdin was stationed at Quebec, an attempt was made by the Vicar-General of all Canada to seduce him from English allegiance, with an offer of great preferment in the Romish Church. This pressing invitation found its way into the hands of Generals Murray and Gage, when they sent a guard to arrest the Vicar-General.

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M. Houdin, returning to New York, in 1761, was appointed 'itinerant missionary' to New Rochelle, by the 'Venerable Society' of England, 'he being a Frenchman by birth, and capable of doing his duty to them, both in the French and English languages.' During his incumbency, Trinity church, New Rochelle, received its first charter from George III., which the present corporation still enjoys with all its trusts and powers. It is dated in 1762, and was exemplified by his Excellency George Clinton in 1793. In 1763 he writes, complaining that the Calvinists used unlawful methods to obtain possession of the church glebe. These were the few old French Protestant families who had not conformed to the Church of England; and Houdin says of them: 'Seeing the Calvinists will not agree upon any terms of peace proposed to them by our church, * * * we are in hopes the strong bleeding of their purse will bring them to an agreement after New York court.'

The French Protestant preacher continued his pious labors at New Rochelle until October, 1766, when he departed this life. He was a man of considerable learning, irreproachable character, and esteemed a worthy Christian missionary. His remains, which were the last of the Huguenot pastors, were interred beneath the chancel of the old French church at New Rochelle, and by the side of his predecessors, Boudet and Stoupe. Since the removal of this sacred edifice, and the ashes of these earliest Protestant French missionaries to our land repose beneath the public highway, and not a stone tells where they lie, or commemorates their usefulness, excellences, or piety. Their silent graves ought not thus to remain neglected and unhonored: some monumental record should mark the spot where these early Huguenot preachers in America were entombed.

Boudet, Stoupe, and Houdin were the last of the Huguenot preachers in our land of whose histories we can find anything, and as they never can be fully written, we have made a more full record of these fragments concerning their memories, than otherwise would have been written. Especially let the children of the French Protestants in Westchester venerate these men, who were consecrated to sacred offices in the days of their pious ancestors, and, like Moses, led them from oppression and bondage to the land of Canaan in this Western World.

We might mention many who deserve the honor, among the descendants of the New Rochelle Huguenots; but the name of one will suit our purpose—JOHN JAY. He was born in New York, from a family originally of La Guienne, France; and he was sent, by his fellow citizens to the General Congress which assembled at the commencement of the conflict between the colonies and England. In 1774 he signed the act of association to suspend the importation of British merchandise; in 1779 he was honored with the presidency of Congress. At the expiration of this important post, Mr. Jay was commissioned to represent his country at the court of Louis XVI., and he was one of the four commissioners who signed, on the 30th November, 1782, the treaty of Versailles, by which Great Britain recognized our NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE. A Huguenot, ELIAS BOUDINOT, was the first president of the great national institution, the American Bible Society; and

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at his death, bequeathed to it a noble benefaction. The French Protestants were always ardent lovers of the BIBLE, and John Jay succeeded Mr. Boudinot in his important office of president to that noble institution. 'No one in America,' says the eminent Dr. Baird, 'need blush at having one of these respectable Huguenots among his ancestors;' and Bancroft, the historian of our land, recognizes in them that moral elevation of which they gave so many proofs in every country where they settled; and he adds: 'The children of the French Calvinists have certainly good reason to hold the memory of their fathers in great honor.' (Vol. ii, p. 183.) So think we.

MACCARONI AND CANVAS.

X.

A WALK AROUND SEGNI.

There are three quiet old places on the Continent that Caper always remembers with solemn pleasure—Breda in Holland, Segni in Italy, Neufchâtel in Switzerland. He reposed in Breda, rested in Segni, was severely tranquil in Neufchâtel: the real charm of travelling is best appreciated when one is able to pause in one's headlong career in some such place and meditate over it. Caper paused for many months at Segni.

SEJNI, or Signia, a Latium city of the Volscians, was, after its colonization by the Romans, always faithful to the Republic. Strabo, Pliny, Plautus, Martial, Juvenal, Silius, Italicus, Dionysius Halicarnassus, and Livy, all make mention, in one way or another, of this city. Little is known of its history, from the fact that it was burned to the ground by the order of the Duke of Alva, viceroy of Naples, on the 14th of August, 1557; and in the fire all records of the city were destroyed. Its polygonal or Cyclopean walls, of Pelasgic origin, still remain in many parts as perfect as they ever were: consisting of gigantic blocks of hewn limestone, they are fitted one into another with admirable precision; no mortar was used in laying them, and there they stand, these well-named Cyclopean walls, for some of the stones are 12 feet long by 5 feet wide, firmly as if centuries on centuries had not sent a myriad of storms to try their strength. There are several gates in these walls, noted among which is one called the Saracen's Gate; it is known in architecture from its indicating by its form one of the first attempts toward the pointed arch.

In walking through the town, you find here and there bits of middle-age architecture, which have escaped ruin; here a door, there a window, of graceful design, built around with the rough masonry for which Segni is noted in later days; but the greater number of the houses are constructed in the rudest manner, indicating the poverty and ignorance of the majority of the inhabitants. It is, however, a decent poverty, for, to the credit of the town be it spoken, there was not, when Caper was there, a professional beggar, excepting the friars, in or around it.

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Taking the first street—if a rough road winding around the top of the mountain, and but four or five feet wide, may be called so—Caper saw at the doors of the houses, standing chatting to each other, many old women, their white hair flying in every direction, who, as they talked, knitted stockings; or, with distaff in hand, twirled the spindle, making flax into thread for spinning, or wool into woof and web for weaving. Hearing a shuttle, he looked in at an open door, and found a young girl busily weaving a heavy blue cloth at a queer old loom; not far from her, an elderly woman was weaving flax thread into coarse, heavy linen goods. Passing along, he heard the whir of millstones, and, entering a house, saw a girl working one of the handmills of the country; on a stand, where there was a stone basin, the girl turned in the wheat; another stone, fitting exactly in the basin, was attached to the ceiling by a long pole; catching hold of this, she gave the stone a rotary motion, grinding the wheat very fairly.

Suddenly Caper saw in the back part of the room a woman, holding what seemed a large, red-headed caterpillar, without any fuzz on it; she was evidently nourishing it in the way represented in that famous painting 'The Roman Daughter,' thus proving that it was a baby. Its resemblance to the caterpillar arose from the way it was swathed: around all the Segnian infants they wind a strip of knit or woven cloth, about eight feet long and four inches wide, fairly mummifying them; then, to crown the work, they put on their little bullet heads, a scarlet cap with brilliant flowers and ribbons, making the poor babies resemble anything but Christian productions. In a neighboring town they hang their babies up in a wicker basket, resembling the birch-bark contrivances for our Indian papooses.

Continuing his walk, our artist next came to where they were building a house; and its future occupant, who was a man of some enterprise and action, told Caper, with a long face, that he almost despaired of seeing it completed: the harvest came, and almost every workman went off to the wheat fields, leaving the house unfinished until they were ready to recommence work on it, well knowing that there were no other ones in the town able to do their labor; however, those who mixed mortar, carried tiles, and stone, and plaster, were hard at work. These laborers were girls of from twelve to sixteen years old, and one or two of them, spite of dirt and hard labor, were really handsome, with bright, intelligent countenances. They earned one paul (ten cents) each a day, and seemed contented and happy, joking with each other and laughing heartily nearly all the time. Probably our Chippewa Indians would think twice before they set the young women of their tribe to hod-carrying as a livelihood; but then the Chippewas are savages. The hods

carried by these girls on their heads were flat, wooden trays, square at each end: once poised on the head, they balanced themselves, and were carried around without a fall. This carrying on the head, by the women, from an eight-gallon barrel of wine down to a sickle or pocket handkerchief, helps to give them their straight forms and fine carriage of head, neck, and shoulders.

Napoleon the First, in breaking down most of the feudal customs of the Papal States, should be regarded by the poor inhabitants as one of their greatest benefactors; still, many a remnant of the middle ages remains firmly marked in the habits of the country people. Even now the inhabitants of the Campagna live, not in isolated houses, but in small towns built around the once protecting castle or powerful monastery, where, in times past, they fled, when attacked in the fields by the followers of some house inimical to the one under whose protection they lived. Follow the entire Campagna, from Rome to Naples, by way of Frosinone, and you will see the ruins of watch towers, built to warn the workmen in the fields of the approaching enemy. Thus, in Segni, although the fields cultured by the inhabitants, lay miles away at the foot of the mountain, yet every day seven eighths of the 5,000 inhabitants walked from four to six miles or more down the mountains to the scene of their daily labors, returning the same distance at sunset. Often and often Caper saw the mother, unable to leave the infant at home, carry it in a basket on her head to the far-away fields, bringing it back at night with the additional burden of corn shelled or wheat garnered in the field. Trotting along gayly at her side, you may be sure, was the ever-present black pig, with a long string wound around his body, by which he is attached to some tree or stone as soon as he reaches the fields, and thus prevented from rooting where he should not root. The day's labor of his mistress finished, she unties him, wraps the string around his body, and he follows her up to the town with the docility of a well-trained dog.

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It is the women, too, who daily walk four or five miles up the mountain for their supply of firewood. Arriving at the forest of the commune, they collect split wood and fagots, tying them into round bundles, a yard long, and two or three feet in diameter, and return to Segni, carrying this small woodpile all the way on their heads. It is the women, too, who bring water from the fountains for their household use, in A copper vessels (*conche*) holding from two to three gallons: these are placed on the head, and carried self-balancing sometimes for long distances. At a fair held at Frosinone, Caper once saw several women, each one carrying on her head two of these *conche* filled with water, one balanced on the other; and this for half a mile up a steep road, from the fountain at the foot of the mountain, to the town above.

The women, too, do their fair share of harvesting; they cut the wheat with sickles; then, after it is cut, separate the grains from the stalk by rubbing a handful of stalks with a small piece of wood in which a series of iron rings are placed, making a rude rasp; collecting the grains, they then carry them from the fields, sifting them at their leisure in a large round sieve, suspended from a triangle of long poles; then, on a breezy day, you may see them standing over a large cloth, holding a double handful of wheat high above their heads, and letting it fall: the wind blows away the chaff, and the clean grain falls on the outspread cloth.

In the autumn, when the men are employed in the vintage, comes the chestnut season; and then the women, who are not busy in the vineyard, and who regard it as a frolic, go for miles up in the mountains, collecting the nuts, large as our horse chestnuts. They form no small part of the winter stock of food for the mountaineers, while the refuse nuts are used to fatten the pet pig. We can have but small conception of the primeval look these chestnut woods wear, the trees growing to an enormous size, many a one being ten to twelve feet in diameter. The weather is glorious during this season: clear, bright, and buoyantly refreshing, blow the autumn winds; and as Caper, day after day, wandered among the old trees, now helping an old woman to fill a sack with the brown nuts, now clubbing the chestnuts from the trees for a young girl, he, too, voted chestnut gathering a rare good time. Far off, and now near, the girls were singing their quaint wild songs. Thus heard, the *rondinella* sounds well: it is of the woods and deserts; strange, barbaric, oriental, bacchantic, what you please, save dawdling drawing-room and piano-ic.

To resume the walk around the town: Caper, after leaving the man who was employing the sylphide hod-carriers, called in at the shop where cigars were sold, and outside of which was a tin sign, on which was painted the papal coat-of-arms, and the usual words, indicating that the government monopolies, salt and tobacco, were for sale. Having bought some cigars, he entered into conversation with the man who kept the store. He learned, what he already knew, that everything in the town was done by hand, weaving, spinning, thrashing, grinding wheat and corn, &c.

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'Do you know,' said Caper, 'that in some countries all these labors are done by steam?'

It is dangerous to tell great truths; and after our artist had spoken, he saw, by the expression of the man's face, that he had placed himself in danger; but suddenly the cigar-seller's face was illuminated with intelligence, as he exclaimed:

'Oh, you mean that infernal thing that goes *boo-hoo-hoo*? I saw it when I was in Rome, last week: it's going to drag cars to Civita Vecchia on the iron road.'

'That's it,' answered Caper, greatly relieved.

'*Benissimo!* we never had anything of the kind; and what is more, WE DON'T WANT ONE!'

Caper walked out, determined to write to New York, and beg some of the good people there to save a few missionaries from death among the Fejees, and send them to Segni, where there was a wide field open for the dissemination of knowledge.

Passing along, he next came to the small square in front of the church, where once every week a market was held: here he found a man, who had just arrived with fresh fish from Terracina—the Terracina of the opera of 'Fra Diavolo.' Among the small fish, sardines, &c., which were brought to town that day, in time for Friday's dinner, when every one kept *vigilia*, was one large fish, which our artist determined to buy and present to his landlord at the inn. He asked its price.

'That fish,' said the fishman, 'is for the dinner of the Illustrissimo and Reverendissimo Monsignore the Bishop; and if you were to turn every scale in its body into baioccho, *and give them all to me*, you couldn't have it.'

Caper was sorely tempted to turn the scales in his own favor, for he knew, if he were to pay well, he could bear off the fish triumphantly, spite of the seller's declaration; but a thought of the sore affliction he would bring into the mind of the fat old gentleman in purple, with a gold chain around his neck, who rejoiced in the name of bishop, deterred him from his heretical proceeding, and he walked away in deep meditation.

The patron saint of Segni is San Bruno; and, to do him honor, every other male baby born in the town is called Bruno; so our artist, in his walks around town, heard this name howled, cried, screamed, shrieked, called, and appealed to, on an average once in five minutes, through the hours when the male inhabitants were about and awake. This similarity in names was, by no means, accompanied by similarity in appearance, for there were more light-haired and blue-eyed men by this name in the place than any one, having the popular idea of what an Italian looks like, would believe could be found in a town of the same size in America. Trying to account for the Norse look of many of the Segnians, and the Oriental look of many others, Caper climbed up to the top of the mountain above the town, and seating himself in the shadow of the old Cyclopean wall, looked down the mountain side to the broad valley below him.

'As all roads lead to Rome,' soliloquized he, 'it's no wonder that those two famous old ways down there in the valley, the Via Trajana and the Via Latina, should have once been passed over by white-haired, blue-eyed Goths, and, seeing the old town perched up here, they should have climbed up, having strong legs. Once here, they put all the men to the sword, made love to the girls, plundered all that was plunderable; drank up all the liquor, Sambuca, Rosoglio, 'Rhum di Giamaica,' and Acqua viva, they could put their paws on; then, having a call further on, left the girls, small babes, and other *impedimenta* (baggage!), rushing onto Rome to settle accounts with their bankers there, like hon-o-rable men. So you find many flaxen-haired, sky-eyed people up here, and they are rough and bold and independent.

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Years and years after them, clambering over the mountains from the seacoast, came the Saracens—oh, you were the boys!—and they, being a refined and elegantly educated circle, compared with the Goths, of course did the same amount of slaughtering and love-making, only more refinedly and elegantly; cutting off heads instead of knocking them in; and with the gold spoons and other instruments that they found in the church, instead of making sword hilts and helmets, they at once worked them into graceful, crescent-shaped earrings, and curious rings, chains, and brooches, giving them to the girls and winning their hearts in the old-fashioned style. The girls, for their part, declared to each other that when these odious Moors went away, they would give all the earrings and brooches back to the church. But they forgot to; which accounts for their wearing them, or those of similar pattern, to this day.

The gentle Saracens, moreover, wishing to introduce their own school of music, taught the girls to sing; proof of which is the horrible songs the contadini still have, resembling in no wise pious Christian hymns, but rather a cross between a growl to Odin and a yell to Allah! A growl to Odin, for the girls could not forget the Goths, albeit they only knew them through reports of their foremothers.

Then the Saracens turned their attention to crockery ware, pots, pans, and water jars; forming like fruits and flowers the yielding clay, and establishing models that are every hour to be seen around one in this old nest. Clothes, too, they thought, should be made as they saw 'fit;' and, accordingly, head-dresses and dresses, under garments, &c., *à la Saracenesca*, were all the rage; and as the colors were in no wise sombre or melancholy to behold, the girls took kindly to them, and, slightly modified, wear them still. When you see the *pane*, the white cloth worn on the women's heads, remember it was once an Oriental *yashmak*, falling around and concealing the face of the Italian lady love of a Saracen; but when the Saracens departed, they rolled up the veil and disclosed to delighted Christians the features of Rita or Maria, who figured for a time as Zoe or Fatima.

With their religion, the Saracens were not so successful—they could not make it popular; so they waived this point, contented with having set the fashions, and introduced their own style of music, crockery, and jewelry.

Thus reflecting, Caper stopped short, regarded his watch, found it was near dinner time—the pastoral hour of noon-day—and then turned to walk down to the inn. On his way he passed a store having French calicoes in the window, and mourned in his heart to think how short a time it would be before these became popular, and the homemade picturesque dresses of the female Segnians would be discarded. The time, too, was fast coming—with the railroad from Rome to Naples—when travellers will overrun these mountain towns, and the price of board shoot up from forty cents to a dollar or two: then the inhabitants will learn geography and become mercenary, and will learn arithmetic and blasphemy (in their way) at *forestieri Inglese, Americani, Francese, or Tedeschi*, and cheat them. Then the peace of the Volscians will have departed, never, oh, never

more to return.

Then the women will wear—bonnets! and cheap French goods; will no longer look like moving woodyards, bringing fagots on their heads down mountain sides; no longer bear aloft the graceful *conche* filled with sweet water from the fountain, for hydraulic rams will do their business; no longer lead the sportive pig to pastures new, but pen him up, and feed him when the neighbors are not looking on! These days will sorely try the men: now they labor in the fields in shirts and drawers, never thinking of putting on their pantaloons until they return to the very gates of the town, where, at sunset, you may see them, ten or twelve deep, thus employed before entering the city; but in the future they will have to observe *les convenances* and make their toilette in the fields. This they will do with great grumbling, returning homeward, and they will sing *rondinelle* bearing severely on the *forestieri* who have ruined the good old pod-augur days when they made *vendetta* without trouble: thus reflecting, the donkeys they ride, while their wives walk and carry a load, will receive many virulent punches intended for other objects.

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'Signor Giacomo, dinner is served,' said the landlord, as Caper entered the old inn.

Cool wine, roast lamb, wild pigeons, crisp salad, with a broiled partridge; great bunches of luscious grapes, figs freshly picked, *and* macaroni à la Milanese. Such was our artist's dinner that day. Patriarchally simple of a necessity; but, then, what can you expect in a town where the British Lion has never yet growled for a bushel of raw beef when he is fed, or swore at the landlord for not having a pint of hay boiled in hot water (tea?) for breakfast, when he is nervous?

FIVE FAIRS AND FESTIVALS.

Do not believe, in spite of all you hear about the benighted Papal States, that the people spend their holidays groaning and begging to depart from this vale of tears: on the contrary, the ignorant wretches believe in enjoying every moment of life; and, to judge by the Segnians, who are by no means dyspeptical, they do so with all their might. They know, if they fall sick, good Doctor Matteucci attends them carefully and well, without any charge, for he receives a salary from the commune. They know, if they have good health and do their work, they will be rewarded every now and then with a holiday, in which religion is so tempered with lottery tickets, wine drinking, fireworks, horse races, and trading, that, shorn lambs as they are, paying to the church three cents for every twenty-five pounds of corn they may grind, and as large a portion of their crops for the rent of the lands they till, they still have jolly good times at the fairs and festivals in their own and neighboring towns.

Every town has its patron saint, and it is in honor of his day that they hold one grand festival each year. To accommodate temporal affairs, a fair is also held on the same day, so that the country people of the neighborhood may purchase not only the necessaries, but the simple luxuries they need or long for.

Besides the only principal festival and fair in Segni to San Bruno, already described, they had three minor celebrations of minor saints, substitutes, as Rocjean declared, for Pomona, Bacchus, and Ceres: certainly, the saints' days fell very curiously about the same time their predecessors were worshipped.

It is, however, of five festivals and fairs held in five neighboring towns, that the present chapter treats; so let the drums beat while our three artists proceed to enjoy on paper the days they celebrated.

One evening, the vetturino, Francesco, came to the trio and told them that on the next day but one, Sunday, there would be a fair and *fiesta* at Frosinone, a town about twenty-three miles from Segni, and that if they wished to go, he had three seats to hire in his *vettura*. Having heard that the costumes to be seen there were highly picturesque, and anxious to study the habits of the people in holiday guise, our artists determined to go. At daybreak on the appointed morning, having breakfasted and filled their flasks with wine, they started with a guide to walk down to Casa Bianca, a small *osteria*, distant, as the guide assured them, about two miles; three miles, as Francesco swore to; four miles, as Gaetano, the landlord declared; and six miles as Caper and Rocjean were ready to affirm to. Down the mountain road they scrambled, only losing their patience when they found they had to wade a small marsh, where their tempers and polished boots were sorely tried. Once over, they reached Casa Bianca, and found the *vettura* there, having arrived an hour before from Rome, thirty odd (and peculiar) miles distant; and now with the same horses they had to make twenty-three miles more before ten A. M., according to agreement. Rocjean and Caper sat outside the carriage, while Dexter sat inside, and conversed with two other passengers, cheerful and good-natured people, who did all in their power to make everybody around them contented and jolly.

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The road went through the fertile Sacco valley; right and left rich pasture grounds, or wheat and corn fields; the mountains on either side rising in grandeur in the early sunlight, their tops wreathed with veils of rising mist. They soon passed Castelaccio (the termination *accio* is one, according to Don Boschi, of vilification; consequently, the name may be translated Bigbad Castle): this castle belongs to Prince Torlonia, apropos of which prince it is rather singular that all his money cannot buy good Latin; for any one may read at Frascati, staring you in the face as it does, as you wind up the villa, engraved on a large marble tablet, an inscription touching

TORLONIA ET UXSOR EJUS, ETC.

UXSOR may be Latin, but it is the kind that is paid for, and not the spontaneous gift of classic Italy.

The carriage next passed through Ferentino, *Ferentinum* of the Volscians, where it stopped for a time to let Rocjean see the stone called *La Fata*, whereon is inscribed the noble generosity of Quintilius Priscus, who gave *crustula* and *mulsum* (cakes and mead) to the old people; *sportulæ* (cold victuals?) to the decurions, and *nucum sparsiones* (a sprinkling of nuts) for the small children.

After which antiquarian research, and a drink of wine at the *Hotel des Étrangères*, the trio called loudly on Francesco to drive on; for the name of the inn suggested similar signboards, Hotel d'Angleterre, Hotel Vitoria, Hotel des Isles Britanniques, at all of which one or other of our travellers had been savagely fleeced.

The carriage at last arrived at the tavern, at the foot of the mountain on which Frosinone stands, and our artists found that the ascent must be made on foot: this, in the face of the broiling sun, was equal to two hot baths at least. However, they determined to take it easily, and accordingly tarried for a while by an old bridge crossing a small stream, running bright and clear, where cattle were drinking; then they stopped at the neighboring fountain, where the girls were filling copper water jars, and dusty contadini were washing themselves in order to present a clean face at the fair; and listened with pleasure to the hearty laughter and holiday jests bandied about with profusion. Thus in refreshed spirits they commenced the ascent.

On the brow of the mountain, in front rank of the houses of the city, arose the walls of what they thought at first glance was a very large factory; they subsequently learned it was a male-factory or prison; this, with the governor's palace and other lofty buildings, gives Frosinone a stately air, only lost on entering the place and finding the streets narrow, steep, and not particularly clean. On entering the street leading to the main gate of entrance, their ears were saluted by the squealing and grunting of many hogs collected together in small droves, on both sides the way, for sale or barter. Here stood a bronzed peasant, dressed only in shirt and drawers, with boots up to his knees; a steeple crowned straw hat, with a large carnation pink in it, shading his closely shaved face, on which no hair was seen save two long curls pendent in front of his ears, while the back part of his head was shaved nearly as smooth as his face. This man held in his arms a small pig in a violent state of squeals. Mixed up among the pigs were many women dressed in lively colored costumes, looking graceful and pretty, and gaining added effect from the dark tones of the old gray houses around them. Advancing upward, at times at angles of forty-five degrees and more, through narrow streets crowded with picturesque houses (if they did threaten to tumble down), they at last reached the Piazza: here the squeeze commenced, crockery, garlic, hardware, clothing, rosaries and pictures of the saints, flowers; while donkeys, gensdarmes, jackasses, and shovel hats, strangers, and pretty girls were all pressing with might and main—they did not seem to know where—probably to the nearest wine shops, which were driving a brisk trade.

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Reaching an inn, our artists ordered dinner, and amused themselves, while it was being prepared, looking out of the window at the crowds in the street beneath. On the opposite side of the way were two open windows, evidently 'behind the scenes' of the main church, since many of the principal actors in the ceremonies were here attiring themselves in curious robes prior to their appearing in public. A tallow-faced looking youth, with no hair on the extreme crown of his head, while swinging a long wax candle around, struck a fat old gentleman, with a black silk gown and white lace berthia over it, in the back; whereupon, I regret to write it, the fat old gentleman struck the tallow-faced youth the severest kind of a blow below the belt, entirely contrary to the rules of the P. R. Dexter, having watched the performance, at its conclusion shouted for very joy; whereupon the stout man, raising his eyes, saw in the opposite windows the three *forestieri*, and I do assure you that such a look of malevolence as crossed his face for a moment contained all the Borgias ever knew of poisons and assassinations. Luckily, the artists did not have to go to confession to that man.

Dinner finished, Rocjean proposed a walk. They first went to the old church, but found its interior ruined with whitewash and tawdry decorations. The music, however, was excellent, but the crowd of worshippers intense; so they repaired to the cattle market, in the piazza in front of the prison. They had been there but a short time, before the procession in honor of the patron saint of Frosinone, whose full-length seated effigy was carried by bearers, passed them. Along with other emblems borne by priests or laymen was a cross, apparently of solid wood, the upright piece fully twelve feet long, and as large round at the base as your thigh; the transverse piece of the cross was proportionately large; this was borne with ease by a moderate-sized man. Capere was at a loss to account for the facility with which the bearer handled pieces of timber as large as small joists of a house; so he asked a good-natured looking citizen standing near him, if that wooden cross was not very heavy?

'Eh! that heavy? Why, it's not wood; it's made of stove-pipes!'

The citizen also told Capere that the seated effigy of the patron saint had had a hard time of it some years ago, for the country around Frosinone suffering from a long drought, the inhabitants had in vain prayed, begged, and supplicated the aforementioned saint to send them rain; but he remained obdurate, until at last, seeing him so stubborn, they seized him, in spite of the priests, carried him down to the bridge, neck and heels, and threatened him, by all his brother and sister saints, to put him to bed—bed of the stream (it was nearly dry)—unless he speedily gave them a good supply of rain. In a couple of days, sure enough, the rain came down, and in such torrents, that there was a grand rush of the country people from the vicinity, begging the saint to hold up. Since that time he has behaved very decently, and just now is in high favor.

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There were some fine cattle at the fair; and Dexter, noticing a peculiar and becoming headdress to several of the long-horned oxen, made of the skin of some animal, ornamented with brightly-colored strips of woollen with tassels at the end, tried to purchase a pair, but found the owners generally unwilling to sell them: however, one man at last agreed to sell a pair made of wolf-skin, with bright red, yellow, and green strips and tassels, for a fair price, and Dexter at once bought them—as a study, and also as an ornament for his studio.

The tombola in the Piazza Tosti drew together a large crowd; and then it was that Rocjean was in his element, Caper delighted, and Dexter rejoiced in the study of costumes and motives for paintings. The straw hats worn here looked more picturesque than the black felt conical hats of the other end of the valley, but the 'soaplocks' of the men were villanous. The women were brilliant in holiday attire, among their dresses showing that half-modern Greek, half Neapolitan style, uniting the classic with the middle age. The *ciociare*, as those who wear *ciocie* or sandals are called, were there in full force: one of these men, with whom Rocjean had a long conversation, told our artist that the price paid for enough leather for a pair was forty cents. Each sandal is made of a square piece of sole leather, about twelve inches long by five inches wide, and is attached to the foot by strings crossing from one side to the other, and bending the leather into the rough resemblance of a shoe. The leather is sold by weight, and the *ciociara* declared that sandals were far better than shoes.

'But, when it rains, your feet are wet,' suggested Rocjean.

'*Seguro*' (certainly), answered *ciociara*.

'And when it snows, they are wet; and when it is muddy, they won't keep the mud out; and when it's dusty, where is the dust?'

'Down there in the Campagna!' answered the man. 'But you seem to forget that we wrap cloths over our feet and legs, as high as the knee, and tie them all on with strings; or else our women knit brown woollen leggings, which cover our feet and legs. Well, good or bad, they are better for us (*noi altri*) than shoes.'

Fireworks and a ball at the Governor's palace closed that saint's day; and the next afternoon our artists left the town to return to Segni; but as toward midnight they began to ascend the long, steep road leading to the town, they were overtaken by a thunderstorm, which for grandeur equalled anything that Caper at least had ever seen. The lightning was nearly incessant, at one flash revealing the valley below them, and distant mountain peaks after peaks trembling in white light, then all black as black could be; patches of road in front of the old carriage, silver one second, sable another; while the thunder cracked and roared, echoing and reechoing from rock to rock, ringing away up the wild gorge around which the road wound. The rain fell in torrents, and pebbles and stones loosened from the mountain sides came falling around them. Francesco, the driver, on foot, urged the tired horses onward with blows and the most powerful language he could bring to bear; he accused the off-horse of being a pickpocket and an *arciprete*, and a robber of a small family, of which Francesco assured him he knew he was the father. Then the mare Filomena came in for her share of vilifications, being called a '*giovinastra* (naughty girl), a *vecchierellaccia* (vile old hag), a—' Here the rain, pebbles, lightning, and thunder interrupted the driver, and Rocjean told him to take breath and a pull at his flask, which was filled with *Sambuca*. Thus refreshed, although soaked to the skin, Francesco livened up, and from despondency passed to hope, then to joy, finally landing the old carriage near the gate of Segni, in time for the artists to see far below them the clouds rolling rapidly away, and hear the thunder grumbling far off, over some other town, some other benighted travellers.

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VALMONTONE was the next town visited, and the festival in honor of its patron saint, Luigi Gonzago, was a decided success; the singing in the church operatically excellent; a good-sized tombola; a funny dinner in the back room of a grocery store, one half of the floor of which was covered with shelled corn, while the other half was occupied by the united legs of two tables, a dozen chairs, four dogs, one cat, six male and three female country people. There was a lamb roasted whole, a small barrel of wine, plenty of bread, find-your-own-knives-and-be-happy dinner. Coming out of this small den, and passing a fine large house, opposite the grand palace of the Prince of Valmontone, behold an Italian acquaintance of Caper's standing in a balcony with a very handsome woman; another moment, and Caper was invited in, and passed from poverty to wealth in the twinkling of an eye. Rooms full of guests, tables covered with damask linen, silver, flowers, crystal glasses, delicate food (too late!), good wine (just in time!), charming ladies.

'*Condessa*, permit me to present Signor' Cahpeer, Americano.'

A rich, full, musical voice, lovely eyes, a brilliant toilette—is it any wonder the heart of our artist beat *con animo*, when the beautiful woman welcomed him to Valmontone, and hoped it would not be his last visit. Other introductions, other glasses of sparkling wine—then off for the street, excitement, music, coffee, and a cigar; pretty girls with tender eyes; the prince's stables, with hawks nailed to the doors, and blood horses in their stalls; *contadini*, cowbells, jackasses; ride home on horseback by moonlight; head swimming, love coming in, fun coming out. Exit festival the second.

GAVIGNANO was the scene of the third festival; it is a small town, lying at the foot of Segni. Caper went there on horseback, and, after a regular break-neck ride down the mountain, the path winding round like a string on an apple, arrived there in time to escape a pouring rain, and find himself in a large hall with three beautiful sisters, the Roses of Montelanico, numerous *contadini*

friends, and the wine bottles going round in a very lively and exhilarating manner. The rain ceasing, Caper walked out to see the town, when his arm was suddenly seized, and, turning round, who should it be but Pepe the rash, Pepe the personification of Figaro: a character impossible for northern people to place outside of a madhouse, yet daily to be found in southern Europe. Rash, headstrong, full of deviltry, splendid appetite, and not much conscience—volatile, mocking, irrepressible.

Pepe seized Caper by the arm with a loud laugh, and, only saying, '*Evviva*, Signor! Giacomo, come along!' without giving him breathing time, rushed him up narrow streets, down dirty alleys, through a crowd of mules, mud, and mankind, until they both caught a glimpse of a small church with green garlands over the door. Hauling Caper inside, he dragged him through a long aisle crowded with kneeling worshippers, smashed him down on a bench in front of the main altar, tearing half a yard of crimson damask and nearly upsetting the priest officiating; and then, while Caper (red in the face, and totally unfit to hear the fine chorus of voices, among which Mustafa's, the soprano, came ringing out) was composing himself to listen, Pepe grabbed him with a 'Music's over; *andiamo* (let's go). Did you hear Mustafa? *Bella voce*, tra-la-leeeee! Mustafa's a contadino; I know his pa and ma; they changed him when only five years old. Thought he was a Turk, didn't you? He sings in the Sistine chapel. Pretty man, fat; positively not a sign of a beard.'

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Struggling to escape, Caper was rushed out of church, and into a *caffè* to have a tumblerful of boiling coffee poured down his throat, and again he expressed up hill at a break-neck rate, catching sights of tumble-down old houses, mud, water, flowers, peasants, costumes, donkeys, until he was landed in the Gran' Piazza. Whew!

'Must see the hall where the concert is to-night. Beautiful girl, *bellissima*, *pfisp!* (imitating kiss) girl from Rome; sings three pieces, Ernani, Norma, *pfisp!* Come along!

Smack, bang! into the hall, where the silence and presence of a select few, including Monsignore and the Governatore in council assembled, commanded silence: Pepe wouldn't hear of it anywheres, so again they were in the open air; the band was playing good music in the square, the tombola was about to commence, and contadini were busy with pencils and tickets, ready to win the eighty scudi put up.

Tombola commenced, and Pepe at once supervised all the tickets within reach. 'Bravo, twenty-seven! you've got it, Tonio; scratch it, my lamb.—You haven't, Santi, *poverino mio*.—It's *non c'è*, Angeluccio.—Ah, Bruno, always lucky.—Fifty-four, *Santa Maria*, who would have thought it? —*Caro* Bernardo, *only* one more number to win the terno!'

Somebody won the tombola at last, and Pepe told Caper he should wait for the fireworks and the concert. 'Beautiful girl, ah, *bella*, sings three pieces;' here he burst out with that song

*'Ninella mia di zucchero,
Prende 'sto core, ed abbraccialo;'*

not waiting for the end of which, Caper interrupted him by saying that he should not wait for the evening, as he intended returning to Segni at once.

'Will you?' asked Pepe. 'Oh, *bravo!* good idea. Concert room will be crowded to suffocation; get hot, perspire, catch cold. Fireworks nothing. I'll go with you; great fools to wait. Here is a wine-shop; let us refresh!'

In they went, and finished a quart, after which Pepe proposed visiting another wine-shop, where they had some frascati, good and sweet. So he hurried Caper along so fast through mud and narrow streets, all the way down hill, that his feet could not begin to hold on the slippery stones, and both went ahead on the plan of not being able to stop; at last they reached a landing place, where the wine was sold; hastening in, they nearly fell over a tall, splendid-looking girl, who was standing in the hall.

'*Iddio!* it's my *cara* Giulia, lovely as ever. Come with us and finish a bottle; this is our friend Giacomo, Americano, brave youth, *allegro!*'

'It pleases me well to make the acquaintance of the Signor; I have often seen him in Segni—'

'And *now* you'll fall in love with him,

E tu non pienz' a mi,"

sang Pepe. 'This comes of my headlong hurry introducing pretty girls to interesting strangers. Ah, *bella*, Giulia!

'*Zitto!* Pepe, and pour me out a glass of wine.'

Pepe poured out the wine, one glass after another. Suddenly springing from his seat, he said, 'Wait here a minute. I see Gaetano: will be back again *prestissimo!*'

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He went, and Caper and Giulia were left seated, talking merrily over the wine. There were stars shining when Giulia bid good night to Caper, yet Pepe did not return; he had seized some new idea, may-be the pretty Roman who sang at the concert. Then Caper saddled his horse and rode out into the night—glad that he had met black-eyed Giulia.

The night rides up the mountain! Here's romance, real and beautiful. Are you not treading an old Roman road, over which the legions have marched to victory, war chariots rattled? Up the

mountains, on the old road once leading over the mountains to Terracina, the *Tarracina* of the Romans, who made it one of their naval stations; up that road you go, trusting solely to your horse, one slip of whose foot would send you into eternity *via* a ravine some hundred feet sheer down. Here, bright light from a *casina* where the contadini are loading mules with grapes to be pressed in the city up there near the stars! High above you, nothing but a wall of black rock, up, up, so high! Stars gleaming down, the comet tailing from side to side of the ravine, while the path in the ragged, jagged, storm-gullied rock is so dark you see nothing: your horse stops, his hind feet slip—no! he clings, his hoofs are planted firm; up he goes, and there, in the hands of Providence, you are tossed and pitched, as he winds up and plunges down. The merry ringing, jingling bells of mules ahead, and the voices of their drivers: turn a corner, and the bright light of torches flashes in your eyes. Look again and earnestly at the beautiful scene: mules, drivers, black rocks, olive trees above, all flamboyant in the ruddy light, appearing and disappearing; a weird, wild scene. Up, up, long is the way; past the fountain where the stars are flashing in the splashing waters; past gardens; past the mountain path at last. *Ecco*, the inn of Gaetano.

ANAGNI held its festival in honor of San Magno (*Prottettore della Città*) on the 19th day of August. Gaetano, the landlord, invited Caper to attend it, putting his famous white horse at the disposal of the artist, accompanying him on a small bay beast that was extremely fond of showing his heels to the surrounding objects. Leaving Segni about ten o'clock in the morning, they had hardly reached a bridle path down the mountain, nothing more in fact than a gully, when they were joined by a cavalcade of four other Segnians. One of them, the 'funny fellow' of the party, was mounted on a very meek-looking donkey, and enlivened the hot ride across the valley of the Sacco by spasmodic attempts to lead the cavalcade and come in ahead of the others. He had a lively time as they approached the city, and a joke with every foot passenger on the way; but Gaetano, whose reserve was one of his strong points, and who was anxious to enter Anagni under favorable auspices, gave the word to Caper, and in a few minutes they left cavalcade and donkey-rider far behind.

Anagni, the ancient *Anagnia*, was the capital of the Hernici. The favorite residence, in the middle ages, of several of the popes, it still shows in its building marks of the wealth it once enjoyed. Having stabled their horses with a friend of Gaetano's, who insisted on their finishing the best part of a *bottiglia* of red wine with him, the artist, under the landlord's guidance, set out to see the town. They climbed up street to the cathedral, a fine old pile trembling with music and filled with worshippers, paintings of saints in extremis, flowers, wax candles, votary offerings, and heat; then coming out, and feeling wolfish, looked round for a place where they could find dinner! Here it was! a scene that would have cheered Teniers: a very large room, its walls brown with smoke; long wooden tables, destitute of cloth, but crowded with country people eating, drinking, talking, enjoying themselves to the utmost extent. Forks were invisible, but every man had his own knife, and Caper, similarly provided, whipped out his long pocket weapon and commenced an attack on roast lamb and bread, as if time were indeed precious. Wine was provided at Fair price; and, with fruit, he managed to cry at last, 'Hold, enough!'

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Gaetano, having a message for a young priest in the seminary there, asked Caper how he would like to see the interior of the building, and the way the *prete* lived? Caper assenting, they entered a fine large establishment with broad walls and high ceilings, and mounting to the second story and knocking at the door of a chamber, they were admitted by a tall, thin, sallow young man, about eighteen years old, evidently the worse for want of exercise, and none the stronger minded for his narrow course of education and instruction.

Gaetano introduced Caper to the young priest, and the artist, who, a moment before entering the room, was as lively as the Infant Bacchus, at once became melancholy as the Infant Samuel, and a feeling of such pity seized him, that, endeavoring not to show it, he turned it into a sentiment of interest in the young priest and his surroundings, admiring the beautiful view from the window, and, turning inward to a poor wreath of paper flowers hanging over a holy-water fount attached to the wall, praised for their resemblance to natural flowers. (Was that untruth unforgiven?)

'I made them,' said the young priest; 'but they are nothing to the ones I have made for our church in Montelanico. I will show those to you.' Opening a large paper box, he showed Caper wreaths and festoons of paper flowers. 'I have spent weeks on weeks over them,' he continued, 'and they will decorate the church at the next *fešta*. I spend all my leisure hours making artificial flowers.'

In answer to a question from Caper of the dress he then wore was the usual one worn by the seminarists on important occasions, the young priest answered him that it was not, and at once produced the full dress, putting on the upper garment, a species of cassock, in order to show him how it looked. He next called his attention to a curious old work, full of engravings illustrating the different costumes of the different orders of priests, and was in full discourse to describe them all, when Gaetano told him that he was sorry, but that he had to go, as he had some matters to attend to at the fair. So Caper bid the young priest good-by, saying he regretted that he had not time to further study the ecclesiastical costumes. A feeling of relief seized him when he was once more in the open air—thoughts of gunning, fishing, fighting, anything, so long as it was not the making paper flowers by that poor, pale-faced boy: it was terrible!

There are several resident families in Anagni having titles; these are known as the *stelle d'Anagni* (stars of Anagni), and number among the ladies many beautiful faces, if those pointed out to him were the true stars. But it was, while smoking a cigar over a cup of coffee, that he saw enter the café without exception one of the loveliest and most attractive women he met in Italy. The word *simpatica*, so often used by Italians, expressing, as it does, so much in so short a space, exactly

applied to the charming woman who passed him, as she entered the room where he was seated. She was accompanied by several gentlemen, one of whom, on whose arm she leaned, having the most character of all the others in his face, and the finest-looking man in figure and carriage, Caper selected as her husband—and he was right.

Gaetano, having finished his business, soon entered the café in company with a dashing, handsome-looking man, in half ecclesiastical costume; for though he wore a shovel hat and long-tailed black frock coat, yet his other clothes, though black, had the air of being made by an *à la mode* tailor. His manner was cordial, frank, hearty. He proposed a walk around the town, to see what was going on among the *villani*. Caper calling his attention to the lady mentioned above, the ecclesiastic, making his excuses for his sudden leave, at once hurried over to salute her, and was evidently very cordially received. He returned in a few minutes to Caper.

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'It is the *Principessa* —, and she insists on having an introduction to the American. She is making the *villeggiatura* among these mountain towns for a frolic. She will be in Segni, with her husband, the Signor ----, and it will be pleasant for you to know them while there.'

'Introduce me by all means. She is the most beautiful woman I have seen in Italy.'

The introduction was made, and our artist surpassed himself in conversing intelligibly, much to the delight of the fair Italian and her friends, who declared they were prepared to converse with him solely by signs. Promising that when they came to Segni he should not fail to call upon them, and give them a long account of the savage life he lived among his Indian brethren in America, he laughingly bid them good day.

The dashing priest now went with Caper and Gaetano through the crowded streets, pointing out objects of interest, architectural and human; past booths where all kinds of merchandise was exposed for sale, out to see the ancient massive walls of travertine, where divers stunning objects were carved, inscriptions, &c. Then they found a wine shop, where it was cool and tolerably quiet, and smoked and drank until sunset, having much sport conversing with the amiable *villane*, who were as comfortably tipsy as their circumstances would permit. At sunset, the Piazza Grande was brilliant with hangings, crimson and gold, and colored tapestry hung from the windows of the surrounding houses. Here the tombola was held, and here the crowd was excited as usual; the lucky ones bearing off the prizes were in such rapturous state of bliss—'one might have stuck pins into them without their feeling it.'

About sunset, Gaetano and Caper saddled their horses, and left the city, striking over the valley to Segni, passing on the road country people mounted on donkeys, or travelling along on foot, nine tenths of whom were vigorously canvassing—the life of Saint Magno?—no, indeed, but the chances of the lottery!

There was to have been the next day, at Anagni, a curious chase of buffaloes, in accordance with some passage in the life of San Magno, as the people said; but, according to Rocjean, more probably some neglected ceremony of the ancient heathens, which the party in power, finding they could not abolish, gracefully tacked on to the back of the protector of the city. These kind of things are done to an alarming extent around Rome; and the Sieur de Rocjean, when he lost his calendar containing the dates of all the festivals, said it was of no importance—he had an excellent Lempriere!

