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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. X. AUGUST, 1837. No. 2.

[97]

THE NOBILITY OF NATURE.

IT has been asserted that all men are created equal. The learned have been called upon to support the declaration, and to furnish reasons accounting for the disparity which is manifest in the different individuals of the human race, as found in the social state. The learned have responded to this call, and said, that it is apparent, that different nations, as well as individuals of the same race, are surrounded by different circumstances, and enjoy unequal means of improvement; and as their external condition is unequal, it is but reasonable to infer, in the absence of any other known cause, that their intellectual disparity is mainly attributable to external circumstances. Now if it can be made to appear, as I think it can, that the difference in the external condition of men and nations is mainly attributable to their mental organization, it will be obvious that the learned, who have undertaken to solve this question, have been so unphilosophical as to substitute the effect for the cause.

But the many have contented themselves with the response of the learned; and are now looking forward with eager hope to the time when the vexatious differences in the external

circumstances of men shall cease, and an intellectual level shall be fixed for the whole human family, upon which the Esquimaux and the European, to their mutual astonishment, shall find occasion to regard each other as equals. They delight in the expectation of beholding the Chinese standing upon the same eminence as the countrymen of Newton; worshippers of Juggernaut elevated to the altars of the true Deity, and of seeing the unhappy and debased African endowed with the same intellectual strength as his gifted and proud oppressor. Thus they pleasantly anticipate, that upon men's external condition becoming equal, their intellects and sentiments will immediately exhibit *their* native equality, and that the odious distinctions which now exist among men, will be known no more for ever.

But may we not as reasonably expect, that the benefit of this new arrangement will not be confined to man alone, but that the whole vegetable and animal world will participate in the advantages of this novel law of natural equality? We must hear no more of 'the king of beasts,' nor of 'the monarch of the wood.' The lion and the lamb must become a match for each other in ferocity and strength. The ivy will of course cease to entwine itself around the oak; and then what substitute will the poets have for their much-used and lovely emblem of weakness and dependence, when it shall lift aloft its branches among the huge trees of the forest, and, boastful of its newly-acquired strength, shall bid defiance to the whirlwind and the storm! The odious [98] monarchy of the bee-hive must be done away; the queen of bees must doff her robes of royalty, and become a commoner; while the drones, the privileged order of this tribe of insects, will be compelled to assume habits of industry, and will no longer be tolerated in the enjoyment of idleness and luxury, at the expense of their industrious fellow-citizens. The aristocracy of the ant-hill must also be disturbed, and the levelling principle must be carried into a new organization of this interesting little mound of earth. Men will cease to speak of the elephant as a 'half-reasoning animal,' while the ass shall be distinguished for dulness and obstinacy, and the latter must brush up, so that this disparity shall be remedied; while, at the same time, the sagacious dog will be brought, by some nice process, to the level of the 'silly sheep,' and the acute and cruel fox to that of the dull and confiding goose; and among other things, to excite our special wonder, the much-wronged, much-eaten oyster will be regarded as a pure intelligence, consisting of nothing but brain, and its necessary covering! Men will cease to eat oysters.

It would seem to require a wonderful change in 'external circumstances,' to produce results like these; and yet it seems to me, these may as reasonably be anticipated, as that the condition of mankind will ever be equal. Those who attribute men's intellectual nature to their external condition, have never been so fortunate as to demonstrate in what manner the objectionable circumstances of an external nature produced the results which they humanely deplore. The negro is every where inferior to the Anglo-Saxon. Does the former owe his inferior intellect to his swarthy complexion and flattened nose? How can these affect the thinking part? To climate? Behold him in all climes the same! To slavery? View him in his native land a savage. To the contempt of other nations? He is the same as when first known to the European.

But grant that the difference in air, climate, or other external causes, operating for many centuries, could cause an inequality in the intellects of different nations, or tribes of men; why, in the same nation or tribe, is one inferior to another? Suppose sectional causes to account for this disparity; then why are children of the same parents, born and nurtured under precisely the same circumstances, radically different from their birth? Is the fact denied? I appeal to mothers in support of its truth.

Men are *not* created equal by nature. In saying this, I beg not to be understood as denying 'the Declaration of Independence.' I understand the illustrious writer of that instrument to mean no more than this; that for good reasons, operating in the social state, all men are to be regarded as equal, so far as to have equal respect paid to their rights; to be entitled to equal protection, and to be judged by one standard of legal rectitude. Or, in other words, in the eye of the law, all men are equal.

But while I do not depart from this clause of the sacred declaration referred to, I perceive that I differ widely from the vociferous patriot and over-zealous philanthropist of the present day, who have contrived to engross much more of the public attention than either their integrity or doctrines seem to warrant.

The former overwhelms the voice of reason with his varied clamor in favor of the equality of [99] meanness with magnanimity—of vice with virtue—of ignorance with intelligence—of vulgar rudeness and barbarity, with taste and elegance; and he demands that in social intercourse, and in the administration of government, the vicious and ignorant shall be entitled to the same consideration and influence as the virtuous and enlightened citizen; because 'all men are created equal!'

The new order of philanthropists increase the clamor of the greedy patriot. They have discovered that the negroes are at least equal to, if not a little better, than the best of the Europeans; and they lead forth their colored favorites, of various hues, and demand their admittance into a well-organized society; a benevolent concession in favor of their equality; an admission that their heads are well formed, their sentiments exalted, their persons delicate, and their odor savory! They invite them to the table of the American citizen, and beckon them to his bed; and this 'because all men are created equal!'

There *are* distinctions among men, which neither the fierce patriot nor ignorant philanthropist can eradicate; distinctions appointed by the author of nature, and which have not failed to be acknowledged by the most enlightened observers; a brief view of which it may not be unprofitable to take, even in an imperfect effort to distinguish the false from the true nobility of

nature.

I am far from asserting, that all the distinctions which exist in the social state, are so by the appointment of nature. There is an artificial aristocracy, created by the improper constitutions of some governments, and the arbitrary and unequal laws of all, of the cause of whose greatness nature is entirely innocent. For instance, a man may inherit and enjoy all his life the title and honors of nobility, who, had he depended upon his natural resources for rank and station, might never have ascended in the scale of human excellence, beyond the condition of an agile circus-rider. And it is no less palpable, that a wealthy parent, through the influence of the laws of primogeniture, may transmit to his eldest son an inheritance which may place him high among the aristocracy of wealth, who, but for the fruits of a parent's acquisitiveness, might laudably have earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, and instead of being regarded as an exquisite dandy, might have been celebrated for his mechanical ingenuity, or the excellence of his 'goods, wares, and merchandise.' The same causes may sometimes operate to deprive nature's noblemen of their just