The fifth festival—if you have patience to read about it—was held at GENAZZANO, and was decidedly the most celebrated one of the season. It came off on the 8th of September, and for costumes, picturesqueness, and general effect, might have been called, to copy from piano literature, *Le Songe d'un Artiste*.

The town itself looks as if it had just been kicked out of a theatre. Round towers at entrance gates, streets narrow and all up hill, the tiles on the houses running down to see what is going on in the gutter, quaint old houses, gray with time, with latticed windows, queer old doors, a grand old castle in ruins. It is one of the scenes you long so much to see before you come abroad, and which you so seldom find along the Grande Route. Spend a summer in the mountain towns of Italy! among the Volscian mountains or hills—and have your eyes opened.

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As Caper entered the gate, the first objects meeting his sight were: a procession of genuine pilgrims, dressed precisely as you see them in Robert le Diable, or Linda di Chamouni, or on the stage generally—long gray robes down to their feet, cocked hats with cockle shells, long wands; some barefoot, some with sandals: on they passed, singing religious songs. Then came the peasantry, all in perfect theatrical harmony, costumes rigidly correct *à la Sonnambula*. German artists dressed in Sunday clothes *à la Der Freyschutz*. A café with festoons of lemon-peel hung from window to window—they are not up to this idea in *Fra Diavolo*. Pretty girls in latticed windows, with red boddices, white sleeves, flowers in their hair—*legitimate Italian drama*. Crockery-ware in piles—*low comedy*. A man with a table, Sambuca and Acqua-vita bottles on it, and wee glasses, one cent a drink: *melodrama*. Fresh oranges and figs, pumpkin-seed and pine cones; a house with mushrooms strung on thread, hanging from window to window—this was not for festival display, but is the common way of the country. Notices of the *fiesta*, containing programme of the day, including amusements, ecclesiastical and secular, hung up alongside the stands where they were selling lottery tickets—*tragedy*. Fountains, with groups of peasantry drinking, or watering horses and donkeys—*pantomime*. Priests, in crow-black raiment, and canal-boat or shovel hats—*mystery*. Strangers from Rome, in the negro-minstrel style of costume, if young men; or in the rotund-paunch and black-raiment dress, if elderly men; or in the *chiffonée*

style, if Roman women attempting the last Parisian fashion—*farce*.

Here are the booths with rosaries, crucifixes, Virgin Mary's holy-water holders, medals of Pio Nono, or jewelry; gold crescent earrings, *spadine* (long silver hair pins); silver hearts, legs, arms, for votive offerings, and crosses without number.

Caper entered the church; it was filled, and stifling with heat and frankincense, and contadini, and wax lights burning before the shrine, on which the sun shone. There were beautiful faces among the *pajine* (people in fine raiment), showing what can be made from the *contadine* (people in coarse clothes) by not overworking them.

Once more our artist was in the pure air, and, walking up the main street, came to a house with a beautifully carved stone window, half Byzantine, half Gothic, while a house on the opposite side of the street boasted of two other windows finely carved. While looking at them, Caper was hailed by name, and a stout, fresh-colored English artist, named Wardor, whom he had known in Rome, came over and welcomed him to Genazzano. Wardor, it turned out, was spending the summer there, as he had done the year before; consequently, there was not a nook or corner in the old town he did not know; and if he had not been so lazy, he could have filled his sketch book with a hundred picturesque studies. But no; with the keenest appreciation of every bit of color, every graceful pose of a human figure, every beautiful face, every fine effect of light or shadow—he made no sign. His legitimate function was friendly guide to the stranger, and in this office he carried Caper all over the old castle, out to the long shady walk on the esplanade behind it, pointed out beautiful views over the valley; finally, showing Caper his studio, which, as it was a large room, and his *padrona* could impose on his good nature, was fairly glittering with copper pans, hung on the walls when not in use in the kitchen. On an easel was a painting, to be called The King of the Campagna; all that was apparent was the head and horns of the king. Wardor had thus actually spent three mouths painting on a space not so large as your fist, while the canvas was at least three feet by two feet and a half. But the king, a buffalo, would be a regal figure, for the head was life itself.

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Caper proposed finishing a bottle of wine with Wardor, in honor of the day; so the latter piloted him up street and then down a flight of steps to a quiet wine-shop, where, sitting on a shady terrace, they could calmly enjoy the lovely landscape spread below them, and look over the town, over the valley, to far-away Segni high up in the Volscians. The landlord's wife, a buxom, comely woman, in full holiday costume, brought them a flask of cool wine and glasses, presenting them at the same time with a couple of very large sweet apples, the largest of which was thirteen inches in circumference by actual measurement. So you see they have apples as well as oranges in Italy; only, apples are practical, so they are generally omitted in the poetical descriptions of the blue-skyed land.

Caper and Wardor dined together in a very crowded inn, where the macaroni must have been cooked by the ton, to judge of the sized dish the two artists were presented with—and which they finished! Chickens, lamb chops, salad, and two flasks of wine at last satisfied them. When they left the table, Wardor proposed their calling on a Roman family, who were spending the summer in the town. They found the house they occupied crowded with guests, who, having finished dinner, were busily employed dancing to the music of two guitars and a flute; that is, the younger part of them, while the elders applauded vociferously, entering into the amusement with a reckless spirit of fun and good nature, which people who have to keep shady nine tenths of the year for fear of their rulers, are very apt to indulge in the remaining tenth.

Elisa, the daughter of the Roman family, received Caper with hearty welcome, chiding him for having been all summer at Segni, and yet not coming near them, and entreating him to come to Genazzano and make them a long visit. She introduced him at once to her affianced husband, a handsome young doctor of the town, a man of sterling ability and sound common sense, who very soon made Caper at home, insisted on his dancing the *Tarantella* and *Saltarella Napolitana* with a lively, lithe young lady, who cut our artist's heart to fiddlestrings before they had danced five minutes together a polka—for let the truth be told, Caper never could dance the Tarantella.

Wardor, in the meantime, had been led off in triumph to a side-table, and was making a very hearty second dinner; he not having force of mind enough to do like Caper and refuse a good offer! Caper had to drink a few tumblers (not wine-glasses) of wine, and found it beneficial in dancing. It may be as well to repeat here, in order to calm all apprehensions of our artist being a hard drinker, that all these wines around Rome, with few exceptions, are little stronger than mild sweet cider, and that satiety will generally arrive before inebriety. Ask any sober and rigorously correct traveller, who has ever been there, if this is not so. If he speaks from experience, he will say: 'Certainly!' 'Of course!' 'To be sure!' And again: 'Why not?'

It is not asserted here that the Romans of the city or surrounding country never get tipsy; but that it is only occasionally they have change enough to do so; consequently, a beautiful state of sobriety is observed by those travellers who—never observe anything.

The moon was shining over the old gate-towers of Genazzano when Caper mounted his horse, and, in company with two Segnians, rode forth from the fifth *festà*, and over the hills through Cavi, and over the valley past Valmontone, and then up the steep road to his summer home; wondering if in far-away America they were dreaming of a man who was going through a course of weekly Fourth-of-July's, and how long it would be before the world came to an end if such a state of things existed in any country where people had liberty to study geography, and were ruled by politicians instead of priests?

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'May I ask your candid opinion of the great moral effect of so many holidays on an uneducated population?' inquired Caper one day of Rocjean, while speaking of the festivals of the Papal States.

'Certainly you may! My opinion is that the head of the state, carrying out the gigantic policy of his predecessors, believes: 'That that government governs best that gives the greatest amount of fiddling to the greatest amount of its children.'

'But,' objected Caper, 'I don't see where the fiddling comes in.'

'In the churches!' sententiously remarked the Sieur de Rocjean.

'Oh,' quoth Caper, 'I was thinking of festivals.'

Reader, do you think likewise, when you are with the Romans.

THOUGHT.

Life is but an outer wall
Round the realm of thought unseen;
Ah! to let the drawbridge fall
Leading to that magic hall!
Ah! to let creation in.

Kings that with the world contended,
What remains of all the splendid
Misery their hands have wrought?
Hushed and silent now the thunder
They have made the world rock under;
But the ages bow in wonder
To a thought.

Ah! the many tragic parts
That are played by human hearts
In that golden drama, fame.
These are minor actors truly,
That should not be seen unduly,
Letting idle recollection
Trifle with the play's perfection,
Letting an unwritten anguish
Make the brilliant pageant languish.
Alas for every hero's story,
That the woes which chiefly make it
Must surge from the heart, or break it,
And show the stuff that fashions glory.

Pyramids and templed wonders
At the best are wise men's blunders;
The subtle spell of thought and fancy,
It is Nature's necromancy.
In that land where all things real
Blossom into the ideal,
In that realm of hidden powers
Moving this gross world of ours,
He that would inherit fame,
Let him on the magic wall
Of some bright, ideal hall
Write his name;
He and glory then shall be
Comrades through eternity.

While the deeds of mighty kings
Sleep the sleep of meaner things,
Thoughts enclosed in words of granite
Revolutionize our planet.
And, itself a new creation,
Many an enchanted tune,
As of nightingale's in June,
Comes floating down in long vibration,
To the chorus of the hours
Lending its harmonial powers,
Or through Time's resounding arches

Playing Nature's solemn marches,
To whose beat the marshalled nations
Pass in steady generations.

But deem not the thoughts unspoken,
Silent despots of the brain,
Build their airy halls in vain,
Die and leave behind no token.
As the stars upon the ether
Play their golden monody,
Flashing on dusk-featured night
The soft miracle of light;
So upon a finer ether,
A spiritual emanation
From the whole mind of creation,
Plays the brain incessantly;
And each thought is a vibration,
Running like a poet's rhyme
Down the endless chords of time,
And on each responsive brain
Dropping in a silver rain
Of divinest inspiration.

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When the whirlwind rush of war
Passes, and is heard no more,
Voices crushed beneath its din
Rise and their long reign begin;
Thoughts like burning arrows hurled
At the tyrants of the world,
Thoughts that rend like battle axes
Till wrong's giant hand relaxes,
Thoughts that open prison gates
And strike the chains of prostrate limb,
That turn the current of the fates,
Like God's commissioned cherubim
With divine authority
To proclaim creation free,
And plant in human hearts the seeds
That shall grow to noble deeds.
Ha! when genius climbs the throne
Sacred to oppression grown,
And from his seat plucks tyranny;
When, with thoughts that pierce like flame,
Songs, and every word a fame,
She crowns imperial Liberty,
Then shall the usurper, glory,
End his foul and brutal story,
And manhood evermore shall be
A synonym of liberty.

'IT STILL MOVES.'

It still goes on. The driving rain
May chill, but light will gleam again,
It still goes on. Truth's enemy
Wins a defeat with victory.
It still goes on. Cold winter's snow
Comes that the grass may greener grow;
And Freedom's sun, whate'er befall,
Shines warm and bright behind it all.

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THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE REBELLION.

Among all the subjects of human cognizance, the least understood, and therefore the most difficult of anticipation, are those which concern the acts of men, as individuals or in society. Presumptuous, indeed, would be that man who should undertake to foretell the exact results of pending political or military operations, complicated as they must be by innumerable unknown and undiscoverable contingencies, which lie hidden in the circumstances of the actual situation.

The difficulty of this investigation does not arise, however, from the absence of fixed laws controlling such events, but solely from our ignorance of those laws, and the extreme complexity of the conditions in which they act. The issue of existing causes is as certain as this moment, as it will be after it shall have become unalterable in history. No accident can disturb or thwart it; for, in truth, there can be no such thing as accident, except in our imaginations, and by reason of our incapacity to trace the continuous thread of inevitable sequence, or causation, which connects together all events whatever, in their inception, through their continuance, and to their end. All enlightened thinkers of the present age have recognized this great truth; and yet none have been able to apply to social and political affairs the sole admitted test of genuine philosophy, the prediction of future results from known antecedents. Indeed, the wisest and most competent of political observers have always been the most cautious in their indulgence of the prophetic spirit, and the most ready to acknowledge their ignorance of what the future will bring forth in the great field of political and social affairs. Gasparin, in his late admirable book, 'America before Europe' (according to his American translator), has this very modest passage on this subject:

'Not feeling any vocation for the character of prophet, I shall take care not to recount here, in advance, events that are about to happen. I marvel at people who are so sure of their facts. The future has not the least obscurity for them; it has much for me. I confine myself to protesting against the positive assertions which have contributed but too greatly to mislead the opinion of Europe. My humbles theory is this: the defeat of the South is *probable*; the return of the conquered South to the Union is *possible*.'

But while 'political or military vaticination' is proverbially unsafe, and therefore to be carefully avoided by all judicious inquirers, and especially by practical statesmen, it must at the same time be admitted that some of the general laws controlling such events are well understood; and whenever all the facts of a case are known and appreciated, and the laws applicable fully comprehended, then it is possible to anticipate the results of that particular combination with absolute certainty. Other causes may interfere, and modify these results—may accelerate or postpone them, or entirely absorb and conceal them in the general issue of complicated affairs. Yet the particular results themselves are not, and cannot be defeated or annulled. They are merely transformed by a sort of 'composition and resolution' of social and political causes, exactly similar to that which takes place in mechanics, when two or more forces not concurrent in direction, impel a body in a line altogether different from that in which either of the forces may have acted. Every physical impulse, it is said, which is initiated anywhere on the earth, is felt to the extremities of our solar system—every motion of the smallest particle of matter communicating its effect, however inappreciable, to the most distant planet, and as far beyond as the power of gravitation may extend. It is precisely so with all social events, even those of the most insignificant character. Every one of them has its appropriate influence, which is indestructible; and they all combine to make up the great whole of human action, the results of which at any specific period are only the necessary and inevitable consequences of all antecedent facts.

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It was the opinion of that most accomplished political philosopher, Burke, that 'politics ought to be adjusted not to human reasonings, but to human nature, of which reason is but a part, and by no means the greatest part,'—the meaning of which is, simply, that the reasonings do not comprehend, as premises, all the complicated facts which enter into any important political problem, and hence the conclusion in such cases cannot be absolutely certain, and ought not to be implicitly received. It would be extremely difficult to explain how politics could be adjusted to human nature without the exercise of reason, which alone can regulate the process of adjustment. But we may certainly claim that, in the lapse of nearly a century since Burke wrote, the reason has been considerably enlightened, and something more has been learned of human nature itself, its apparently capricious and irregular phenomena having been ascertained to be the subjects of systematic order, as complete as that which prevails in all other departments of nature. The laws of social existence and development have been to some extent discovered, and recognized as being uniform in their operation, so that the natural and necessary course of human events may be anticipated, though as yet in a dim and imperfect way. The present age is fruitful of many wonders; but the greatest of them all is this important truth, which has just begun fairly to dawn upon mankind. It is already so firmly established, that no intelligent man who is fully up with the knowledge of his epoch, can admit the least doubt that all events, however complicated, whether social, political, military, or of any other kind, are controlled by general laws, as uniform and certain in their operation as the laws of astronomy, of physics, or of chemistry. The complexity of conditions under which they operate, makes these laws extremely difficult of discovery and of application. But the infinite combinations of influences which press on minds of individual members of society, and make the acts of each one of them apparently uncertain and arbitrary, exhibit a truly wonderful degree of uniformity, when considered in their operation on the whole mass of a nation. It is by the investigation of these wide and general effects, that the great laws of human action and development are ascertained. Their actual existence is absolutely certain. But after all, in the present state of our knowledge, with all the light afforded by such history as we have of the past, and with all the experience of the present generation, the sum and substance of what we can claim is no more than this: that some influences of a social and political nature may be traced to their certain results, though, from the intricacy of all social facts, their vast extent in a great nation, and especially when international interests are concerned, and from our necessarily imperfect acquaintance with all these varied, multiplex, and powerful conditions, we cannot always foresee what conflicting causes will intervene to counteract, modify, and control the actual issue. It is therefore only in the most

general way that anything can be said with reference to the future in social or political affairs.

In two former articles contributed to *THE CONTINENTAL*, we have endeavored to point out 'the causes of the rebellion,' finding them in events and conditions contemporaneous with the birth of our institutions, and in the necessary antagonism of social and political principles naturally developed in the progress of our country, and embodied in appropriate but conflicting forms. If we have been successful in designating the real causes, and tracing their operation through successive stages, down to the tremendous and calamitous events of the present day, we may hope to follow these causes, to some extent, in their further development, and in their necessary action on the destiny of the nation. We can at least mark the direction of the stream of affairs as it rolls grandly before us; and while we may not know precisely through what regions it will take its course, or by what rapids and over what cataracts it will be hurried and precipitated with furious and destructive force, we can nevertheless pronounce with confidence that it will finally make its way, in spite of all obstructions, to the broad and peaceful ocean of amelioration, into which all the currents of human action, however turbid, and filled with wrecks of human work and genius, eventually pour their inevitable tribute. We can even look through the mists of time which limit mortal vision, and catch some glimpses of the bloody current, observing where it disappears in gloom and shadow, only to come forth again in the distance as a shining river, glistening in the sunlight of peace and prosperity, and bearing on its bosom the full-freighted ark of a mighty nation, resting from war, reunited, and reawakened to the animating sense of a glorious destiny. Though the present generation should be compelled to struggle and labor, through its whole term of existence, with immense sacrifice and suffering, such are the elements involved in the contest, that nothing but good to the nation, which is surely destined to survive, can come out of it in the end.

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The whole history of our country, its origin, the peculiar organization of our institutions, and their gradual growth and development down to the present day, seem to have been arranged and ordered for the very purpose of engendering this contest between slavery and freedom. If this statement be too strong, we may at least assert that no better conditions for that purpose could have been devised, by human wisdom at all events, than those which existed at every stage of our progress, from the beginning of our existence as a people, to the culmination of this long-smouldering strife. The germs of freedom and slavery, which we know were planted in the infancy of our republic, found in the circumstances surrounding them the most favorable conditions for their respective growth and expansion. Each found ample opportunity to flourish according to its nature and necessities, modified, it may be, but not destroyed, by the unfavorable institutions which coexisted with it. The organization of separate colonies, and afterward of separate States, measurably independent, afforded these two irreconcilable systems full opportunity for complete development, and rendered it possible for them to maintain, each, a distinct existence in different localities, and to unfold their respective natures and tendencies, with comparatively little interference of the one with the other. Thus slavery soon became extinct in Massachusetts, and died out rather more slowly in the other Free States of the original thirteen. It flourished in Maryland and Virginia, and later, from peculiar circumstances, it grew rank, with unexampled fecundity, in the Carolinas and Georgia. Had the Government of the United States been consolidated, the conditions of slavery and free labor would have been wholly different; and it is reasonable to infer that the course of development of the respective systems would have been materially modified, if not altogether changed. We may pronounce with certainty that the institution would not have become extinct in the whole country as soon as it did in Massachusetts, or, indeed, in any one of the present Free States; but we cannot assert that the converse of this proposition would have been true, and that the Government, as a centralized power, would have abolished slavery more certainly, and sooner, than the most backward of the separate States may now be expected to do, under the complex forms of our present Constitution. In a consolidated government, the power of the majority would have been competent to effect fundamental and universal changes, even to the extent of abolishing slavery; but without the existence of separate States, with their independent local legislation and administrations, the gradual undermining and destruction of the old system would have been a process of extreme procrastination and difficulty. It would have been a gigantic undertaking, convulsing the whole nation whenever attempted, and yet demanding the exercise of its united authority for its accomplishment. We should not have had the effective antagonism of the Free against the Slave States, nor the demonstration which results from the striking contrasts between the two systems in their effects on civilization, in all its forms of intelligence, enterprise, wealth, and improvement. Contiguous States, with separate jurisdictions, admitted a divergence of customs, laws, and institutions, remarkable in its character, and fraught with momentous consequences to the whole sisterhood. Nothing like this could have occurred under the consolidated form. It is true, according to the principles we have heretofore enounced as having been established by universal history and experience, slavery must have disappeared eventually, alike in a consolidated or a federal form of government; for it is now well understood by all enlightened thinkers, that different forms of polity may either facilitate or embarrass the natural development of society, but cannot actually create or altogether destroy the tendency to improvement. This tendency is innate in man, and independent of all forms of government, though not wholly unaffected by them. But in our vast country, under a centralized system, however democratic, it would have been far more difficult to initiate the work of emancipation, on account of the magnitude and unity of the power to be moved, and for want of those *points d'appui* afforded by the local organization and independent authority of the states in a confederacy. Our own experience, and the recent example of Russia, may serve to convince us that a consolidated representative republic would probably have been less favorable to the abolition of slavery than

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an imperial and despotic government. The serf-owners of Russia, had the question been submitted to them, would have been as little disposed to vote for the destruction of their system, as the slave-holders of America have shown themselves inclined to submit to the voice of the majority under our republican institutions.

Thus, it was characteristic of our peculiar political forms, that they gave opportunity for the complete trial of each of the two plans of social organization which grew out of the early introduction of African slaves into the colonies. For while it seems to be clear that the federal system was most favorable to the disappearance of slavery from those localities where circumstances made emancipation easy and advantageous, it is equally plain that it afforded full scope to the growth and influence of the system of servile labor, wherever, from climatic conditions, it was peculiarly profitable, and otherwise adapted to the productions of the region, and to the prevailing sentiments of the people. The confederated form of government, therefore, almost of necessity originated the antagonism of Free States against Slave States; while, at the same time, and from the same cause, it enabled the opposite sections to give infinitely greater force and effect to this antagonism, than would have been possible under any other constitutional conditions. Rebellion might possibly have been initiated within the bosom of a consolidated republic, and such a government might well have been broken into two or more fragments; but this would have been far less likely to happen in that case than in existing circumstances. At all events, there would have been no room for the dangerous doctrine of secession, and that plausible pretext would have been wanting to the incipient rebellion; nor would there have been anything equivalent to the State organizations which unfortunately afforded the ready means of immediate and most effective combination. The inestimable advantages of our complex political system in avoiding the necessary despotism of consolidated government, by establishing local legislation and administration in a number of partially independent States, were in some measure counterbalanced by a natural tendency to discord among the parts, and a capacity for independent action in support and perpetuation of dangerous divergencies of opinion and policy. If some States could repudiate slave labor, and gradually build the fabric of their prosperity on the safer basis of universal education, others could, with equal disregard of everything but their own will and fancied interests, cherish and encourage the original system of servile subordination and compulsory ignorance of the laboring class, with which all the States started into their career of independence at the commencement of the Revolution. And, unhappily, both parties to this discordant social action were unrestrained by any constitutional obligation, or by any common authority whatever, in the indulgence, within their respective limits, of mutual hatred and vituperation, with all those numberless and exasperating injuries which no law can either notice or redress. These conflicting capabilities, with their attendant dangers, lurked in the body of our political organization from the very beginning. They were born with it; they grew with its growth, and strengthened with its strength, until the fatal hour when rebellion undertook the wicked work of its destruction. Whatever may be the actual issue of the struggle—whether the attempted dismemberment shall prove a success or a disastrous failure—the effect of the civil war on the character of our institutions must be commensurate with the organic character of the causes out of which it arose. So profound a disturbance of the existing social order, so vast an upheaval of the very foundations of the whole political fabric, must either rend it into fragments, and make necessary a complete reconstruction, or must cause it to settle down upon a basis firmer and more lasting than that on which it has hitherto rested. We think it almost absolutely certain that the latter result will be brought out in the end. It cannot be possible that our system will be utterly destroyed; and if, against all human probabilities, it should be momentarily overthrown, it will rise again hereafter in greater splendor and power, by reason of the very calamity through which it will have passed.

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The federative system, on this continent, will never be abandoned; it will be far more likely to be extended much beyond its present limits, even including that immense territory which has been the theatre of its origin and glorious progress down to the present day. Its superiority over any system of consolidated power on a large scale, is beyond all doubt, inasmuch as it provides effectually for the perfect freedom of local legislation and administration, and for the full participation of all the parts in the government of the whole, as to those questions which concern the general interests. But in this very distribution of powers always consisted the greatest difficulty and the most threatening peril; for nothing but actual experience, long continued, could adjust to each other with perfect accuracy the nicely balanced parts of this complicated political machinery. The principle of local independence is naturally liable to exaggeration and abuse. The State authorities have ever shown a tendency to claim absolute sovereignty, and to array their will against the authority of the Federal Government. This troublesome question, forever recurring in the important exigencies of our national life, has never been definitely settled, and perhaps it could not be, except under the pressure of a great and critical emergency like the present. One of the most important consequences of the rebellion will therefore be to dispose of this question forever—to settle the boundaries of the local and general authorities, and to fix them permanently and unalterably. This might possibly have been accomplished in the appointed way, by conventions and explanatory amendments to the Constitution. But such proceedings would have been subject to all the uncertain contingencies and delays involved in partisan struggles and popular elections, and to all the imperfections of halfway measures and expedients of compromise, born amid angry contentions, and bartered for by ambitious aspirants to place and power. By no other means could a complete and adequate arrangement of the difficulty be brought about so effectually as by the terrible lessons of this lamentable civil war. Nothing else would have been so well calculated to clear the eyes of the people of all illusions, and to give them an accurate insight into the character and demands of the crisis. Great disasters, which

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destroy the fortunes of men, and disturb the prosperity of nations, never fail to awaken the human soul, and impart to it some new and important truths. The sufferings and calamities of the war are indeed great and overwhelming; yet there will be some compensation for them all, in the sad experience we shall gain, and in the stability which will result to our sorely tried institutions in the future. Even if, against all apparent possibilities, the rebellious States should finally conquer their independence, not only the old Government, but even the new one itself, or the batch of new ones that will spring up, will have learned the most salutary lessons from the whole course of this sanguinary struggle. No sundering of such ties as have always heretofore existed among these States can ever take place peaceably. Both we and our enemies will have been taught the never-to-be-forgotten truth that secession is civil war. And we should probably have reason thereafter to add to this sad lesson the still more solemn and portentous one, that permanent separation of these States is nothing more or less than perpetual war, with the accompaniments of large standing armies, vast public debts, oppressive taxes, loss of liberty, and progressive decline of civilization. This state of things would, however, eventually cure itself. What is called the balance of power in Europe has been brought to its present condition of imperfect stability only through centuries of war. What bloody commotions should we experience before the conditions of stable equilibrium could be attained by the warring States of our broken Union? Each petty fragment of the discordant mass would contain within itself the germs of precisely such a struggle as we are now passing through. For though the Confederate Government may have ostensibly recognized the actual sovereignty of the separate States composing it, and thereby pretended to establish the principle of secession as a right, the war will not have reached its termination before that doctrine will be practically and effectually destroyed in the very contest for its assertion. At the moment of its apparent triumph, secession itself would expire; for so strong a government will be indispensable to this achievement, and to the maintenance of the new power, that the very principle which presided at its birth will be suspended and destroyed by the paramount necessities of its existence and condition. Any one of the deluded States which might in that case attempt to assert this right, would soon find, in renewed calamities, the folly and danger of the theory on which it is founded.

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Nothing but the hope of foreign intervention has sustained the cause of the rebellion until the present time; and the realization of that hope can alone keep up its vitality, and give it success in the future. The disparity of strength and numbers in the two sections is decisive of the whole case, if they be left to conclude the fight themselves. The question is one of means and men, of resources and endurance; and when we consider the effects of the blockade, and of the probably action of the slaves under the policy of the President, or even under the ordinary progress of the war, no great length of time can be required to bring the contest to an issue, even if the armies of the Union should not at once succeed in overwhelming the enemy and taking possession of his country. In spite of discouraging delays and military blunders, and of all the waste of life and means which have hitherto marked the conduct of the war, the great struggle is still progressing rapidly, though silently, in other fields than those of battle, and with other weapons than bayonets and artillery. The sinews of war are gradually becoming shrivelled in the arm of the rebellion. Every bale of cotton locked up in the ports of the South, or hidden in its thickets and ravines, or given to the flames by ruthless hands of the guerillas, is so much strength withheld from the enemy, and, in the vast aggregate, will eventually be equivalent to the overthrow of his armies and the capture of his cities. The large number of slaves rushing to our lines, and the still greater number rendered restless under restraint, and preparing to escape, may be expected, in any other year, to make even his supply of bread precarious, and still further to paralyze his strength and destroy his means of resistance. But in addition to these accumulating difficulties and misfortunes, our armies are everywhere moving down upon him apparently with irresistible force, and threaten to anticipate the slower, but not less certain work of physical exhaustion. He is hard pressed in Virginia, where his pretended capital is again menaced; he is driven out of Kentucky and Missouri, and is fast receding before our victorious forces in Tennessee. We have penetrated into Mississippi, and await only the swelling of the waters to capture its last stronghold, Vicksburg, when the great valley from Cairo to New Orleans will be in our possession, and the rebel confederacy will be sundered through its very spine. We hold important points on the Atlantic coast and in the Gulf, including the great metropolis of the South, New Orleans, and the whole coast of Texas.

By her own energies alone, these losses can never be recovered by the South. Without aid from abroad, there is not the remotest possibility of prolonging the contest for another year, much less of establishing the Confederate Government on any permanent basis. And even with such interference, supposing it to be successful, the career of the new power would be brief, and full of trouble. It would merely exchange its position of equality in the old Union, for one of degrading dependence and subserviency to some one of the great European Governments. The system of slavery could not be preserved. The demoralization has already gone too far; and no French sovereign or English administration could safely venture to interfere in our quarrel for the purpose of upholding that institution. In the midst of a dissolving social organization, this exhausted and fragmentary American power, galvanized into temporary vitality by the sinister aid of foreign arms, would be compelled to undertake the task of determining its boundaries, defending its frontiers, and reorganizing its chaotic society. All this would have to be accomplished in the presence of a still powerful adversary, jealous of her own rights, and ever ready to assert them, as opportunity would permit, in the face of all opposition. European affairs are not yet so thoroughly adjusted, and the peace of that continent established on so firm a basis, that complications may not be anticipated at almost any moment, which would at once free America from the disgraceful trammels of foreign intervention. It is doubtful whether such a

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movement from Europe could be successful, even under all the deplorable difficulties which now beset our country. Let any one of those Governments lay its hand on the United States, and revolution would probably hasten to rear its awful head, and so arouse the people of the continent as to shake and endanger the very thrones which now seem to be most firmly established. The unfriendly blow aimed at us might possibly react upon its authors, and transfer to them the misfortunes and disorders which now afflict this country. So just a retribution is not beyond the probabilities of the present situation in Europe, whether intervention should come from the English aristocracy or from the French emperor. The instincts of the people, everywhere, are on our side; their strong arms may not be slow to vindicate the judgment they pronounce, and to follow the sentiments and sympathies which animate their generous hearts.

But in spite of all difficulties and discouragements, at home or abroad, we firmly believe our righteous cause will eventually prevail, and the Union be restored to even more than its former glory. The overthrow of the power of the rebellion, the utter exhaustion of all its resources, and the frightful derangement of its entire social economy, will leave the people of the South in a condition of helplessness which will render further resistance impracticable. An immediate resumption of hostilities will be effectually prevented by the military force which will necessarily be maintained for some time after the close of the final campaign of the war; and before the strength of the rebellious States can be recruited for another similar contest, new ideas will be engendered, and new sentiments of attachment to the Union may be expected to grow up and take the place of that unnatural bitterness which has exasperated the war and prolonged its horrors. An inevitable change of institutions in the South, with moderate and conciliatory measures on the part of the North, will serve gradually to heal the dangerous wound, self-inflicted, which has so nearly destroyed the very existence of the fairest and most favored part of our country. In the end, a homogeneous society will extend over the whole Union, and new vigor will be infused into our political organization, by reason of its recovery from the terrible disease by which it has been attacked and for a time utterly prostrated. The alternative effects of this critical danger overcome, and of the treatment rendered necessary, will doubtless be one of the most important consequences of the rebellion.

The dogma of secession, as applied to our complex government, is inconsistent with reason, and has often been effectually refuted by argument. But sophistry, stimulated by ambition, was ever ready to renew the controversy, and to perpetuate it in all the forms of vicious logic and plausible ratiocination. The appeal to force, however, has done something more than refute an argument; it has already discomfited the whole theory, and it will not end short of the utter annihilation of the very idea of secession as a right, and as a remedy for any evils, fancied or real, which may be suffered or imagined under our Government. After the close of the war, when men look back to its bloody fields and its awful sacrifices, they will be amazed at the insane folly which permitted them to consider the great American Union, with its honorable history, its wonderful progress, its immense power, and its proud standing among the nations, as a mere league among petty states, to be dissolved at pleasure—as a thing to be broken into fragments, and to be divided among ambitious aspirants, to be made the sport of domestic faction, or of foreign rapacity and domination, changing its form and proportions with every change of popular feeling and every restless movement of popular discontent. These fatal delusions will be made to disappear forever, and in their place there will remain in the minds of men the image of a majestic Government, tried in the furnace of civil war, made solid and immovable by its grand and successful efforts to resist the threatened overthrow of its power, and becoming paternal by the recovery of its wonted strength, which will permit and require the exercise of magnanimous forbearance even toward those misguided citizens who have raised their traitorous hands against it. Thus, with the awe and fear which will be inspired by the tremendous energy put forth to conquer the rebellion—an energy which will appear only so much the greater and more imposing in proportion to the difficulties and dangers met and overcome—there will be mingled the better sentiments of love and veneration for a Government which re-establishes order, secures protection to all civil rights, and restores, unimpaired, the liberties which have been disregarded for a time, in order that they might be permanently saved. To the people of the United States, the Union will be what it never was before, and what it never could have been without the sad experience it is undergoing now. Not that any change of form need be effected, or any violence done to the principles on which our system is founded. The change will be solely in the spirit in which our institutions will be administered, arising from the altered sentiments and feelings of the whole people. They will see their Government in a new light—a light thrown on it by the grand events of the rebellion, revealing capabilities and powers not hitherto known to exist, and exhibiting it as the sole refuge in times of commotion and danger, standing unmoved amidst the storm, impregnable to all its violence. In the public recognition, by universal acquiescence, it will be considered stronger than before; and this transformation will be as much a change in the minds of the people as in the character and functions of the Government itself.

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There is, however, no good reason why the central power should acquire inordinate strength, and absorb any part of the legitimate functions of the local governments. A more liberal interpretation of the Constitution will somewhat extend the federal powers, and there will necessarily be greater intensity in the exercise of acknowledged authority; nevertheless, consolidation need not be the subject of serious apprehension. At the beginning of the war, when the Union was sorely beset with the most imminent dangers, the executive power was extended far beyond its ordinary limits; and perhaps this excess of action has been in some cases too long continued, and has been made to embrace objects not legitimately within the emergency which originally justified the departure. But even under present circumstances, there can be no just cause for alarm. There can be no real danger, until the people shall have become either overawed

and silenced by terror, or careless and indifferent to the encroachments on liberty. Such is evidently very far from being the case now. The recent elections have shown how entirely free is the expression of opinion, and how completely untrammelled the political action of the people, who, in this instance, have been charged with following their leaders even beyond the bounds of just opposition, into the dangerous position of giving encouragement to the enemy. Both parties, however, place their own peculiar construction on these popular decisions, and it is difficult to determine, with any accuracy, what is their actual import. We only know that so extensive a change, affecting the position of many of the largest States, indicates a serious dissatisfaction of some kind; though it is by no means probable that the people have intended to sanction the extreme and mischievous views of some of the candidates, who, here and there, have secured their election. Factious divisions in the loyal States, at this critical period, would be ruinous to the cause of the Union. They would distract the public mind and weaken the arm of the Government, so as to endanger its success in the war. There is no indication of any such intention on the part of the people, whatever may be the designs of some of those who have been successful leaders of this threatening opposition. And the only effect which ought to follow the recent popular demonstration is to admonish the Government, and check it in those errors which are only too natural in the mighty contest in which it is now engaged. The necessity for decision, vigor, and courage, is indeed apparent; and the temptation to go beyond the limits even of proper martial energy, is perhaps a sufficient excuse for those in power, whose deep sense of responsibility and honest zeal in a holy cause may sometimes lead them astray. It is not always given to men in high position to remain cool and calm in great emergencies, and to take comprehensive views of the requirements of so tremendous a contest, as its aspects vary from time to time. The necessary exercise of military authority for the preservation of the Government, however harsh and severe it may be, will be everywhere justified, and even applauded. But there are limits which even military license ought to respect; and when the executive authorities go beyond the bounds of reason and necessity, they ought themselves to be grateful to those who may have the courage to throw themselves into the breach and sternly resist the violation of right. The men in power ought to reflect that they are always liable to be surrounded by subservient partisans, whose fears or selfish purposes may induce them to applaud, when they ought to condemn and reprove. Unfortunately, when such parasites are listened to and rewarded, there is little hope of just and patriotic action; and this state of things leaves no channel of escape, through which the public discontent can be manifested, except that of partisan opposition, which, in the existing crisis, is perhaps more dangerous even than the evil it pretends to condemn and cure. While party divisions, in the midst of dangers such as now threaten us, are greatly to be deplored, we can, nevertheless, derive some satisfaction from results which otherwise we cannot altogether approve. All the essential principles of freedom still remain, through this great trial, undestroyed and unsuppressed by terrorism; and the popular patriotism and sound common sense, though liable to be misled at first, will eventually pronounce a just and enlightened judgment. Parasites and flatterers may shrink from the task of dissent; but the great heart of the people will find some means of expression; and happy will be our country if their honest warnings, given upon 'the sober second thought,' shall be noticed and duly heeded. There will then be no danger of any serious invasions of liberty, or of any permanent absorption of the proper constitutional functions of the States by the Federal Government. Doubtless the central power will be, and ought to be strengthened. Its standing army will necessarily be larger than before the rebellion; the public debt will be greatly increased; the taxes will be heavier; and the revenue and disbursements larger. Though its functions will remain essentially the same in nature, they will have a broader sweep and a greater power. This enlargement of its ordinary action will naturally invest it with all the means and capacities necessary for its own protection, and without any change of the Constitution, it will be recognized as the true embodiment of our permanent nationality, forever paramount in its appointed sphere and appropriate functions to those of the individual States composing it. The sum and substance of the change will be merely that the centripetal and centrifugal forces of the system will have become so completely adjusted to each other, that from this time forward the eternal equilibrium of the whole will be secured. The States will not be shorn of any power rightfully theirs, and necessary for their safety and progress; but they will be fixed in definite orbits, with the limits of their authority distinctly circumscribed and established.

All social changes, sooner or later, produce their appropriate effects on political institutions; and no results of the rebellion will be more prominent and important than those which will follow the inevitable disappearance of slavery. A new system of labor will be inaugurated in the border States, as well as in those now in rebellion. The great act of emancipation may not be immediate; nor is it by any means desirable it should be. So radical a change in the condition of millions of uneducated men would be quite as inconvenient, and, indeed, disastrous to themselves, for the time being, as to their present owners. Society itself would be thrown into the utmost confusion, and all the resources of both parties would be temporarily much diminished, if not nearly destroyed. But, whether suddenly or gradually, this fundamental change must take place; for it is self-evident that slavery cannot survive the present struggle. The proclamation of the President, which is to take effect on the 1st of January next, will make emancipation more complete and speedy; but the same result would have followed the stubborn resistance of the rebels, even without that momentous act. It would be a mischievous error to believe that emancipation was originally the aim and object of the war on the part of the Union, and that the liberation of slaves, which was sure to follow its progress, is the direct act of our authorities, and not the proper consequence of the rebellion itself. A war waged for and on account of slavery—for its increase and perpetuation—necessarily, by its own nature, puts that institution at stake, and risks it on the contingency of failure. Compelled, in defence of the national unity, to carry the war into the heart

of the Southern States, the world acquiesces in that sound and necessary policy, which releases the slaves, and sets them free forever, as fast as they come within the protection of our armies. The proclamation is a measure of the same nature, intended to destroy the resources of the enemy, and to wound him in his most vulnerable point. But it can accomplish little more than the previous policy; for the slumbering hopes of the slaves were aroused by the first gun fired at Charleston in the beginning of the struggle. Every movement of armies, and every bloody battle, which has since taken place, has only served to inflame their desire for freedom, and to fix their determination to obtain it. They have received and gladly welcomed the obscure idea, that, in some way, this sanguinary conflict was initiated for their benefit, and will not end without their complete emancipation. In this they are not mistaken. The final suppression of the rebellion by military force will be the perfect consummation of that end, accomplished through the treason and wicked folly of the South herself. If she persevere in her stubborn resistance to the authority of the Union, the great measure of liberation will be the result of her own blind and wilful acts of madness, and this as well through their natural and necessary consequences as by the terms and import of the President's proclamation. Let slavery destroy itself. It is a just and righteous judgment that, in its atrocious effort to destroy the nation, it should accomplish chiefly, if not solely, its own violent and bloody death. Such retribution often attends the commission of great crimes; but it seldom happens that effects so momentous for good flow from the infliction which seems intended only for punishment.

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Under all circumstances, with or without the proclamation, slavery must disappear soon after the suppression of the rebellion. From that time, the States will become more and more homogeneous in their social organization. This will tend to promote unanimity among them all, and therefore, by an obvious process, to strengthen the rightful power of the Federal Government. The vast extent of our country, comprising so many varieties of condition and climate, and such diversities of production, rising through every grade of elevation, from the Atlantic seacoast to the central mountains, and thence again descending to the shores of the Pacific, with mighty rivers running through nearly twenty parallels of latitude—this magnificent seat of republican power affords the most unbounded resources for industry in all its employments, and for commercial interchange of productions on the most gigantic scale. With free labor prevailing everywhere throughout this vast and splendid region of the temperate zone, no limits can be assigned to the national progress. The population, wealth, activity, and intelligence of the most favored among the Free States at the present day, can alone offer the measure and example of what the whole will be in the full maturity of the new system. No European complexities of inter-state relations, no oppressive restrictions on domestic commerce, no fatal divergencies of opinion and feeling, no important differences of language and literature—none of these obstructions to harmony and progress will interfere with the continental development and glorious destiny of our Federal Union. All that the earth yields from her teeming surface, or from her deep-embowelled mines; all that enterprise can accomplish with exhaustless means, the best facilities, and the most stupendous objects; and all that genius can create, when stimulated by the richest rewards and the freest opportunities for untrammelled exertion, will supply us with the means and materials for an almost infinite variety of pursuits and occupations; but, at the same time, the essential unity of our complex institutions will be maintained, and their power extended and exalted by the homogeneity and uniformity of social conditions which will prevail more and more with the lapse of years and the succession of generations. The blood of all kindred races will be mingled with advantage in the veins of the cosmopolitan American; religions will be harmonized and unified by the most fraternal liberality and unbounded toleration; and the common enlightenment of the whole people by means of universal education will exalt them to a condition of unexampled power and prosperity. Just as dissensions among the States tend to weaken the central power, their uniform and cordial coöperation will give immense strength to the whole. Nor will this increase of power be at all dangerous, because it will be only the legitimate consequence of the greater progress and prosperity of the States themselves. To whatever height the greatness of the Union may attain, it will be determined exactly by that of the States which compose it—the pyramid of its power being made up of theirs, which are but the enduring blocks of which the mighty structure is built.

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If social unity and political strength will be promoted by the suppression of the rebellion and the disappearance of slavery, the ties of our Union will be made stronger also by other causes. Emerging from the war victorious, not only without being seriously injured, but with eventual and speedy increase of power, the Union will command the respect of foreign nations in a higher degree than ever before. Those European nations, or rather their rulers and nobles, who now in their malignant envy hope for the permanent dismemberment of America, will then hail her resuscitation with a zeal which will be none the less advantageous to us for being forced from them in spite of their present hate and detraction. If the division of our country would destroy its influence abroad, and subject the parts to constant intrigues and interference from foreign powers, the restoration of the Union with even more than its former glory will give us unexampled weight in the counsels of mankind. Our unexpected and astounding exhibition of military power, our thorough command of the American continent, and its immense resources, hardly yet begun to be developed, and the unlimited prosperity which the future will assuredly bring us, cannot fail to strike the minds of European thinkers, and to awaken deep interest among the European people. The stream of immigration, interrupted by the war, will be renewed with at least its former fulness, and will keep pace with the demands of our country for labor and population. The South may then be expected to receive her full share of this increase by people from abroad, and will then commence that process of condensing and permanently fixing her population, without which she can never attain any high position in the scale of civilization.

The large public debt destined to be incurred, may be expected to have some influence in preventing immigration and improvement; but unless the war shall unfortunately linger far beyond the period at which its end is now anticipated, the liabilities of the Government will not be so great as to prevent the speedy return of our usual prosperity. A different and far better system of taxation will be required—one more favorable to commerce and at the same time equally productive, or at least sufficiently so to meet all our liabilities and provide for the extinguishment of the debt within a reasonable time. One of the advantages attending this great debt and modifying its certain evils and burdens, will be the necessity of devising a stable revenue system, intended solely to provide means for sustaining the Government and meeting the public obligations. Periodical changes, often depending on party ascendancy and popular elections, have hitherto marked the financial policy of our Government. So long as the sources of revenue were superabundant and the demands of the Treasury very moderate, we could well afford to make experiments, and even to depart from the true principles of taxation, or at least to do so without any very serious or ruinous consequences. Now, however, when the public expenditure is about to be vastly increased, and when it will be for the first time really felt by the people, it will become the first duty of our rulers to study the extent and true character of our resources, and to adjust the burdens of taxation, with all practicable fairness, to the respective capacities of all classes and interests. We may expect to have a system stable and permanent in its principles, if not in its details; and the basis of this system will be a wise arrangement of duties on imports, which must, from various reasons, ever form the great bulk of our taxes.

It is not an American maxim that a great public debt is a public blessing; nor is it likely that an educated and eminently practical people like ours will ever accept that mischievous paradox. Yet if it be desirable that our large public debt should be widely scattered among the people, so that every man may be directly interested in maintaining the public credit and the stability of the Government, the present system, now but imperfectly adapted to that object, might easily be made to accomplish it fully. If the Treasury notes recently issued were the only paper circulation in the country—that is to say, if the banks were prohibited, by taxation or otherwise, from making any issues of their own—the Government might increase their amount to at least five hundred millions, with even less than the present depreciation, and would thus enjoy the benefit of a loan to that amount without the payment of any interest. As it is now, the banks get the advantage of a great part of this extensive loan, and at the same time perform a function which properly belongs to the Government—that of furnishing a currency for the people. By the proposed system, the entire community would be interested in this part of the public debt, and would doubtless find the circulating medium much safer and better than that now manufactured by the numberless banks chartered by the States. The issue of these notes by State institutions was always an evasion of that clause of the Constitution which prohibits the States from issuing bills of credit, and is plainly against the spirit and intention of the instrument. If our public debt should, in this way, eventually drive all bank notes out of circulation and banish them forever, it will have accomplished a valuable work in restoring the true construction of the Constitution, and, in this particular at least, will have proved a public blessing. It will be very easy, in the course of time, to redeem the Treasury notes, and gradually to substitute for them a species of national paper based on actual deposits, which will afford all the conveniences with none of the dangers of the present system, by which the local banks virtually establish the currency of the country, flooding it with all varieties of paper, without uniformity of value, with no adequate control or regulation of its quantity, thus producing periodical convulsions and robbing the people of their hard-earned savings.

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If the rebellion, by the burdens which it leaves behind, shall bring about these two results—the adoption of a wise and permanent system of revenue, and the establishment of a sound currency by the prohibition of all bank circulation—it will have accomplished ends only inferior in importance to the two primary consequences, the overthrow of the principle of secession and the destruction of slavery. Thus, this tremendous convulsion would bring out of the chaos a new order in the political world, by annihilating secession, and by perpetuating the Union and banishing all fear of its dissolution; in the social, by substituting free men for slaves; in the financial, by a permanent adjustment of tariffs and taxation; and in the commercial, by the prohibition of bank paper and the substitution of a safe and uniform currency.

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'I;' OR, SUMMER IN THE CITY.'

'I love the sweet security of streets.'—CHARLES LAMB.

'I,' my charming friend, do not fully sympathize with the late Mr. Lamb's statement, as quoted above; which statement I always have believed partially owed its origin to its very tempting alliterative robe.

For myself, I do *not* particularly like the 'sweet security of streets,' but vastly prefer 'a boundless contiguity of shade,' especially during the present month—August—or

'A life on the ocean wave.'

I do not mean a permanent residence there—that would be liable to be damp and unhealthy, and altogether too insecure to be 'sweet;'—but when I say a 'life on the ocean wave,' it is merely my poetical license for a cottage at Newport. (I wish, indeed, that I had any *but* a poetical one for

such a possession!)

But what folly for me to talk of a cottage there! when my limited income does not even admit of a cot in the cheapest of seaside inns.

Gentle reader! shrink not from me when, in addition to this melancholy confidence, I also announce to you that I live in town—in 'Boston town,' to be accurate—during August! I belong to the 'lower orders of society;' and my only Newport is the Public Garden, or a walk to Longwood, and, when I am *very* affluent, a horse-car drive to Savin hill, where a teaspoonful of sea view is administered to the humble wayfarer.

Yes! I positively did exist in the city, not only through the month of August, but all the summer days of all the summer months. I mention *August* in the city, because I know that has a peculiarly God-forgotten and forsaken sound.

I should soon cease to exist anywhere, I fancy, if I did *not* stay in town, for (horror No. 2!) I work at a trade in order to earn my daily bread and coffee! What my particular trade is, I am not going to divulge—that shall remain a delicious mystery (the only delicious thing about it); only this much I will confide: I do not, *à la* Mr. Frederick Altamont, 'sweep the crossing.' Unhappy Altamont! he did not appreciate the sweet security of streets.

'Poor thing!' you exclaim, 'work at a trade?'

Rest tranquil, fair one; the phrase doubtless sounds harshly to your delicate, aristocratic ears. (Oh, what lovely earrings!) Be tranquil! I do not work *very* hard; my hands are perhaps so audacious as to be as small, as white, and as soft as your own.

But I have to 'work reg'lar,' every week day of all the months of every year; and when the time arrives for me to go into the country, I shall not return again to Boston; for I shall go to a land from whence no traveller returns. *Apropos* of this rather dismal topic: A queer cousin of mine, 'Sans Souci,' who has a taste for 'morbid anatomy,' was the other day enjoying himself with Mr. Smith, the cheerful sexton of the King's Chapel. These two were 'down among the dead men,' under the church, when Mr. Smith apologized for leaving my cousin, on the plea that he had a previous engagement to take a young gentleman into the country—a delicate way of stating that he was about to convey a body out to Mount Auburn!

Some fine day, I too shall take a drive with some Mr. Smith—not, of course, *the* S. C. Smith, for, as I have mentioned, 'I' belong to the 'lower orders.'

Now let me tell you of *my* Newport, and of what mitigations there are for the poor wretches who pass their summer in the city, to whom the joys of Sharon, Saratoga, the Hudson, and of Lake George are as impossible as though these delightful resorts were in other planets. Perhaps, like Mr. T. A.'s 'good Americans,' they have a vague hope that when they die they can visit these famous places! For myself, I long ago made out my 'visiting list.' Oh, bless you! as soon as I shall be 'out of the body,' I shall start on the most delightful tour (no bother about the luggage, checks, or couriers!); it will be years and years before I fairly 'settle down' in that

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'bright particular star'

I have selected for my permanent residence. Yes! you horrible madame! oh, you horrible madame, who express your fears that I shall 'never be settled,' speaking of me as if I were the coffee in your coffee-pot—(only, of course, such a well-regulated dame's coffee is never anything but *quite* clear and settled)—yes, to relieve your poor, narrow mind, I can bid you hope that in another and pleasanter world I fully expect to be—'settled.' I tell you this beforehand, for I am very sure that you won't go to the same planet, and therefore will never have the satisfaction of knowing the fact from personal observation.

But what am I about? Building castles in the skies! Mr. Editor Leland, as usual, protests against my sad lack of con-cen-tra-tion! Let us concentrate, therefore, my beloved hearers! With or without sugar? Oh, I was beginning to tell you about Newport—*my* Newport, the Public Garden of Boston, *alias* Hub-opolis—which you, poor things! belonging to the 'higher orders' and living on Arlington, Berkely, Clarendon, and the Duke of Devonshire streets, never have a chance to see in its Augustan pomp and glory. In fact, till this summer, its 'pomp and glory' were quite concealed by dust and ashes; but now, thanks to the 'City Fathers,' it is

'Ye land of flowers.'

Let me describe it to you; for though your dwellings are directly opposite, yet, custom compelling you to leave them before the flower season begins, you in reality know less of it than I do, living in a street whose name must not be mentioned to ears polite. 'Tis far from the Beacon 'haunts of men,' far from the Garden, and uncommonly far from the Common. I rise betimes on these summer mornings, and, before I go to my work, shaking off the dust of my obscure street, I enter your sacred precincts, oh, F. F. B.'s! Bless you, it can do you no harm, for even your boudoirs do not look out at me; their eyes are shuttered to all such vulgar sights. It was impertinent, but this morning I pitied you (*you!*) that you could not see the wondrous beauty of the—*city in August!*

The morning was gloriously beautiful: it might have been the sister to that one born so long ago, on which its Creator looked, and said that it was 'good.' I actually forgot that I had no position; I imagined I had, for the very brightest beauty filled my soul—I saw angels ascending and descending (not Beacon street, as in the winter season) the charmed air around me. 'Ye land of

flowers,' indeed! All of them mine—mine, though I must not pluck the humblest one. In truth, I had no desire to do so. Why should I take the lovely creatures from their beautiful home, to the close, dull room where I must sit all the bright day? Let me rather think of them fresh, free, and happy there, as I often think of a golden-haired child in heaven; one so dear to my heart of hearts, I bless God that I *can* think of her there with the angels who stand nearest the Throne—and far, far away the weary paths that I must tread to the end. But if heaven had not wanted another cherub, and she had been left to be the flower of my life, think you I could have seen her beauty wither in the dull room to which I must hasten in an hour? No! a thousand times no! I should leave her with her sisters in the garden here, with her cousins, the birds and butterflies, while I worked for both. Lilies must neither 'toil nor spin.' How idly I am dreaming! She is far away from this worky-day world; I shall never see her again, but in dreams, as now! Little sister! with starry eyes, and soft curls clustering around the sweet infant face; so many nights the same bright vision—with the same wreath which I myself placed on her head, of May's pale flowers, and she the palest. Only lilies of the valley, I remember, seemed fitting for my darling's brow, or to grow on

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ANNIE'S GRAVE.

Bright Roses, wither on the spray!
Your sweetness mocks the doom
Of her whose cheeks, so pale to-day,
Were rivals of your bloom.

Sweet Violets, I charge ye, fade!
Wear not those robes of blue,
For eyes are closed which Nature made
Of a more lovely hue.

Pale Lilies, sad and drooping low,
With perfume like her breath,
On Annie's grave alone shall grow,
Fair flower, plucked by Death.

Call it an affectation, if you will, but I never take a flower from its home without a slight twinge of pain. I *know* it suffers! However, I have no scruples in accepting flowers after they are plucked by others. So pray do not hesitate about sending me that superb bouquet, which you intended to send me *to-morrow*! Have you never observed the brutal habit which 'some persons' have, of recklessly attacking shrubs and flowers, as though they were rank weeds (or secessionists), and, without in the least enjoying their spoils, tossing their quivering, trembling victims aside, before they are dead or even withered? Such are not worthy of flowers, excepting French flowers, which are not supposed to suffer. Oh, my countrywomen! would that they *did* suffer a little from our neglect.

Do you know who Lacoontolâ is? I have made her acquaintance this summer, and find it one of the compensations for passing the summer in town.

She is to be found at the City Library—'Lacoontolâ, or, The Fatal Ring,' translated from the Sanscrit. Go there for her, I pray you, and you will admire with me the exquisite description of her tenderness to these 'flower people,' as Mrs. Mann calls them.

But, pardon! You who belong to the 'highest orders' must be already intimate with Mlle. Lacoontolâ, for she is highly connected: her papa was a king (quite equal in position to Mr. Abe Lincoln); her mamma, I regret to state, though a very charming person, was an actress or goddess, or something in that line. Lacoontolâ, however, in spite of her papa's indiscretion, married a prince, and was, in fact, perfectly genteel and quite religious. Before her marriage, she appears to have 'lived in the woods' the year round; her wardrobe being 'туру-lural.' She used to wear the 'dearest' little zouave of the 'tender bark' of the 'Aurora tree.'

'Rich and rare were the gems she wore,'

for her bracelets were the 'long perfumed stems of the waterlilies!' and in her hair the lotus flower, in place of a lace *barbe*!

There is a very beautiful description of Lacoontolâ's love and tender treatment of all the flowers and shrubs—her companions—and of all *dumb* animals. (*On dit* that the prince was henpecked by Mrs. L.!)

This wild girl had a human love for the forest flowers; she says to thee, Madhari Creeper: 'Oh, most radiant of twining plants, receive my embraces, and return them with thy flexible arms: from this day, though at a distance, I shall forever be thine.' How unconventional! I fancy Mlle. L. must have inherited this style of conversation from her mamma; all very well, when confined to flowers and 'creeping' things; but one day, as she was out walking, she met 'by chance—the usual way,' Prince Dashuranti, and our young lady said pretty much the same sort of thing to him as to the 'Creeper,' falling violently in love with him at first sight. It struck H. R. H. as a little peculiar

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—rather extraordinary in a well-bred miss; but as it was leap year, and learning that she was the only child, and would inherit all of papa's immense fortune, he married her 'off-hand;'—well, that very afternoon at four o'clock—by the sundial. You see it didn't take so long 'in those days,' to get the trousseau, and all 'the things' in readiness. Papa raised his sceptre-wand, and mumbled some infernal gibberish—and, lo! all the trees and shrubs blossomed instanter, with the 'sweetest loves' of things trimmed with 'real point;'—well, with something just as delicious to the soul of a young (or middle-aged) maiden on the eve of matrimony. There was no necessity, either, for an order to Bigelow Bros., Boston—since, if Dushuranti wished to present her with a pair of bracelets on her wedding day, he had but to 'push out' on the pond, and get some waterlilies!

The 'gibberish' in which the old gentleman is said to have invoked the backwoods 'Chandlers' and 'Hoveys,' I will obligingly translate for you, as possibly you may not be able to read it in the original Sanscrit! Oh! don't tell *me* that you 'won't trouble me,' and all that. I *will* bore you, and nobody can save you!

'Hear, O ye trees of this hallowed forest, hear and proclaim that Lacoontolâ is going to the palace of her wedded lord. She who drank not, though thirsty, before you were watered; she who cropped not, through affection for you, one of your fresh leaves, though she would have been pleased with such an ornament for her locks; she whose chief delight was in the season when your branches are sprayed with flowers,' &c., &c. Should you like a photograph of this charming person, Lacoontolâ, taken by Black & Batchelder, at the time of her marriage, 'Williams & Everett' can oblige you. You will perceive, from her picture, that she is not too fond of dress, or a 'slave to fashion.'

'Rappacini's daughter' (one of Hawthorne's Mosses) was a morbid 'Lacoontolâ.' She loved her flowers,—'not wisely, but too well!' She became a sort of exterminatrix—a strychninus young person! From the poisonous *arsenic* embraces of her garden loves, she acquired, you remember, her fatal, glowing beauty—beauty altogether 'too rich for use, for earth too dear,' since it consigned the 'party' ensnared by it to the silent tomb!

'Rappacini's daughter,' indeed! Lovely girl-woman, seated at yonder bay window (to be accurate, the 'Back Bay window!'), playing with your ten cherub children; your tropical 'midsummer-night's-dream' beauty recalls Beatrice (Hawthorne's Beatrice I mean). How many have *you* slain, my love? And Madame Grundy echoes: 'Their name is legion!' 'A quick brunette, well moulded, falcon-eyed!' As in the description of Beatrice, one is reminded 'of all rich and intense colors'—the purple-black hair, the crimson cheek, the scarlet lips. And the eyes? ah! gazing into those wonderful eyes, one forgets the color they wear, in trying to interpret their language! 'Cleopatra!' who would not be an Antony for thee? *I would not!*

I have unconsciously interrupted a lady in her morning bath!—the 'stone lady' of the fountain. She seems to be looking for her Turkish towel, judging from her anxious expression! Rather a good-looking person—quite pretty, if only she would go to Summer street and purchase a black silk. Dress, I fancy, would improve 'her style of beauty.' Poor thing! it's rather a long walk to take, à la 'Lacoontolâ!' I must lend her my waterproof, only she appears already to be water-proved! How she *must* envy the coloring and the clothes of my beautiful dame of the window!

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But my hour is passing away! '*Resurgam*'—as the sun incorrectly remarked this morning—and go on my way, rejoicing to say 'bon jour' to all my dear flower friends. And first, the 'Asters'—they always were rich, you know, from 'John Jacob' down; but this summer, *malgrè* taxes and curtailment of incomes and go-comes, the family appear in unprecedented splendor. What gorgeous Organdies! all quilled in the fashion—but not by Madame Peinot: her cunning right hand, with all its cunning, ne'er quilled so exquisitely. Those graceful, fragile Petunias (what a family of sisters!), in their delicate *glaze* silks (ratherish *décolleté!*), and the Superbia, Empress 'Gladiolus,' in brocade of such daring hues, may call the Asters 'stiff and prudish' in their quilled muslins; but, what say the Asters in return? Ah! what do they *not* say?

The Verbenas seem fairly delirious this morning, as though the consciousness of their own beauty made them run wildly from their beds into the paths, to say to the passers-by, with their bright little faces:

'See! am I not charming?'

Well, you *are* pretty—*very* pretty; but I care not for you as for your plainer stepsister, the 'sweet-scented Verbena.' She has a pale, sad face; but she has a *soul*, which you have not, poor things! for perfume is the soul of 'flower people.'

But, who wants gold? Lives there a man with purse so full who does *not* want it? Well, then, snatch that heap of sunshine, that dazzling Coreopsis, and be off before the policeman turns into this path. Ah, ye Daylilies! You break my heart with your moonlight faces. Standing apart from the world-flowers, like novices in their white veils, who offer the incense of their beauty to Heaven—oh! give a little of your perfume to a poor un-otto-of-rosed mortal—breathe on me, and I can laugh at the costly 'Wood Violet,' 'Eglantine,' and 'Rose,' with which Harris & Chapman scent their patronesses—to be dollared in return!

Daylilies, your perfume is too subtle, too vague, to be coined or 'cabined, cribbed, confined' in scent bottles.

Ah! the flowering Mosses; they seem to be having one eternal picnic with the Myrtles and Verbenas, playing forever that dear-to-children game of 'Tag!' Some are arrayed in Solferino

velvets, rather heavy for this warm day! Prettier these, in soft rose-colored robes, and this, in a

'Oh! call me fair, not pale!—

well, *almost* pale robe, the very climax of delicacy: the faintest thought of rose color alone prevents one from calling it lily-white. I am reminded of you, O flower-named friend! Vision of loveliness! which has in a few never-to-be-forgotten days oasised my Sahara life. Now I have reached the pond—*my* Lake George! It is fresh and breezy this morning, after last night's thunder-shower, and the mimic waves are impatiently breaking over the thus-far-shalt-thou-go stone. I cannot blame them for rushing over that green sward to give a morning kiss to the blushing 'Forget-me-nots,' and just say to them, 'Remember *me!*'

Yes; I have a few crumbs of time left to sit in the rustic arbor and give one lingering look behind, that I may carry a picture with me when I go to my work.

How fortunate it is for one that these flowers are Londoners in their habits, and pass August in the city! I can go to their receptions daily, if I choose; they are always at home to the poorest, the most unfashionable; they keep no 'visiting book' in their hall.

Hark! the bell rings seven o'clock. There is a 'knocking at the gate' of my fairy land; it warns me that I must be on my Washington-street way, to earn my bread. [Pg 45]

Bien! my first meal of to-day has been satisfactory. Heaven hath sent me all manner of manna for breakfast—and for lunch? a banana. Yes; on my way 'down town' I shall pass the Studio Building, where the B.'s live; I will buy one of them, but shall also steal—many glances at the Hamburg grapes, those peachiest of peaches, bombastic blackberries, and, O Pomona! *such* pears.

I escape! purse uninjured, only bananared. I reach Winter street, where I must turn my back on the Common pleasures of Boston life—but yet, one glance at that seductive window of the corner store, which, indeed, is nearly all window. Flowers are there, of course,—flowers from January to January; any poor devil can have a temporary conservatory at that window, 'all for nothing;' I ought to pay a yearly tax for the pleasure I steal in that way. The woman who carries my portmonnaie, only permits me to open it for the 'necessaries' of life: the luxuries of hot-house grapes and flowers ever wear for me that fatal label: 'Touch not, taste not.' Bread and cologne are, of course, the first necessities of life; in rolls and religion I am a Parkerite; in cologne, I swear by 'Mrs. Taylor!' Beacon street, I beg that you won't faint at this horrible disclosure!

Who *is* 'Mrs. Taylor'? and echo answers, 'We haven't the faintest odor of an idea!' None know her but to praise, wherever she may be. With Sancho Panza we say, 'Blessings on the man who invented Mrs. Taylor at seventy-five cents *per*—the hock bottle. I catch a glimpse of her long neck, stretching up among the roses and Geraniums: my cologne nature can't resist that sight! I obey the syren's call, though it will leave me a beggar, but with Mrs. T. in my chaste-embrace.

'The man I work for' treats me, for some reason, with 'distinguished consideration.' Though I may sometimes be a little after the required hour, it's all right; and though he's a Yankee, no questions are asked! I still have a precious quarter remaining—not of a dollar, but of time. I have in my purse one postage stamp; but that will warrant a visit to Loring's! One must have books as well as bread and cologne. O LORING! what an institution art thou! Name dear to all classes, from Madame ----, who steps from her carriage, to the pretty shop-girl, who always wants Mrs. Southworth's last—and worst—novel.

Who, indeed, 'so poor' as not 'to do *him* reverence,' and find two cents *per* day, when for that sublimely small sum one can get a companion for any and every mood,

'Grave to gay, from lively to severe?'

But will 'LORING'S' be open at this early dawn? 'Open,' indeed! one does not catch *him* napping; yes, open and so inviting! A literary public garden so fresh and clean, as

'Just washed in a shower.'

In the rear, behind the desk, one is always sure of finding at least *two roses*, and *on* the desk a vase of flowers is certainly to be seen—the offering of some one of the hundreds of admirers who go to Loring's, nominally for some entertaining book—and they always find one!

'What book did you say, miss?' asks Fleur de Marie. ('Where *does* she get those lilies and roses? I saw none like them in the garden this morning. Ah! many of the dames who enter here from their carriages would also like to ask my question—since they do not seem to find them even at Newport!') 'If you please, *what* book?' again inquire the Roses.

'Oh!' I answer, 'I was looking, and forgot what I came for; is 'Out of his Head' *in* yet?'

The fair librarian evidently thinks I am out of mine. Ah! would that I were, and out of my whole body; but no! ingrate that I am, to-day I should be content—simply *to be*; even a cabbage ought to be happy in such perfect summer weather. T. B. Aldrich *is* in—as much as he ever is supposed to be; but I recall now that I read his sketchy book the other night, while I was brushing my hair, giving it a sort of 'good time generally,' letting it run wild a little before going to sleep. I read 'Pierre Antoine's Date Tree' quite through, and liked—the *last part* very much indeed. There are some people whom I am always very glad to have visit me, because I feel so 'dreadful glad' when they go away. So, also, it compensates one to read certain books for the sake of the delicious sensation one experiences on finishing them! What a pile of '*Les Misérables*,' Fantine? *C'est*

assez misérable. The 'Hunchback' is the least deformed of Hugo's offspring; but I read *that* last Sunday morn—no; I mean last Saturday evening; for I went to church on Tremont street, last Sunday. What's this? it looks as tempting as a banana, and is not unlike one in color. 'Melibæus in London,' in the summer, too: good! I'll take that, it shall 'assist' the banana at my lunch. I hurry out of this 'little heaven,' murmuring, as I depart: 'LORING, live forever!'

Lady Macbeth undoubtedly alluded to you when she says:

'We *fai!*? there's no such word as fail!'

I believe the Macbeths, and, in fact, everybody but Loring, has failed during the war times. McClellan certainly has—not succeeded.

The police (those gentlemen of elegant leisure) do not even suspect how much I have stolen, and what treasures I am carrying off before nine o'clock A. M.! All the splendors of the early morning are mine; they will gild the dull grey of my working hours. What a stock of perfumes stolen from the garden! they will sweeten the 'business air' of Washington street. The fountain's glistening spray will sprinkle the dusty walk to 'the shop.'

I have not yet told you of the kisses taken—not from Féra's, but from the cherry-ripe lips of two lovely children, with whom I formed an intimacy in the garden by the pond; they were 'sailing' their mimic boats there. I almost wished

'I were a boy again,'

and had a boat to sail! These children had such a brave and haughty beauty, and their dress being of purple and fine linen, I supposed their name must be Berkeley or Clarendon, but was grieved to learn from the artless darlings that it was Muggins! However, their kisses were unexceptionable, whatever their origin may have been.

But what a 'heap' of Beauty I stole in my return walk through Beaconstreet mall! No wonder those magnificent elms are in love with each other, and embrace over the people's heads! When I come into my fortune, I intend, early the next morning, before breakfast, to make the first use of my 'funds' in purchasing Mr. George Ticknor's house. (Of course, he will not object.) I shall then laugh at the mill-dam principalities and powers when I look from my library windows down that long vista of noble trees. Come and see me when I am settled there! You shall have a warm welcome in winter, and a cool one in summer. And now, fare thee well, whoever thou art, who hast kindly walked with me to the door of—my 'place of business.' I will not ask you to enter there. I can worry through the day: unseen companions go with me to soothe and cheer; so do not pity me that I am what I am—'nobody,' living 'nowhere.' You have seen that the Angel of Beauty disdains not to appear in my humble path—and sometimes hovers so near, I can almost touch her wings!

And so God be w'ye! Little joys to you are great joys to me. There be those above you, 'kinges and princes and greate emperours,' to whom your luxuries and badges would seem as little as mine are to you. When you are beautiful, you adorn my street; when you are unlovely, I—pass you by.
Bon jour la compagne!

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THE IVY.

'Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, begone, and be all ways away.
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist,—the female Ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
Oh, how I love thee; how I dote on thee!'

Midsummer Night's Dream, act iv., scene 1.

'The bearers of the thyrsus (bound with Ivy) are many, but the Bacchantæ are few.'—*Orphic saying*.

If, among plants, the Rose is unmistakably feminine, from the delicate complexion of its flower, the Ivy is not less so from the tender sentiment of attachment expressed by its whole form and life. In her infinite array of poetic symbols, Nature has given us nothing so exquisitely typical of all that is best in woman, as that which may be found in the graceful curves and in the firm strength of this vine. In youth and beauty, she clings to the husband tree or parental wall for support, and, like a wife or daughter, conceals defects, and imparts a softer shadowing and contour to the support, without which she herself had never risen to light and life. Time passes on. The oak grows old, the wall is shattered by lightning; but the Ivy, now strong and firm, shelters the limbs or binds together the tottering walls with greater care than before, and covers decay and rifts with fresh care—aided by the younger daughter-vines.

This simile has occurred to poets in all lands, in all ages. In an old Chinese poem (JOLOWICZ, *der Poetische Orient*, s. 7) we are told that 'in the south there lives a tree, the Ivy *Ko* clings and winds around it, bringing the most excellent of joys and happiness in excess.' Owing to this natural and

most palpable resemblance, the ancient Greeks caused the officiating priest in the temple to present to a bridal pair, on entering, a twig of Ivy, 'as a symbolical wish that their love, like it, might ever continue fresh.' It was a beautiful thought, and one which was not lost sight of in the ecclesiastical and architectural symbolism of the middle ages. 'It is,' says FRIEDREICH (*Symbolik und Mythologie der Natur*, § 103), 'as an ever-greening plant, a type of life, of love, and of marriage.' It is, therefore, with both truth and propriety that the modern floral lexicons give the *vitis hedera*, or Ivy, as expressing 'Female affection—I have found one true heart.'

As with all plants, or, indeed, with all natural objects known to the ancients, the Ivy was the subject of a myth or religious allegory, and in investigating this myth, we find ourselves in a labyrinth of strange mystery. The ordinary works on mythology, indeed, inform the reader that it was the plant sacred to Bacchus, the god of wine, because, as Loudon states, 'this wine is found at Nyssa, the reputed birthplace of Bacchus, and in no other part of India.' 'It is related,' he continues, 'that when Alexander's army, after their conquest of Babylon, arrived at this mountain, and found it covered with laurel and Ivy, they were so transported with joy (especially when they recognized the latter plant, which is a native of Thebes), that they tore up the Ivy by the roots, and, twining it around their heads, burst forth into hymns to Bacchus, and prayers for their native country.'

But there is a deeper significance to the Ivy, even as there is a deeper and more solemn mystery and might around the primeval Bacchus. To us he is merely the wine-god, but to the ancient Initiated in the orgies and mysteries he was—as were each of the gods in their turn—the central divinity, the lord of light, and the giver of life. For, as it was concisely said in the spirit of pantheistic abstraction: 'Nothing can be imagined which is not an image of God;' so it was not possible to conceive a divinity who was not in himself all the other divinities. Thus we find that Bacchus was male, female, and at the same time an absolute ONE without regard to sex; or, in other words, he was the ancient trinity.

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'Tibi enim inconsumpta juvenus.
Tu puer æternus, tu formosissimus alto
Conspiceris cœlo, tibi, cum sine cornibus adstas
Virgineum caput est.'

OVID, *Met.* l. 4.

For, as the great mystery of all religion, or of all being, is *life*, and as life, like blood, is most aptly typified by reviving and inspiring wine, it was not wonderful that renewed strength, generation, and birth should gather around the incarnation of the vine, and that the *cup* should become the holiest of symbols. Like the ark, the chest or coffer, the egg, and a thousand other receptive or *containing* objects, the cup appeared to the ancient Initiated as a womb, or as the earth, taking in and giving forth life. It was in this spirit that NONNUS, in the fifth century, wrote *The Dyonisiacs*, a vast poem on Bacchus, in forty-eight books; 'a magnificent assemblage of the emblematical legends of Egypt,' and in which modern criticism has discovered a creative grandeur, a beautiful wildness of fancy, and a romantic spirit, such as were combined in no other one poem of antiquity.

Bacchus was thus the lord of life, and that in a vividly *real* sense—the sense of intoxication, of keenly thrilling pleasure, of wild delight, and headlong rushing joy. He was fabled to have given men the grape and wine—but to the Initiated of the mystery and orgie there was higher and more intoxicating wine than that of the grape—the wine of wild inspiration, drawn from the keenest relish of beauty, of nature, of knowledge, and of love. Drunk with this wine of the soul, the Mœnad and Bacchante rushed forth into lonely forests, amid rocks, by silent lake, and streamlet lone, and cried in frantic joy, bewildered with passion, to the Great Parent, or shouted in praise: 'Bacche, Evœe, Bacche!'

'Then chaunted rose
The song of Bacchic women: all the band
Of shaggy Satyrs howled with mystic voice,
Preluding to the Phrygian minstrelsy
Of nightly orgies. Earth around them laughed;
The rocks reëchoed; shouts of revelling joy
Shrilled from the Naiads, and the river nymphs
Sent echoes from their whirlpool-circled tides,
Flowing in silence; and beneath the rocks
Chanted Sicilian songs, like preludes sweet,
That through the warbling throats of Syren nymphs,
Most musical drop of honey from their tongues.'

NONNUS.

For all this wild joy, all this exquisite union of all the pleasures known to man, whether in the mad embraces of passionate nymphs, in draining wine, in tasting the fresh honeycomb, in wild dances under green leaves, in feasting, or in song, Bacchus was the centre, and the Cup the symbol. And this cup—the absolutely *feminine* type—the *Iona* which forms the nucleus of so great and so curious a family of words in the Indo-Germanic and Shemitic languages—was fabled to have been formed from the wood of Ivy. Let the reader hear this double sex of Bacchus in mind; he will find it recurring again in the myth of Ivy. 'We must,' says CREUZER (*Symbolik und*

Mythologie der Alten Völker), 'think of ALL things, if we would not see the Bacchic genii in their mysterious rites, from a one-sided point of view. Not only Bacchus himself, but his male and female companions must each, like their lord on earth, appear in *different* forms. For the mysteries loved the antique, the pregnant-with-meaning, *i. e.* that which has a really symbolical fulness, and supplies full food for thought.' And again: 'It would have been very strange if the Man-Woman had not also appeared in this mysterious array of forms. In his origin, Bacchus is an Indian god, and to the Hindus the world was bi-sexed.' Thus we find in the Ivy, as his sacred plant, a curious and beautiful symbol, in whose trailing embraces the ancient East and West are bound together.

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If the Ivy cup was held to typify female nature, so too were the leaves of that plant emblematic of the receptive sex. The thyrsus, the distinctive object borne by the worshippers of Bacchus, was a phallic or male symbol, the characteristic portion of which was wreathed and buried in Ivy leaves; signifying the union of the sexes. It is curious to observe that this regarding the Ivy as characteristic of the feminine principle, found its way among the Druids, and was transmitted from them to the Christian and Christmas ceremonies of the middle ages. In these we always find that the thorned holly is spoken of as male, and the Ivy as female. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1779, a correspondent relates a ceremony, which is still preserved in some parts of England. 'The girls, from five or six to eighteen years old, were assembled in a crowd, burning an uncouth effigy, which they called a *holly-boy*, and which they had stolen from the boys; while in another part of the village, the boys were burning what they called an *Ivy-girl*, which they had stolen from the girls. The ceremony of each burning was attended with huzzas and other acclamations, according to the receipt of custom in all such cases.'^[1]

There is but one legend in all the legends of the gods; but one solution, though the enigmas be thousandfold; and the myth of the Ivy is only a repetition of that of Bacchus and of all the immortals—the endless allegory of birth and death, male and female, winter and spring. *Kissos*—the Greek word for Ivy—was a young faun beloved by Bacchus, who accompanied the god of the Cup and of life, in all his strange adventures. Mad with wine, *Kissos* once at an orgie danced until he fell dead. Then his lord, grieving bitterly, raised the beloved form in his arms, and, changing it to Ivy, wreathed it around his brow. It is the old story of death and revival.

But we may expect to find of course a feminine goddess, or demi-goddess, whose name includes the same root as *Kissos*—and she appears in *Kiseis*, one of the nymphs to whom Bacchus gave the infant Bacchus to be brought up. For her reward, she was placed by Bacchus among the stars—in the constellation of the weeping Hyades—that she might have a place in heaven. Apropos of which we may quote the words of the quaint old Jesuit GALTRUCHIUS, saying that 'Bacchus was brought up with the Nymphs, which teacheth us that we must mix Water with our Wine.'^[2]

We also find that *Kisæa*, was, at Epidaurus, one of the names of Minerva. Notwithstanding the apparent dissimilarity between the wild god of wine and the goddess of calm wisdom, it was still taught in the mysteries that they had an affinity in more than one lower form, and, of course, an *identity* in their highest. 'The temple of Bacchus,' says Galtruchius, 'was next to *Minerva's*, to express how useful Wine is to revive the Spirits, and enable our Fancy to Invent.'^[3] In the older worship, Minerva was one with Venus, Diana, Proserpine—the generating female principle of love and of beauty being of course predominant. 'In this *unity* or identity of barbarian divinities,' says Creuzer (*Symbolik*, IV. *Theil*), ('to speak like the Greeks') 'we must, however, seek for the source of that *variety* which made the Greeks so rich in gods; and what had in Hellas been separated into so many, remained by the 'barbarians' single and undivided. Therefore the older a Greek local worship might be, so much the more did it in this resemble the barbarian. * * So we have truly learned in Argos, Laconia, Dodona, and Sicily, * * that Proserpine was one and the same with Venus and Diana, and the identity with Minerva may also be proved.' For the proof I refer the reader to his work. With Venus, however, Bacchus had amours, begetting Priapus. Certain it is that the Ivy *Kissos* appears in both male and female names.

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But as the Ivy formed the cup—*kissubion*—into which life entered, and from which it was drained as wine; so, too, from its wood was made the sacred *chest* (*kisté*) in which, in the Dyonisiac mysteries, the same secret was preserved under the form of a serpent, while in the Eleusinian it hid the dread pomegranate which Persephone had tasted. For they were all one and the same, this wine and serpent and pomegranate—the type of life and of knowledge—of human birth, and human intellect—of the world's generation and of eternal wisdom. The fruit of which Adam ate, the bread and wine of the holy supper of the mysteries of all lands in all ages, the pomegranate, whose seeds, once eaten, kept the soul in another life beyond death, all have *one* meaning—and this meaning was that of infinite revival, endless begetting, the renewal of nature—and with this the *knowledge* of the great mystery which sets the soul free. '*Eritis sicut Deus*.'

It was no small honor for a single plant to have furnished the wreath of Bacchus, the wood of his cup, emblematic of the human body containing his life-blood, and the material for the chest of the great mysteries—meaning also the body and the world. I think, however, that its philological root may also be possibly found in the Greek noun *kissa*, and the verb *kissáo*, implying strange and excessive passionate longing. Such yearning would well become the Bacchantæ, the wild children of desire and of Nature. It is longing or *desire* which leads to renewing life, which constitutes love, which flashes like fire and light through the beautiful, and pours forth the wine, and breaks the bread, and causes the rose-blush to bloom, and the nymphs to cry amid the mountains, *Evoé Bacche!*

Coming down from the pagan mysteries into lower and more literal forms, the Ivy preserved two

meanings. It was already the vine of life, and the early Christians laid it in the coffins of their departed, as the emblem of a new life in Christ.^[4] It had hung upon the limbs of naked nymphs, convulsed in passionate orgies, as a type of vitality renewed by pleasure—it was now wreathed at Christmas-tide over quaint columns and tracery-laden Gothic windows and arches, as a sign—they knew not exactly of what—but guessed, naturally enough, and rightly, that it typified as an undying winter-plant the resurrection. And they sang its praises in many a brave carol:

Ivy, chief of trees it is,
Veni coronaberis.

The most worthy she is in town,—
He who says other says amiss;
Worthy is she to bear the crown;
Veni coronaberis.

Ivy is soft and meek of speech,
Against all woe she bringeth bliss;
Happy is he that may her reach:
Veni coronaberis.

Ivy is green, of color bright,
Of all trees the chief she is;
And that I prove will now be right:
Veni coronaberis.

Ivy, she beareth berries black;
God grant to all of us his bliss,
For then we shall nothing lack:
Veni coronaberis.

Very quaint is the following fragment:

Holly and Ivy made a great party,
Who should have the mastery
In lands where they go.

Then spake Holly, 'I am fierce and jolly,
I will have the mastery
In lands where we go.'

Then spake Ivy, 'I am loud and proud,
And I will have the mastery
In lands where we go.'

Then spake Holly, and bent him down on his knee,
'I pray thee, gentle Ivy,
Essay me no villany
In lands where we go.'
Old Christmas Carol.

'Good wine needs no bush,' says an old proverb; but is it generally known that the 'bush' in question, used as a sign for wine, was a bunch of Ivy? The custom went from Greece to Italy, from Italy to Germany, and so on westward. Very different is this use of the evergreen vine in taverns, from that of adorning churches—the one meaning a mere invitation to drink, while the other reminds the believer that, as the Ivy lives through the bitter winter, so shall our souls endure through cold death and live again in Christ, even as He passed through the grave to live in 'eternal bloom.' Yet to those who have mastered the legend of Bacchus, there is no absolute difference between the two, when studied with regard to their origin. It is worth remarking that among the ancients the impression prevailed that the Ivy was the plant of joyousness, of triumphant strength, and of *life*, even as Bacchus was the lord of joy. And at a later day, long after the association with genial Bacchus was forgotten, the Ivy in popular lay and legend, and quaint custom and holiday rite, still by some inexplicable association always seemed to the multitude to be sweet and gentle, noble and dear. It is such a feeling of love, derived from old traditions and old worships, long forgotten, which makes the stork and the house-cricket and the robin and dragon-fly and swallow so dear to children and grown people in many parts of Europe. The rose is gone, but the perfume still lingers in the old leaves of the manuscript. And the reader who comprehends this may also comprehend the tender affection for the Ivy expressed in the old Christmas carols which I have quoted, and which, without such comprehension, seem absurd enough; while *with* it, they appear truly beautiful and touching.

As the symbol of a joyous faith, the Ivy seems to have been especially repugnant to the Hebrews, whose stern monotheism admitted few attributes to the Deity save those of tremendous power, vengeance, and gloom. So we find (*Maccabees*, book ii., c. 6., v. 7) that it was regarded by them as most horrible that, 'in the day of the king's birth, every month, they were brought, by bitter constraint, to eat of the sacrifices; and, when the feast of Bacchus was kept, the Jews were compelled to go in procession to Bacchus, carrying Ivy.' A dislike to this emblem of heathen joy

seems, however, to have clung to them through all changes of faith—a fact apparently well known to Ptolemy Philopater, king of Egypt, who ordered that all the Jewish renegades who had abjured their religion should be branded with an Ivy-leaf.

When the reader who may be interested in the architecture of the middle ages meets in its tracery, as he often must, the Ivy-leaf, let him recall that here is a symbol which was not used unthinkingly by the Free Masons, who seldom lost an opportunity to bring forward their orientally derived Nature-lore. In fact, the whole mass and body of mediæval architectural emblems presents nothing less than a protest of Nature and life, independence and intelligence, knowledge and joyousness, against the gloomy prison of form and tyranny which held Truth in chains. The stone Ivy-leaf carved on the capitals of old cathedrals was as reviving a symbol to the heart of the Initiated as was the living Ivy on the walls without, green and beautiful among mid-winter's snow. It has been well conjectured by a German writer (STIEGLITZ, *Archæologie der Baukunst der Griechen und Römer*, Weimar, 1801, I *Theil*, § 268), that the relation of the Ivy to Bacchus was probably the cause why it was so frequently introduced by the Greeks among the architectural ornaments of their temples; a very natural conjecture, when we remember that it was a firm conviction in the early faith, even of India, that where the Ivy was found, the god had literally been. The same bold spirit of tradition which brought into the very bosom of the church so much genial, latent heresy and heathen daring, kept the Ivy alive—for Nature and Truth *will* live, and man will have his guardian angels, who will hope for him and for the dawn, though buried in the deepest night and lost among horrible dreams and ghastly incubi. A French writer on mediæval art^[5] has declared that an excellent work might be written on the foliage of Christian architecture, but regrets that the relations of the leaves as employed—or, in fact, the law guiding their employment—should be unintelligible. Let them be studied according to their symbolical and antique meaning, and they will seem clear as legible letters; and to those who can read them, the gloomy Gothic piles will ray forth a strange and beautiful light—the sympathetic light of congenial minds long passed away, yet who did not vanish ere they had breathed out to those who were to come after them, in leaf or other character, their hatred of *the tyrant*, and their unfailing conviction of the Great Truth. GOD bless them all! I have studied for hours their solemn symbols—each a cry for freedom and a prayer for light; and when I thought of the gloom and cruelty and devilishness of the foul age which pressed around them, I wondered that they, knowing what they did, could have lived—ay, lived and sung and given a soul to art. And, understanding them in spirit and in truth, every Ivy-leaf carved by them seemed the whole Prometheus bound and unbound—yes, all poems of truth, all myths, all religion.

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And as it is the leaf of life, so is it by that very fact the leaf of *death*; for death is only the water of life. And in this sense we find a rare beauty in the poem by Mrs. Hemans, though she saw its truth, not through the dim glass of tradition, but by direct communion with Nature.

O THE IVY.

OCCASIONED BY RECEIVING A LEAF GATHERED IN THE CASTLE OF RHEINFELS.

Oh! how could fancy crown with thee,
In ancient days, the god of wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be,
Companion of the vine?
Thy home, wild plant, is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er;
Where song's full notes once peal'd around,
But now are heard no more.

The Roman, on his battle plains,
Where kings before his eagles bent,
Entwined thee, with exulting strains,
Around the victor's tent;
Yet there, though fresh in glossy green,
Triumphantly thy boughs might wave—
Better thou lov'st the silent scene
Around the victor's grave.

Where sleep the sons of ages flown,
The bards and heroes of the past,
Where through the halls of glory gone,
Murmurs the wintry blast;
Where years are hastening to efface
Each record of the grand and fair—
Thou, in thy solitary grace,
Wreath of the tomb! art there.

Oh! many a temple, once sublime
Beneath a blue Italian sky,
Hath nought of beauty left by time,

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Save thy wild tapestry.
And, reared 'midst crags and clouds, 'tis thine
To wave where banners waved of yore,
O'er towers that crest the noble Rhine,
Along his rocky shore.

High from the fields of air look down
Those eyries of a vanished race,
Homes of the mighty, whose renown
Hath passed and left no trace.
But thou art there—thy foliage bright,
Unchanged, the mountain storm can brave—
Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
And deck the humblest grave.

The breathing forms of Parian stone,
That rise round grandeur's marble halls;
The vivid hues by painting thrown
Rich o'er the glowing walls;
Th' acanthus on Corinthian fanes,
In sculptured beauty waving fair—
These perished all—and what remains?
—Thou, thou alone art there.

'Tis still the same—where'er we tread,
The wrecks of human power we see,
The marvel of all ages fled,
Left to decay and thee.
And still let man his fabrics rear,
August in beauty, grace, and strength,—
Days pass, thou 'Ivy never sere,'^[6]
And all is thine at length.

There was a strange old belief that Ivy leaves worn as a garland prevented intoxication, that wine was less exciting when drunk from a cup of its wood, and that these cups had finally the singular property of separating water from wine by filtration, when the two were mingled—or, as it is expressed by MIZALDUS MONLUCIANUS in his delightfully absurd 'Centuries,'^[7] 'a cup of Ivy, called *cissybius*, is especially fitted for two reasons, for feasts: firstly, because Ivy is said to banish drunkenness; and secondly, because by it the frauds of tavern keepers, who mix wine with water, are detected.' It is worth remarking, in connection with this, that, according to LOUDON (*Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum*, c. 59), the wood of the Ivy is, when newly cut, really useful as a filter, though it is highly improbable that anything like a complete analysis of mingled water and wine can be effected by it.

It may interest the literary critic, should he be ignorant of the fact, to know that the golden-berried Ivy—worn by Apollo ere he adopted the Daphnean laurel—is the plant consecrated to his calling. Witness Pope:

'Immortal Vida, on whose honored brow
The poet's bays and critic's Ivy grow.'

Perhaps it is given to the critics to remind them that they should be kindly sheltering and warmly protecting to poor poets and others, who may be greatly cheered by a little kindness. For there is an old legend that the Druids decorated dwelling places with Ivy and holly during the winter, 'that the sylvan spirits might repair to them, and remain unrippled with frost and cold winds, until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their darling abodes. (DR. CHANDLER, *Travels in Greece*.) Think of this when ye ink your pens for the onslaught!

It is worth noting that in two or three 'Dream Books' the Ivy is set down as indicating 'long-continued health, and new friendships'—an explanation quite in keeping with its ancient symbolism, and still more with its most literal and apparent meaning of *attachment*. This latter sense has given poet and artist many a fine figure and image. 'Nothing,' says ST. PIERRE in his *Studies of Nature*, 'can separate the Ivy from the tree which it has once embraced: it clothes it with its own leaves in that inclement season when its dark boughs are covered with hoar frost. The faithful companion of its destiny, it falls when the tree is cut down: death itself does not relax its grasp; and it continues to adorn with its verdure the dry trunk that once supported it.'

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And of the golden-berried Ivy, Spenser sings:

'Emongst the rest, the clamb'ring Ivy grew,
Knitting his wanton arms with grasping hold,
Lest that the poplar happely should rew
Her brother's strokes, whose boughs she doth enfold
With her lythe twigs, till they the top surveiw
And paint with pallid green her buds of gold.'

MADAME DE GENLIS tells us of a true-hearted friend, who clung to a fallen minister of state,

through good and ill fortune, and followed him into exile, that he adopted for a 'device' a fallen oak tree thickly wound with Ivy, and with the motto: 'His fall cannot free me from him.' An 'emblem' of the later middle age expresses undying conjugal love in a like manner, by a fallen tree wound around with Ivy, beneath which, is the inscription in Spanish: '*Se no la vida porque la muerte.*' (RADOWITZ, *Gesammelte Schriften.*) A not uncommon seal gives us the Ivy with the motto; 'I die where I attach myself;' while yet another of the ivied fallen trees declares that 'Even ruin cannot separate us.'

Ivy is the badge of the clan Gordon, and of all who bear that name. In conclusion, lest my readers should object that the subject, though eminently suggestive, has been treated entirely without a jest, I will cite a quaint repartee, shockingly destructive of the sentiment just cited:

'Woman,' said a lovelorn youth, 'is like Ivy—the more you are ruined, the closer she clings to you.'

'And the closer she clings to you, the sooner you are ruined,' replied an old cynic of a bachelor.

Poor man! He had never realized the truth of the French saying, that to enjoy life, there is nothing like being ruined a little.

FOOTNOTES:

- [1] *New Curiosities of Literature, and Book of the Months.* By GEORGE SOANE, B.A. London, 1849, Vol. i., p. 57.
- [2] *The Poetical History.* By P. GALTRUCHIUS. London 1678.
- [3] Galtruchuis, c. 7.
- [4] 'Hedera quo que vel laurus et hujusmodi, quæ semper servant virorem, in sarcophago corpori substernantur, ad significandum, quod qui moriuntur in Christo, vivere non desinant; nam licet mundo moriantur secundum corpus, tamen secundum animam vivunt et reviviscunt in Deo.'—DURANDUS, *Ration. Div. Offic.*, lib. vii., cap 35.
- [5] BERTY, *Dictionnaire de l'Architecture du Moyen Age.* Paris, 1845.
- [6] 'Ye myrtles brown, and ivy never sere.'
MILTON'S *Lycidas.*
- [7] 'Poculum ex hedera, cissybium dictum, ratione duplici conviviis summè est accomodum: imprimis, quod hedera vini temulantiam, arcere fertur: deinde quod cauponum fraudes, qui vinum aqua miscent, eo poculo deprehenduntur.'—*Memorabilium, Utilium ac Jucundorum Centuriæ Novem, &c.* Paris, 1566.

THE MISHAPS OF MISS HOBBS.

'New beauties push her from the stage;
She trembles at the approach of age;
And starts, to view the altered face
That wrinkles at her in her glass.'

TRUMBULL'S *Progress of Dulness.*

CHAPTER I.

Ann Harriet Hobbs was getting cured of her youth. 'She was going backward,' as the French say of people when Time is running forward, and they themselves are being forwarded a little too rapidly by his Express. All the ladies said so of her; all the gentlemen said so; and, worse than all, even the mirror made similar reflections a little—the only difference being that the ladies and gentlemen said so behind her back, but the mirror expressed it before her face. One by one her sisters and companions ripened and were plucked by the admiring crowd, but Ann Harriet remained untouched. No one even pinched her to see if she were good. And finally, as the throng were rapidly passing on, it became her settled conviction that she must shake herself into some one's hands, or she would be left to wither forsaken on the ancestral tree.

Ann Harriet, like some patent medicines, was not bad to take. True, children did not cry for her as they did for the famous cough lozenges of old; but the fact was, that in Peonytown most of the people were homœopaths, and preferred small doses; therefore Ann Harriet, who was popularly reported to weigh three hundred and one pounds—*vires acquirit eundo*—was altogether too large a dose for any gentleman of the homœopathic persuasion. Possibly, if Ann Harriet could have been divided into twin sisters of about one hundred and fifty pounds each, her matrimonial chances would have greatly increased; for however it may have been in years past, this putting two volumes into one is not at all popular at the present *duo*-decimal time.

Business, too, was dull in Peonytown, and the men could not afford to marry a wife who would require twenty-five yards for a dress, when they could get one that ten yards would cover up.

Miss Hobbs's twenty-sixth birthday was approaching. She could see it in the dim distance, and she knew too well that the twenty-seventh was ready to follow it up; and that Time stepped heavier than he used to—the clumsy fellow; for, 'handsome' as she was, she could see the marks of his feet on her face.

Ann Harriet had an uncle residing in Boston, whom she had never seen, but had often heard him favorably spoken of by her mother, whose only brother he was. Ann therefore determined that she would write to her Uncle Farnsworth, and ask him if it would be agreeable should she visit him for a few weeks.

Her letter met with a cordial response from the old gentleman, who expressed himself 'highly gratified at the prospect' of seeing his sister's daughter; named the day for her to come, and said that Gregory, his son, would meet her at the railroad station in Boston, when the train arrived.

Ann Harriet had never been in Boston, and the thoughts of a journey thither animated her 'to a degree.' Her wardrobe was renovated; a bran-new bonnet was purchased; and as all Peonytown was informed that it was to be deprived of her presence for several weeks, the 'meeting-house' was of course filled on the following Sunday to hear Parson Bulger preach about it; for he was one of the new-fashioned ministers, who considered the Bible as a wornout book, and generally preached from a newspaper text, or the last exciting piece of news. Alas! they were disappointed; for the sermon was on Barnum's Baby Show.

The appointed day came, and Ann Harriet paid Seth Bullard, the butcher's boy, a quarter of a dollar to 'carry' her and her luggage over to the Yellowfield depot, where she was to take the cars for Boston. She bore in her hand a rhubarb pie, nicely tied up in a copy of the *Peonytown Clarion*, which was intended as a gift for her Aunt Farnsworth. It was a pie she made with her own hands, and would have taken a prize for size at any cattle show.

After asking engineer, brakeman, and conductor which they thought the safest car, and getting a different answer from each, she finally ensconced herself in the third car from the engine. Opening the window, her attention was attracted by a neat tin sign, on which was painted, '*Look out for Pickpockets!*'

'Now, that is kind,' said she, 'to give people notice. I forgot all about pickpockets. I would really like to see some, and will certainly look out for them.'

She accordingly thrust her head and neck out of the car window, and looked sharply at the bystanders. While engaged in this detective service, the signal was given, and the cars started, when Miss Hobbs, thinking it was needless to keep up a longer lookout, reëntered, and was surprised to find a nice-looking young man by her side. He wore a heavy yellow watchguard, yellow kid gloves, and a moustache to match, patent-leather boots, a poll-parrot scarf, and a brilliant breast-pin. Ann Harriet was delighted to have such a companion; and her wish that he would enter into conversation was soon gratified.

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'Travelling far?' asked the 'city-looking chap.'

'Yes, sir; I am going to my uncle's, in Boston,' replied Ann Harriet.

'Taking a vacation, I suppose?' continued he of the yellow kids.

['How delightful!' thought Miss Hobbs; 'he takes me for a boarding-school girl.']

'For a few weeks,' replied she, with a bland smile; and dropping her black lace veil to improve her really fine complexion, knowing, as well as Shakspeare, that

'Beauty, blemished once, is ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pains, and cost.'

'Is not this Miss Hobbs, of Peonytown?' suddenly asked the proprietor of the patent leathers, after a few minutes' conversation.

'Why! yes; how *did* you know?' was Ann Harriet's reply.

'Oh, I had a friend as went to the academy in Peonytown, and he always kept me posted up on the pretty girls; and he talked about you so often, I knew it *must* be Miss Hobbs,' was the flattering answer.

'How strange!' thought Ann Harriet. 'Well, it proves that I am not wholly overlooked by the young men of my native village.' She did not remember that she carried a little satchel, on which the stranger had read, 'ANN HARRIET HOBBS, *Peonytown*.'

At this time a boy entered the car with a supply of ice water for thirsty passengers. In handing a glassful to Miss Hobbs, he spilled a part on the floor.

'What a waste!' remarked he.

Ann Harriet blushed deep crimson—fat folks are always sensitive—and, with a grave, fat, solemn air, she said:

'I think you are quite rude, sir.'

'I'd like to know how?' inquired he, with a look of surprise.

'By making remarks on my waist, sir. No gentleman would be guilty of such an offence,' replied the indignant lady.

Fortunately, the train at this juncture stopped at a way station, and the yellow moustache, poll-parrot scarf, and kid gloves got out, first bowing very politely to their late companion. Ann Harriet was a little sorry to have their inmate go, but consoled herself with the thought that he was altogether too familiar.

About fifteen miles farther on, an orange boy made his appearance; and Ann, thinking an orange would moisten her throat, felt for her portemonnaie, and found it not; for, while she was so intently looking *out* for pickpockets at Yellowfield, her agreeable companion had appropriated her cash, by looking *in* her pocket.

'*There!* that dandy villain has robbed me of my wallet, with fifteen dollars in it, and the receipt for Sally Lunn cake I was going to give Aunt Farnsworth!' exclaimed she, placidly. Stout folks bear disasters calmly. Luckily, she had two or three dollars in her satchel, which she had received from the ticket master when she purchased her ticket, so she was not entirely bankrupt. Some of the passengers attempted to sympathize with her, but they found it a thankless task, and soon desisted.

Ann Harriet, her griefs digested, drew herself into as compact a compass as possible, and in a few minutes was fast asleep.

The cars rolled, in due time, into the noisy station at Boston, and our traveller, after much exertion and trepidation, safely reached the platform, with her rhubarb pie unharmed. She looked anxiously around for her cousin Gregory, whom she had never seen, save in his *carte de visite*, and by that she found him in a few minutes. Gregory was a handsome man, quite young, and dressed in a neat suit of light clothes, donned that afternoon for the first time. He had never seen his cousin, and was therefore not a little surprised when the corpulent beauty introduced herself as Miss Ann Harriet Hobbs, of Peonytown. Gregory had come down to the station with a light buggy, in which he intended to convey his fair relative home, but at the first glance saw that it would be disastrous both to the buggy and Ann Harriet to attempt any such feat. He therefore escorted her to a hack, and left her a moment. While he was gone, Ann Harriet, who had forgotten all her troubles in the contemplation of riding home with her handsome cousin, laid the rhubarb pie on the opposite seat of the carriage, reserving the place by her side for Gregory. But this gentleman, not feeling sure that he would find room by the side of his massive cousin, when he entered the carriage, sat hastily down opposite her. *Crash* went the *Peonytown Clarion*, and 'squish' went the juicy rhubarb, completely saturating Gregory's new garments. Ann Harriet gave a loud shriek, exclaiming: 'Oh! you have spoilt that nice pie that I made for Aunt Priscilla, from Mrs. Wilkins's receipt.'

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'Hang Mrs. Wilkins's receipt!' exclaimed Gregory, who was imperturbable. 'I think I shall have to get some one to reseat my pantaloons.'

There was nothing to be done but to drive home as quickly as possible. The hackman was paid for the damage to his vehicle, and Gregory hastened up stairs to resume the old suit which only a few hours before he had thrown aside disdainfully.

Ann Harriet found her uncle's family all that she expected. They found her a little more than they expected. Everything was done to make her comfortable. Aunt Farnsworth condoled with her niece on the loss of her money, and the receipt for Sally Lunn cake. They brought a fan to cool her, and placed a footstool for her feet. Her cousin Miranda exhibited a photograph album containing all the family likenesses, besides a number they had purchased to fill up the book, such as the Prince of Wales, McClellan, Stonewall Jackson, Beauregard, and Butler. All this comforted her greatly, and Ann Harriet was much interested, but was obliged to inquire which were fighting for the North, and which for the South—'she had heard something about it, but was not thoroughly informed,'—for, to tell the truth, the only medium for news in Peonytown was the *Clarion*, and the only portion of even that which Ann Harriet attended to was the deaths, marriages, and dry goods.

The remainder of the day passed quietly, and the hour for retiring approached. Before Ann Harriet's arrival, it had been arranged that she should share Miranda's bed; but it was now very evident that Ann would get very much more than her share, and it was therefore decided to give her a bed to herself. A lamp was brought, and Aunt Farnsworth escorted her to her room, and bade her good night. Ann Harriet had the usual share of curiosity which all females—even plump ones—possess; and wishing to know how a Boston street appeared in the evening, she hoisted the curtain with a vigorous jerk, and looked forth: it was not a very beautiful scene; long rows of brick houses stretched away on either side, relieved at intervals by the street lamps and loafers, which, as they appeared at a distance, reminded her of a torchlight procession she had witnessed once in Peonytown, when the Hickory Club turned out with twenty torches and a colored lantern. Having satisfied her eyes with the view, she attempted to draw down the curtain, and found that it would not move. She had pulled it up so vigorously that the cord had slipped from the wheel, and rendered the curtain immovable. By stepping on a chair she could, indeed, reach and adjust it; but the only chairs in the room were cane-seated, and seemed altogether too fragile for such a weighty lady as Ann Harriet. To add to her perplexity, the dwelling directly opposite was a boarding house, full of young men; and she noticed that one or two of them had already discovered her, and that the news was probably being communicated to all their fellow boarders, for in a very few minutes every window had two or more spectators at it, armed with opera or eye

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glasses, while one saucy fellow had a telescope three feet long. What to do she did not know: there was but one window in the room, and no recess into which her portly beauty could retreat. Once more she tried the curtain, giving it a forcible twitch, and this time it came down—but the whole fixture came with it, and, after striking her on the head, slid out of the window into the street, much to the amusement of the spectators opposite.

Here was a dilemma—and what would her aunt say? She had to give up all hope of excluding the gaze of her impudent neighbors. Poor damsel! She would have asked assistance of some of the family, but they had all been asleep some time, and she disliked to disturb them. Finally, she decided to extinguish her light and undress in bed—a difficult undertaking, which was, however, accomplished, with the loss of sundry strings and buttons; and Ann Harriet laid her wearied head on the pillow, and thought her troubles for that day were over. But Sleep forsakes the wretched, and her eyes would not 'stay shut.' While coaxing them to 'stay down,' she was startled by a flash of light on the wall and an explosion, then another, and then a third, accompanied by a shower of gravelly substance in her face and eyes. Miss Hobbs, as we have seen, was

'A woman naturally born to fears,'

and this sudden and inexplicable exhibition of fireworks in her chamber almost burst the strings of her night cap, by causing her curly black hair to stand on end.

The mischievous young men opposite had procured a *sarbacane*—vulgarly known as a 'bean-blower,'—and were shooting torpedoes into Ann Harriet's chamber. Not daring to rise to shut the window, she was wholly at their mercy; but fortunately their stock of ammunition was limited to half a dozen pellets, and in a few minutes the bombardment ceased.

About midnight Ann Harriet fell into a deep slumber, and when she awoke the broad sunshine was illuminating her chamber, while the rattling of teams along the paved streets reminded her that she was in the great metropolis of New England. She missed the green foliage and healthy perfume and bird songs of her pleasant country home: all she could see was a combination of bricks, slate, and stone; and not a green thing was visible in the street, save a few Irish servants, who were washing off the doorsteps and sidewalks. In the middle of the cobble stones lay the curtain which had fallen during the scene of the previous evening, muddy and torn, its sticks broken by the heavy wagons which had passed over it. A glance at the hostile boarding-house assured her that all was quiet there; so, after arranging her dress with studied nicety, and disposing her hair in the most enchanting style—and Ann Harriet was really neat and winsome—she descended to the breakfast room. Her cousin Gregory was the only person present—he sat by the window, reading. After the customary greeting, Ann Harriet inquired what interested him.

'I have been glancing over an article called 'Ludicrous Exaggerations,' in Leigh Hunt's *Indicator*,' replied Gregory, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

Ann Harriet did not notice any point to this remark, but said: 'I do not remember having seen that book.'

'What have *you* been reading lately?' pursued Gregory.

'Oh! I have begun a splendid book that Mrs. Orrin Pendergast lent me; I have forgotten who wrote it, but its name is 'The Bloody Butcher's Bride; or, The Demon of Dandelion Dell.'

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Here Gregory was so impolite as to burst into a loud laugh, much to the discomfiture of Ann Harriet, who was on the point of describing a thrilling scene in the story.

'I see nothing to laugh at,' remarked she, solemnly; 'it is a *very* nice book, Cousin Gregory. Why, some parts of it were so powerful that it made me tremble all over.'

'It *must* have been powerful,' said Gregory, drily.

'You're a saucy fellow,' said his cousin. 'But, by the way, where is that new suit that was damaged yesterday? You do not look so stylish this morning.'

'Stylish? I hope not. I hate that word; it is only fit to be applied to pigs; they always look sty-lish,' replied Gregory.

The door opened, and the rest of the family appeared, much to Ann Harriet's discomfort, for she liked her cousin, and was just thinking how she could make an impression upon him. The surest way would have been to sit in his lap.

They seated themselves at the table, when the customary question came from Aunt Farnsworth:

'How did you rest last night, Ann Harriet?'

This, of course, called forth the history of the mishaps she had experienced, and the indignation of her uncle and aunt was great when they heard how the occupants of the boarding house had behaved.

'Those young men over there are Boarder Ruffians,' remarked Gregory.

'Mercy!' exclaimed his fat cousin; 'if I had known that, I shouldn't have slept a wink all night. I have heard Miss Pendergast tell about those awful men: she had a sister out in Kansas, and a parcel of Border Ruffians came to her house one Sabbath day and ate up everything she had, and then carried off her cow and five pullets.'

'What cow-ardly and chicken-hearted fellows, to rob a poor woman in that manner!' remarked Gregory, grimly.

'Oh yes,' said Ann Harriet; 'and they spit tobacco juice all over her clean floor, and whittled all over the hearth, and told her it was lucky for her that she was a widow, for if she hadn't been, they would have made her one. I should think you would feel dreadfully to have a whole houseful right opposite.'

'We do feel pretty dreadfully,' replied Gregory; 'often.'

'Miranda, you must have a little company while your cousin is here, and make her acquainted with some of the ladies and gentlemen of the city,' said Aunt Farnsworth.

'I should like to, very much, mother; and if you are willing, I will set about it immediately after breakfast; and perhaps I can arrange things so as to have it to-morrow night,' was Miranda's reply.

This suggestion was eagerly seconded by Gregory, who always enjoyed the social parties that his sister had a peculiar knack in getting up at short notice.

Their pleasant anticipations of the *soirée* were suddenly checked by quite a melancholy mishap to the solid Ann Harriet. In reaching forward to receive a cup of coffee from her aunt, she was obliged to rise a little from her seat. Now, the chair in which she was sitting had been broken the day before and was glued together, strong enough for any ordinary usage, but wholly inadequate to sustain such a weight as now taxed it; so when Ann 'set back' into the furniture, the already strained joints came apart, and she felt herself descending to the floor; to save herself, she clung to the edge of the table, but, of course, that was no support; on the contrary, it tilted up and launched its whole contents over the prostrate form of the unfortunate Ann Harriet. There she lay, pinned to the floor by the heavy table, while her face and neck and dress were covered with butter, gooseberry pie, hot coffee, broken eggs, and slices of fried ham. The carpet was in a similar condition, and the Old Dominion coffee-pot was found expiring under the sofa.

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Mr. Farnsworth, in an attempt to save the table from going over, lost his own balance, and fell flounder-flat on the floor, where he lay shuddering, with his hair in a dish of Shaker apple-sauce: the rest of the family escaped unscathed, but were sadly astonished at the sudden turn things had taken.

Mr. Farnsworth and Gregory raised the fallen table to its former position, and Miranda set about collecting the scattered dishes.

'I knew that we were going to breakfast, but I did not think we should break so fast as that,' remarked Gregory, ruefully.

Ann Harriet, up to this time, had retained her consciousness, when it suddenly occurred to her that, in the stories she had read, the heroines always fainted when anything unusual happened; so she shut up her eyes and began to gasp, just as her uncle and cousin were about to assist her to her feet.

'She is faint; get some water, quick!' exclaimed Miranda.

Gregory seized the 'Old Dominion,' and dashed what coffee there was left in it on Ann's face, then threw on all the cream in the pitcher, and wound up his frightful orgie by emptying over her locks a lot of brown sugar from a bowl which stood near. The effect was that the faint damsel 'came to' very fast, and requested to be helped up. Her aspect was remarkably ludicrous; the moistened sugar, clinging to her hair and plastering up her eyes, caused so much mirth on Gregory's part that he could hardly restrain it within the bounds of politeness.

'Oh, *do* help me up!' implored Ann Harriet.

Easier said than done. Mr. Farnsworth took hold of one arm, and Gregory the other, but their united effort was not sufficient. Mr. Farnsworth had but recently recovered from an attack of the rheumatism—and apple sauce—and was by no means strong enough for such work; while Gregory was so full of laughter that it deprived him of half his strength. After one or two futile attempts, Miranda had a happy thought: she ran into the parlor and brought out half a dozen thick volumes of music; then Gregory and his father lifted Ann Harriet as far as they could at one effort, while Miranda pushed a book under; at the next lift, a second book was inserted, and this movement was repeated until Ann was seated—*alto* and *allegro*—on a pile of six large music books. Aunt Farnsworth then brought a basin of water, and carefully bathed her niece's face, removing all traces of the catastrophe, in which she was assisted by a copious flood of tears from Ann's eyes—so copious, indeed, that Gregory guessed there would be a rainbow when she ceased.

In about twenty minutes 'things were put as near to rights as possible,' but their appetites, like the breakfast, were thoroughly spoiled; so Miranda and her cousin went up stairs to make their plans for the entertainment, which was to be given in honor of the fair Peonytownner. This kept them busy all day; for there was shopping to be done, pastry and cake to be made, dresses to be 'fixed,' and other arrangements, 'too numerous to mention.'

Ann Harriet's thoughts dwelt incessantly on the appointed evening; the iron would then be hot, and she knew that she must strike, or lose a golden opportunity for exchanging the desolate

monotony of a heavy single life for the sparkling, honorable, enviable title of wedded wife.

Surely, Ann Harriet, he who leads thee to the altar will possess a brave and stout heart—one on whom you, although fat, can lean, and of whose home you, though heavy, will be the light. You will so fill his heart that there will be no room for discontent, melancholy, or any evil or mischievous visitor. Whoever the fortunate man may be, you can rest assured that you will exceed his greatest expectations, and he will not attempt to exaggerate your charms and attractions.

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CHAPTER II.

'There was music and mirth in the lighted saloon;
The measure was merry—our hearts were in tune;
While hand linked with hand in the graceful quadrille,
Bright joy crowned the dance, like the sun on the rill,
And beamed in the dark eyes of coquettes and snobs;
But the belle of the hall was Ann Harriet Hobbs.'

Mrs. OSGOOD (with slight variation).

Bright shone the gas at Mr. Farnsworth's on the evening of the grand *soirée* given for the gratification of Ann Harriet, who was anxious to see some of the beaux of Boston. Both of the parlor chandeliers were in full blaze, much to the delight of Miss Hobbs, who, after gazing at them in admiration, expressed the wish that her friend surnamed Pendergast might see such a sight.

'That takes the shine all off of Miss Pendergasses' double back-action, self-adjusting, anti-corrosive, herring-bone, powerloom lamp, don't it, my dear cousin?' asked Gregory, who had been regaled several times with an account of a wonderful lamp that burnt one hour at a cost of only ten cents, or ten hours at a cost of one cent—Gregory never could remember which.

'Now, Gregory, if you bother me so, I sha'n't tell you anything more; please hand me that fan on the table, and tell me who that man is by the corner of the mantelpiece.'

'That is Captain Dobbs; he is very fond of poetry, and has written some, too; but it was never published, for the editors charged too much for putting it into their papers. Shall I introduce him to you?' said Gregory.

'A captain and a poet, too? Oh, certainly, I should be delighted to know him,' replied Ann Harriet, who began to cool down her countenance by a vigorous application of the fan, while Gregory went after the poetical captain. He was soon back again, and presented him, as follows:

'Captain Dobbs, Miss Hobbs; Miss Hobbs, Captain Dobbs.'

The Captain bowed so low that Ann Harriet could see the brass buttons on the back of his coat, and then, taking her hand, he said, earnestly:

'I rejoice exceedingly that our acquaintance with each other should have commenced under such charming auspices!'

Now, they were standing directly under one of the beautiful chandeliers, which glistened with brilliant pendants; and Ann, supposing that the gallant Captain alluded to them, accordingly replied:

'Yes, they are very charming auspices, and make a beautiful jingle.'

What the Captain really alluded to was the rhyming of their names when Gregory introduced them; the jingle of the rhyme pleased him much, and he regarded it as propitious to their future acquaintance: Ann Harriet's reply happened to suit the case precisely, and placed her in high estimation with the Captain.

Drummond Dobbs was about thirty-two years of age, a gentleman, and a right good fellow, but so very sentimental that few ladies could endure his company. Yet was he anxious to please the fair sex and be popular with them: unfortunately, he supposed that the way to be so was to shower on them love-sick poetry and sentimental speeches; 'he wore his heart upon his sleeve,' fell in love with every new face, and had been rejected a score of times; he comforted himself, however, with the very scaly proverb, 'there is as good fish in the sea as ever was caught,' and—cast in his line for another chance. He had tried poor women and rich women, young school-girls and elastic old maids, brunettes and blondes, but all in vain; and the moment he saw Ann Harriet he determined to make one more attempt to secure a heart that should beat for him alone, an ear that should be ever on the alert for his footstep, and eyes that should sparkle only when he was near.

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Ann Harriet, on her part, saw all in Captain Dobbs that she could wish for; and she thought that if she could return to Peonytown with a live captain as her affianced lover, she should be the happiest of fat girls. What a sensation she would create on Sunday, when she went to meeting arm in arm with him, and *how* the folks would stare at his bright buttons and shoulder straps! She wondered if he would wear a 'trainer hat,' with feathers in it.

To Captain Dobbs, Ann Harriet Hobbs was 'a devilish fine-looking woman;' there was something

tangible in a woman like that, sir; *she* was not one of your flimsy, languid girls, with waist like the stem of a goblet. Somebody had said, 'the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat,' but he did not believe in that; he wanted a *wife*, and if he could get one twice the size of any one else's, so much the better, by Jove!

Gregory, with the tact of Young America, saw instantly what the result of an evening's interview would be; so, telling Dobbs that he would find his cousin from Peonytown very in-*fat*-uating, he left them to their own enjoyment.

'It is very singular,' remarked the Captain, promptly, 'how much alike our names are: Hobbs and Dobbs!'

'Yes; but I think that yours is much the prettiest; I always hated the name of Hobbs,' remarked Ann Harriet.

'Hate Hobbs? Well, I detest Dobbs; but you have the advantage of me, for you can change yours without much trouble,' replied the Captain.

He did not know that Ann Harriet had been longer, and at more trouble, in trying to get her name changed, than if she had applied to seven legislatures. She blushed deeply, and raised her fan to hide the rosy hue—but it was a small, round fan, and only partially concealed her face, leaving a crimson disk of two inches around it. Captain Dobbs was delighted; a blush to him was a certain proof of maiden coyness, and bespoke a heart so full of love that every emotion sent it mantling to the face.

Gregory here returned, to say that they were getting up a dance, and Captain Dobbs and his cousin must certainly join in it.

'But I never danced in my life!' said Ann Harriet, innocently.

'Oh, never mind *that*; it is a very simple dance—the Virginia Reel; every one can dance that; only do as others do,' replied Gregory.

Ann Harriet, accepting Captain Dobbs's proffered arm, proceeded to the room where the arrangements for the dance were progressing.

'I understand that Miss Hobbs is the star of this business,' remarked Mr. Pickett to Gregory, as he crammed himself behind a bookcase, to allow the lady and her escort to go by.

'Star?' repeated Gregory. 'Yes; the full moon of the concern.'

'You mean of the firm,' quoth Pickett.

'Yes,' replied Gregory, 'the full moon of the firm, I meant.'

The dancers took their places, and a merry tune soon set them in motion. Ann Harriet watched the others carefully, and soon understood the figure. At length her turn came to advance. She performed her part very well until she came to that step known as *dos à dos*, and here her good luck forsook her; for, in stepping back, she struck with full force her companion, a slim young man with shell eyeglasses, and sent him forward with an impetus which was only checked by his coming in collision with a plaster-of-Paris pedestal, on which stood a bust of General Zachary Taylor; his head penetrated the column, and the bust came down on his back with a thump that nearly knocked the breath out of his body. His eyeglasses were shattered, his soul rent, and his shirt bosom torn asunder. The unfortunate youth gathered himself up and retreated to an anteroom, where he rearranged his disordered clothing; but was not seen again, having disappeared through a side door and hastened home.

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Ann Harriet came out of the collision like a second 'Monitor,' unscathed and undaunted; indeed, she was not aware that anything unusual had happened till she heard the crash, and then was surprised to learn that she was the cause of the catastrophe.

When our heroine heard how serious the collision had been, she felt much disturbed, until Gregory observed that, although she had been backward in causing the mishap, she should not be backward in making what reparation she could.

On this suggestion, Ann Harriet inquired the whereabouts of Mr. Google, and learning that he was in an anteroom, started in search of him. She found herself in the supper room, hurrying across which, she pulled open a door on the other side with such a vigorous effort of elephantine strength, as to precipitate a waiter, who had just caught hold of the handle, headlong into the room. The unfortunate servitor, who was dressed in white cravat and black coat, landed under the supper table, where he lay motionless. Ann Harriet made her way back to the parlor as quickly as possible, where she startled the visitors by exclaiming:

'Oh dear, come here, quick! I have killed a minister!'

Miss Helen Bumpus, who was playing a quickstep on the pianoforte, uttered a sharp shriek, which was echoed from various parts of the room, and the whole company, headed by Captain Dobbs, followed Ann Harriet to the scene of the disaster.

When they reached the dining room they found her 'minister' sitting on the floor, rubbing his head, and using language more appropriate to one of Captain Kidd's profession than to an expounder of the gospel. When the damaged waiter saw the immense crowd entering the room,

he vanished into the kitchen amid shouts of laughter from the assembly, who comprehended at once Miss Hobbs's error. Ann Harriet felt much relieved to find that the accident was no worse, and explained the mishap to her friends, ending by inquiring what denomination he belonged to. Gregory informed her that the individual was not a clergyman, but a lay-man and a waiter.

Soon after, the guests were requested to repair to the supper room, and each gentleman chose his partner for the occasion. Unfortunately for Ann Harriet, Captain Dobbs chanced to be at the farther end of the room, and before he reached the object of his adoration she had already accepted the arm of an exquisite youth with patent eyeglass, pink necktie, and tomato-colored moustache. The disappointment nearly destroyed Dobbs's appetite. He had intended to be irresistibly attentive to Miss Hobbs; to furnish her with every little delicacy the table afforded; and *now*, she must depend upon the languid movements of a 'snob:' it was too bad, by Jove!

The table was elegantly decorated with flowers, and the neatly prepared dishes and ministerial waiters presented a scene which to Ann Harriet's vision was enchanting.

'What shall I have the pleasure of obtaining for you?' asked Mr. Struttles of Ann Harriet.

'Let me see,' replied Ann. 'It's some time since I eat anything, and I feel pretty hungry: if you will get me a plateful of pandowdy^[8] and some ginger snaps, I shall feel thankful.'

Mr. Struttles was a very polite man, and would not laugh in a lady's face for a farm; but his tomato-hued moustache quivered, and he had to frown fiercely to conceal the laughter which threatened to burst him asunder.

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'What amuses you so much, Strut?' asked a friend, who found him a few moments later in the entry, giggling all by himself.

'Oh dear! I shall die!' he replied, shaking with mirth; 'that fat girl asked me to get her something to eat that I never heard of: I believe she called it *slam dowdy*, or rip snap, or something like that, and, of course, there is nothing of the kind on the table.'

'Go and tell her it is all eaten up,' suggested the friend; 'article all sold.'

Struttles had not thought of that; it was a good idea, so off he went and told Ann Harriet that the object she wished had been so fashionable that it was all devoured before he reached it.

'Oh, well! I had just as lief have some gingerbread and a pickle-lime,' was her calm response.

Struttles rushed desperately to the table, filled a plate full of anything that came handy, brought it to his dame, and informed her that there was not a pickled lime to be had. Ann Harriet did not care; she was soon busy devouring the contents of the plate, while Struttles stood by, chuckling and grinning.

Captain Dobbs, in the mean time, was doing all he could to make hungry and handsome Miss Helen Bumpus happy, by giving her oyster salad, ice cream, frozen pudding, and cake, with plenty of champagne to wash it down; but his heart was with Ann Harriet, and many an anxious glance he bestowed on her, to see if she was well supplied with the niceties of the festive board. He thrilled with joy at seeing her behind a plate piled nearly as high as her chin with a variety of cakes, tarts, fruits, and jellies.

After a while every one was surfeited, and gradually the supper room was deserted, leaving none but the waiters, who quickly cleared away what there was left of the supper.

On entering the parlor, Captain Dobbs caught a view of himself in a large mirror, and saw to his dismay that he had not escaped the usual fate of gallants who endeavor to make themselves agreeable to the ladies in a crowded supper-room; lumps of blanc-mange adhered to his shirt bosom; particles of calf's-foot jelly coruscated like gems on his patent-leather gaiters, and quivering oysters hung tenaciously to his coat sleeves. He looked around for some place of refuge where he could retire and remove the remnants of the banquet, and espying a side room apparently deserted, there being no light in it, stepped in, and, taking off his coat, commenced the task of restoring it to its pristine splendor. While doing this, he was startled by a sound so singular that his coat nearly fell from his hand, so alarmed was he. Glancing at the door, his eyes met the known form of Ann Harriet, when he instantly hurried on his coat in horror, and, apologizing to his fair friend for being caught without it, referred to the curious noise he had heard.

'What did it sound like?' asked Ann Harriet.

The Captain tried in vain to find a simile; he had never heard anything that resembled it; and Ann Harriet's suggestions as to what it might have been were equally fruitless.

The truth was, that when Miss Hobbs appeared at the threshold of the door she heaved a deep sigh, and it was this that startled her lover; but as he had his head in a stooping position, and was busy brushing his coat, the sound seemed to him to come from the farther end of the room, which was obscured in darkness. He was not aware that fat ladies' sighs were proportionate to their size. However, now that his heart's idol was present, he cared nothing for aught else; so, taking her small hand, he led her to the window, and they stood gazing with mutual consent at the starry heavens. Gregory spied them there, and mischievously closed the door. What conversation ensued is only known to the two who were engaged in it, but every one noticed that when Ann Harriet reappeared her step was light if not actually fantastic, and her mild countenance beamed

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with a moonlike radiance, so serenely bright as to reveal a heart buoyant with bliss. Soon after, the company dispersed, and the damsel, retiring to her dormitory, was soon dreaming sweetly of 'her betrothed,' and imagined that all the bells in Peonytown were rung on her wedding day.

Sleep on, Ann Harriet! Thou hast waited long for the happy hour; but thou wert thyself weighty, and it was fit that thou, too, shouldst deal deliberately in matters of '*great weight*'.

The next day she informed her uncle of her intention to marry the accomplished Drummond Dobbs, and received his hearty approval; for Dobbs's character was good, and without a scar.

The nuptials were to take place without delay, and so Ann Harriet hastened home to make the requisite arrangements.

CHAPTER III.

'In wedlock a species of lottery lies,
Where in blanks and in prizes we deal;
But how comes it that you, such a capital prize,
Should so long have remained in the wheel?'

MOORE.

Ann Harriet was determined that her wedding should be a romantic one; she said that it was by no means an every-day affair, and therefore it should be carried out in a style proportionate to its rarity. After consulting Mrs. Pendergast, and searching through a pile of 'New York Dashers,' she was much inclined to a midnight wedding, especially as Mrs. Pendergast offered to loan her patent lamp for the occasion; but when they suddenly happened to hear of a marriage celebrated in the wild and picturesque woods of the White Hills, it was immediately decided that there was no better place; so sacred a ceremony should be performed 'under the broad canopy of heaven,' and the birds of the air and the countless leaves of the trees should sing their epithalamium.

After some search, it was decided that the happy spot should be on 'Huckleberry Hill,' a picturesque elevation about a mile from the postoffice in Peonytown, covered with a luxurious growth of pines and hemlocks, interspersed with huckleberry bushes, sweet fern, and mullenstalks. A small, open place was selected, where the long moss made a beautiful carpet, and the tall trees on every side entwined their arms as lovingly together as if they, too, were about to take each other 'for better for worse,' while the ripple of a brook hidden in the woods lent a pleasant melody to the scene.

'This is the place of all others,' remarked Ann Harriet. 'Houses may burn down or decay, churches may be sold and turned into ice-cream saloons and lager-beer depots—as Mr. Dunstable's was; but these lofty pines and rugged hemlocks will stand for centuries, to mark the spot where, in my girlhood, I plighted my troth to that *dear* Dobbs.'

Preparations for the bridal went gloriously on. The Peonytown dressmaker was busy day and evening in making up the trousseau of the expectant bride. The wedding dress was to be of fine white muslin, and no ornaments to detract from its spotless purity.

The important day at length arrived. The sun rose warm, brilliant, calm, and cloudless—and so did Ann Harriet. Her heart beat quick and tumultuously as the coming event of the day suddenly occurred to her, and she rejoiced to think that she was now to have *one* to shield her from the chilling blasts of a cold, relentless world—a husband on whose breast her weary head could rest and feel secure.

These thoughts made her footsteps light, and she hastened to array herself for the bridal, which, was appointed at ten o'clock. The barber of Peonytown was sent for, and, although dressing a bride's hair was something as yet unknown to him, yet, after much perseverance and more ox marrow, he succeeded in twisting and braiding her luxuriant black locks into a kind of triumphal-arched basketwork, that resembled a miniature summer-house. The white muslin dress was then put on, and a pair of white kid gloves drawn over her small fingers (plump people have little hands), and Ann Harriet awaited her husband elect.

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All Peonytown had been apprized of the hour of the wedding, and, in consequence, the grove was at an early period filled with spectators. Boys climbed into the trees; camp stools were provided; and one enterprising Peonytownner brought a long wooden settee, and let the weary rest on it for the slight consideration of half a dime each. The Rev. Derby Sifter was there too. He was to perform the ceremony, and, as it was the first wedding in Peonytown for six months, he was in unusual humor, rubbing his hands together, and laughing at every remark that was made.

At the appointed time Ann Harriet appeared, hanging lovingly on the arm of the gallant Captain. The bride attracted universal attention. At first, indeed, many were impressed with the idea that a crowd of girls were coming, dressed in unsullied white; but as she approached nearer, they saw that it was the fair Ann Harriet in her white muslin, leaning on the arm of Captain Dobbs, who was dressed in full uniform, and had a carnation pink in his mouth. The Rev. Derby Sifter now stepped forward, and the parties took their places. No bridesmaids were needed, the bride 'answering' for several. After a few preliminary remarks, the reverend gentleman pronounced them—under green leaves—*husband and wife!* Ann Harriet heaved a sigh of relief: the H had vanished forever from her name, and D now reigned in its stead. A short prayer then followed.

Meanwhile, a boy in a tree directly over their heads spied a caterpillar's nest near him, and, breaking a twig from a branch, he probed the nest, causing a tremendous stampede among the inmates. Down they dropped, silently and softly, upon the elaborate head of the bride, who stood wholly unconscious of the additional ornaments so profusely decorating her hair; the company noticed it, and very soon every one was in a broad grin. Ann Harriet became conscious of some merriment in that portion of the party immediately under her observation, and a succession of blushes suffused her face as she felt that something ridiculous to herself must have caused it. At that instant a caterpillar, that had been swinging to and fro on his attenuated web, landed plump on Ann's nose as she raised her face (he had been waiting for something to turn up), causing her to give utterance to a scream that made the clerical gentleman open his eyes, and a couple of catbirds to fly frightened and squealing from their nests.

At the same time an angry cow, rendered furious by the sting of some insect, plunged frantically into the wedding circle, bellowing, tossing her head, and flourishing her tail in a terrific and antinuptial manner. The Rev. Mr. Sifter was the first one to leave, and, being very spare, he passed swiftly through the trees and bushes, never looking behind him till he had reached the meeting house, where he stopped and in his unconscious delirium caught at the bell rope and rang the bell with a vigor that started every one from his work, so that in a few minutes 'Extinguisher No. 1' was hurried along the roads by an extempore company of about fifty men and boys.

Meanwhile, the witnesses of the rural wedding had all skedaddled—to borrow a Greek word—into the woods, in dire confusion, tearing dresses, pulling down 'back hair,' hitching hoop skirts, and tumbling over blackberry vines—but each intent on increasing the distance from the mad cow. Ann Harriet was not so fortunate; her size prevented her running, and a fiery peony on her bosom attracted the animal's attention, so that, with a loud roar, the beast rushed directly upon her. Had Ann Harriet been—as she was a few weeks before—an unprotected female, the undertaker of Peonytown would have had a 'big job' that day; but luckily, he who had just sworn to love and protect her saw that now was his time and chance to begin; so, drawing his sword, he stepped in front of his trembling bride, and, as the cow approached with head down and eyeballs glaring wildly, he aimed a blow with his weapon, which inflicted a severe cut on her nose.

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The cow paused.

'Step backward gradually, my Ann Harriet,' said the valiant Dobbs, 'and I will see that she does not touch you.'

Ann Harriet stepped backward, but not 'gradually,' for she trod on a loose stone, which upset her, and she rolled over and over down a sloping rock, ruining, on the way, any quantity of huckleberry bushes and pennyroyal. This started the cow, who made another furious charge at the soldier, who this time, by a well-directed blow, cut one horn sheer off.

'That's good!' exclaimed he; 'next time I'll take t'other horn, and then commence on her legs.'

The cow made another retreat, but appeared by no means vanquished. The Captain stood his ground manfully. Ann Harriet sat on the moss at the foot of the rock, disentangling from her hair the bruised and mangled caterpillars which still remained there.

Just as the cow was about to make her third charge, shouts were heard in the path which led to the village, and in a moment 'Extinguisher No. 1,' with its brave volunteers, was on the ground. They had followed the directions of the parson and arrived at an opportune moment.

The boys at once decided that, as there was no fire to put out, they would 'put out' the cow; so, unreeling the hose, they drew the water from the brook, and in a very little while a stream of water from a two-inch pipe struck the astonished cow full in the face, when she turned and scampered off into the forest, jumping over Ann Harriet at a single bound, and was seen no more.

Captain Dobbs wiped his gory weapon on the greensward, and returned it to the sheath. He then sprang to the side of his wife, and, with the help of the foreman and two brakemen, raised her. She said her nerves were all unstrung, and she 'never could walk home in the world;' so she was placed on the box of the hose carriage and carried to the village.

The Peonytowners turned out *en masse* to meet them, and were anxious that the heroic Captain should make a speech from the town pump; but he declined.

In a short time the happy couple were comfortably seated on the sofa in the parlor of the old homestead, and his arm was as far round her waist as it would go. Here we will bid them adieu. Ann Harriet being married, she will have no more *miss*-haps—albeit at some future time something may be heard of Captain and Mrs. Dobbs—and all the little Dobbses.

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FOOTNOTES:

[8] Broken-up apple pie.

IV.

The census tables of the North and the South, and especially of Massachusetts, Maryland, and South Carolina, heretofore presented, have proved that slavery greatly retarded the progress of population, wealth, science, education, and religion. The comparison now instituted between New York and Virginia demonstrates the same law.

By the census, the population of Virginia in 1790 was 748,308, and in 1860, 1,596,318, making the ratio of increase 113.32 percent. In 1790, New York numbered 340,120, and in 1860, 3,880,735, the ratio of increase being 1,040.99. (Table 1, Prelim. Census Rep., p. 132.) Thus, the rate of increase in New York exceeded that of Virginia more than nine to one.

In 1790, the population of Virginia was largely more than double that of New York. In 1860, the population of New York was very largely more than double that of Virginia. In 1790, Virginia, in population, ranked first of all the States, and New York the fifth. In 1860, they had reversed their positions, and New York was the first, and Virginia the fifth. (Rep., p. 120.) At the same rate of progress, from 1860 to 1900, as from 1790 to 1860, Virginia, retaining slavery, would have sunk from the first to the twenty-first State, and would still continue, at each succeeding decade, descending the inclined plane toward the lowest position of all the States. Such has been, and still continues to be, the effect of slavery, in dragging down that once great State from the first toward the last in rank in the Union. But if, as in the absence of slavery must have been the case, Virginia had increased from 1790 to 1860 in the same ratio as New York, her population in 1860 would have been 7,789,141, and she must always have remained the first in rank of all the States.

AREA.—The natural advantages of Virginia far exceed those of New York. The area of Virginia is 61,352 square miles, and that of New York, 47,000. The population of Virginia per square mile in 1790 was 12.19, and in 1860, 26.02. That of New York, in 1790, was 7.83, and in 1860, 84.36. Now, if New York, with her present numbers per square mile, had the area of Virginia, her population, in 1860, would have been 5,175,654, and that of Virginia, reduced to the area of New York, on the basis of her present numbers per square mile, would have been 1,320,000. This illustrates the immense effect of area, as one of the great elements influencing the progress of population. But, wonderful as are these results, the great fact is omitted in this calculation, that Virginia, in 1790, had largely more than double the population of New York. Thus, if we reverse the numbers of New York and Virginia in 1790, and take the actual ratio of increase of each for the succeeding seventy years, the population of Virginia, in 1860, would have been 728,875, and that of New York, as we have seen, would have been 7,789,141, making the difference exceed seven millions, or very largely more than ten to one. Reverse the areas also, and the difference would exceed eight millions.

SHORE LINE.—As furnishing cheap and easy access for imports and exports, creating marts for commerce with great cities, and affecting the interior most beneficially, the shore line, with adequate harbors, constitutes a vast element in the progress of states and empires. Now, by the last tables of the United States coast survey, the shore line of Virginia was 1,571 miles, and of New York 725 miles. The five great parallel tide-water rivers of Virginia, the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the York river, James river, and Roanoke (partly in North Carolina), with their tributaries, furnish easy access for hundreds of miles into the interior, with both shores of the noble Chesapeake bay for many miles, as well as its magnificent outlet and the main ocean for a considerable distance, all within the limits of Virginia. We have seen that the coast line of Virginia is largely more than double that of New York, and the harbors of Virginia are more numerous, deeper, and much nearer the great valley of the Ohio and Mississippi. By the coast-survey tables, the mean low water into the harbor of New York by Gedney's channel is 20 feet, and at high-water spring tides is 24.2; north channel, 24, mean low water, and 29.1 spring tides, high water; south channel, 22 and 27.1; main ship channel, after passing S.W. spit buoy, on N.E. course, one mile up the bay, for New York, 22.5-27.06. By the same tables, from capes at entrance of Chesapeake bay to Hampton, at mean low water, 30 feet; spring tides, high water, 32.8. Anchorage in Hampton roads, 59-61.8. From Hampton roads to Sewell's point, 25-27.8. South of Sewell's point (one mile and a half), 21-23.8; up to Norfolk, 23-25.8. From Hampton roads to James river, entering to the northward of Newport News, middle ground, 22-24.8. From Hampton roads to James river, entering to the southward of Newport News, middle ground, 27-29.8. From abreast the tail of York spit, up to Yorktown, 33-35.8. Elizabeth river, between Norfolk and navy yard, 25.5-28.3.

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When we leave the tide-water rivers for the interior navigable streams, Virginia has a vast advantage. New York has no such rivers above tide, but Virginia has the Ohio for hundreds of miles, with its tributaries, the Kanawha, Guyandotte, and Big Sandy. It is true, New York has several of the great lakes, and the vast advantage of connection with them through her great canal. But, in the absence of slavery, the canal projected by Washington (preceding that of New York) would have connected, through Virginia, the Chesapeake bay with the Ohio river. The James river, flowing into the Chesapeake, cuts the Blue Mountains, and the Kanawha, a confluent of the Ohio, cuts the Alleghany; thus opening an easy and practicable route for a great canal from the eastern to the western waters. The valley of the lakes, with which New York is connected by her canal, has an area of 335,515 square miles. The valley of the Mississippi, with which the Chesapeake would long since, in the absence of slavery, have been connected by the Virginia canal, has an area of 1,226,600 square miles. The shore line of the Mississippi and its tributaries, above tide water, is 35,644 miles. (Page 35 Compend. Census of 1850.) Our shore line of the lakes is 3,620 miles, including bays, sounds, and islands; and that of the British, 2,629. (Ib. 35.)

The connection of the lakes with the Ohio and Mississippi would be the same for both States, the one being from the lakes to these rivers, and the other from the rivers to the lakes. The location of Virginia is more central than that of New York, and Virginia runs farther west by several hundred miles. We are so accustomed to look at the connection of New York with the West by her canal, and Virginia with no such union, that it is difficult to realize the great change if Virginia had been connected by her progressing work with the Ohio and Mississippi, and thence, by the present canals, with the lakes.

It is apparent, then, that, as regards easy access to the West, the natural advantages of Virginia surpass New York, and with greater facilities for artificial works. How many decades would be required, after emancipation, to bring the superior natural advantages of Virginia into practical operation, is not the question; nor do I believe that the city of New York will ever cease to be the centre of our own trade, and ultimately of the commerce of the world. But although Virginia, in adhering to slavery, has lost her supremacy in the Union, it is quite certain that, as a Free State, she would commence a new career of wonderful prosperity, that capital and population from the North and from Europe would flow there with a mighty current, her lands be doubled in value, and her town and city property far more than quadrupled.

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MINES.—Virginia has vast mines of coal, the great element of modern progress. New York has none. It is coal that has made Great Britain a mighty empire, giving her power, by land and sea, equal to the manual force of all mankind. It is stated by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, in his report before referred to, of November, 1860, 'that an acre of coal, three feet thick, is equal to the product of 1,940 acres of forest trees; and each acre of a coal seam four feet in thickness, and yielding one yard of pure coal, is equivalent to 5,000 tons, and possesses, therefore, a reserve of mechanical strength in its fuel, equal to the life labor of more than 1,600 men.'

This statement of the Commissioner is made on the highest authority, and proves the vast natural advantages of Virginia over New York. Virginia, also, has far more abundant mines of iron, more widely diffused over the State, reaching from tide water to the Ohio. She has also these iron mines in juxtaposition with coal and all the fluxes. Virginia, also, has valuable mines of gold, lead, and copper. New York has no gold or copper mines, and produced in 1860 but \$800 worth of lead. (Table 14.)

HYDRAULIC POWER.—Omitting Niagara, which thus far scorns the control of man, the hydraulic power of Virginia very far exceeds that of New York. It is to be found on the Potomac and its tributaries, and upon nearly every stream that flows into the Chesapeake or Ohio. The superior mildness of the climate of Virginia makes this power available there for a much greater portion of the year. The great falls of the Potomac, where Washington constructed the largest locks of the continent, has a water power unsurpassed, and is but twelve miles from tide water, at Washington. This point is a most healthy and beautiful location, surrounded by lands whose natural fertility was very great, and, in the absence of slavery, must have been a vast manufacturing city. This water power could move more spindles than are now worked on all this continent.

AGRICULTURE AND MANUFACTURES.—The natural fertility of the soil of Virginia far exceeded that of New York, with a more genial sun, and much more favorable seasons for agricultural products, as well as for stock. The number of acres of land in Virginia susceptible of profitable culture, is nearly double that of New York, but much of it has been impoverished by slave labor, scratching and exhausting the soil, without manure or rotation of crops. The census shows that Virginia has all the products of New York, and cotton in addition. Virginia produced, in 1860, 12,727 bales of cotton (table 36), worth, at present prices, nearly \$3,000,000. She also adjoins the States of North Carolina and Tennessee, producing, in 1860, 372,964 bales, worth, at present prices, nearly \$90,000,000. Virginia is also much nearer than New York to all the other cotton States. With these vast advantages, with her larger area, more fertile soil, cheaper subsistence, her coal and iron and great hydraulic power, with so much cotton raised by herself and in adjacent States, Virginia should have manufactured much more cotton than New York. But, by the census (table 22), the value of the cotton manufacture of Virginia in 1850 was \$1,446,109, and in 1860, \$1,063,611—a decrease of one third. In New York, the value of the cotton manufacture in 1850 was \$5,019,323, and in 1860, \$7,471,961, an increase of over 48 per cent. So, if we look at the tables of mines, manufactures, and the fisheries, with the vastly superior advantages of Virginia, the whole product in 1860 was of the value of \$51,300,000, and of agriculture \$68,700,000; whilst in New York these values were respectively \$379,623,560 and \$226,376,440. (Tables of Census, 33 and 36.)

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CLIMATE AND MORTALITY.—By table 6, page 22, of the Census, there were for the year ending June 1st, 1860, 46,881 deaths in New York, being 1 in every 82 of the population, and 1.22 per cent. The number of deaths in Virginia, in the same year, was 22,472, being 1 in every 70 of the population, or 1.43 per cent. There was, then, a slight difference in favor of New York. But Virginia is divided into four geographical sections: the tide-water, the Piedmont (running from the tide-water region to the Blue Mountains), the valley between these mountains and the Alleghanies, and the trans-Alleghany to the Ohio. These three last sections, containing three fourths of the area and white population of the State, surpass New York in salubrity, with the most bracing and delightful climate. The climate of Virginia is far more favorable for stock and agricultural products than New York, with longer and better seasons, and is more salubrious than the climate of Europe. (Comp. 1850.)

PROGRESS OF WEALTH.—We have seen how great was the advance in population of New York over Virginia, from 1790 to 1860, being in the ratio of more than 9 to 1. Now let us compare the relative progress of wealth. It is contended by the advocates of slavery, that it accumulates wealth more rapidly, and thus enriches the nation, although it may depress its moral and intellectual development, its increase of numbers and of power, and tarnish its reputation throughout the world. As population and its labor create wealth, it must be retarded by a system which, as we have seen in this case, diminishes the relative advance of numbers in the ratio of more than 9 to 1. But the census proves that slavery greatly retards the increase of wealth. By tables 33 and 36 of the census of 1860, it appears, omitting commerce, that the products of industry, as given, viz., of agriculture, manufactures, mines, and fisheries, were that year in New York \$604,000,000, or \$155 *per capita*; and in Virginia \$120,000,000, or \$75 *per capita*. This shows a total value of product in New York more than five times greater than in Virginia, and *per capita*, more than 2 to 1. If we include the earnings of commerce, and all business not given in the census, I think it will be shown hereafter, that the value of the products and earnings of New York, in 1860, exceeded those of Virginia at least 7 to 1. As to the rate of increase, the value of the products of agriculture, manufactures, mines, and fisheries of Virginia, in 1850, was \$84,480,428 (table 9), and in New York \$356,736,603, showing an increase in Virginia from 1850 to 1860 of \$35,519,572, being 41 per cent., and in New York \$247,263,397, being 69 per cent., exhibiting a difference of 28 per cent. Now the increase of population in Virginia from 1850 to 1860 was 12.29 per cent., and in New York 25.29 per cent., the difference being only 13 per cent. (Table 1, p. 131.) Thus, it appears, the increase of wealth in New York, exclusive of the gains of commerce, as compared with Virginia, was more than double the ratio of the augmentation of population. By the census table of 1860, No. 35, p. 195, 'The true value of the real and personal property, according to the eighth census was, New York, \$1,843,338,517, and of Virginia \$793,249,681.' Now we have seen the value of the products of New York in 1860 by the census was \$604,000,000, and in Virginia \$120,000,000. Thus, as a question of the annual yield of capital, that of New York was 32.82 per cent., and Virginia 15.13 per cent.; the annual product of capital being more than double in New York what it was in Virginia. The problem then is solved in Virginia, as it was in Maryland and South Carolina, and all the South compared with all the North, that slavery retards the progress of wealth and accumulation of capital, in the ratio of 2 to 1. Our war taxes may be very great, but the tax of slavery is far greater, and the relief from it, in a few years, will add much more to the national wealth than the whole deduction made by the war debt. Our total wealth, by the census of 1860, being, by table 35, \$16,159,616,068, one per cent. taken annually to pay the interest and gradually extinguish the war debt, would be \$161,596,160; whereas, judging by Virginia and New York, the diminished increase of the annual product of capital, as the result of slavery, is 2.8 per cent., or \$452,469,250 per annum, equal in a decade, without compounding the annual results, to \$4,524,692,500.

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That our population would have reached in 1860 nearly 40,000,000, and our wealth have been more than doubled, if slavery had been extinguished in 1790, is one of the revelations made by the census; whilst in science, in education, and national power, the advance would have been still more rapid, and the moral force of our example and success would have controlled for the benefit of mankind the institutions of the world.

By table 36, p. 196, of the census of 1860, the *cash* value of the farms of Virginia was \$371,096,211, being \$11.91 per acre, and of New York \$803,343,593, being \$38.26 per acre. Now, by the table, the number of acres embraced in these farms of New York was 20,992,950, and in Virginia 31,014,950, the difference of value per acre being \$26.36, or much more than 3 to 1 in favor of New York. Now, if we multiply this number of acres of farm lands of Virginia by the New York value, it would make the total value of the farm lands of New York \$1,186,942,136, and the *additional* value caused by emancipation \$815,845,925. Now the whole number of slaves in Virginia in 1860, was 490,865; multiplying which by \$300 as their average value, would be \$147,259,500, leaving \$668,586,425 as the sum by which Virginia would be richer in farms alone, if slavery were abolished. But, stupendous as is this result in regard to lands, it is far below the reality. We have seen that the farm lands of Virginia, improved and unimproved, constituted 31,014,950 acres. By the census and the land-office tables, the area of Virginia is 39,265,280 acres. Deduct the farm lands, and there remain unoccupied 8,250,330 acres. Now, Virginia's population to the square mile being 26.02, and that of New York 84.36, with an equal density in Virginia, more than two thirds of these Virginia lands, as in New York, must have been occupied as farms. This would have been equivalent, at two thirds, to 5,500,000 acres, which, at their present average value of \$2 per acre, would be worth \$11,000,000; but, at the value per acre of the New York lands, these 5,500,000 acres would be worth \$206,430,000. Deduct from this their present value, \$11,000,000, and the remainder, \$195,430,000, is the sum by which the unoccupied lands of Virginia, converted into farms, would have been increased in value by emancipation. Add this to the enhanced value of their present farms, \$815,845,925, and the result would be \$1,011,275,925, as the gain of Virginia in the value of lands by emancipation. To these we should add, from the same cause, the enhancement of the town and city property in Virginia to the extent of several hundred millions of dollars. In order to realize the truth, we must behold Virginia as she would have been, with New York railroads and canals, farms, manufactures, commerce, towns, and cities. Then we must consider the superior natural advantages of Virginia, her far greater area, her richer soil, her more genial sun, her greater variety of products, her mines of coal, iron, gold, copper, and lead, her petroleum, her superior hydraulic power, her much larger coast line, with more numerous and deeper harbors—and reflect what Virginia would have been in the absence of slavery. Her early statesmen, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Mason, Tucker, and Marshall, all realized this great

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truth, and all desired to promote emancipation in Virginia. But their advice was disregarded by her present leaders—the new, false, and fatal dogmas of Calhoun were substituted; and, as a consequence, Virginia, from the first rank (*longo intervallo*) of all the States, has fallen to the fifth, and, with slavery continued, will descend still more rapidly in the future than in the past. Let her abolish slavery, and she will commence a new career of progress. Freedom and its associates, education and energy, will occupy her waste lands, restore her exhausted fields, decaying cities, and prostrate industry, employ her vast hydraulic power, develop her mines, unite by her grand canals the waters of the Chesapeake and Ohio, and, placing her feet upon slavery, hear her proclaim, in the proud language of her own State motto, '*Sic semper tyrannis.*'

By census table 36, p. 197, the value, in 1860, of the farm lands of all the Slave States, was \$2,570,466,935, and the number of acres 245,721,062, worth \$10.46 per acre. In the Free States, the value of the farm lands was \$4,067,947,286, and the number of acres 161,462,008, worth \$25.19 per acre. Now if, as certainly in the absence of slavery would have been the case, the farm lands of the South had been worth as much per acre as those of the North, their total value would have been \$6,189,713,551, and, deducting the present price, the *additional* cash value would have been \$3,619,346,616. Now the whole number of slaves in all the States, in 1860, was 3,950,531, multiplying which by \$300, as their average value, would make all the slaves in the Union worth \$1,185,159,300. Deduct this from the enhanced value of the farm lands of the South as above, and the result would be \$2,434,087,316 as the gain in the price of farms by emancipation. This is independent of the increased value of their unoccupied lands, and of their town and city property.

By census tables of 1860, 33 and 36, the total value of the products of agriculture, mines, and fisheries in the Free States was \$4,100,000,000, and of the Slave States \$1,150,000,000, making the products of the Free States in 1860 nearly 4 to 1 of the Slave States, and \$216 *per capita* for the Free States, and for the Slave States \$94 *per capita*. This is exclusive of commerce, which would greatly increase the ratio in favor of the North, that of New York alone being nearly equal to that of all the Slave States. Now, multiply the population of the Slave States by the value of the products *per capita* of the Free States, and the result is \$2,641,631,032, making, by emancipation, the increased annual product of the Slave States \$1,491,631,032, and in ten years, exclusive of the yearly accumulations, \$14,916,310,320.

By the table 35, census of 1860, the total value of all the property, real and personal, of the Free States, was \$10,852,081,681, and of the Slave States, \$5,225,307,034. Now, the product, in 1860, of the Free States, being \$4,100,000,000, the annual yield on the capital was 38 per cent.; and, the product of the Slave States being \$1,150,000,000, the yield on the capital was 22 per cent. This was the gross product in both cases. I have worked out these amazing results from the census tables, to illustrate the fact, that the same law, by which slavery retarded the progress of wealth in Virginia, as compared with New York, and of Maryland and South Carolina, as compared with Massachusetts, rules the relative advance in wealth of all the Slave States, as compared with that of all the Free States. I have stated that the statistics of commerce, omitted in these tables, would vastly increase the difference in favor of the Free States, as compared with the Slave States, and of New York as contrasted with Virginia. I shall now resume the latter inquiry, so as to complete the comparison between New York and Virginia. By commerce is embraced, in this examination, all earning not included under the heads of agriculture, manufactures, the mines, or fisheries.

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RAILROADS.—The number of miles of railroads in operation in New York, in 1860, including city roads, was 2,842 miles, costing \$138,395,055; and in Virginia, 1,771 miles, costing \$64,958,807. (Census table of 1860, No. 38, pp. 230 and 233.) Now, by the same census report, p. 105, the value of the freights of the New York roads for 1860 was as follows: Product of the forest—tons carried, 373,424; value per ton, \$20; total value, \$7,468,480. Of animals—895,519 tons; value per ton, \$200; total value, \$179,103,800. Vegetable food—1,103,640 tons; value per ton, \$50; total value, \$55,182,000. Other agricultural products—143,219 tons; value per ton, \$15; total value, \$2,148,055. Manufactures—511,916 tons; value per ton, \$500; total value, \$391,905,500. Other articles—930,244 tons; value, \$10 per ton; total value, \$9,302,440. Grand total, 4,741,773 tons carried; value per ton, \$163. Total values, \$773,089,275. Deducting one quarter for duplication, makes 3,556,330 tons carried on the New York roads in 1860; and the value, \$579,681,790. The values of the freights on the Virginia roads, as estimated, is \$60,000,000, giving an excess to those of New York of \$519,681,790, on the value of railroad freights in 1860. The passenger account, not given, would largely increase the disparity in favor of New York.

CANALS.—The number of miles of canals in New York is 1,038, and their cost \$67,567,972. In Virginia, the number of miles is 178, and the cost \$7,817,000. (Census table 39, p. 238.) The estimated value of the freight on the New York canals is 19 times that of the freight on the Virginia canals. (Census.)

TONNAGE.—The tonnage of vessels built in New York in 1860 was 31,936 tons, and in Virginia 4,372. (Census, p. 107.)

BANKS.—The number of banks in New York in 1860 was 303; capital \$111,441,320, loans \$200,351,332, specie \$20,921,545, circulation \$29,959,506, deposits \$101,070,273; and in Virginia the number was 65; capital \$16,005,156, loans \$24,975,792, specie \$2,943,652, circulation \$9,812,197, deposits \$7,729,652. (Table 34, p. 193, Census.)

INSURANCE COMPANIES.—The risks taken in New York were \$916,474,956, or nearly one third of those in the whole Union. Virginia, estimated at \$100,000,000; difference in favor of New York

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS, ETC.—Our exports abroad from New York for the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1860, were \$145,555,449, and the foreign imports \$248,489,877; total of both, \$394,045,326. The clearances same year from New York were 4,574,285 tons, and the entries 4,836,448 tons; total of both, 9,410,733 tons. In Virginia, the exports the same year were \$5,858,024, and the imports \$1,326,249; total of both, \$7,184,273; clearances, 80,381 tons, entries, 97,762 tons; total of both, 178,143 tons. (Table 14, Register of United States Treasury.) Revenue collected from customs same year in New York, \$37,788,969, and in Virginia \$189,816, or 200 to 1 in favor of New York. (Tables, U.S. Com. of Customs.) No returns are given for the coastwise and internal trade of either State, but the tables of the railway and canal transportation of both States show nearly the same proportion in favor of New York as in the foreign trade. Thus the *domestic* exports from New York for the above year abroad were \$126,060,967, and from Virginia \$5,833,371. (Same table, 14.) And yet Virginia, as we have seen, had much greater natural advantages than New York for commerce, as well as for mines, manufactures, and agriculture. But slavery has almost expelled commerce from Virginia, and nearly paralyzed all other pursuits.

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These tables, taken from the census and the Treasury records, prove incontestably, that slavery retards the progress of wealth and population throughout the South, but especially in Virginia. Nor can the Tariff account for the results; for Virginia, as we have seen, possesses far greater advantages than New York for manufactures. Besides, the commerce of New York far surpasses that of Virginia, and this is the branch of industry supposed to be affected most injuriously by high tariffs, and New York has generally voted against them with as much unanimity as Virginia. But there is a still more conclusive proof. The year 1824 was the commencement of the era of high tariffs, and yet, from 1790 to 1820, as proved by the census, the percentage of increase of New York over Virginia was greater than from 1820 to 1860. Thus, by table I of the census, p. 124, the increase of population in Virginia was as follows:

From	1790	to	1800	17.63	per cent.
"	1800	"	1810	10.73	"
"	1810	"	1820	9.31	"
"	1820	"	1830	13.71	"
"	1830	"	1840	2.34	"
"	1840	"	1850	14.60	"
"	1850	"	1860	12.29	"

The increase of population in New York was:

From	1790	to	1800	72.51	per cent.
"	1800	"	1810	63.45	"
"	1810	"	1820	43.14	"
"	1820	"	1830	39.76	"
"	1830	"	1840	26.60	"
"	1840	"	1850	27.52	"
"	1850	"	1860	25.29	"

In 1790 the population of Virginia was 748,318, in 1820, 1,065,129, and in 1860, 1,596,318. In 1790 the population of New York was 340,120, in 1820, 1,372,111, and in 1860, 3,880,735. Thus, from 1790 to 1820, before the inauguration of the protective policy, the relative increase of the population of New York, as compared with Virginia, was very far greater than from 1820 to 1860. It is quite clear, then, that the Tariff had no influence whatever in depressing the progress of Virginia as compared with New York.

We have heretofore proved by the census the same position as regards the relative progress of Maryland and Massachusetts, and the same principle applies as between all the Free, as compared with all the Slave States. In New York, we have seen that her progress from 1790 to 1820, in the absence of high tariffs, and, even before the completion of her great canal, her advance in population was much more rapid than from 1820 to 1860. Indeed, it is quite clear that, so far as the Tariff had any influence, it was far more unfavorable to New York than to Virginia, New York being a much greater agricultural as well as commercial State.

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

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.—The number of newspapers and periodicals in New York in 1860 was 542, of which 365 were political, 56 religious, 63 literary, 58 miscellaneous; and the number of copies circulated in 1860 was 320,930,884. (Census tables, Nos. 15, 37.) The number in Virginia was 139; of which 117 were political, 13 religious, 3 literary, 6 miscellaneous; and the number of copies circulated in 1860 was 26,772,568. Thus, the annual circulation of the press in New York was twelve times as great as that of Virginia. As to periodicals: New York had 69 monthlies, of which 2 were political, 25 religious, 24 literary, and 18 miscellaneous; 10 quarterlies, of which 5 were religious, and 5 literary; 6 annuals, of which 2 were political, 2 religious, and 2 miscellaneous. Virginia had 5 monthlies, of which 1 was political, 2 religious, 1 literary, and 1 miscellaneous; and no quarterlies or annuals. The annual circulation of the New York monthlies was 2,045,000; that of Virginia was 43,900; or more than 43 to 1 in favor of New York.

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As regards schools, colleges, academies, libraries, and churches, I must take the census of 1850, those tables for 1860 not being yet arranged and printed. The number of public schools in New York in 1850 was 11,580, teachers 13,965, pupils 675,221; colleges, academies, etc., pupils 52,001; attending school during the year, as returned by families, 693,329; native adults of the State who cannot read or write, 23,341. Public libraries, 11,013; volumes, 1,760,820. Value of churches, \$21,539,561. (Comp. Census, 1850.)

The number of public schools in Virginia in 1850 was 2,937, teachers 3,005, pupils 67,438; colleges, academies, etc., pupils 10,326; attending school during the year, as returned by families, 109,775; native white adults of the State who cannot read or write, 75,868. Public libraries, 54; volumes, 88,462. Value of churches, \$2,902,220. (Compend. of Census of 1850.) By table 155, same compend, the percentage of native free population in Virginia over 20 years of age who cannot read or write is 19.90, and in New York 1.87, in North Carolina 30.34, in Maryland 11.10, in Massachusetts 0.32, or less than one third of one per cent. In New England, the percentage of native whites who cannot read or write is 0.42, or less than one half of one per cent.; and in the Southern States 20.30, or 50 to 1 in favor of New England. (Compend., table 157.) But, if we take the whole adult population of Virginia, including whites, free blacks, and slaves, 42.05 per cent., or nearly one half, cannot read or write; and in North Carolina, more than one half cannot read or write. We have seen, by the above official tables of the census of 1850, that New York, compared with Virginia, had nearly ten times as many pupils at schools, colleges, and academies, twenty times as many books in libraries, and largely more than seven times the value of churches; while the ratio of native white adults who cannot read or write was more than 10 to 1 in Virginia, compared with New York. We have seen, also, that in North Carolina nearly one third of the native white adults, and in Virginia nearly one fifth, cannot read or write, and in New England 1 in every 400, in New York 1 in every 131, in the South and Southwest 1 in every 12 of the native white adults. (Comp. p. 153.)

These official statistics enable me, then, again to say that slavery is hostile to the progress of wealth and education, to science and literature, to schools, colleges, and universities, to books and libraries, to churches and religion, to the press, and therefore to free government; hostile to the poor, keeping them in want and ignorance; hostile to labor, reducing it to servitude, and decreasing two thirds the value of its products; hostile to morals, repudiating among slaves the marital and parental condition, classifying them by law as chattels, darkening the immortal soul, and making it a crime to teach millions of human beings to read or write. Surely such a system is hostile to civilization, which consists in the education of the masses of the people of a country, and not of the few only. A State, one third of whose population are slaves, classified by law as chattels, and forbidden all instruction, and nearly one fifth of whose adult whites cannot read or write, is semi-civilized, however enlightened may be the ruling classes. If a highly educated chief or parliament governed China or Dahomey, they would still be semi-civilized or barbarous countries, however enlightened their rulers might be. The real discord between the North and the South, is not only the difference between freedom and slavery, but between civilization and barbarism caused by slavery. When we speak of a civilized *nation*, we mean the masses of the people, and not the government or rulers only. The enlightenment of the *people* is the true criterion of civilization, and any community that falls below this standard, is barbarous or semi-civilized. In countries where kings or oligarchies rule, the government may be maintained, (however unjustly,) without educating the masses; but, in a republic, or popular government, this is impossible; and the deluded masses of the South never could have been driven into this rebellion, but for the ignorance into which they had been plunged by slavery; nor is there any remedy for the evil but emancipation. If, then, we would give stability and wisdom to the government, and perpetuity to the Union, we must abolish slavery, which withholds education and enlightenment from the masses of the people, who, with us, control the policy of the nation.

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With our only cause of ignorance and poverty among the people, and only element of discord among the States, extirpated by the gradual removal of slavery and negroism, we would bound forward in a new and wonderful career of power and prosperity. Our noble vessel of state, the great Republic, freighted with the hopes of humanity, and the liberties of our country and of mankind, still bearing aloft the flag of our mighty Union, indissoluble by domestic traitors or conspiring oligarchs, will, under Divine guidance, pass over the troubled waters, reassuring a desponding world, as she glides into the blessed haven of safety and repose. All the miracles of our past career would be eclipsed by the glories of the future. We might then laugh to scorn the impotent malice of foreign foes. Without force or fraud, without sceptre or bayonet, our moral influence and example, for their own good, and by their own free choice, would control the institutions and destiny of nations. The wise men of the East may then journey westward again, to see the rising star of a regenerated humanity, the fall of thrones and dynasties, the lifting up of the downtrodden masses, and the political redemption of our race, not by a new dispensation, but by the fulfilment thus of the glorious prophecies and blessed promises of Holy Writ. And can we not lift ourselves into that serene atmosphere of love of country and of our race, above all selfish schemes or mere party devices, and contemplate the grandeur of these results, if now, *now*, NOW we will only do our duty? Now, indeed, is the 'accepted time,' now is the day of the 'salvation' of our country. And now, as in former days of trouble, let us remember the mighty dead, as, when living, silencing the voice of treason, and calming the tempest of revolution, he uttered those electric words: 'UNION AND LIBERTY, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!'

If we could rise to the height of prophetic vision, behold the procession of coming events, and, unrolling the scroll of advancing years and centuries, contemplate our Union securing by its example the rights and liberties of man, would we not welcome any sacrifice, even death itself, if

we could thus aid in accomplishing results so god-like and sublime? But, whether in gloom or glory, chastened for national sins or rewarded for good deeds, let us realize the *great truth*, that the Almighty directs nations as well as planets in their course, governs the moral as well as the material world, never abdicating for a moment the control of either; and that persevering opposition to his laws must meet, in the end, retributive justice.

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PROMISE.

O watcher for the dawn of day,
As o'er the mountain peaks afar
Hangs in the twilight cold and gray,
Like a bright lamp, the morning star!
Though slow the daybeams creep along
The serried pines which top the hills,
And gloomy shadows brood among
The silent valleys, and the rills

Seem almost hushed—patience awhile!
Though slowly night to day gives birth,
Soon the young babe with radiant smile
Shall gladden all the waiting earth.
By fair gradation changes come,
No harsh transitions mar God's plan,
But slowly works from sun to sun
His perfect rule of love to man.

And patience, too, my countrymen,
In this our nation's fierce ordeal!
Bright burns the searching flame, and then,
The dross consumed, shall shine the real.
Wake, watcher! see the mountain peaks
Already catch a golden ray,
Light on the far horizon speaks
The dawning of a glorious day.

Murky the shadows still that cling
In the deep valleys, but the mist
Is soaring up on silver wing
To where the sun the clouds has kissed.
Hard-fought and long the strife may be,
The powers of wrong be slow to yield,
But Right shall gain the victory,
And Freedom hold the battle field.

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AMERICAN DESTINY.

We would study the question of American Destiny in the light of common sense, of history, and of science.

It may be unusual to illustrate from science a principle which is to have a political application; but we shall endeavor to do so, believing it to be unexceptionably legitimate. The different departments of science, science and history, science and politics, have been, heretofore, kept quite distinct as to the provinces of inquiry to which it was presumed they severally belonged. Each has been cultivated as if it had no relation external to itself, and was not one of a family of cognate truths. This, however, is undergoing a gradual but certain change, in which it is becoming constantly more manifest that between the different departments of human inquiry there are mutual dependences and complicated interrelations, which enable us, by the truths of one science, to thread the mazes of another.

There are certain general laws which pertain with equal validity to many departments of activity in the natural world; there are parallel lines of development as the result of the inherent correlation of forces. Thus, if we have found a great general law in physiology, that same law may apply with equal aptness to astronomy, geology, chemistry, and even to social and political evolution.

One of these general laws, and perhaps the most comprehensive in its character and universal in its application of any yet known, we will announce in the language of Guyot, the comparative geographer: 'We have recognized in the life of all that develops itself, three successive states, three grand phases, three evolutions, identically repeated in every order of existence; a *chaos*, where all is confounded together; a *development*, where all is separating; a *unity*, where all is

binding itself together and organizing. We have observed that here is the law of *phenomenal life*, the *formula* of development, whether in inorganic nature or in organized nature.'

This answers for the department of physics and physiology. We will let Guizot, the historian, speak for the political and social realm: 'All things, at their origin, are nearly confounded in one and the same physiognomy; it is only in their aftergrowth that their variety shows itself. Then begins a new development which urges forward societies toward that free and lofty unity, the glorious object of the efforts and wishes of mankind.'

We find an illustration of this law in the simplest of the sciences, if the nebular hypothesis be true, as most astronomers believe. We have first the chaotic, nebulous matter, then the formation of worlds therefrom, by a continuous process of unfolding. Each world is a unit within itself, but part of a still greater unit composed of a system of worlds revolving around the same sun; and this greater unit, part of one which is still greater—a star cluster, composed of many planetary systems, and subject to the same great cosmical laws. If the theory be correct, we find, in this example, the heterogeneous derived from the simple, and far more completely an organized unit, with all its complexity, than was the chaotic mass from which development originally proceeded.

We find additional illustration in coming to our own world. Its primeval geography was simple and uniform; there was little diversity of coast line, soil, or surface. But the cooling process of the earth went on, the surface contracted and ridged up, the exposed rocks were disintegrated by the action of the atmosphere and the waters; the sediment deposited in the bottom of the seas was thrown to the surface; continents were enlarged, higher mountain ranges upheaved, the coasts worn into greater irregularity of outline; and everywhere the soil became more composite, the surface more uneven, the landscape more variegated.

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Corresponding changes have taken place in the climate. At first the temperature of the earth was much warmer than now, and uniform in all parallels of latitude, as is shown by the fossil remains. Now we have a great diversity of climate, whether we contrast the polar with the torrid regions, or the different seasons of the temperate zone with each other.

The same law of increasing diversity obtains in the fauna and flora of the various periods of geological history. The earliest fossil record of animal life is witness to the simplicity of organic structure. Among vertebrated animals, fishes first appear, next reptiles, then birds; still higher, the lower type of animals which suckle their young; and as the strata become more recent, still higher forms of mammalia, till we reach the upper tertiary, in which geologists have discovered the remains of many animals of complex structure nearly allied to those which are now in existence. In the historic period appear many organic forms of still greater complexity, with man at the head of the zoological series.

In this glance of zoological progress, we discover increasing complication of two kinds; for while the individual structure has been constantly becoming more complex, there are now in existence the analogues of the lowest fossil types, which, with the highest, and with all the intermediate, present a maze and vastness of complication, which, in comparison with the homogeneity of the aggregate of early structure, is sufficiently obvious and impressive.

There is in this view, still another outline of increasing complexity. At first the same types prevailed all over the earth's surface; but as the soil, atmosphere, and climate changed, and the animal structure became more complex and varied, the limits of particular species became more and more localized, till the earth's surface presented zoological districts, with the fauna of each peculiar to itself.

But, what of unitization? Here, there appears to be divergence only, and that continually increasing.

Guyot says that 'the unity reappears with the creation of man, who combines in his physical nature all the perfections of the animal, and who is the end of all this long progression of organized beings.' Agassiz recognizes man alone as cosmopolite; and Comte regards him as the supreme head of the economy of nature, and representative of the fundamental unity of the anatomical scale.

But another and more obvious example of unitization in complexity, is derivable from the consideration of the animal organism, and will soon be given.

We will merely mention in passing, that the most complex animals, in the various stages of fetal development through which they pass, correspond to the types of structure which are permanent in the lower forms of animal life. Thus, in the zoological chain, there are beings of all grades, from the most simple in structure to the most complex; and the most complex animal, in its development from the ovum or egg, passes through all these grades of structure, ending in that which is above all, and distinctively its own. 'Without going into tedious details, man presents, as regards the most important of his constituent structures, his nervous system, the successive characteristics of an avertebrated animal, a fish, a turtle, a bird, a quadruped, a quadrumanous animal, before he assumes the special human characteristics.' (Draper.)

Our purpose being to show that while complexity of structure is constantly increasing, unitization, or the organized dependence of one part on another, is, at the same time, becoming more complete, we shall refer briefly to the comparative anatomy and physiology of animals. There is in this connection such wealth of material—a long chain of animal beings with all grades of structure from very simple to very complex; each complex animal, in its development from the

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ovum, passing through all the lower types of structure in succession; so many new organs and functions arising in the course of this development; each organ so arising, becoming, in its turn, more complex in structure, more specialized in function, and more dependent on the office of other organs;—in the midst, I say, of all this wealth of material, indicated here in a great general and imperfect manner, the difficulty, in so brief an exposition as this, is to know what facts to seize upon as calculated to illustrate most aptly the principle under consideration.

The development of the senses, with reference to their organs, nerves, and functions, presents a striking illustration of increasing complexity.

In the lowest forms of animal life, we find general sensibility only, and it is claimed that this exists in the lowest forms, without even the presence of nerves. But as we rise higher in the scale, the special organs of sense gradually become developed—one new sense after another appears; but this is not the only line of increasing complexity. When an organ of sense first appears, its function is of the simplest character; and it is only when we reach the highest types of animal life that it performs the greatest variety of offices peculiar thereto. That of touch is, at first, but crude and simple, becoming delicate and complicated only in the highest types. The sense of pain is a differentiated function, possessed only in a slight degree by reptiles and fishes, and probably not at all by animals still lower in the scale.

The eye-spots of star fishes and jelly fishes simply distinguish light from darkness, much as we do with our eyes closed. There are many degrees of development from this condition of the inferior organism to that of the human eye, which distinguishes the nicest shades of color, distance, form, and size of objects, and the play of passion on the human countenance.

The same variety of function is acquired by the ear in its development from its simplest to its most complex form. In the higher animals, the organ of hearing is formed of three parts, an external, middle, and internal portion; but in birds the external ear is wanting; in fishes both the external and middle parts are wanting; in mollusks it is reduced to a simple sack of microscopic dimensions, filled with a liquid in which there are otolithes, or pebbly substances. Such an organ can distinguish noises only; it can recognize nothing of the infinite variety of articulations, notes, tones, melodies, harmonies of the human voice and of musical instruments. There is even a great difference between the disciplined, and therefore differentiated ear of a cultured person, and the undisciplined, and therefore less differentiated ear of a boor. Similar specializations of structure and function pertain to the other senses; but we may pass them.

The digestive, circulatory, and respiratory systems, and all the other systems of the animal structure, evince the same law.

The lowest form of the circulating fluid, as in sponges, is simply water containing gases and organic particles; and this can scarcely be spoken of as circulating, for it is merely drawn in and then expelled. A little higher in the scale naturalists find a 'chylaqueous fluid,' which oscillates in the general cavity of the sack-like animal. The true blood is another step in development; and even this organized fluid changes its character as the scale advances. Most animals have no heart; and when the organ does first appear, it is but a simple, rudimentary structure, very unlike the complex machine which plays at the centre of circulation in the higher types.

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Though fishes breathe through their gills, receiving all the oxygen they require from the small amount of air in the water, the swimming bladder is in them the rudimentary lung—a very simple structure, indeed, when compared with the more complex arrangement for respiration in the higher animals.

Some animals of gelatinous, and therefore flexible structure, perform digestion by folding their bodies over the food, and pressing the nutritious matter out of it: they extemporize a stomach for the occasion. And even in some of their higher types, in such as have a permanent mouth and stomach, the digestive process is simply a squeezing out of the elements of nutrition. The digestive apparatus, from being a simple sack in the polype and similar organisms, becomes, by a continuous unfolding, the complicated structure which we find in the higher animals, with various organs effecting various parts of the digestive change, and even different parts of the same organ having specialized functions to perform.

The most complex animal proceeds originally from a simple cell; and 'at the two extremes we may contemplate the single germinal membrane of the ovum, which is discharging contemporaneously every function—digesting, absorbing, respiring, etc.; and the complete organic apparatus of man, the stomach, the lungs, the skin, the kidneys, and the liver—mechanisms set apart each for the discharge of a special duty, yet each having arisen, as we know positively from watching the order of their development, from that simple germinal membrane.' (Draper.) This is what one physiologist says of the ovum which is being developed into a complex being. Here is what another says of animals at the lower end of the zoological scale: 'The simplest organisms breathe, exhale, secrete, absorb, and reproduce, by their envelopes alone.' (Lewes.) Here we perceive the resemblance between the ovum of the higher animals and the permanent structure of the lower animals. Indeed, some of the lower forms of animal life are simply cells. How vast the difference between the organism of man, with all its complexity of structure, and that of the Ameba or Actinophrys, which, being merely a homogeneous mass of organic matter, performs all the functions of its simple life without any special organ whatever! Yet, is man any less a unit than the Ameba, or any other simple organism? Does his multiplicity of organs impair the integrity of his anatomical and physiological oneness? Is the circulation independent of respiration? Is digestion independent of the

circulation? Can any one organ act independently of the others? Is not the entire series of parts, organs, and functions bound up in complete and inseparable unity? The vicarious action of one organ for another has been a question among physiologists; and if admitted, as in the case of the salivary glands acting for the kidneys in profuse spitting, and the skin for the liver, the vicarious function can only obtain to a slight degree and in a temporary manner. The destruction of any considerable organ involves the destruction of all the rest. I repeat that the integrity of the physiological unity at the top of the scale, is far more complete, with all its complexity, than is the integrity of the physiological unity at the bottom of the scale, with its marked simplicity of structure. By no sort of legerdemain or surgical skill can we make an individual mammal become two. If we divide it, the whole dies. Not so, however, with some of the lower grades of animal existence. Cut a hydra into thirty or forty pieces, and each piece will become a distinct animal—a facsimile of the original one. In quite an analogous way do a large number of animals at the lower end of the scale propagate, by segmentation and division; one individual becoming two, two four, and so on.

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Many examples might be adduced to show the absence of organized unity in the lower orders of the animal creation. Thus, in the annelid, which is composed of a great many similar rings, and is regarded as quite a complex creature, there is so little dependence of one part on another, that a number of the rings may be destroyed without any injury to the rest. The Synapta, when in want of food, will amputate its own body to procure the necessary supply; and it has been observed to repeat the operation, until it 'had by degrees eaten away the whole of its body to keep life in the head.' (Quatrefages.) Such a phenomenon as this is very unlike that presented by the higher animals, which, together with their multiplied individuality of part and function, and their infinite variety of physiognomic expression, present, at the same time, a unity of organization so complete, that an injury to one part is instantaneously telegraphed to all parts of the system, and sympathized in by all to a greater or less extent.

As in physiology, the development of the individual corresponds to the development of the entire zoological series; so, when we rise into the psychological realm, do we ascertain that the development of the individual mind corresponds to the development of the mental series from the savage to the civilized. In the physiognomy of the savage there is little variety of expression; he has not differentiated that multiplicity of thought and feeling which moulds the face and plays upon its lineaments in the cultivated Teuton. The same is true of the latter while an infant. But who will say that the cultured man of this age is less a balanced, unitized creature than the child of the cradle, or of the forest? The latter is but a creature of impulse, moved by every appetite, and swayed by every gust of passion. He has no fixed principles for the regulation of his life. There is no presiding power to rule and subordinate the tumultuous and refractory elements of his character, and thus unitize the mental organism and its manifestations. This is what culture gives. Here then we also perceive that with the development of variety and complexity, the element of unity becomes more active and manifest. This view of the progressive unitization of the individual man in a psychological aspect, is very suggestive when taken in connection with the wane of despotism and the growth of liberty, as society and government advance, and it becomes ever less the province of law to govern, and also to regulate.

We have adduced some of the illustrations which physical and physiological science affords of the Law of Universal Development: let us close this part of our subject with the illustrations afforded by the rise and progress of Science as a whole. The first germs of science were very simple, existing in connection with Art, and subserving the purposes of priestcraft. For a long time the range of scientific inquiry was so limited that the same individual was able to grasp it entire. But one branch after another has sprung up, diverging more and more into the realms of the unknown, until no one mind can hope to obtain even a general knowledge of them all.

But this has not been the only tendency of scientific growth. Divergence and differentiation had not proceeded far till the combining and organizing movement began. The more individuality and complexity have threatened to outreach the mental powers and become unmanageable, the more have order and organization shown their ability to subordinate and unitize the seeming diversity of elements. While the sciences continued to increase in number and complexity, they began to overlap and interlace, the principles of one running into the domain of another, and even coördinating and binding together its seemingly incongruous parts.

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A simple scientific generalization is based on certain facts which, taken in their collective capacity, mean the truth which is expressed in the formula. A higher generalization embraces those which are simpler, and unites by its expression the truths which they contain into the formula of one great truth. This process goes on, rising constantly higher and higher, the generalizations of the ascending series becoming more comprehensive, and the convergence of all the diversified elements into great general laws more striking and complete. Thus advances the unitizing movement of science; and it is now progressing with a steadiness and certainty unknown in former periods of research. Great minds are at this moment occupied in the discovery and verification of these great unitizing laws. Thus we perceive, that while science has developed a bewildering mass of individual facts and minor principles, it has also developed the germs of a unity which is destined to unfold with a richness and magnificence of result heretofore unknown in the annals of human inquiry.

As the special departments of science have testified, so also does the general view of all science testify to this Law of Universal Development.

But, what has all this to do with American Destiny? Very much, as may yet appear. It is by the

Past only that we can read the Future; and if in history and in all development, there is revealed by the inductive process a great general law, that law becomes the Oracle of Destiny.

A fitting transition from science to history would be ethnology, the science of races, connected as it is with physics, chemistry, and physiology, on the one hand, and with history on the other.

There are different theories in vogue to account for the diversity of human races now in existence. Some refer human origin to an original pair, whose descendants have changed through the action of physical causes, as food, soil, climate, and scenery, and also through the operation of moral ones as dependent on the physical, and therefore secondary thereto, such as manners, customs, and government. Others deduce it from different lines of development, coming up through the zoological scale, and thence passing from the lower to the higher races of men. Others still speak of mankind as originating 'in nations,' each race being fixed in its physical and mental characteristics, and having an origin independent and distinct from all others.

It matters little to our purpose which of these theories may be true, the difference as to aptness of illustration being only one of degree. We prefer, however, to deal with facts in regard to which there is little or no difference of opinion among the theorists themselves.

There are simple and complex peoples or races, as there are simple and complex organisms. Take any primitive race, whether described in history or by some contemporaneous traveller: in a physical point of view, the men are all very nearly alike, and the women likewise. Describe one individual, and you have the description for all other individuals of the same sex belonging to the race. And there is not usually as much difference in the physical appearance of the sexes in primitive races as among those who stand higher in the scale. What is true of their physique, is also true of their minds. As one thinks and feels, so all think and feel—and that, too, without concert; it is the simple expression of an undiversified mental organism. Their faculties are rude and uncultivated; they act chiefly on the perceptive plane, reflecting but little. They are predominantly sensual, not having developed the higher mental activities which pertain to an advanced state of society and result in those great diversities of attainment and expression among individuals of the same people. There are reasons for believing that there was a time when this planet had no human inhabitants but races of this simple type. Great changes have taken place since that day; changes which, by the law of their accomplishment, correspond precisely with the changes which have taken place in the zoological scale. Owing to causes which we may not fully understand, races have been developed which present, each within its own limits, great contrarieties of physical appearance and mental characteristics. Among 'Anglo-Saxons' there is often greater diversity in members of the same family, than you would find in a million individuals of a primitive race. The complex appears, somehow or other, to have been developed from the simple.

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The simple fact of a population becoming more numerous, necessitates certain changes—from hunting to pasturage, for example, from pastoral life to agricultural and fixed habitation—and these would affect the habits, modes of thought, and, to some extent, personal appearance. The modification of climate by clearing, draining, and cultivation, and the removal of a people from one climate to another, would effect still other changes. But the intermixture of races by war and immigration has, perhaps, done more than any other cause to produce the great physical diversities which we now find in the higher races. Having traced the stream of warlike immigration from Eastern Asia westward, and thence to Central Europe, and still westward and southward to the shores of the Atlantic, and even across the Mediterranean into Africa, overwhelming the Roman Empire of the West in its course,—observe this tide of human movement, as wave followed wave for centuries, rolling peoples against and over one another, confounding them together, and leaving them upon the same soil, or in close proximity to each other; and, even admitting that they were simple and primitive to begin with, we shall not wonder at the diversified aspect of the people of Europe and their descendants in America. But this is only one series of movements from which has resulted the intermixture of races; there are others, and some, no doubt, beyond the farthest reach of history. The process of intermixture is still going on, especially in the Western World, though by methods usually more peaceful than formerly. The result multiplies itself, and the leading races of mankind are becoming constantly more composite.

The contact and intermixture of races have had a moral result, which, in its turn, acts upon the physical. Mental development has been one of the results of war and immigration; one people learning from another, and striking out new modes of thought from the sheer necessity of new circumstances; and this mental development changing the physiognomic expression and general bearing of the man. This result has been increasing in geometrical progression since history, printing, and the facilities of intercommunication have made the culture of one people contagious to other peoples, and the attainments of one generation available to all the generations that follow. Thus does every movement among the nations conspire to change the simple types into those which are more complex.

The ethnological unity may be less apparent; and before we clearly perceive it, we may have to rise into the consideration of social and political relations, not divorcing these from physiology, without which no question relative to man can be rightly judged. And it may be that after greater development in this direction, the unity of races may become more distinctly pronounced and more readily recognized.

We may observe, in passing, that the same causes which have contributed to this ethnological complexity, have, at the same time, aided in the development of the cosmical idea—the idea of

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the unity of the universe. At first, tribes had little communication with each other, and knew nothing of geography beyond the limits of their own hunting grounds. They knew as little of the vastness of the earth outside of their domain as of that of the universe. This could only be conjectured from the vantage ground of some degree of intellectual culture, and the idea must remain vague and indefinite till after long ages of real experience and intellectual unfolding. It was not till after Alexander's conquests in the East, the extension of the Roman Empire, the invention of the mariner's compass, the discovery of America, and the circumnavigation of the globe, together with the perfection of optical instruments by the use of which the true character of the celestial bodies was demonstrated, that the cosmical idea became truly a scientific one. (Humboldt.) Thus were the partial and fragmentary notions of early peoples at length corrected, enlarged, unitized.

Closely akin to this is the development of the god-idea. Fetich-worship is that of the rudest people. They see a god in every individual object, in every stream, in every tree, in every stone. All they see is, however, shrouded in mystery, and they have a blind veneration for every object. A step farther, and the developing mind generalizes these objects. The individual trees, for example, are taken collectively, and their divine representative worshipped as the god of the groves. There are, at the same time, other unitizing conceptions of the god-idea. There is a god of the hills, a god of the streams, of the seas, and so on. New classes of divinities may be evolved in the mythological system; the strong and salient passions of our nature may come to have their deities—to be unitized, at length, with all other gods. Meantime, mankind are forming into states, with some degree of regular government; and apparently in accordance with this fact, the gods are subjected to the partial control of one who is greater than all the rest, and who is their father and king, but himself subject to the decrees of Fate. Another grand step, and seemingly in correspondence with the more centralized government of a vast and powerful empire, we hear of one God only, who is all-powerful, and master of Fate itself, with a hierarchy of angels, powers, and principalities, reaching from God to man, and subordinate to the Central Will, which rules all things, whether 'in the armies of heaven or among the inhabitants of the earth.' Thus did the idea of one God eventually swallow up all the others; and the god-idea was completely unitized.

We now come to consider the political and social evolution of mankind, as it appears to be revealed by the comparison of various stages of national growth.

The primitive condition of all races, so far as history and travel reveal it, correspond with what is characterized as homogeneous or unorganized. Socially and politically, individuals of the same sex are all alike. There are no classes in society, no rulers, no aristocrats—no society even—nothing but individuals; and it is here that we find individuality in its purest form. There is no law originating with a sovereign, or with the people, for the adjustment of difficulties; every individual avenges his own wrongs in his own way. Coöperation is scarcely known; there is nothing in their habits, nothing in their social and political relations to bind society together; there are no specialized parts or functions—no dependence of one part on another; it is marked by a homogeneity of structure, if structure it can be called, which is unimpeachable. The only coöperation which obtains beyond the limits of the family, is that of hunting and war; and these exercises develop the need of a chief or leader. The strongest and most daring are self-elected by virtue of individual prowess. But still the chief is very like all the rest of the tribe, lives in the same style, provides for his own wants in the same way, has no special privileges—is merely a chief or leader, and nothing more. And afterward, when he may have acquired some degree of authority, that authority is purely of a military character—civil government is not yet born. Usage comes at length to confirm the chief's right, and human selfishness works out its legitimate results: smaller men are dwarfed, as occasion permits, in order that the one who is greatest may be magnified. His office becomes hereditary, and his family is, at length, fabled to have descended from the gods. This is the tendency of primitive ignorance and superstition: there must be a sensual object for the blind veneration of sensual minds; and the imagination readily provides this, by attributing to the progenitors of their chiefs vast corporeal forms, great strength and skill, undaunted courage, and success in amorous intrigue—the perfection of those qualities which they themselves most covet. Their chiefs or petty kings are now such by divine origin; and when civil relations become developed, one man combines within himself all the prerogatives of civil, military, and religious government.

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The ambition and turbulence of the chief or petty king and of his people bring them into hostile conflict with other tribes or petty states; and when victorious, they appropriate the conquered territory, and annihilate, enslave, or extend their rule over the vanquished people. This warlike encroachment and increase of power alarm other states, and they form confederacies or leagues more or less intimate and permanent for resistance and mutual protection. Thus does the unitizing element of government gather strength with the progress of political movement.

The ambitious chieftain, having acquired greater power than his neighbors, conceives of further aggrandizement, undertakes new conquests, attacks the weak, and adds other states to his own, till in time he may have made himself a great sovereign and won a great kingdom. These new conquests impose additional cares on the ruler; but he uses the tools of his power to execute his will; he governs his kingdoms with absolute sway, as a general governs his army; it is a military despotism of the simplest structure, and all prerogatives and interests are merged in and subservient to this one. The civil function is not yet developed as distinct from the military. Only one idea pervades the government, and that is the idea of absolute rule by brute force. Society has as yet developed few elements, has but few interests and little functional diversity; there are only two classes, the ruler and the ruled, the masters and the slaves. There being but few

political and social interests to play among each other, there cannot be development for want of activity; there can be little progress of any kind. Such are the simple, unprogressive, one-idea governments which prevailed in the earliest times of which we have any tolerably authentic record, and which still prevail among half-civilized peoples.

Government is simply a growth, a development, and it must correspond to the character of the people out of whose mental status it has sprung. If the people are homogeneous in their mental structure, their social and political interests must be correspondingly homogeneous and simple. The more rude and primitive the minds of any people, the fewer are the relations external to the individual which obtain among them. But when a people, or a mixture of peoples, have developed great versatility of mind, a great variety of tastes, propensities, aspirations, and interests, their social and political institutions become correspondingly heterogeneous and complex. Such are the social and political systems of Middle and Western Europe. There was nothing of the kind in the ancient world. Then the people were more simple and less versatile in their mental habitudes; and a simple, though despotic government was the inevitable outgrowth. Rome was but a military despotism, and it conquered and ruled with military stringency. It was not till the reign of Diocletian that the civil functions were divorced from the military, and then only to a partial extent. It remained for Constantine to carry out more fully what Diocletian had begun, and to divide, or, if you please, to differentiate the governmental functions to an extent which had been altogether unknown before.

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The people of the provinces subject to Roman dominion had no recognized rights, no voice in their own government, but were dominated by the central power at Rome. The right of representation, so sacred in modern times as an element of confederate policy, they did not desire nor appreciate; for, when seven provinces of the south of Gaul were commanded by the emperor Honorius to send a representation of their chief men to the city of Arles for the supervision of interests which concerned themselves, they disregarded the mandate. A central despotism maintained Roman unity; and, whenever its iron arm should by any means become weakened, the empire must fall into fragments.

The dissolution of the Roman Empire in the West was the end of one cycle; thence began another—that in which we now are, and which should be of absorbing interest to us. A state of affairs quite unlike anything known before was then inaugurated. Hundreds of years have been required to develop results so as to enable the human mind to divine at all definitely the law of its movement; and hundreds more may be required to develop the full fruition of what was then so inauspiciously begun.

As we are all aware, the Roman Empire of the West was overrun by hordes of barbarians from the North, who annihilated a great portion of the old population, and changed the character of society. But Rome did not die without bequeathing a legacy to be enjoyed by the descendants at least of those by whose hands she had fallen. There was still some remembrance of what Rome was. Guizot says that 'the two elements which passed from the Roman civilization into ours were, first, the system of municipal corporations—its habits, its regulations, its principle of liberty, a general civil legislation common to all; secondly, the idea of absolute power—the principle of order and the principle of servitude.' These elements, though almost latent for a time, were destined to make up and play a conspicuous part in the war of diversified interests and the adjustment of political relations, hundreds of years afterward.

Another element of society at the time of the Fall, was the Church. The barbarians conquered the empire, but the Church conquered them; without gaining much, however, to show for her victory; for, while the barbarians embraced Christianity, they reduced it to barbarism, and were much the same rude, cruel people, after their conversion, that they were before. The Church, however, in its origin and growth, illustrates the law under consideration, in the gradual development of the distinct specialities of organization; and we are now regarding it at a time when it was one element among others, and destined with them, by the interaction of their various forces, to evolve a still higher unity.

Another element in society, at this time, was that which was brought by the conquerors from their native wilds in the free North. They were a rude, and even savage people, with no fixed ideas of property, but living by hunting and pasturage, and driving their herds from one region to another as necessity required. The most marked and distinctive feature in their character, and that which played the most conspicuous part in the social and political drama of the following centuries of development, was their personal independence—their almost absolute individuality, as the result, we believe, of their superior native physical constitution.

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They had little or no coöperation in their own country; no combination of civil interests; no settled government. They were apt for adventure, and readily formed into bands of roving warriors; and when pressed forward by the tide of warlike immigration from the East, they conquered the Roman Empire, and divided the lands among themselves. German magnates courted followers in their own country by hospitality, by presents of horses and arms; but in the conquered countries, by grants of land for military service. These grants were at first made during pleasure, then for life, and at length they became hereditary. (Robertson.) In this manner it appears that the feudal system originated—a system which grew into such magnificent proportions in Middle and Western Europe. It was, however, a growth which was five centuries in maturing. (Hallam.)

A curious circumstance, connected with its development, deserves to be noticed, as showing that certain rights, however desirable, and even sacred they may seem to be, must succumb to the

prevailing order, however undesirable that system or order might, under other circumstances, appear to be. Allodial lands, or those held in the right of the individual, and for which there was no obligation of service, except in the general defence, were at length swallowed up by the feudal system. In those days of universal anarchy, rapine, and oppression, the rule of might and unrestrained selfishness prevailed to such an extent, that small proprietors, having no means of defence against the strong, were compelled to surrender their allodial title for a feudal one, and do homage to the neighboring lord for the sake of protection. And to such an extent did the abasement of allodial privileges prevail, that it came at length to be recognized as a principle that the feudal arrangement was the only legitimate one; whereupon allodial lands were seized with impunity, and appropriated by the feudal barons. Even the Church was subordinated by the prevailing system. Bishops became feudal lords. The incomes of religious service were, in some cases, seized upon by the irresponsible barons, and disposed of according to the feudal policy. This, however, is but one example of the struggle of a system or movement to subordinate what stands in its way, and become universal; it is a law of history.

The feudal system was a very complete embodiment of despotism. It grew out of the political circumstances and mental status of the times, and could only exist by the warrant of these conditions. It had its redeeming qualities, however, and, no doubt, promoted the conditions and the spirit which prepared the way for its own overthrow and the inauguration of a better system. The isolated and pent-up condition of all classes, together with such culture as was afforded by their mode of life to the inmates of the baronial castle, made the occasion for that general restlessness in society from which proceeded such ready response to the fanatical appeals of Peter the Hermit. The Crusades lasted two hundred years, and contributed to the overthrow of feudalism by the increase of general intelligence and the diminution of the baronial estates.

After the fall of the empire, the cities began to decline, and their government fell, in a great measure, into the hands of the clergy; and thence supervened a kind of ecclesiastical municipal system. Commerce, which some centuries later began to develop, gave renewed importance to the cities; and the activities developed within them were antagonistic to the feudal spirit, and destined to contribute their part, and an important one, to the process of ultimate organization and its accompanying phenomena. The cities at length became free, not without a struggle; for it is not to be supposed that the great barons would passively allow the enfranchisement of a rival power within their own domains. In those rude times, the cities had little intercourse with each other; yet they became independent nearly at the same time, showing that this political phenomenon was also a growth arising out of the condition of the times—the result of political and social causes acting in concert over more than half a continent.

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The cities accomplished their political mission by doing something toward establishing law and order, and fostering the germs of freedom. Their example could not but tell upon their immediate neighbors. In some cases they even attacked the nearest feudal lords, and afterward those more remote, compelling them to become citizens. Thus was feudalism overthrown in Italy in the thirteenth century. Elsewhere, commerce had as yet done less for the cities, and their progress was less rapid. But, whenever they appeared, they had the great barons to contend with. The free cities or communities gradually extended intercourse with each other; and for objects of commerce and mutual defence against their enemies, they formed into leagues. Coalitions of the feudal barons also sprung up, and wars between the two systems were frequent and bloody. Feudal France made war on municipal France. The Hanseatic league, embracing at one time eighty-five German cities, maintained successful wars against the monarchs themselves. There was a confederacy of cities in Italy of great power and influence. These movements show that the former isolated condition of European society was no longer compatible with the change which was being gradually brought about in the social elements. We perceive a manifest tendency toward more extensive union; larger combinations were becoming a demand of the times.

But, along with the progress of this tendency to unity, we perceive that society was constantly becoming more diversified in character, and its elements more distinctly defined. The institution of chivalry, the troubadours, and minnesingers had played their part. Besides those great political and social powers, the Church, the barons, the kings, and the free cities, new classes were rising in society, giving it greater complexity, and, by their diversified activities and needs, urging it forward to a more comprehensive and centralized organization. At first, in the twelfth century, the inhabitants of the cities or free communities were composed only of 'small traders and small landed or house proprietors.' 'Three centuries afterward there were added to these, lawyers, physicians, men of letters, and local magistrates.' (Guizot.)

In the rude and chaotic society which succeeded the fall of the empire, there was no occupation honorable but that of arms; but in the course of time, the meed of honor assumed new branches, and fell upon various classes.

The discovery of the Pandects of Justinian in the twelfth century, gave the study of the law a new impulse, and, together with accompanying developments, complicated the administration of justice. Rude and ignorant warriors were no longer adequate to this function; civil processes required a distinct organ; the profession of law arose, and commanded its share of public attention and respect. With the rise of commerce, there was developed a commercial class, which acquired wealth, power, distinction, and a demand for rights. With the revival of learning and philosophy, however unpromising at first, there arose a literary class, which attracted notice and acquired influence.

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In the view given of the earlier stages of modern civilization, we perceive, first, a social chaos

which obtained for some time after the fall of the empire in the West; secondly, the development out of this chaos, in the course of centuries, of various political and social powers, classes, and interests, which were differentiated from the unorganized mass; thirdly, all these diversified elements, classes, and interests, gradually tending to the formation of more comprehensive relations with each other. There was no general organization of these several elements, in the early periods of the modern cycle. There were what were called kings and kingdoms, but it was not till a comparatively recent period that the government became an integer, a complete organism, with a sensorium and will-power, and a mutual interrelation and dependence of parts and functions. During the prevalence of the feudal system and the rise of the independent communities, European society was composed of innumerable fragments, isolated from each other, and each caring for itself only, looking to no centre as the source of political order and vitality, without organization or head. The king did not rule the barons any more than the barons ruled the king—they were rival powers; the barons and the cities were rival powers; the kings and barons played off the cities against each other. The Church, by the peculiarity of its constitution and character, was related to them all. The clergy were the subjects of the king, the vassals of the baron, and yet the spiritual lords of both, as well as of their feudal peers. And when the Church effected the separation of her own from the political power, she sought, in turn, to subordinate the latter; and secular rulers were obliged to resist her encroachments to save themselves. The kings had no fixed revenue adequate to government, and were the sport of the capricious elements within their own realms. But the Crusades brought all these fragments into closer relations, and broke the power of the feudal lords. The king gained what the barons lost; and with these powerful, turbulent, and refractory subjects out of the way, the cities were easily subordinated. The sovereign acquired at length an adequate revenue and a standing army; he was now enabled to command the resources of his kingdom, and play a king's part in the drama of nations. Thus was consummated the movement of national centralization.

Progress advances by action and reaction; extremes develop each other. It was so in governmental affairs. The movement of unitization ended in the absolute power of the sovereign, who became not only the head of the executive function, but the source of legislation as well. In France, Louis XIV. knew no will but his own; the States General and Parliament were little more than empty names; and in England, Parliament stood in awe of Queen Elizabeth, and the courts did her behests. The sovereigns were absolute. But with the culmination of royal prerogative and centralized government, there were also an increase of intelligence, greater facilities for intercommunication, and, as we have seen, a diversity of social and political forces interrelated, and acting and reacting upon each other in a manner quite unprecedented. The inquiry and criticism of plebeian minds were becoming more daring, and there was a stir and a restlessness in society, which made bad subjects for an absolute monarch. The religious Reformation, which began in Germany and spread to the westward, was but the legitimate result of the intellectual agitation which preceded it; and the political absolutism of kings could no more expect exemption from searching criticism and final revolution than the religious absolutism of the Pope. The German Reformation was blind to the magnitude and significance of its own mission; for while its leaders denounced reason, it was in its essential nature a protest against priestly domination over intellect, and a plea for the right of free inquiry. Agitation, of whatever kind, is contagious; and the energetic play of this diversity of plebeian forces must needs result in the recognition of a popular element in the government, more or less formal in its character. The government of an intelligent people must emanate from the popular will, to a very great extent, whatever the form of government may be. If Queen Elizabeth and Louis XIV. were more absolute than the sovereigns of our day, it was because the French and English people had not then developed that versatility of genius, that intelligence and freedom of inquiry, that self-appreciation and dignity of character for which they have since become so conspicuous. With the increase of intelligence and self-respect among the people, there originated a popular branch of government to look after their interests, and it grew with their growth. Through this channel there came a pressure upon the throne, which must needs yield, or be overturned by the surges of revolution. The examples of Charles I. and Louis XVI. were extreme. The popular element has since then usually accomplished its ends with less turbulence and commotion. It has been less violent, but none the less effective. Since the Restoration in England, the popular will has been making itself felt in national affairs more and more. And in France, even a Napoleon, mighty and original as he was, had to consult popular tastes, and, in a great measure, conform thereto. We have heard a great deal about the tyranny and usurpation of Louis Napoleon; but he, too, must conform to the predominance of public feeling in France, or that public feeling—'public opinion'—would burst out in a torrent of revolution which would overwhelm him. This introduction of the popular element into government is a result of the developing process, which has made government an organism of almost infinite complexity.

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As we have seen, while primitive peoples remained in an isolated and exclusively individualistic condition, there were few civil interests; and these few the sovereign was not concerned with, so that he could discharge in person all the functions of his simple government. But, when the civil interests had grown into greater magnitude and diversity, and the pressure of their administration was upon the throne, the affairs of government became too burdensome for one man. A division of labor became necessary. The order of priests originated at an early day, and took charge of religion. The king, in time, ceased to march at the head of his army, and sent his generals instead. Not being able to hear and decide all causes, he named judges to administer justice; and thus the process of functional differentiation began, and kept on without abatement as the needs of the government required. There was a time when an Englishman had no conception of a prime minister. (Hume.) In this age we cannot conceive of government without

such a functionary, whether administered in the name of king or president. With the development of new interests arose new branches in the administration of government. The constant rise of new industrial elements; the increasing demand for the facilities of intercommunication; the development of trade and commerce; the interrelation of interests within, and the complication of affairs without, have given rise to new departments in the government, with a hierarchy of subordinate bureaus; while the interests of towns, counties, and states have necessitated an analogous scale of functionaries, making, on the whole, an amazing complication of governmental machinery. This increase of complexity is precisely analogous to the order of development in every department of nature; it is perfectly in accordance with the second feature of the law which we have recognized as a Law of Universal Development.

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Some of our economists may object on principle to so much complexity, and attempt to simplify government by eliminating certain terms of the series. Let them try it; GOD is mightier than they! There may be governmental abuse in regard to the complexity of its functions; but the thing itself is simply in the order of destiny. Man develops it, because he *must*; it is the historical result of the accumulation of all human activities.

There is one kind of simplification, however, which should be closely observed; and that is to accomplish the object of any governmental function in the most *direct* and economical manner. There is great room for improvement in this respect. Nature, in the midst of all her growing complexities, exemplifies the principle of the greatest possible result with the greatest possible economy of means, considering in all cases the obstacles to be overcome. Let government do the same, and see that every channel of official activity be thoroughly purged of corruption and abuse.

This development of organic complexity is just as necessary and inevitable in the political as in the animal economy; and the performance of any function, in the one case as in the other, depends for the degree of its completeness on the extent to which 'the division of labor' is carried through the complexity of the organic structure. There are no grounds of apprehension from this source whatever. In regard to government, this increase of complexity is most strikingly observable in the executive department; and it is worthy of notice that while this department of government is in general becoming less tyrannical and relatively weaker with reference to the legislative department, it is also becoming more complex: as tyranny recedes, complexity advances. There is no point better sustained in history than the general fact that, as government increases the multiplicity of its machinery, it gradually relaxes its interference with the private rights of individuals.

After man has laid aside his primitive habits of selfish isolation, and, though still rude and untutored, has come, through the mere increase of numbers, into a more compact form of society, the government, however circumscribed as to territorial limits, assumes a despotic and intermeddling character. Such was the government of the feudal lords during the middle ages, and of the kings at a still later day. Laws were made for the regulation of dress, as to quality and cut for particular classes, and the number of garments which any person might have in a year. Citizens were not allowed to keep certain kinds of furniture; and the dishes they might have for dinner and supper respectively were definitely and rigidly prescribed. The wages of the laborer were fixed by law to the great advantage of the lordly employer: this, however, was a very natural sequence to the abolition of villanage or vassal servitude. The law made service at particular trades compulsory; and decided where certain kinds of manufacturing should be carried on; and how an article should be made, and how sold when made. This interference affected every department of the individual's private life. Religious interference need only be mentioned; it is well known. As Buckle declares, in speaking of the interference of governments, 'It may be emphatically said that they have taxed the human mind. They have made the very thoughts of men pay toll.' Queen Elizabeth was a very great sovereign, but she meddled with very small matters. She disliked the smell of woad, a plant used for blue dye, and thereupon prohibited its cultivation. She was displeased with long swords and high ruffs, and commissioned her officers to break the swords and abate the ruffs. None of the nobility dared marry without her consent; no one could travel without her permission. Foreign commerce was subject to her capricious will. The star chamber, the court of high commission, the court martial, the warrants of the secretary of state and privy council, were instruments of terror to the subject, who had no remedy by law. There was no safety but for harmless stupidity or slavish conformity. Individual independence was impossible. Every noble, manly head that appeared above the servile mass, was unceremoniously hid away in a dungeon, or struck off on a scaffold.

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Such annoying and insolent meddling on the part of governments no longer exists. There can be no such thing among an enlightened people. As the mass of mankind, or we will say their leaders or representatives, become more cultured, they demand a larger field of individual freedom, and organize a pressure upon government, which in time effects its object, and the oppression is removed, or gradually becomes relaxed and obsolete.

Observing that the differentiation of function obtains chiefly in the administrative department of government, and putting the two general facts of history together,—first, that while the subject is enlarging the domain of individual liberty, and secondly, the government becoming more complex in structure and activity,—we infer that, through the advance of general intelligence and the multiplication of interests, government is changing its character from an instrument of compulsion and force to an instrument of management and direction, wielded by the governed themselves for the benefit of their own diversified and interrelated interests.

In following the course of individuality, we find it simple and almost absolute in savage life; then it is overpowered and disappears under the despotic and one-idea governments of ancient times, and of Asia still; at length it reappears, and gathers strength with every advancing age, with every discovery, with every improvement, with every flash of intelligence, till it has accumulated, in its course, all the diversified means of expression and gratification afforded by art, literature, and all the social appliances of a complex and exalted form of society;—and the end is not yet: there will be more freedom, other methods of expression, new facilities for enjoyment and happiness. Its destiny is a glorious one!

It may be well in this connection to recall to mind the principle that, with the rise of new functions and the increase of complexity, *unity obtains its completest form and fullest expression*. These two elements are by no means antagonistic; they belong together, and one necessitates the other.

It is a general fact of history that there is a relation between the culture of a people and the geographical extent of their voluntary combinations. Whilst rude and uncultivated, with no facilities for intercommunication, they form no permanent associations of any considerable magnitude; but with the advance of general intelligence, the rise of distinct classes and industrial and commercial interests, together with the improvement of facilities for travel and trade, and for the intercommunication of thought and feeling, there is developed a general bond of sympathy between larger masses of mankind, and the natural result is more extensive combination. The unity becomes more comprehensive. We have observed this in our glance at European development.

Let us trace the course of one of the lines of political movement. In a primitive society, as among the ancient Germans, each individual has the right of avenging himself, of taking justice into his own hands, and determining what the measure of satisfaction shall be. The right of private war, derived from rude society, remained for a long time in Western Europe, and pertained to the clergy as well as to laymen—a custom which was withal not very Christian-like. A step beyond this, and there was recognized a regular method of determining the amount of satisfaction due for an injury: composition for crime became fixed. We observe here a development from absolute individuality in the matter of determining justice to the recognition of a conventionalism—a law which was the product of the sense of many individuals acting, it may have been, in some cases, without conscious concert, yet in a social and coöperative way. As mankind grew out of their original rude conditions, they relinquished the individual prerogative of taking justice into their own hands, and appealed therefore to a tribunal which was recognized as adequate to this end, and the jurisdiction of which seems to have had a constant tendency to enlarge its territorial limits. Thus, for a time, the feudal barons claimed the final adjudication of all difficulties among their own vassals; but, gradually, dissatisfied clients appealed to the king, who encouraged them to do so, and at length the throne became the universally recognized centre and source of all formal justice.

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This was a movement occupying centuries for its consummation, a movement which extended the jurisdiction of the tribunal of justice from the territory of a private individual to the territory of an entire kingdom, collecting the isolated jurisdictions of every individual in barbarian society, and uniting them all together in the recognized sovereign of a consolidated nation.

Now, while it is true that 'the history of progress is the history of successful struggles against coercion and authoritative direction, and in favor of human spontaneity and free motion' (Slack); it is also true, as we have seen in tracing the course of the administration of justice, that 'the progress of civilization consists in the substitution of the general for the individual will, of legal for individual resistance.' (Guizot.)

The development of law, or of a general method, is the necessary result of social interchange, through which thoughts and feelings become contagious and mould a general will. In primitive society, individuals are isolated, and it matters little to others what any individual does; hence he is allowed to settle his own difficulties in his own way. He is let alone in a way so terrible, that similar treatment would be social death to a man of culture. We repeat, there is nothing like absolute individuality, except among isolated and unsocial savages. In an advanced state of society, human interests become interrelated—a complete network of complexity; and what any particular individual does becomes a matter of interest to many, since the many are, to a certain extent, affected thereby. The individual of civilization has developed relations external to himself, and his rights can only be secured and his tastes and wants gratified by mutual understanding, coöperation, and combination. His individuality is of a far higher order than that of the uncultivated man; and precisely because it is higher, does it develop law as the embodiment of the general will, and require organization for its expression. 'It is through association that the highest form of individuation becomes possible; and nationality wisely developed will terminate in a cosmopolitan identity of interests, and a general unity founded upon a reciprocity of services among all the divisions of mankind.' (Slack.)

It is owing to this same fact of the interrelation and dependence of interests, that the movement of unitization has not stopped in Europe with the organization of a distinct government for each nation. We have observed that when primitive individuals develop relations with each other, they form into small societies, and that when these develop relations with like societies, they unite and form larger associations; and further, that these states, cities, baronies, come at length to develop relations with each other, and the result is their union into kingdoms. But this tendency of growth does not cease here. One nation cannot long remain isolated and distinct from other

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nations. The interests of one kingdom become, in many ways, interrelated with the interests of other kingdoms; and there must be new governmental appliances to meet the case. Diplomacy, a new function of government, arose from this necessity. This is a political activity of quite recent development: it originated in the fifteenth century. Like all progressive developments, it was at first immature; 'it was not till the seventeenth century that it became really systematic; before then it had not brought about long alliances, great combinations, and especially combinations of a durable nature, directed by fixed principles, with a steady object, and with that spirit of consistency which forms the true character of established government.' (Guizot.)

Who can say that we have yet seen the end of this process of national development? Centuries have been required for all great changes affecting the destiny of man: the centuries of the great Future may yet develop a unity among the nations themselves—a distinct political organism for the regulation of national interests, which are constantly becoming more interrelated and complex. As cities, states, and baronies were developed from individuals and tribes, and as kingdoms were developed from cities, states, and baronies, so may a mightier political fabric than has yet been known be developed from the family of nations!

The law, we repeat, is, that with the advance of social dependence and complexity, the principle of unitization becomes practically more intimate and comprehensive. *It is to this law that nations owe that vitality* of which diplomatists and constitutional lawyers take cognizance. By virtue of this law, a nation is a living organism, resisting with all its vital force whatever may threaten it with dissolution. Hence the utter folly of cherishing the idea of a 'peaceable separation' of confederated states. There can be no such thing in the order of nature. The rupture and division of a nation is a reaction against the spirit of social progress, a backward movement against the current of civilization, a terrible outrage to the organizing forces of the political realm, and can only be effected through violence and bloodshed. The more mature civilization becomes, the more difficult to effect disunion, the more terrible the penalty, and the more enduring, discordant, and wretched the consequences.

The law of unitization is a universal one, being an accompaniment of all unfolding, and man worse than wastes his energy in fighting against it. It is a great law of Universal Progress; and in lifting our hands against it, we are presuming to measure arms with a Power which will be sure to overwhelm us with confusion and defeat. We must consent to go with the grand movements of the Universe, and to march to the step of Destiny, or be crushed under the resistless tread of advancing peoples!

The course of industrial, mechanical, and commercial progress from savage to civilized life, goes to illustrate and confirm the view which we have taken of the course of political development.

Among the least cultivated tribes of mankind, the family is wholly adequate to itself, there being no dissimilarity of industrial function, except between the husband and wife. The family builds its own hut, makes its own weapons, kills its own game—in short, provides for all its own needs. What is industrially true of one family is true of all others; there is no division of labor, no exchange of products. They have no accumulated property, no fixed habitation, but wander from place to place, as the attractions of their simple life may lead them. But when population becomes more numerous, and neither hunting nor pasturage is sufficient for their support, the cultivation of the soil is resorted to, and new wants are developed. The division of labor, the differentiation of the industrial function begins. One man cultivates the soil, another works in iron, another in wood, and so on; and these specialities, in their turn, assume new branches. Take agriculture for example: At first every husbandman grows all that he needs for himself and family; after a while he observes that his soil is better adapted to one kind of crop than another, and he devotes himself more exclusively to its cultivation. A similar result with a different crop obtains on a different soil and in a different locality; and thus do the specialities of soil and climate result in the specialization of agriculture. These diversities of occupation with reference to the soil, wood, metals, imply the exchange of products; but this must obtain to a very limited extent while neighbors are remote, and the means of travel and transportation defective. With few roads, and commerce undeveloped, there is little intercommunication, little culture, little civilization. This was the condition of Scotland as late as the middle of the eighteenth century. (Buckle.) England had some external commerce as early as the thirteenth century (Hallam), but did not send a ship of her own into the Mediterranean till the fifteenth. (Robertson.) Think of the difference between then and now!

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The making of tools, implements, and fabrics is at first carried on solely by individuals working alone, but at length, machinery comes into use, the elements are used as driving power, and manufacturing establishments arise having a complicated organization. The division of labor has been all the time becoming more complete, till now a single workman manages but a part of the process of making an implement or a fabric, which must pass through many hands in succession before it is completed. All are familiar with this fact. It is exactly analogous to that which we observe in the animal economy. Low in the zoological scale, one membrane performs all the organic functions; higher in the scale, there are different organs to perform the distinct functions. When the stomach and liver first appear, they are very simple in structure, and as simple in function; it is just so with the manufactories in the industrial organism. But the stomach and liver become more complicated as the scale rises; it is just so with the manufactories as civilization advances. Animals lowest in the scale have no heart—no circulation. It is just so with society—if society it may be called—which is lowest in the scale; it has no exchange of products—no commercial circulation. The parallelism is complete.

Further, as already specified, we find in the animal organism, that the dependence of parts and functions upon each other becomes greater with the increase of complexity; that unitization at the top of the scale, in the midst of an almost infinite complication of organic structures and functions, has a completeness and significance which it cannot have in the simple organism at the bottom of the scale. The same precisely is true of the social organism. At the bottom of the scale, there is no dependence of one part on another—no coöperation—no proper unity—nothing but simple individual life. Higher in the scale, there is dependence of one element of society on another; there must be coöperation, combination, organization, a tendency, at least, toward unity.

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This is well exemplified by industrial and commercial development. With regard to manufacturing, there is specialization, not only in the handiwork, but also in the locality of production. Thus, in Great Britain, where this development has most fully matured itself, 'the calico manufacture locates itself in this county, the woollen-cloth manufacture in that; silks are produced here, lace there, stockings in one place, shoes in another; pottery, hardware, cutlery, come to have their special towns; and ultimately, every locality becomes more or less distinguished from the rest by the leading occupation carried on in it. Nay, more, this subdivision of functions shows itself, not only among the different parts of the same nation, but among different nations.' (Westminster Review.) Some of our economists object to this process, and would bring all kinds of productive labor into the same district; but a law higher than their theories brings artisans of the same kind into the neighborhood of each other;—it is the coöperative action of the principles of differentiation and unitization.

The effect of this process is to make one locality dependent on another locality. Once, as we have seen, the family was adequate to its own needs; now, we perceive the industrial producers of one district have become dependent on each other, and on the products of other districts and nations, for the supply of their needs. This industrial division and concentration gives increased importance to commerce, without which there could be no industrial development. It is thus that these two activities are separating the elements of society in order to bind them the more firmly together.

The improvement of roads, rivers, harbors, the construction of canals, railroads, and telegraphs, the development of industry, the extension of commerce, the advance of general culture, and the consequent increase of human wants, is making society a very complicated structure;—indeed, it has nerve and tissue, and is becoming very sensitive. The loss of a crop in one country affects all other countries. The burning of a city, or even of a great manufacturing establishment, is really felt to the remotest ends of civilization. A commercial crisis on either shore of the Atlantic shocks the whole civilized world. A rebellion in the United States is affecting the agriculture of the whole country, the production of a staple on three continents, manufacturing in France and New and Old England, commerce everywhere. Every partisan clique, every political court and cabinet, even political destiny itself, throughout the whole world, reels with every surge of a distant revolution! How different from the condition even of Europe in the twelfth century, when a whole city or barony, an entire kingdom, or half the continent even, might have sunk beneath, the ocean, and the rest of the world have known nothing of it by its social results!

Thus, as in the undeveloped organism there is a want of dependence and sensitiveness, so is there the same want in undeveloped society. As in the higher organic structures there is a high degree of unity and sensitiveness, an injury to the remotest part affecting instantaneously the whole organism; so, precisely, is the same true of society in its higher stages of development. The law is universal; it governs the organic as well as the inanimate, the social as well as the organic world. Hence the reason why the rupture of Europe, on the death of Charlemagne, into provinces and kingdoms loosely united, could not prevent the ultimate organization of national government, and the rise of relations external to the individual nation, out of which diplomacy grew, for the consummation of a policy above the nations themselves. Obstructions may be thrown in the way of unitization, but it will express itself in some form or other. If, on account of the viciousness of primitive conditions from which it has been developed, modern Europe cannot yet exist as a union of states under one great and glorious government, it will, nevertheless, approximate that union, as best it can, and consummate vast national leagues, which are becoming constantly more comprehensive and permanent as civilization advances.

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WAS HE SUCCESSFUL?

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

'SUCCESSFUL.—Terminating in accomplishing what is wished or intended.'—*Webster's Dictionary*.

CHAPTER XV.

Our hero starts once more with a new field before him—the field where all his hopes and aspirations have been centred since he first was capable of comprehending the shrewd advice of Hiram Bennett, of the firm of H. Bennett & Co.

Yes, he starts with a new field in view, unencumbered by any love affair, and free from all entanglements of that nature—indeed, of any nature.

I have endeavored to be so minute in this history as to give the reader a proper idea of young Meeker at the time he was ready to launch upon New-York life. He was now nearly twenty-three years old, and fully competent, by his previous education and experience, to undertake any kind of business.

Mr. Bennett, with whom Hiram had become a great favorite, looked confidently to securing him in his establishment. It is true, he had attempted to make no positive engagement with his namesake in advance, but for the last year he always spoke to him as if, in due time, he was to enter his service as a matter of course. Hiram did not assent nor dissent to such observations; but, really, he had not the slightest idea of taking a situation with his cousin. He did not like 'dry goods' to begin with. He thought the trade offered too little scope for enterprise, unless, indeed, one had good foreign connections, and even then he had his objections to it. The competition was more active, the credits longer, and the risks were greater, than in other commercial or mercantile pursuits. The question, as you may naturally suppose, had occupied his serious attention for years; but he kept his counsel, and never spoke of his designs.

The first that was known of Hiram's whereabouts, he was established as the junior clerk in a first-class ship chandler's store in South street. It was rather difficult to obtain such a situation; but the reader well knows that, once in it, Hiram will not fail to merit the approbation of his employers.

Singular to say, he was indebted for the place to that scapegrace Hill. The head clerk was Hill's cousin, himself utterly unlike his relation, yet a good deal attached to him. Hiram, who made it a rule never to lose sight of anybody, always managed to fall in with Hill (who had quit Joslin) whenever he came to the city, and on one occasion Hill introduced him to this cousin. He managed to make himself very agreeable, and an intimacy commenced, which ended in Hiram's obtaining the place of the junior clerk, who was about leaving. Of course, Hiram came backed with the highest recommendations, so that his friend had really to assume no responsibility on his behalf. Thus he secured the place.

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A 'ship chandler!' Reader, have you any idea of his occupation? You have doubtless some business notion of commerce, or at least a romantic idea of ships on the ocean, their sails spread to favorable breezes, or closehailed, braving adverse gales—joyous in fine weather, defiant in the tempest—yes, you know or feel something about this. But to enable the good ship to pursue her way, she must be 'provided.' She must not only have wherewithal to feed crew and passengers, but every special notion which can be conceived of in the ship's 'husbandry.' From out a ship chandler's establishment comes everything, directly or indirectly, which shall furnish the vessel.

Step in, and look through such a store. Taking the interest I hope you do in Hiram, pray devote a few moments to visiting the place where he has resolved to *begin* his New-York life. You won't find it an agreeable spot. Nothing to compare with the neat, well-arranged office at Burnsville—pleasant Burnsville!—nor even as attractive as the country store of Benjamin Jessup, at Hampton. It is dark and disagreeable. It smells of tar, bacon, cheese, and cordage, blended with a suspicious odor of bilge water. This last does not really belong to the store, but comes from the docks, which are in close proximity. The place is ample. It has a large front, runs back deep, and you will find, if you walk far enough, a respectable counting-room, where the gas is kept all the time burning. This establishment is managed by three partners, careful, economical men, who divide a large sum each year in profits. They have, it is true, the cream of the trade, for they are reliable, straightforward people, and can be trusted to fit out a ship without fear that advantage will be taken if they are not closely watched. No danger that the pork, when opened ninety days out, will prove to be rusty, or the beef a little tainted. Hendly, Layton & Gibb are old-fashioned, respectable people. They have been already twenty years together. Hendly keeps the books, Layton makes all the purchases, Gibb fits out the vessels. Levi Eastman (Hill's cousin, Hiram's friend), now over ten years in the place, is head man under the firm, having a general supervision of whatever is going on. He is forty years old at least, has a wife, and, some say, in addition to a good salary, enjoys a percentage on all profits over a certain amount. Hiram Meeker ranks next to Eastman, though it will take him a few weeks to get familiar with his duties.

I will tell you presently what decided Hiram to become clerk to a ship chandler, I do not intend, after being so communicative, to hide his motives on this occasion. I say I will explain presently: meantime, do not fear that Hiram has any desire to supplant his friend Eastman, or get the control of the business of the firm; not at all. Other views, far more important, engage his mind—views which he thinks, in this ship chandler's store, to study and develop to advantage.

Hiram seemed to have altered his tactics on leaving Burnsville. There his style of living was considered expensive. His salary was very liberal, and although he did not spend it all (it was much increased after the Joslin affair), he appeared far from calculating in his disbursements. Now, this was all changed. Eastman, who had no children, and with two spare rooms in his house, consented, after consulting his wife, to take Hiram as a boarder, on more moderate terms than he could possibly get elsewhere for comfortable accommodations.

In this arrangement, Hiram had unquestionably decided to forego the luxury of pleasant female society. Mrs. Eastman had a sour-looking countenance, which did not in the least belie her disposition. In fact, her husband had a hard time of it, and doubtless thought Hiram's presence might prove a distraction for him—or for his wife. In either case, he would be the gainer, even if

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Hiram suffered somewhat. The latter did not appear to be apprehensive, but made himself at home in short order.

Then, and not before, he called on Mr. Bennett, and told him, ere the latter had time to inquire, that he had quit Burnsville, and was now clerk for Hendly, Layton & Gibb, ship chandlers.

'Well, that's a move, I declare! Did you suppose I was so full I could not make room for you?'

'Not that; but, you see, I am not going into your line,' said Hiram, blandly.

Till that moment Mr. Bennett had himself no idea how much he was calculating on Hiram's assistance in his largely increasing business. He was greatly disappointed. He was too shrewd, however, to express much regret. He only said, 'I should have been glad to have had you with me, but you know your own business best, I dare say. You will *do* anywhere, I guess. Now you are here, come and see us often, and let me know when I can be of use to you.'

Keen men sympathize with keen; knaves with knaves; the good with the good.

CHAPTER XVI.

When Sarah Burns, after Hiram's departure, sat down, quietly to think over the events of the past few days—for during the week he remained in the house she had no opportunity for reflection—she was sensible of a species of relief that she was no longer bound to him.

It was not permitted in nature nor in God's providence that this fellow should have lasting power over one so true hearted. With such, his influence was not to become absolute or controlling.

This was Sarah's first love affair, and she had no experience as to her own emotions, and possessed, therefore, no test by which to judge of their intensity. Now she could look back and see that her heart had not been satisfied.

'*Not satisfied!*' How many a young girl has been forced bitterly to take up this burden—when too late. '*Disappointed!*' How many, when it is past help, whisper the terrible word in secret to their souls! How many are now dragging out a despairing existence, chained to some Hiram Meeker, with heart-wants never to be filled; with sympathies never to be responded to; with rich capacities for loving, which find in return neither tenderness nor appreciation; with affections, and no lawful object;—glowing, earnest natures companioned with calculation and selfishness and a remorseless subtlety; full, fresh, joyous vitality, yoked to a living corpse.

Thank God! for Sarah Burns it was not too late.

It is true, she persuaded herself she loved Hiram, and that she enjoyed every delight which flows from affections mutually pledged. But, really, it was entirely on one side. He, as we know, utterly selfish, had no genuine affection to impart; so all was made up by her. Out of her full imagination she brought rich treasures, and bestowed them on her lover, and then, valued him for possessing them.

Still, for Sarah Burns it was not too late.

That afternoon, when she came and threw her arms around her father's neck, and pleaded to come back again to his confidence, she was fully convinced of Hiram's real character. From that moment everything was settled. She permitted no explanations; for Hiram, when he saw how summarily he was to be disposed of, felt not only piqued, but roused, I may say, to a certain degree of appreciation of the object he was to lose so unexpectedly. He believed Sarah was so strongly attached to him that she would become reconciled to his going to New York, and then he could permit the affair to drag along to suit his convenience, to be revived or die out at his pleasure. So all his attempts at a private interview, his injured looks, and woful countenance went for nothing.

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Sarah treated him precisely as she would treat an ordinary acquaintance, while Mr. Burns was careful to make no allusion to the subject, or permit the slightest difference in his conduct toward his confidential clerk. Hiram, therefore, was the one to feel uncomfortable; but the week was soon brought to a close, and he departed.

He went first to Hampton to visit his home. When the wagon drove to Mr. Burns's house to receive his luggage, Sarah was entertaining two or three young ladies who were paying her a morning visit. I dare say there was an object in the call not altogether amiable: namely, to see how Sarah would 'appear' in respect to Hiram's departure, and to find out, if possible, by the way she bore it, whether or not there was anything in the rumor of an engagement between them. Hiram had already taken a most affectionate leave of each of these young ladies the day before, and they thought he was to depart early in the morning. Much to their disappointment, Sarah Burns never appeared more natural or more at ease. She spoke of Hiram's going to New York as a settled plan, determined on even before he came to Burnsville; and (the trunks were now all in the carriage) at length exclaimed, 'Come, girls; I think Hiram must be waiting to bid us good-by.'

Thereupon, all went on the piazza, and thus frustrated a design of Hiram of taking a brief but most pathetic and impressive and never-to-be-forgotten farewell of his cruel betrothed. He had prepared a short speech for the occasion, which he believed would plant a dagger in her heart. He intended, just as soon as everything was ready, to find Sarah, deliver his speech, then rush to the carriage, and be almost instantly lost sight of.

As it was, he saw with intense mortification a bevy of girls come running out, each with something to say, and all at once—for, to conceal any little private feeling of her own, each one was as gay as possible. At last Hiram was forced to mount the wagon (the trunks filled all the vacant space, and, besides, were provokingly placed so that his seat was a most awkward one) and to drive away very unromantically, amid the adieus and raileries of the commingled voices.

CHAPTER XVII.

Freed from Hiram's disagreeable presence, Sarah Burns, as soon as her visitors had left, sat down to *think*; and she experienced, as I have already remarked, a species of relief. By degrees her spirits rose to their old, natural level, and then the fact struck her that they had not of late been so elastic and joyous as formerly. Presently she jumped up, and, snatching her hat, she resolved to run into the office, as she used to do in 'old times,' and surprise her father by a little visit. She tripped cheerfully out, and was soon at the office door. Here she paused. Her heart beat loudly, but it was with pleasure. Then she quietly opened the door and stepped in.

'Good morning, sir,' she exclaimed. 'Here is your old clerk back again.'

She rushed up and gave him a kiss, and received a dozen in return.

Mr. Burns used afterward to say it was the most blissful moment of his life.

After that, how they enjoyed themselves!—like school children let loose. Sarah ran up, and down, and around the office, through the front room and the little room back, then in the closets, her father following, as much of a child as she—his heart also freed of a load, and his soul filled with sunshine—no Hiram Meeker to cast a baleful shadow over it.

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There were not any explanations between those two. Explanations were not in the least necessary. Each felt that all *was* explained, and all was right and happy again. That was enough.

After a while, some one came in to see Mr. Burns on business, and Sarah took her departure. With a light heart she retraced her steps toward home. She had reached the memorable corner where she once encountered Hiram—it was on his first visit to Burnsville—when, quite abruptly, as it seemed, a tall, handsome young man stood directly in her way.

She stopped, of course; she could not do otherwise, unless she chose to run into the arms of the stranger. A pair of bright, dark eyes were turned inquiringly on her.

'I have found you at last,' said the young man, in a pleasant tone. 'I have just left your house. I did not think you would be out so early. And now that we do meet,' he continued, 'I perceive you don't know me: that is too bad!'

Sarah stood like one in a trance. At first she thought the man was deranged; but he looked so handsome and so intelligent, she quickly abandoned that hypothesis. Then she began to think she was a little out of her wits herself. That seemed to her more probable.

Meanwhile, there he stood, directly and squarely in her path. He appeared rather to enjoy Sarah's perplexity.

'Yes, it is unkind in you to forget an old friend—one you promised to remember always.'

Sarah was beginning to recover herself. It was evident, from the whole appearance of the stranger, that he would not adopt this singular mode of addressing her, unless he had some claim to her acquaintance. So she reasoned. Resolving she would no longer play the part of a bashful miss, she said: 'I am very sorry to be obliged to confess it; but, really, I have not the slightest recollection of you.'

'Ah, that is the way with the sex!' continued the other, in the same tone. 'Who would have thought it? After bestowing on me such a precious token (here he presented a locket, in which he exhibited a curl of hair), you now propose to ignore me altogether.'

'I am inclined to think you are the one in error. I am quite sure you mistake me for some other person,' retorted Sarah, quietly.

'Possibly. Therefore, permit me to inquire whether or not I have the honor of addressing Miss Sarah Burns?'

'Yes.'

'Yet you have no recollection of presenting me with this?'

'You must have shown me the wrong locket,' said Sarah, dryly. 'The hair is several shades lighter than mine.'

'True, I did not think of that,' said the mysterious young gentleman. 'I ought to have known it would be so; but it never occurred to me. Good-by!'

He bowed courteously and passed on his way, leaving Sarah in complete bewilderment. She walked slowly toward home. She roused her memory. She went through the list of her acquaintances. She endeavored to recall those she had encountered when taking some little trips with her father—but the stranger was not any of these.

A faint outline was, nevertheless, before her. A shadowy image, the same, yet not the same, with the young man who had stood in her path.

'Who? where? when?'

In vain she asked herself the questions.

Over the past hangs a dim uncertainty, like that which veils the future, and, young as Sarah was, she could already realize it. At length she stopped her efforts, and recurred to the more pleasing task of thinking about the young gentleman as he now appeared, without respect to any other circumstance. She recalled his manly form. He was nearly six feet in height. How bright his eyes were, and how mischievously they were turned on her, yet how kindly—she was almost ready to think lovingly—when the locket was produced! What about that locket? She never gave anybody a locket, never—not even Hiram Meeker. Faugh! It sickened her to think of *him* now, and in this connection. Only imagine it! A lock of her hair. How ridiculous! No living being had a lock of *her* hair. She knew that well enough. Besides, this was so much lighter—as light as hers was when she was a child. A sudden thought struck her. Strange; how very, *very* strange! Yet, it was true. Once in her life she *had* given a single curl! Was this it? Had she promised anything with the curl? And was this young man he? Sarah's heart beat tumultuously as she entered the house. She reflected on the words of the stranger as he turned to leave her. Should she see him again? * * *

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A message came from her father. He would bring a gentleman to dine with him—that was all.

Who would it be? the one she had lately parted with? Not a doubt of it. *That* she felt instinctively.

On a certain occasion, as the reader may remember, Sarah had imperceptibly prepared herself to receive Hiram Meeker. It was the first time he took tea at the house. This day she did the very same thing to receive somebody else. There is no use to deny it, for such is the fact. Yet it was but a short week since she was the betrothed of Hiram, and believed she loved him. That very morning they had separated forever!

It often happens that a young girl is deceived by or disappointed in her admirer. They may prove to be incompatible, or, what is worse, he may prove unworthy; and she discards him, but with reluctance, after a struggle, leaving a pang in her heart, while she mourns over her lost *love*—not lover. *Him* she no longer regards with any feeling; but the memory of the old attachment is dear to her, though it be sad, and time is required before the heart will be attracted by new objects, or seek to be engrossed by a fresh passion.

The bond between Hiram and Sarah was of no such nature. He exercised a species of magnetism over her, in consequence of her lively and sympathetic nature; but it was of a kind that, when broken, neither pleasing nor mournful reminiscences remained—no recollection of past joys, no thought of former happiness and bliss. The fountains of the heart had not been reached, and when Hiram Meeker quitted her presence, she was as though she had never known him.

Thus it was, when she received her father's message, her pulses thrilled at the idea of meeting the one he was to bring with him.

Already she guessed who it was.

VATES.

Poets are never in the wrong,
Whate'er the present age may say:
The future only, in their song,
Will see the truth of this our day;
And what a BRYANT says and sings
May well outweigh all false-born things.

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THE PHYSICAL SURVEY OF NEW YORK HARBOR AND ITS APPROACHES.

No coast offers more admirable opportunities for the study, on a large scale, of the effects of winds, waves, and currents, tidal and others, on the movable matters which line the ocean shores, than that from New York southward. Besides the peculiar local actions, there are general ones, which are changing, slowly or rapidly, the whole of the sandy coast line. While here the pebbles of the ancient drift are being assorted by size and shape, and rolled into ridges and heaps, by the action of the waves, there heaps and ridges of wet sand are formed by the waves and travel under their motion, and the dry sand is forced along by the winds, covering up meadows and woods, and changing the ocean shore line; and in other or the same localities, sub-currents, setting in a nearly constant general direction, roll onward the movable materials of the bottom of the sea, or tidal currents roll them forward and backward, giving the general direction of the resulting motion.

The reports of the Government and State engineers and commissioners, public and private, who have studied the improvements of different localities, have given us glimpses of the local, and even of the general actions; but most commonly there has been a want of means or such preliminary experiments as were necessary fully to develop the actions, and which, like the stitch which saves nine, would often have saved the costly experiment on the full scale of construction. Remarkable instances of complete modes of investigation occur in the examination of the Mississippi River by Captain A.A. Humphreys and Lieutenant Abbot, of the Topographical Engineers, and by the commission of which General Totten, Prof. Bache, and Admiral Davis were members. As most familiar to me, from having taken an official part in the experiments and observations made, I propose to notice the Physical Surveys of New York and Boston, indicating the chief agents which are at work in destroying and building up, so as to produce the present condition of these important ports.

In connection with the surveys made a few years since by direction of the Commissioners on Harbor Encroachments, there was undertaken, as an incidental inquiry, an investigation into the physical conditions under which the shoals and beaches in and about New York harbor had submitted to those changes of position and area which the repeated surveys revealed. It was at the request of these Commissioners that Professor Bache, the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, gave his personal attention to this subject. He drew up a comprehensive scheme for a series of observations upon all the natural agencies at work, and, for the execution of the project, selected one of his assistants, whose experience had already been considerable in similar studies.

The investigation was commenced in the lower harbor early in the spring of 1856. Records were kept of tides, currents, winds, and waves, and the most careful notes were made on the immediate effects of these working agents as observable in the movements of the sands.

A glance at a general coast chart discovers at once a marked contrast between two different sections of our seaboard: to the eastward of us, the principal harbors of New England are rockbound, with elevated back countries; while to the southward, in the region of alluvial drift, which extends all along the coast of the Middle and Southern States, the harbors have flat and sandy shores. The harbor and neighborhood of New York, holding an intermediate position between these diverse sections, exhibit a singular combination of the leading physical features of both, and present to the hydrographer a field for research that is quite without a parallel.

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We recognize in the Bar of New York simply a submerged portion of that *sandy cordon* which skirts the coast from Montauk Point to Florida; and although, in the ordinary sense, the lower entrance to the harbor is not an *inlet*, it may nevertheless be regarded as belonging to the same class.

This *sandy cordon*, which may be said to be the principal characteristic of our coast, is an exceedingly interesting feature; it appears to have been formed by the action of the sea, which has disintegrated the borders of shallow flats, bearing away the light vegetable moulds, but suffering the coarse quartz sand to remain rolled up into ridges. In many places the dry winds have caught up these sands, when laid bare at low water, and elevated them into dunes or galls.

The distance of the sand ridge from the mainland is observed to vary with the slope of the adjacent country. It is the *motion of translation* which a wave acquires on reaching shallow water, that gives it such great capacity for the transportation of material.

This *translative action*, as it is technically called, commences ordinarily in about three fathoms water, and is most violent in six or eight feet depths, within which the sea breaks. It is just within the breaker that the windrows of sand are observed to form on exposed flats.

This disposition of the sea to cast up well defined boundaries of sand along its margin, is so great and persistent, that the inland waters are dammed up and suffered only to escape into the ocean by narrow avenues, where their rapid currents maintain a supremacy of power—albeit with unceasing contest.

Wherever, along our coast, the waves drive *obliquely* upon the beach, a movement of the sand takes place, and the inlets are consequently continually shifting.

The Long Island inlets are moving *westward*, and Sandy Hook advances to the *northward*, because the sea rolls in along the axis of the great bay between Long Island and New Jersey, and necessarily sweeps along the beaches, instead of taking the direction of a *normal* to the shore line.

The movement of Sandy Hook to the northward is, however, a problem not so easily disposed of as we might conceive from the above considerations; for although, in the most general sense, its existence must be regarded as the work of the waves, there are other agents influencing materially its form and its rate of progress. The currents control, to a very great extent, the final disposition of the sands worn away or kept in motion by the waves.

Professor Bache's investigations in the neighborhood of Sandy Hook have been published, and we should not especially refer to them here, except that the recent physical changes reported by Colonel Delafield to the Engineer Department, have reawakened an interest in the matter.

The measurements of the Coast Survey, made in 1856 and 1857, showed that the Hook was being

washed away on the east and west shores, but was extending slowly to the northwest, where it already encroached on the main ship channel. This order of things has continued up to the present time, and is now in progress.

The able Superintendent of the fortifications at Sandy Hook has evinced considerable alarm lest the new fort shall fall a prey to the encroachments, or be separated from the main body of the beach by slue-ways. The Coast Survey has been notified of the matter, and the assistant to whom I have already referred has visited the Hook, and made an informal report, which agrees essentially with the statements of Colonel Delafield. A complete and reliable report can only be made upon *actual surveys*; and we trust these will be executed, and the Government placed in possession of the whole truth.

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We understand that Colonel Delafield has already, upon a small scale, made some very successful experiments of curvilinear dikes, constructed with caissons of concrete; and we have no doubt that, with adequate means at his disposal, this ingenious engineer could avert the dangers which threaten, not only the fort, but the noble harbor of New York.

To return to the Physical Survey, and to speak as briefly as we may upon so extended a subject, we hold that it is possible, by a patient collection of facts and figures, to determine the natural *scheme* of the harbor—we had almost said the *formula of its development*.

It is ascertained that the group of shoals which form the Bar—composed, as they are, for the most part, of loose and shifting sands—are not accidental accumulations, modified by violent storms and freshets, but that they are orderly arrangements, made by the currents, to whose unceasing activities are due the form and preservation of each bank and channel. The peculiar contours of the shoals given by our most ancient charts are still developed by recent surveys, although alterations in magnitude have taken place. *The order of the physical forces is unchanged, but their work is still progressing.*

Now, since these currents have determinable laws, regulating their periods, durations, velocities, and directions, it was only necessary to compile observations, in order to reduce this study to a simple consideration of the *composition of forces*.

'The process by which sand is swept along by currents upon the bottom of the sea, is not unlike the motion of dunes upon the land; a ridge of sand is propagated in the direction of the current by the continual rolling of the particles from the rear to the front. This movement is exceedingly slow when compared with that of the current which induces it, and for this reason a shoal, though traversed by violent tidal currents, may, as a whole, remain stationary when the alternate drifts are equal and opposite; for in this case, though the sand upon the surface is drifted to and fro, it undergoes no more ultimate change of position than it would if the forces which acted upon it were simultaneous and in equilibrium.'^[9]

Of course, so simple a case as that in which the ebb and flood forces are equal and opposite, is rarely presented; for at most of the stations on the Bar the direction of the flow varies from hour to hour, going quite round the circle in a half-tidal day: the velocities and directions also vary with the depth. These circumstances complicate the computation a little, but the problem is still simple and direct. Everything depends upon the faithfulness of the observations.

The physical diagrams which have been plotted from the results of these studies may be regarded as decided successes, for they show in most cases that the shoals lie in the foci or in the equilibrium points of the observed forces.

The current stations occupied cover a district embracing not only the immediate vicinity of the shoals, but extending many miles from them in different directions; for it was deemed necessary that each elementary force should be separately studied before it reached its working point. It has been ascertained that among the causes of the different shoal formations there exists a mutual relation and dependence, so that they may be regarded as a single physical system. *It will be seen from this consideration, that any artificial disturbance of the conditions, at a single point, may interrupt the operations of nature in other localities more or less remote, or cause general changes in the hydrography of the harbor.*

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It is not simply the superficial drift of the tidal and other currents that these observations comprehend; but, with the use of apparatus suitably arranged, the movements at all depths have been determined, with the exact amount of power exerted by streams coursing along the bed of the sea. The necessity for this minuteness of examination has been fully shown in some of the curious discoveries that have been made.

In several parts of our harbor, systems of counter-currents have been detected, occupying strata of water at different depths, and these present, in their motions, striking contrasts of directions, velocities, and epochs. The most remarkable exhibition of these sub-currents was observed in the neighborhood of the city, in the channel between Governor's and Bedloe's Islands. In this locality, during the last quarter of the ebb, floating objects drift southward toward the sea, while the heavier material upon the bottom is borne northward toward the city piers. While, upon the surface, the ebb exceeds the flood both in velocity and duration, the motions of the lowest water-stratum are subject to the reverse conditions: it therefore follows that *the heavier deposits from the city drainage cannot be swept away through this the main avenue to the sea*. This contrast of motion between the upper and lower drifts was observed in greater or less degree throughout the entire distance from the Bar to a point in the Hudson River off Fort Washington. These

results appear to us of the highest importance, since they would seem to indicate that the scouring action of the currents will not be sufficient to prevent the accumulation of certain classes of deposits in the upper harbor—as the ashes from the steamers, and the like.

The course of the land waters in their progress seaward was followed nearly sixty miles beyond the Bar, where currents of considerable velocity were still observed. At the station farthest seaward, where the sounding is thirty fathoms, the observations at different depths disclosed some very remarkable peculiarities. It was perceived that the moving stratum was not always of the same depth; the whole body of the sea moving steadily forward at one time, while at another no motion could be detected below a superficial stream.

The land waters, to which allusion has been made, augment the ebb current to such a degree, that a general eastwardly preponderance was observed in the drift along the south shore of Long Island; and this preponderance, increasing steadily from station to station at each remove, was found, at a point twenty-five miles east of Fire Island Light, to outlive the tidal currents and maintain itself as a constant coastwise stream.

One very curious discovery was made with regard to this stream along shore. It was ascertained that during easterly gales a portion of the water, crowded up into the bight of the coast, escapes seaward by a sub-current. Shells, carefully marked, were deposited in the sea during fine weather, and, after an easterly gale, were picked up on the shore of Fire Island, *four miles eastward* of the place of deposit. There was no evidence that these shells travelled any distance during still weather.

We do not despair of the possibility of artificial improvements at the Long Island inlets.

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At present the great inland basins on the southern portion of Long Island communicate with the sea only by narrow passes obstructed by bars and shoals; yet, in spite of the dangers which are always presented, large fleets of market vessels pass out daily through the inlets, laden with farm produce and shell fish. It requires no thought to perceive that if these inlets were made safe and permanent by suitable marine constructions, and were furnished with the proper buoys and beacons, there would spring up in their neighborhood great commercial enterprises.

While, in the case of the lower harbor and its approaches, it was the design of the observations to detect in the movement of the waters the causes of alterations in the physical geography, the same kind of studies, undertaken afterward in Hell Gate, had for their object the reverse inquiry, viz., to ascertain to what degree and in what manner the form of the rocky channel influenced the tides and currents, in order that some prediction might be made of the consequences likely to follow the removal of obstructions from the waterways. The propagations of the tide wave meet at Hell Gate, so that here the observations, when plotted, exhibit compound curves, in which the portion due to the wave from Sandy Hook is easily distinguishable from that due to the wave from Long Island Sound. The Sandy Hook tide wave differs so widely in height and time from that of Long Island Sound, that there is over three feet difference of level between the harbor and the Sound at certain stages of the tides; and at these times the currents rush through the Gate, vainly endeavoring to restore the inequalities.

The problem of referring a current to a *tidal head* is a very difficult one. The current, for instance, which renders Hell Gate so dangerous, is not at any time so great as a *permanent head*, equal to the difference of the tides observed, would engender. The currents are so very slow in their movements, compared with the undulations of the tide wave, that it cannot be ascertained as yet, what are the magnitudes of such elements as *inertia* and *friction*, and how they are to be corrected for, so as to predict the time and velocity of the current from observations of the vertical rise and fall.

It is due to the officers of the Coast Survey to state that their services to the Harbor Commissioners were rendered gratuitously; the work offered to them only an opportunity for research.

This Physical Survey must, at the outset, have held out small inducements to patient labor—the field was so large and ill defined, and had been so long the region of mere speculation; but the few simple and useful generalizations it has now grasped should, hereafter, prove the stepping stones to larger inductions, valuable alike to physical science and commercial interests.

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FOOTNOTES:

- [9] Report of the Observations for the Completion of the Physical Survey of New York Bar and Harbor, in pursuance of the Act of the Legislature of New York, April 17, 1857, and of the authority of the Commissioners on Harbor Encroachments. By A. D. BACHE, Supt. U.S. Coast Survey.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

DECEMBER, 1860, AND JULY, 1862.

II.

'Mornin', sa! De Cunnel send dis with his compliments. Merry Christmas, sa!' Such was the salutation arousing me on the anniversary of the birth of Him who came on earth to preach the Gospel of love and fraternity to all men—or the date which pious tradition has arbitrarily assigned to it. And Pomp appeared by the bedside of the ponderous, old-fashioned four-poster, in which I had slept, bearing a tumbler containing that very favorite Southern 'eye-opener,' a mixture of peach brandy and honey. I sipped, rose, and began dressing. The slave regarded me wistfully, and repeated his Christmas salutation.

I knew what the poor fellow meant, well enough, and responded with a gratuity sufficient to make his black face lustrous with pleasure. All through the South the system of *backsheesh* is as prevalent as in Turkey, and with more justification. At the hotels its adoption is compulsory, if the traveller would shun eyeservice and the most provoking inattention or neglect. His coffee appears unaccompanied by milk or sugar, his steak without bread, condiments are inaccessible, and his sable attendant does the least possible toward deserving that name, until a semi-weekly quarter or half dollar transforms him from a miracle of stupidity and awkwardness into your enthusiastic and ever-zealous retainer. This, however, by the way.

My present had the usual effect; Pompey became approbative and talkative:

'You come from England, sa?' he asked, looking up from the hearth and temporarily desisting in his vigorous puffing at the fire he had already kindled for me to dress by.

'Yes,' I answered.

'Dat a long ways off, sa?'

'Over three thousand miles of salt water, Pompey.'

'Golly! I 'fraid o' dem! didn't tink dere was so much water in de world!' adding a compliment on the supposed courage involved in crossing the Atlantic. Negroes have almost no relative ideas of distance or number beyond a very limited extent; they will say 'a tousan'd,' fifty or a hundred 'tousand,' with equal inexactitude and fluency. Presently Pompey began again:

'Many colored people in England, sa?'

'Very few. You might live there a year without meeting one.'

'T'se hear dey's all free—dem what is dar? dat so?' he asked, curiously.

'Yes; just as they are at the North; only I think they're a little better treated in England. We don't make any difference between men on account of their skin. You might marry a white woman there, Pompey, if you could get her to have you.'

Pompey honored this remark with as much ready negro laughter as he seemed to think it demanded.

'T'se got a wife already, sa,' he answered. 'But 'pears to me England must be good country to lib in.'

'Why so?'

'All free dar, sa!'

'Why you'd have to work harder than you do here, and have nobody to take care of you. The climate wouldn't suit you, either, there's not enough sunshine. You couldn't have a kinder or a better master than Colonel ----, I'm sure.'

'No, *sa!* with a good deal of earnestness; 'he fust-rate man, sa, dat a fac; and Mass' Philip and de young ladies, dey berry good to us. But—' and the slave hesitated.

'What is it, Pompey? Speak out!'

'Well, den, some day de Cunnel he die, and den trouble come, *suah!* De ole plantation be sold, and de hands sold too, or we be divide 'tween Mass' Phil, Miss Jule, and Miss Emmy. Dey get married, ob course. Some go one way, some toder, we wid dem—nebber lib together no more. Dat's what I keep t'inkin ob, sa!'

What answer could be made to this simple statement of one of the dire contingencies inevitable to slave life? perhaps that most dreaded by the limited class of well cared-for house servants, of which Pompey was a good representative. He knew, as well as I, that his poor average of happiness was fortuitous—that it hinged on the life of his master. At his death he might become the chattel of any human brute with a white epidermis and money enough to buy him; might be separated from wife, children, companions and past associations. Suggesting the practical wisdom involved in the biblical axiom that sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, I turned the conversation and presently dismissed him. I experienced some little difficulty in accomplishing the latter, for he was both zealous and familiar in my service: indeed, this is one of the nuisances appertaining to the institution; a pet slave seems hardly to understand the desire for privacy, and is prone to consider himself ill-used if you presume to dispense with his attendance. His ideal of a master is one who needs a great deal of waiting on in trivial, unlaborious ways, who tolerates all shortcomings and slovenliness, and bestows liberal gratuities.

Descending to the breakfast parlor, I received and responded to the appropriate salutations for the day from my host and his family, who had already recognized it, English fashion, by the interchange of mutual presents, those of the Colonel to his daughters being jewelry of a handsome and expensive character. The trinkets were submitted to my inspection and duly admired.

'I must tell you something about these knick-knacks, Mr. —,' said the evidently gratified father. 'You wouldn't suppose, now, that these mercenary girls actually asked me to give them money instead of trinkets?'

His tone and looks involved some latent compliment to the young ladies, and I said as much.

'They wanted to give it to the State, to help arm and equip some of the military companies. I couldn't let 'em suffer for their patriotism, you know; so I had to advance the money and buy the trinkets, too; though I'll do them the justice to say they didn't expect it. Never mind! the Southern Confederacy and free trade will reimburse me. And now let's have breakfast.'

The Southern Confederacy and Free Trade! During secession time in Charleston, there was displayed in front of the closed theatre, a foolish daub on canvas, depicting crowded wharves, cotton bales, arriving and departing vessels, and other indications of maritime and commercial prosperity, surmounted by seven stars, that being the expected number of seceding States, all presented as a representation of the good time coming. It remained there for over a month, when one of those violent storms of wind and rain variegating the humidity of a South-Carolinian winter tore it to pieces, leaving only the skeleton framework on which it had been supported. May not this picture and its end prove symbolical?

'Did you observe that our Charleston ladies dress very plainly, this season?' continued the Colonel, as we sat at breakfast. 'There are no silks and satins this Christmas, no balls, no concerts, no marriages. We are generally economizing for whatever may happen.'

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'Why, I thought you didn't expect war?' I answered.

'No more we do; but it's well to be prepared.'

'There's to be no race ball, I understand,' said the lazy gentleman, who had appeared later than the rest of us, and was having a couple of eggs 'opened' for him into a tumbler, by Pompey. 'The girls will miss that. Can you tell me how the betting stood between *Albine* and *Planet*?'

I could not, and observed that the Colonel changed the subject with some marks of irritation. I learned afterward that his indolent relative had an incurable passion for betting, and, when carried away by it, was capable of giving unauthorized notes upon his opulent relative, who paid them in honor of the family name, but objected to the practice. He himself affected to discourage betting, though his State pride actually induced him to risk money on the 'little mare' *Albine*, a South-Carolina horse, who subsequently and very unexpectedly triumphed over her Virginian opponent. But this by the way.

Breakfast over and cigars lighted (the Colonel imported his own from Havana, each one enwrapped in a separate leaf, and especially excellent in quality), we strolled abroad. The negroes were not at work, of course; and, early as it was, we found their quarters all alive with merriment and expectation. Some of the younger men, dressed in their best clothes—generally suits of plain, substantial homespun, white or check shirts, and felt hats—went from house to house, wishing the inmates the compliments of the season, blended with obstreperous, broad-mouthed laughter; in some instances carrying nosegays, received, in common with the givers, with immense delight and coquetry on the part of the females. These wore neatly-made, clean cotton dresses, with gaily-colored handkerchiefs arranged turban fashion upon their heads. Many of the old men and not a few of the old women were smoking clay or corncob pipes; the children laughed, cried, played with each other, rolled upon the ground, and disported themselves as children, white, black, or particolored, do all the world over; the occasional twang of a banjo and a fiddle was heard, and everything looked like enjoyment and anticipation. Of course, the huts of the future brides constituted the centre of attraction: from the chattering of tongues within we inferred that the wedding dresses were exposed for the admiring inspection of the negro population.

The Colonel had just arrived at the peroration of an eloquent eulogium of the scene, when the overseer appeared at the end of the avenue of orange trees, and presently drew rein beside us, his countenance exhibiting marks of dissatisfaction.

'I've had trouble with them boys over to my place, Colonel,' he said, briefly, and looking loweringly around, as though he would be disposed to resent any listening to his report on the part of the negroes.

'Why, what's the matter with them?' asked his employer, hastily.

'Well, it 'pears they got some rotgut—two gallon of it—from somewheres last night, and of course, all got as drunk as h—, down to the old shanty behind the gin—they went thar so's I shouldn't suspicion nothin'. They played cards, and quarrelled and fit, and Hurry's John he cut Timberlake bad—cut Wilkie, too, 'cross the hand, but ain't hurt him much!'

'Hurry's John! I always knew that nigger had a d—d ugly temper!' I'll sell him, by — ! I won't have him on the place a week longer. Is Timberlake badly hurt?'

'He's nigh killed, I reckon. Got a bad stick in the ribs, and a cut in the shoulder, and one in the face—bled like a hog, he did! Reckon he may get over it. I've done what I could for him.'

The Colonel's handsome face was inflamed with passion; he strode up and down, venting imprecations of an intensity only to be achieved by an enraged Southerner. Presently he stopped and asked abruptly:

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'Where did they get the liquor from?'

'I don't know. Most likely from old Whalley, down to the landing. He's mean enough for anything.'

'If I can prove it on him, I'll run him out of the country! I'll—I'll—d——n it! I'll shoot him!' And the Colonel continued his imprecations, this time directing them toward the supposed vender of the whiskey.

'These men are the curse of the country! the curse of the country!' he repeated, excitedly; 'these d——d mean, low, thieving, sneaking, pilfering, poor whites! They teach our negroes to steal, they sell them liquor, they do everything to corrupt and demoralize them. That's how they *live*, by ——! The slaves are respectable, compared to them. By ----, they ought to be slaves themselves—only no amount of paddling^[10] would get any work out of their d——d lazy hides! I almost wish we might have a war with the Yankees: we should get some of 'em killed off, then!'

How little Colonel —— thought, as he uttered these words, 'so wicked and uncivic' (as Gellius says of a similar wish on the part of a Roman lady, for which she was fined the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds brass), that in the future lay such dire fulfilment of them! Apropos of the subject, what fitting tools for the purposes of rebellion have these hated 'poor whites' proved themselves!—their ignorance, their vices, their brutality rendering them all the more appropriate instruments for the work in hand. It would seem, almost, as if a diabolic providence had prepared them for this very result.

'I must ride over and see about this business at once,' resumed the Colonel. 'Mr. ——, I can very well suppose you'd rather be spared accompanying me, so make yourself at home for an hour or two. I won't be a minute longer than I can help. Perhaps you'd better not mention this unfortunate affair up at the house until I return; it'll shock the girls, and I'm very careful to keep all unpleasant things out of their way. It's the first time such an atrocity has occurred on this plantation, believe me.'

And, ordering his horse, he rode off with the overseer. I should really have preferred visiting the scene of the recent tragedy, but my host's wish to the contrary was evident, and I knew enough of Southern sensitiveness with respect to the ugly side of their 'institution' to comply. (I had been advised by a fellow countryman not to attend a slave sale in Charleston, lest my curiosity might be looked upon as impertinent, and get me into trouble; but I did it, and, I am bound to say, without any evil consequences.) So I retraced my steps toward the house, presently encountering the lazy gentleman, and one in black, who was introduced to me as the Reverend Mr. ——, an Episcopal clergyman of Beaufort, also a resident on an adjacent island.

The lazy gentleman inquired after Colonel ——. Judging that my host's caution, as to secrecy, was only intended to apply to his daughters, I made no scruple of relating what I had heard. My auditors were at once more than interested—*anxious*. Whenever a negro breaks bounds in the South, everybody is on the alert, a self-constituted detective, judge, inquisitor, and possible executioner. Eternal vigilance is the price of—*slavery!*

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'That boy born on the plantation?' asked the clergyman, when the affair had been discussed at considerable length.

'Yes! He's a valuable hand, too; I've known him pick seven hundred and fifty pounds of cotton in a day—of course, for a wager.'

'The Colonel will have to sell him, I suppose? he can't keep him after this.'

'Reckon so, though he hates to part with any of his hands. This trouble wouldn't have happened, if it hadn't been for the whiskey, I've no doubt. The rascal who sold it ought to be responsible.'

'Are crimes originating in drunkenness common among the negroes?' I asked.

'Well, no!' answered the clergyman, deliberately; 'I can't say that. But most of them will drink, if they get an opportunity—the field hands especially; and then they're apt to be quarrelsome, and if there's a knife handy, they'll use it.'

'That's so,' assented the lazy gentleman, nodding. 'You Englishmen and Yankees—excuse me for coupling you together!—know very little of negro character; and, because the darkies have a habit of indulging in unmeaning laughter on all occasions, you think them the best-tempered people in existence. In reality their tempers are often execrable—*infernal!*' And he compacently blew a ring of tobacco-smoke into the mild, humid morning. The clergyman looked on assentingly.

'They can never be trusted with any responsibility involving the exercise of authority without abusing it. They ill use animals on all occasions—treat them with positive brutality, and sometimes whip their children so unmercifully that we have to interfere. I don't know what would become of them without us, I'm sure!'

'What do you think of their religious convictions?' I asked of the clergyman, when the speaker had arrived at his comfortable, characteristically Southern conclusion.

'Our best negroes are unquestionably pious,' he answered; 'and some of them have a very earnest sense of their duties as to this life and the next; but I regret to say that a good deal of what passes for religion among them is mere excitement, often of a mischievous and sensual character.'

'Heathenish! quite heathenish!' added the lazy gentleman. 'Did you ever see a *shout*, Mr. —?'

I responded in the negative, and inquired what it was.

'Oh, a dance of negro men and women to the accompaniment of their own voices. It's of no particular figure, and they sing to no particular tune, improvising both at pleasure, and keeping it up for an hour together. I'll defy you to look at it without thinking of Ashantee or Dahomey; it's so suggestive of aboriginal Africa.'

I had an opportunity, subsequently, of witnessing the performance in question, and can indorse the lazy gentleman's assertion. Inheriting the saltatory traditions of their barbarous ancestry, the slaves have also a current fund of superstition, of a simple and curious character. But further ethical disquisitions were here cut short by the appearance of the Colonel's daughters, when the conversation was at once changed, as by tacit consent of all three of us. What their father had told me, relative to his solicitude to keep them in ignorance of all 'unpleasant things' accruing from the fundamental institution, was in perfect accordance with Southern instincts. I had observed similar instances of habitual caution before, reminding me of the eulogized tendency toward 'Orientalism' alluded to in the previous chapter. And, of all people, South-Carolinians possess the equally rare and admirable faculty of holding their tongues, when there is occasion for it.

We joined the ladies in a walk. As the elder had much to say to the clergyman about mutual acquaintances, while her fat relative strolled carelessly by her side, her sister naturally fell to my companionship. With a rather handsome and intelligent girl I should have preferred to converse on general topics than the one with which I had been already nauseated at Charleston—secession; but she was full of it, and would not be evaded. Very soon she asked me what I supposed would be the sentiment in England toward the seceding States, in the assumed event of their forming a confederacy.

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I told her, as I then believed, that it would be adverse, in consequence of the national hostility to slavery, appealing to her own British experience for confirmation.

'Yes,' she said, 'they were all abolitionists in England, and could hardly credit us when we told them that *we* owned negroes. They thought all Southerners must be like Legree in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*! But papa, who went to the club houses, and mixed with the aristocracy, says that *they* are much better informed about us; that they were opposed to emancipation in the West Indies, and have always regarded it as a great mistake. And England must have cotton, you know.'

'If there's a war between the North and South, won't you find it very difficult to retain your negroes?' I asked, waiving the immediate question.

Miss — responded by the usual assertion of the fidelity of the slaves to their owners.

'What if the new Government resorts to emancipation as a weapon against you?' I made this inquiry, thinking it possible that this might be done *at the outset*. Like other foreigners, though familiar with the North, I had not supposed that nearly two years of civil war, with its inevitable expenditure of blood and treasure, would be needed to induce this direct and obvious means of subduing a rebellion. Englishmen, it is known, have ferocious ideas on the subject, as witness India.

'If the slaves rose, we should kill them like so many snakes!' was the answer. And the young lady's voice and flashing eyes showed that she was in earnest.

Our promenade lasted until the return of the Colonel, who presently took a private opportunity of informing me that the wounded slave would probably survive, and that he had sent for a surgeon from an adjoining plantation, expressing some apprehension that delay or indifference on his part might involve fatal consequences.

'It's Christmas time, you see, and perhaps he won't care about coming,' said my host. I may add that his anticipation was in part verified by the result, 'the doctor' not appearing till the following morning. Thanks, however, to a rough knowledge of surgery on the part of the overseer, aided by the excellence of his constitution, 'Timberlake' recovered. I will mention here, in dismissing the subject, that 'Hurry's John' was subsequently sold to a Louisiana sugar-planter, a fate only less terrible to a negro than his exportation to Texas.

Within an hour of our return to the house, we partook of an excellent and luxurious Christmas dinner, to which birds of the air, beasts of the earth, and fish of the sea had afforded tribute, and the best of European wines served as an appropriate accompaniment. The meal was, I think, served earlier than usual, that we might attend the event of the day, the negro weddings.

These were solemnized at a little private church, in the rear of which was absolutely the most

enormous live-oak I had ever seen, its branches, fringed with pendent moss, literally covering the small churchyard, where, perhaps, a dozen of the — family lie buried—a few tombstones, half hidden by the refuse of the luxuriant vegetation, marking their places of sepulture. The plain interior of the building had been decorated with evergreens in honor of the time and the occasion, under the tasteful direction of the young ladies, who had also contrived to furnish white dresses and bouquets for the brides. These, duly escorted by their future husbands, clad in their best, and looking alternate happiness and sheepishness, had preceded us by a few minutes, and were waiting our arrival, while all around beamed black faces full of expectation and interest.

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We walked through a lane of sable humanity—for the church was too small to contain a fourth of the assembled negroes—to the little altar, before which the six couples were presently posed by the clergyman, in front of us and himself. That done to everybody's satisfaction, the Colonel stationed to give away the brides—an arrangement that caused a visible flutter of delight among them—and as many lookers-on accommodated within the building as could crowd in, the ceremony was proceeded with, the clergyman using an abbreviated form of the Episcopal service, reading it but once, but demanding separate responses. I noticed that he omitted the words 'until death do ye part,' and I thought that omission suggestive.

The persons directly concerned behaved with as much propriety as if they had possessed the whitest of cuticles, being quiet, serious, and attentive; nor did I detect anything indecorous on the part of the spectators, beyond an occasional smile or whisper by the younger negroes, whose soft-skinned, dusky faces and white eyeballs glanced upward at the six couples with admiring curiosity, and at us, visitors, with that appealing glance peculiar to the negro—always, to my thinking, irresistibly touching, and suggestive of dependence on, humility toward, and entreaty for merciful consideration at the hands of a superior race. Perhaps, however, the old folks enjoyed the occasion most, particularly the negresses: one wrinkled crone, of at least fourscore years, her head bound in, the usual gaudy handkerchief, and her hands resting on a staff or crutch, went off into a downright chuckle of irrepressible exultation after the closing benediction, echoed more openly by the crowd of colored people peeping in at the doors and windows.

The ceremony over, the concourse adjourned to a large frame building, part shed, part cotton-house, ordinarily used for storing the staple plant of South Carolina, before ginning and pressing. The Colonel had sent his year's crop to Charleston, and the vacant space was now occupied by a triple row of tables, set out with plates, knives and forks, and drinking utensils. Here, the newly married couples being inducted into the uppermost seats, as places of honor, and the rest of the company accommodated as well as could be effected, a substantial dinner was served, and partaken of with a gusto and appreciation only conceivable in those to whom such an indulgence is exceptional, coming, like the occasion, but once in a year. Upward of a hundred and fifty persons sat down to it, exclusive of those temporarily detailed as waiters, who presently found leisure to minister to their own appetites. Their owner surveyed the scene with an air of gratification, in which I could not detect a trace of his recent serious discomposure. I am well persuaded, however, that he had not forgotten it, as that the cause of it was known among the negroes; I thought I observed evidences of it in their looks and deportment, even amid the general hilarity.

The ladies had returned to the house, and we were about following them, when the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard without, and the officious voices of the negroes announced the arrival of a visitor or messenger for the Colonel, who stepped forward to meet him. A young man, clad in a coarse homespun gray uniform, scantily trimmed with red worsted, and a French military cap, alighted, and addressed our friend in a faltering, hesitating manner, as though communicating some disastrous intelligence. I saw the Colonel turn pale, and put his hand to his head as if he had received a stunning blow. Instinctively the three of us rushed toward him.

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'My God! what's the matter? what has happened, —?' inquired the clergyman.

'Philip! Philip! my boy's dead—shot himself by accident!' was the answer.

A very few words explained all, The young volunteer had fallen a victim to one of those common instances of carelessness in playing with loaded firearms. While frolicking with a comrade, at his barracks, he had taken up his revolver, jestingly threatening to shoot. The other, grasping the barrel of the cocked pistol, in turning it round, had caused its discharge, the bullet penetrating the breast of the unfortunate owner of the weapon. Conveyed to the hospital, he had died within an hour after his arrival.

Our holiday-making, of course, came to a sudden termination. Next day I accompanied the Colonel to Charleston, to claim the body of his deceased son, and not long afterward parted with him, on my return to the North.

FOOTNOTES:

- [10] The paddle has superseded the cowhide in all jails, workhouses, and places of punishment in South Carolina, as being more effective—that is painful. In some instances it is used on the plantations. It consists of a wooden instrument, shaped like a baker's peel, with a blade from three to five inches wide, and from eight to ten long.

There are commonly holes in the blade, which give the application a percussive effect. In Charleston this punishment is generally administered at the guardhouse by the police, who are all Irishmen. Any offended master or mistress sends a slave to the place of chastisement with a note, stating the desired amount, which is duly honored. Like institutions breed like results all over the world: in Sala's 'Journey Due North' we find the same system in operation in Russia.

PEN, PALLET, AND PIANO.

With the roar of cannon and tramp of armed men resounding through the land, and the fair young face of the Republic disfigured to our eyes by the deep furrows of war, it is pleasant to know that in certain nooks and corners, gentler sounds of harmony still linger, and that ateliers exist where men's fancies grow on canvas from day to day into soothing visions of loveliness.

The scarlet-and-gold and general paraphernalia of war are too tempting to pallet and brush, not to be seized on with avidity and reproduced with marvellous truth; but it is more agreeable to pass over accurate representations of the Irish zouave, with Celtic features, not purely classical in outline, glowing defiantly under the red cap of the Arab, and Teutonic cavalrymen, clinging clumsily to their steeds, and turn for solace to the grand, solemn Shores of Niagara, to wander amid the tangled luxuriance of the Heart of the Andes, or to bask in the sweet silence of Twilight in the Wilderness. There are Icebergs too, floating in the Arctic Sea, frozen white and mute with horror at the dread secrets of ages; but, responsive to the versatile talent of the hand that creates them, they glow with prismatic light of many colors. Mr. Church irradiates the frozen regions with the coruscations of his own genius, bringing to these lonely, despairing masses of ice the revivifying hope and promise of warmer climates.

In pondering over the sad mystery of these Icebergs, we float down again to Tropical Seas and Islands; and as we linger under the shade of palm and banana tree, the rude chant of the negro strikes the ear in the grotesque and characteristic framework of the '*Bananier*,' the plaintive melody of '*La Savane*' sighs past on the evening breeze, Spanish eyes flash out temptingly from the enticing cadence of the '*Ojos Criollos*,' and Spanish guitars tinkle in the soft moonlight of the '*Minuit à Seville*,' and Tropical life awakes to melody under the touch of the Creole poet of the piano, Mr. Gottschalk.

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There are many beings, otherwise estimable, to whom the Tropical sense is wanting; who are ever suspicious of malaria lurking under the rich, glossy leaves of the orange groves; who look with disgust and loathing at the exaggerated proportions and venomous nature of all creeping things; who find the succulence of the fruit unpleasant to the taste, and the flowers, though fair to the eye, deadly as the upas tree to all other sense;—for whom it is no compensation to feel, with the first breath of morning air, the dull, leaden weight of life lifted, or no happiness to watch the sea heaving and palpitating with delight under the rays of the noon-day sun, and to know that the stars at night droop down lovingly and confidingly to the embrace of warm Tropical earth. With an insensibility to these influences, there can be but little sympathy or appreciation of the works of Mr. Gottschalk; for all that is born of the Tropics partakes of its beauties and its defects, its passionate languor, its useless profusion and its poetic tenderness. And where else in the United States, can we look for a spontaneous gush of melody? Plymouth Rock and its surroundings have not hitherto seemed favorable to the growth and manifestation of musical genius; for the old Puritan element, in its savage intent to annihilate the æsthetic part of man's nature, under the deadening dominion of its own Blue Laws, and to crush out whatever of noble inspiration had been vouchsafed to man by his Creator, rarely sought relief in outbursts of song.

Psalmody appears to have been the chief source of musical indulgence, and for many a long, weary year, hymns of praise, nasal in tone and dismal in tendency, have ascended from our prim forefathers to the throne of grace on high.

Such depressing musical antecedents have not prepared New England for greater efforts of melody than are to be found in the simple ballads supposed to originate with the plantation negro, who, in addition to his other burdens, is thus chosen to assume the onerous one of Northern song, as being the only creature frivolous enough to indulge in vain carolling. If we can scarcely affirm that the Americans are yet a musical people, that they would be is an undeniable fact, and one constantly evinced in their lavish support of artists, from the highest to the lowest grade. Among the musical aspirants to popular favor, none has of late enjoyed so large a share of notice and admiration as Mr. Gottschalk; and to return from our recent digression, we will proceed to the consideration of his compositions. Fragmentary and suggestive as are his ideas, there is infinite method and system in their treatment. Avoiding thus far what is termed '*sustained effort*,' and which frequently implies the same demands on the patience of the listener as on the creative power of the composer, Mr. Gottschalk's compositions contain just so much of the true poetic vein as can be successfully digested and enjoyed in a piano piece of moderate length. With the power to conceive, and the will and discipline of mind to execute, there is no reason why, with perhaps a diminished tendency to fritter away positive excellence at the shrine of effect, enduring proofs of the genius of our American pianist should not be given to the world.

As a mere player, the popularity of Mr. Gottschalk with the uninitiated masses is due, in a great measure, to his tact in discerning the American craving for novelty and sensation, and to his

native originality and brilliancy, which allow him to respond so fully to these exigencies of public taste, as to possess on all occasions the keynote to applause. The faculty of never degenerating into dulness, the rock on which most pianists are wrecked in early youth, is another just cause for insuring to our compatriot the preëminence which he enjoys. Viewed from a critical point, the mechanical endowments and acquirements of Gottschalk are such as to enable him to subject his playing to the test of keenest analysis without detriment to his reputation. For clearness and limpidity of touch and unerring precision, for impetuosity of style, combined with dreamy delicacy, he has few rivals. The evenness and brilliancy of his trill are unequalled, the mechanical process required to produce it being lost to sight in the wonderful birdlike nature of the effect. In the playing of classical music, Mr. Gottschalk has to contend against his own individuality. This individuality, naturally intense and of a kind calculated to meet with public favor, has been cultivated and indulged in to such an extent as to prove an occasional obstacle to the exclusive absorption and utter identification with the ideas of another composer that classical music demands. In the mere matter of execution there is no difficulty which the fingers of this skilful pianist cannot overcome, and his intellectual grasp of a subject enables him to discern and interpret the beauties of all musical themes; but where an earnest, passionate interest in the music of the old masters is not felt by the performer, it is rarely communicated to his hearers.

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The world of letters, however, has not seemingly regretted the inability of Byron to trammel his muse with the uncongenial fetters of Pope's metre, and has certainly never quarrelled with Tom Moore for not assuming the manners and diction of the revered Samuel Johnson, LL.D.

With due allowance for difference of latitude, and wide difference of aim and pursuit, the contemplation of the Master of Creole Melody recalls to us a genius which found utterance in song none the less melodious that it was written, not sung. The 'ashen sky' and 'crisped, sere leaves of the lonesome October,' so thrillingly pictured by Edgar Poe in his 'Ulalume,' find echo in the foreboding sadness of the opening bars to Gottschalk's 'Last Hope;' and as both poems grow in vague, dreamy sound, they culminate in a cry of smothered despair at the tomb where all hopes lie buried with the lost Ulalume. The same weird conception and eccentricity of design, with knowledge of rhythmical effect and extreme carefulness of finish, are prominent traits of both artists; and the American disregard of tradition, as evinced in all enterprises, whether literary, artistic, or commercial, and which readily infects the simple sojourner among us as well as the happy being born to republican privileges, marks alike the nationality of poet and pianist.

Edgar Poe's literary reputation undoubtedly gains additional lustre as the lapse of years permits the veil of obscurity to fall over the personal vices and irregularities which so tarnished the living fame of this great artist. Genius draws around itself a magical circle, attracting and keeping by the force of its own magnetism those whom it values, but at the same time exercising an equally repellent effect on the envious and ignorant wandering beyond the pale of its charmed precincts. Hence the difficulty of judging it by contemporaneous standards. The Hyperion head of Poe was lost to the view of many by a too persistent search for the satyr's cloven foot. In considering the poet's eccentricities, in common with other extraordinary and anomalous beings, it must be deeply deplored that one so endowed with wealth of intellect beyond his fellow men, should be still so poor in moral store that the dullest of them could dare look with disdain on this heir to gifts regal and sacred.

He could forget his deep, earnest love of order in things intellectual, in every excess of disorder in things material, and his passionate love of the beautiful could be profaned by frequent grovelling amid the hideous deformities of vice. Poe, in his reverence for Art (his only reverence), seemed generally to set greater store on the elaborate and artistic perfection of his works, than in the spontaneity of genius therein displayed. So it would seem, at least, in his voluntarily exposing the skeleton design of his greatest poem, 'The Raven,' and the various processes by which this grand shadow attained its final harmonious and terrible proportions. This may be a noble sacrifice to the principles of Art, intended as a warning to rash novices against the sin of slovenliness in composition; but the poem must be of solid fibre to resist this disenchanting test. The unveiling of hidden mysteries, the disclosure of trap doors, ropes, and pulleys, may assist in the general dissemination of knowledge; but in behalf of those who prefer to be ignorant that they may be happy, we protest against the innovation. In this dangerous experiment of Poe's, however, we are forced to do what he would have us do—admire the ingenuity of the poet, together with his knowledge of effect, rhythmical and dramatic, his flexibility and strength of versification, and marvellous faculty of word painting. This propensity to make all things subservient to the advancement of Art is not always productive of present good to one's fellow beings, whatever may be the results to posterity, as the luckless women who cross the path of such men cannot unfrequently testify—oftentimes assiduously wooed, won, and lightly discarded, to furnish an artistic study of the female capacity for suffering, as well as to supply renewed inspiration for further poetic bemoanings. In the prose narrations of Edgar Poe, the same skilful handling of mystery, and the turning to account of any incident susceptible of dramatic effect, are always apparent as in his poems. But the want of extended sympathy with mankind, the artist egotism, which looks inwardly for all material, and in truth scorns the approval of the masses, must naturally fail to secure the interest of a large class of readers. His compositions, on the contrary, which give full scope to his keen, subtle powers of analysis, and vigorous handling of the subject in question, are more widely understood and appreciated. Since the days when Poe dealt with contemporaneous literature, and literary men, in not the most temperate mood of criticism, poetic fire in America, with few exceptions, seems to have sunk into a dead, smouldering condition, and to have yielded to its sister art of painting the task of grappling with the New-World monster of utilitarianism and practical reform. The demands for indigenus

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painters in America being constantly greater, the result is necessarily a vast increase and improvement in this branch of Art.

New England, on whose barren musical soil we have already descanted, and who has not hitherto disputed to the Old World her privilege of pouring out on our untutored continent the accumulated wealth of years of musical study and training, has at last gone far to redeem her reputation of artistic nullity, by producing the greatest landscape painter of which the country can boast. With us, the superiority of atmospheric effects over most countries, and the great variety and originality of American scenery, have united in bringing the landscape painter into existence, and the public have assured this existence by fostering applause and pecuniary compensation. Nature, thus prodigal of gifts to America, has, in a crowning act of munificence, conferred also a painter, capable of interpreting her own most recondite mysteries, and of faithfully transcribing the beauties revealed to all eyes in their simple majesty.

Immensity of theme possesses no terrors for Mr. Church's essentially American genius; his facile brush recoils not before the gigantic natural elements of his own land, but deals as readily and composedly with the unapproachable sublimity of Niagara and the terrible beauty of icebergs as with the peace of simple woodland scenes and the glowing sentiment of the tropics. To tread the beaten path of landscape painting, and offer to the public a tame transcript of the glories he has beheld, is repugnant to the creative power of this true artist; but when form, color, and the legitimate means at his command fail to embody all he would express, his suggestive faculty is generally of force sufficient to reach all beholders, even those of feeblest imagination.

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In standing before the *Falls of Niagara*, one can, in fancy, feel the cool moisture of spray, rising, incense-like, through a rainbow of promise, from the inspired canvas, together with the earth's tremor at the roar of mad waters rushing headlong to a desperate death. This inestimable quality of suggestiveness is preserved in Mr. Church's pictures when deprived of the aid of color and reduced to mere black and white in engraving, a fact bearing equally conclusive testimony to their inherent correctness of lines and elegance of composition.

Mr. Church's prominent characteristics of hardy vigor and adventurous treatment of a subject, seem to have monopolized his artistic nature, to the frequent exclusion of tenderness, either in idea or in the handling of color. The painting, in our eyes, least open to this objection, is *Twilight in the Wilderness*—a dreamy picture of inexpressible sadness, of a tearful silence that is felt, and of a loneliness too sacred to be profaned by human intrusion. The gorgeous panorama of the *Heart of the Andes*, its snowy mountain peaks, and plains glowing with tropical verdure, is too bewildering in its complicated grandeur to excite dreams of beauty so tender and sadness so touching.

In contemplating this last-named picture, the demands on the attention are so numerous and weighty,—in the first place, to comprehend the situation, and exchange at a moment's notice the stagnation of the temperate zone for the emotional excitement of the tropics; then to separate and classify the many points of beauty, to rise to the summits of distant mountains, sublime in their snowy crests, and sink again to earth at the foot of the rustic cross, by whose aid we may one day rise to sink no more,—to follow the painter successfully through this maze of thoughts, without the guiding light of his own matchless color, would seem a difficult and displeasing task. But the task has been accomplished with complete success, in an English line engraving of the *Heart of the Andes*, recently arrived in this country; which indication of popularity abroad conduces materially to the ever-growing fame of the artist. The same test, we believe, is in store for the *Icebergs*—with what result, time will show. Meanwhile, the picture itself will, on foreign soil, plead the cause of American civilization, and tend to assure those who look with dismay at the tumultuous upheavings of freedom's home, that imperishable Art still maintains her placid sway in this distracted land, and that her votaries falter not in their allegiance.

Volcanoes pour out fiery lava under the red glare of the setting sun, obedient to Church's magic touch—delicate fancies are weaved into poetic life by the fingers of Gottschalk—but the voice of Poe, alas! is mute forever. The 'Lost Lénore,' found too late, may have inspired a song far beyond the dull range of human comprehension, but poor mortals left below, can only echo, with the grim and ghastly raven: *Nevermore! Nevermore!*

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LITERARY NOTICES

THE SLAVE POWER; ITS CHARACTER, CAREER, AND PROBABLE DESIGNS: BEING AN ATTEMPT TO EXPLAIN THE REAL ISSUES INVOLVED IN THE AMERICAN CONTEST. By J. E. CAIRNES, M.A., Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy in Queen's College, Galway, and late Whately Professor in the University of Dublin. Second edition. New York: Carleton, 413 Broadway. London: Parker and Son & Co.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the American public, in its detestation of the ungenerous, narrow-minded, and inconsistent conduct of the majority of Englishmen toward the Federal Union since the present war began, will not lose sight of the fact that, here and there in Great Britain, men of superior intelligence and information have labored strenuously to make the truth known, and to vindicate our cause. Amid a mob of ignorant and furious foes of freedom, France has seen a Gasparin rise calm and great in superior knowledge, declaring incontrovertible truths; and in like

manner, the English press has given the views of Stewart Mill and Professor Cairnes to their public, at a time when it seemed as if falsehood had completely triumphed. In 'The Slave Power,' the latest work by this last-named writer, we have indeed such a searching analysis of the present American crisis, and find the history of the entire difficulty set forth so fully, yet with such remarkable conciseness, that we cannot suppress a feeling of astonishment that a country which has slandered us so cruelly should, at the same time, have given to the world by far the best vindication of our cause which has as yet appeared. For it is no undue praise to say, that in this book we have the completest defence of the Federal cause and the most effective onslaught on the Slave Power which any writer has thus far placed on record; and we cordially agree with the vigorous reviewer of the *Westminster*, in believing that a work more needed could scarcely have been produced at the present time, 'since,' as he adds, 'it contains more than enough to give a new turn to English feeling on the subject, if those who guide and sway public opinion were ever likely to reconsider a question on which they have so deeply committed themselves.'

'The Slave Power,' it is true, contains little which has not, at one time or another, been brought before the mind of the well-informed American republican; yet it is precisely in this that its chief merit consists, since it is not by idle oratory and fine writing, but by *facts* and the plain truth, that we can be best vindicated. Englishmen are grossly ignorant of the true causes of this struggle, or of the principles involved—a matter little to be marvelled at, when we find almost a majority of professed Federal Americans, under the name of Democrats, cheerfully admitting that their confederate foes are quite in the right as far as the *main* cause of the difficulty is concerned. For all such men, a clear exposition of facts, logically set forth, cannot be other than a real blessing; since their amiability to the South, when not based on traitorous and selfish interests, means simply nothing more nor less than ignorance—and that of a kind which is little less than criminal, let the guilt rest where it may.

Professor Cairnes begins judiciously by showing that in the beginning it was believed, not without very apparent cause, in England, that our war 'sprang from narrow and selfish views of sectional interests,' in which the free-trading South was in the right, and that the abolition of slavery was a mere pretence by which the North sought, without a color of truth, to attract foreign sympathy. And when we remember for how long a time slaves were returned by Federal officers to their owners, and how persistently anything like abolition, or even the most moderate emancipation, was earnestly and practically disowned by the Federal power, it is not wonderful, as Mr. Cairnes declares, that England should have regarded our claim to be fighting for the cause of free labor as a shallow deceit. Even as we write, we have before us a journal containing an allusion to an officer who attempted to return to slavery a contraband who had brought to him information of the greatest importance. Yet, despite the frightful appearances against us, our writer saw, through all, the truth, and declared that, as regarded the popular British abuse of this country, 'never was an explanation of a political catastrophe propounded, in more daring defiance of all the great and cardinal realities of the case with which it professed to deal.'

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Slavery is the cause and core of our national difficulty. Secession and Southern Rights have flourished in strength in exact ratio to the number of slaves in the States—nay, in the very counties in which slaves abounded. Slavery early developed a sectional class of politicians devoted to one object, who, by the sheer force of intense, unscrupulous application, from the year 1819 down to 1860, swayed our councils, gave an infamous character to American diplomacy, and stained our national character. They are called the Free Trade Party: why was it, then, that they never employed their power to accomplish that object, 'or how does it happen that, having submitted to the tariffs of 1832, 1842, and 1846, it should have resorted to the extreme measure of secession while under the tariff of 1857—a comparatively Free Trade law?' 'From 1842 down to 1860, the tendency of Federal legislation was distinctly in the direction of Free Trade.' 'If Free Trade was their main object, why did the Southern senators withdraw from their posts precisely at the time when their presence was most required to secure their cherished principle?' Or why did they not apply to their supple and infamous tool, Buchanan, to veto the bill? *Because they wished it to pass*—to make political capital against the North in England; and they accordingly aided its passage, Mr. Toombs being in the Senate, and actually voting for it! Or if it was a Free Trade question, why was it that the Western States did not take part with them?

The North, however, did not take up arms to destroy slavery, but the Right of Secession, since that was the irritating *point d'honneur*, and, what was more, the real first cause of injury which at first presented itself. Mr. Lincoln had cause to know that in the beginning, even in the South itself, secession was only the work of a turbulent minority. 'To have yielded would have been to have written himself down before the world as incompetent—nay, as a traitor to the cause which he had just sworn to defend.' In short, we were misunderstood—painfully so—and it is not a matter of indifference to learn that at last there is a reaction of intelligence in our favor, and that light is breaking through the bewildering mists which once veiled the truth.

In discussing 'the economic basis of slavery,' Professor Cairnes deals out truths with a prompt vigor which is truly admirable. From Stirling, Olmsted, Sewell, and others, he disposes of the old falsehood that only the negro can endure the Southern climate—a fact but recently *generally* made known at the North—that isothermal lines do not follow the parallels of latitude—and that it is a gross error to believe the black incapable of improvement as a freeman. He admits that slave labor has its advantages, in being absolutely controllable, and in returning the whole fruit of its labor to the owner. It may, therefore, be combined on an extensive scale, and its cost is trifling. But, on the other hand, slave labor is given reluctantly, and is consequently a losing means, unless much of it can be concentrated under the eye of one overseer. It is unskillful, because the

slave cannot be educated; and, therefore, having once learned one thing, he must be kept at that for life.

The result of this is that, as the slave, unlike the free farm-laborer, cannot (with rare exceptions) be profitably employed at aught save agriculture, and indeed only at one branch of that, he soon exhausts the soil. If all the blacks in the South were capable of laboring at rotation of crops, they would soon be free. Slavery has always of itself died out in the wheat and corn regions—because, in raising cereals, labor is more widely dispersed than in cotton or tobacco planting, and the workers are more difficult to oversee. Hence the constant immigration from the wornout to the new plantation, and the cry for new land; and hence the admission, by the most intelligent men of the South, that to prevent the extension of slavery would be to destroy it. Free labor flourishes even on barren soils—ingenuity is stimulated and science developed. But slave labor requires abundance of fertile soil and a branch of culture demanding combination and organization of large masses of labor and its *concentration*.

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Yet, in spite of these facts, a writer in the London *Saturday Review* informs the English public that the rapid deterioration of the soil under slave labor is a popular fallacy! Could the gentleman who gives this information so glibly, examine, we do not say Virginia, but simply that lower county of Delaware which has adhered somewhat to the old Southern slave system, in contradistinction to its two sisters, he might have distinctly ascertained if the exhaustion of soil by slave labor be a fallacy. Again, if the profits of slavery be only for the master, it may be true that the same process which enriches him impoverishes the country at large; and this is really the case through all the South. Free labor shuns slave society: a few Northern men may here and there live in the South, but as a rule the negro makes the poor white meaner than himself. It is true that free white labor in new lands is very exhaustive—but in time it takes them up again and restores them: this the negro never does, and never can do.

The tendencies of slavery to render the white man insolent, arrogant, and oligarchical, are well pointed out by Professor Cairnes, and with them the evil tendencies of slave societies. It makes bad white men, and intolerable political neighbors. In the ancient world, slaves were constantly being educated, freed, and made equal to their masters; but in the confederacy, everything is done to crush them lower and lower; and in these facts lie *perdu* the future further degradation of every poor white in the South, the constant increase of power and capital in the hands of a few, and the diminution in number even of these few.

The fact that Virginians breed slaves expressly for sale is well exposed in this book. Our author is kind enough to believe that they never raise a single negro for the *express purpose* of selling him or her; but we, who live nearer the 'sacred soil,' know better. It is not many days since a farmer in our present immediate vicinity, on the Southern Pennsylvania line, found himself obliged to dismiss a fine six-foot negro runaway from Virginia, whom he had hired, on account of the entire inability of the contraband to do the simplest farm tasks. 'What *is* the reason you can't stand work?' inquired the amazed farmer. 'Why, mass', to tell de trufe, I wasn't brought up to wuck (work), but to *sell*. If I'd been wucked too hard, it ud a spiled my looks fo' de markit.' Professor Cairnes may accept the sorrowful assurances of more than one person, who has been taken frequently enough into the councils of 'the enemy' in bygone times (*crede experto Ruperto*), that slaves *are* begotten, born, bred, and raised for the Southern market—as much so as any pigs—and that, too, by eminently aristocratic and highly refined scions of first families. Now that we can and dare speak the truth, it is not amiss to do so. We recall the day when to have taken part in the charge of the Six Hundred would have been a trifle of bravery compared to making the above truthful statement—for any one who valued social standing, or indeed a whole skin—on the border. Whether their own children were sold may be imagined from an anecdote long current in Virginia, relative to ex-Governor Wise, who, in a certain law case where he was opposed by a Northern trader, decided of a certain slave, that the chattel, being a mulatto, was of more value than 'a molungeon.' 'And what, in the name of God, *is* a molungeon?' inquired the astonished 'Northern man.' 'A *mulatto*,' replied Wise, is the child of a female house-servant by young master—a molungeon is the offspring of a field hand by a Yankee peddler.'

Mr. Cairnes has, we doubt not, often heard of mulattoes—they constitute the great majority of Virginia slaves. But did he ever hear of 'molungeons'?

Mr. Cairnes justly denies the common theory that the South has maintained paramount political sway in the Union by a superior capacity for politics. He declares that men whose interests and ideas are concentrated in a very narrow range, on one object, have vast advantage over their intellectual superiors, when the latter pursue no such single course. He might have added that the young Southern gentleman, when not intended for a physician, almost invariably devotes to mere provincial politics and the arts of declamation and debate, all of those intellectual energies which the Northerner applies to business, art, commerce, literature, and other solidly useful occupations. If the Southerner has an inborn superior *talent* for politics, why is it that, as in the case of British or French statesmen, he never develops the slightest talent for *literature*? So notoriously is this the case, that even the first writers of the South, especially for the press, are generally broken-down Northern literary hacks, or miserable Irish and English refugees. Mr. Cairnes quotes De Bow's *Review*. He might be amazed, could he examine a number of that remarkable periodical, at the quality of the English written by some of the most eminent philosophers, patriots, and politicians of the confederacy!

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The history of the Slave Power, as set forth in Louisiana, Missouri and its Compromise, the Mexican war, Kansas, the rise of the Republican Party, the Dred Scott decision, the attempt of

John Brown, and secession, are given in a masterly manner in this work, and with a miraculous appreciation of truths. Not less vigorous and shrewd is the chapter devoted to the designs of the Slave Power, in which the future capacity of that power to do illimitable mischief is set forth in a manner which will be new even to the great mass of American Republican readers. If we differ with him in his 'Conclusion,' it is that we may be consistent to his earlier position. We do not agree with him when he advocates the giving permission to the South to secede with the Mississippi as their western boundary. Penned up by North and West, and with their ports occupied by us, the South would soon decay. But we rather believe the North, brought to the tremendous trial of a test between aristocracy and republicanism, will yet conquer by destroying slavery and giving the poor whites of the South their rights. But we cannot conclude without expressing the earnest hope that this book will be read, and that thoroughly, by every intelligent American. There is at present a reaction rapidly forming in England in favor of the Federal cause, and we foresee that this extraordinary work—the best summary in existence of our principles, and the most overwhelming stylus-stroke which slavery has ever received—is destined to be of incalculable service to the great cause. Let it circulate by the hundred thousand!—and do you, dear reader, do your part by perusing it, and making its merits known to all. In connection with it, we commend the review in the *Westminster* already referred to. It is pleasant to realize that we have friends among enemies. Let us hope that when brighter days come, our Government and our people will not be unmindful of those who defended us in the days of darkness and dole. We owe a great debt of gratitude to such men as Professor Cairnes, and must not be slack in paying it.

LES MISERABLES. No. IV. *St. Denis*. By VICTOR HUGO. New York: Carleton.

A great improvement on the preceding miserable trio, yet still far from fulfilling the extravagant assertions as to its merit with which the press has been deluged. We see in this novel, historic pictures, not without accuracy, details of life which are true enough, and, we might add, familiar enough, from a thousand *feuilletons*, but we find no PURPOSE, corresponding to the expectations excited. We have every variety of miserable wretch imaginable paraded before us, without a hint of any means of curing their social disease. 'There is a hammer for tearing down, but no trowel for building up,' beyond a little empty talk on the benefits to be derived from education. The truth is that Victor Hugo writes, like too many of his nation, simply for sensation and effect. The fault to be found with this series is, that, like Jack Sheppard, it degrades the taste and blunts the feelings—in a word, it vulgarizes, and is as improper reading for the young, so far as *effect* is concerned, as the most immoral production extant. Vulgarities are the open doorway to vice, and, philosophize as we may, sketches of thieves and vagabonds, *gamins*, prostitutes and liars are vulgar and unfit reading for youthful minds, if not for any minds whatever.

ABEL DRAKE'S WIFE. By JOHN SAUNDERS. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The reader is well aware that this work has attained a great popularity—we may add that it has deserved it, being a work of marked originality; one of characters and feelings which will even bear at sundry times re-reading: as good a character as can be given to a novel, and a far better one than we are disposed to award to the majority of those which we meet. It is, we should say, in justice to the progressive powers of the author, far superior to his earlier productions.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

In the noble Message of President LINCOLN, there are two paragraphs which should be committed to memory and constantly recalled by every man:

'Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history. We of this Congress and this Administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down into honor or dishonor to the highest generation.

'We say 'we are for the Union!' The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save this Union. *The world knows we know how to save it.* We—even we here—hold the power and bear the responsibility!'

'We cannot escape history.' And this is true, not only of the Congress and of the Administration, but of all men who at the present day are raised one fraction above the veriest obscurity and complete nothing-ism. You, reader, and series of those whom you daily meet, may fancy that your deeds, speeches, writings, overshadowed as they are by the greater men and events of the day, will be forgotten. It is not so.

The last age was more antiquarian, more given to collecting, searching, and recording, than its predecessor. This present one is, however, a hundredfold more seeking and more chronicling than the last, and this tendency increases every year. As it is, scarce a hero or a traitor, even of the Revolution, is escaping glory or infamy. Will it be less the case with the good and bad men of the Emancipation? There is not one among them who shall escape history.

There is no thieving contractor, no 'helping' official, no shoddy scoundrel, no unrighteously 'commission' gathering leech, who is not quietly noted down here and there, to be duly exposed,

some soon—some in after years. We know that extensive researches have been undertaken, to prepare and keep in black and white a record of the rascality of this war, in high places as well as low. *They shall not escape history.*

There is no cowardly, dishonest, selfish politician—be he who he may—no trimmer and truckler to the times—who will be forgotten. The most important war of all history—the greatest and most clearly outlined struggle between Aristocracy and Republicanism—will not pass away into oblivion. Men will toil away their lives that they may revive some of the salient points of this great fight for freedom. To commemorate the good, they must set forth the opposition of the bad—of those who aided the foe either by approving of endless slavery, by clogging the action of the Administration, or by turning the hardly earned income of Government, wrung from a suffering people, to their own profit. They shall not escape history.

Those who had the ability to aid the great cause of truth in any way, by brain or hand, and yet who did nothing—verily they shall not escape history.

The cautious, shrewd fellows, who hurrah loudly for the truth—after it has become safe and profitable to do so—they who run with the hound and hold with the hare—they may chuckle to themselves in their day, and rejoice at their shrewdness—but Time and GOD sift all things, however small—even such men as these. They shall not escape history.

And let them cry, 'After us the Deluge,' who will. You will live again in your children; the heritage of sin is repaid with compound interest to your name. How do you know but there is a GOD and a future knowledge of all this, that you act so boldly? What evil have your children or your name done you, that you should lay a curse on them? For if you do not put forth your hand to the great cause of truth and in the great battle of the LORD on behalf of Freedom, be certain that you are now shaping a malediction, and awaking the anathema maranatha, which shall go down into the deepest ages, and even in many lands, to cover you and yours with the dark shadow of shame forever. You shall not escape history.

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But neither shall they escape who have fought the good fight for truth, for man and liberty. Truly, as the German proverb hath it, *Zeit bricht Rosen und Zeit bringt Rosen*—"Time breaks roses—but Time brings them also." There is an age coming which will distinguish between the battles for conquest and idle glory and the honor of kings, and those which were fought for holy freedom. In that age, the great and good and wise, yes! even the smallest and weakest who chose the cause of Truth, will be prized above the men of all battles which ever were beforetime. Stand fast, O soldier! be firm, O friend of the good cause! let us see this thing bravely through to the end, come what may. GOD bless you!—and he *will* bless you! Die on the battle field, or labor humbly at home—if your heart and your hand have been given to the good work, you shall not escape history.

'Fate for you shall sheathe her shears,
You shall live some thousand years.'

It has been nobly proposed, and we doubt not that the proposition will be as nobly realized, that a shipload of food be sent to the relief of the starving operatives of England. If the wealthy classes of Great Britain were generous in proportion to the same order of men in this country, and in proportion to their own riches, it would be simply absurd for us to offer to relieve their paupers. But they are not so; and it is a matter to be deeply deplored, that the manufacturers who have made fortunes from their operatives, are, in Great Britain, the ones who are least inclined to relieve the sufferings of their poor dependants. And this we state entirely on the authority of the British press, and from the comments made by it on a recent and wretchedly abortive effort to collect from manufacturing capitalists somewhat to feed the poor who had enriched them. To an American, accustomed to hear of deeds of generosity and public spirit, the list of moneys subscribed for such an object, against the names of millionaires, would seem incredibly beggarly and pitiful.

However this may be, some one must feed the poor; and if John Bull cannot afford it, Jonathan must. There is a degree of suffering in which Englishman or confederate rebel becomes simply a suffering brother, and when he who would not act the good Samaritan becomes most truly an outlaw to all humanity. Therefore, let there be, not one, but many shiploads sent to the sufferers—let us cast our bread upon the waters, literally as well as figuratively, and give no heed or thought to its return. The London *Times* will, we presume, impugn the motives of the charity—call it Pecksniffian and Heep-ish—or possibly try to prove that the Federals had no hand in the good deed. Let it rave—the business in hand is to feed starving men, women, and children, and not to make political capital, or gain glory, or please a party—for that we most assuredly shall not—but to do good and act in the large-hearted manner which gives a good conscience, and which as a national trait is the noblest characteristic of a republican.

The South has been quicker than the North in perceiving that public opinion in England is rapidly changing in certain quarters in favor of the Federal cause, and it is for this reason that the press in Secessia has of late been so unamiable toward Great Britain, while SEMMES has shown in his

pirating so little kindness to English goods. Possibly Secessia may after all discover that she might do a more unprofitable thing than be in alliance offensive and defensive with us, and that she might go further and fare worse, either alone, or with foreign friends who are, after all, only foes in disguise.

But it is a mad and a foolish thing for England to hope to be benefited by our dissension. Have we grown weaker or less dangerous by the discovery that we are capable of raising the greatest armies and the most invincible fleets in the world? While we flourish in prosperity, we afford her an outlet for all her paupers, thieves, vagabond Bohemians, and refuse of all sorts, to say nothing of the vast mass of the really industrious poor who do well here, but who would have starved to death at home. With one person in eight in Great Britain dying as a pauper and buried at the public expense, it is hardly expedient for its people to wish to see us ruined. Were we to exclude her vagabonds and paupers by an alien act from entering this country, and at the same time close our markets to her goods, of what avail would all the cotton in the world be to her? The American public understand this thing perfectly—so perfectly that the first movement toward intervention would be to effectually shut out the offending party, to bear by itself the worst results of prostrated manufactures and a turbulent starving population.

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But we trust that nothing of the kind may happen, and that England will perceive that a great, prosperous, and united America, though it covers the whole Western hemisphere, will be of more advantage to her than a divided, impoverished land, full of fighting factions. It is a bad, an inhuman, and a most un-Christian policy to set wealthy and powerful neighbors at dissensions, to rejoice at their losses, and finally hope to see them from prosperous citizens, turned into starved brigands. Envy is of the devil. And it is the more wicked, because *we* know, and every one of our readers knows with us, that there never existed in this country, within our recollection, any desire whatever to see England impoverished, injured, or in any way 'set back' as a country. That deep-seated desire, openly avowed by her orators and press, to see our growing greatness checked, was never seriously cherished by any true American—and it could be proved that the insulting expressions of such a desire have in almost every instance originated with British *émigrés* in this country, who are notoriously the most bitter foes to their fatherland.

It is finally worth noting that the sympathy expressed by Americans for Russia during the Crimean war, has been of late frequently urged in England as a reason for withholding sympathy from the Federals. Now it is most *undeniably true* that, with certain rare exceptions, the friendship for Russia *at that time* came in a great measure from the Democratic party, and especially from the South. It was an Irish antipathy to England in the North, and a serf-sympathy in the South which caused it all—naturally enough, in all conscience. If any one doubts this, let him recall Roger Pryor's book, indorsing Russia as the great power destined to swallow up all Europe—written at a time when Pryor was beyond question the first and loudest exponent living of Southern feelings and principles. This is the simplest and plainest of facts, most easily susceptible of proof—and yet how many Englishmen are there who would believe it?

The truth is that the whole criticism of America by England has presented the melancholy spectacle of prejudice and envy, made maudlin by gross ignorance—and the worst of it all has been the making the North responsible for the bygone evil deeds of the South. Repudiation, protection, Russian sympathy, filibustering, and other objections—are all heaped on the Federal head alone to bear? Will the *truth* ever come to light in England?

May we venture to mention to our readers that 'Among the Pines'—originally published in these pages—is now selling its *thirtieth* thousand, with constantly increasing orders. And in connection we would add that 'Americans in Rome'—originally published in THE CONTINENTAL under the title of *Maccaroni and Canvas* has appeared in book form, and may be obtained from George P. Putnam. This work is, we believe, one of the most remarkable collections of sketches and observation ever written on Italy; combining a very great amount of accurate personal observations of the Roman people, both in the city and country, with that of American artists' life there. The observations are throughout racily humorous, and those who have within a few years visited 'the Cradle of Art' cannot fail to recognize, as hit off with no sparing hand, more than one American notoriety. Art quackery as it exists, is well shown up in 'Americans in Rome;' the author having little in common with those amiable romancers who glorify every illiterate picture-maker, though he never fails to do justice to true genius. We believe, in short, that these sketches form a very peculiar, piquant, and *earnest* work, as truthful as it is amusing, and as such commend it to our readers.

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The Continental Monthly.

EDITORS:

HON. ROBERT J. WALKER,
CHARLES G. LELAND,
HON. FRED. P. STANTON,
EDMUND KIRKE.

The readers of the CONTINENTAL are aware of the important position it has assumed, of the influence which it exerts, and of the brilliant array of political and literary talent of the highest order which supports it. No publication of the kind has, in this country, so successfully combined the energy and freedom of the daily newspaper with the higher literary tone of the first-class monthly; and it is very certain that no magazine has given wider range to its contributors, or preserved itself so completely from the narrow influences of party or of faction. In times like the present, such a journal is either a power in the land or it is nothing. That the CONTINENTAL is not the latter is abundantly evidenced *by what it has done*—by the reflection of its counsels in many important public events, and in the character and power of those who are its staunchest supporters.

By the accession of HON. ROBERT J. WALKER and HON. F. P. STANTON to its editorial corps, the CONTINENTAL acquires a strength and a political significance which, to those who are aware of the ability and experience of these gentlemen, must elevate it to a position far above any previously occupied by any publication of the kind in America. Preserving all "the boldness, vigor, and ability" which a thousand journals have attributed to it, it will at once greatly enlarge its circle of action, and discuss, fearlessly and frankly, every principle involved in the great questions of the day. The first minds of the country, embracing men most familiar with its diplomacy and most distinguished for ability, are to become its contributors; and it is no mere "flattering promise of a prospectus" to say, that this "magazine for the times" will employ the first intellect in America, under auspices which no publication ever enjoyed before in this country.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND, the accomplished scholar and author, who has till now been the sole Editor of the Magazine, will, beside his editorial labors, continue his brilliant contributions to its pages; and EDMUND KIRKE, author of "AMONG THE PINES," will contribute to each issue, having already begun a work on Southern Life and Society, which, will be found far more widely descriptive, and, in all respects, superior to the first.

While the CONTINENTAL will express decided opinions on the great questions of the day, it will not be a mere political journal: much the larger portion of its columns will be enlivened, as heretofore, by tales, poetry, and humor. In a word, the CONTINENTAL will be found, under its new staff of Editors, occupying a position and presenting attractions never before found in a magazine.

TERMS TO CLUBS.

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The CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

Literature and National Policy.

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The article in this number of THE CONTINENTAL, on "Our National Finances," by Hon. ROBERT J. WALKER, will be found worthy of especial attention at the present time.

Our next issue will contain a valuable article on "GOLD."

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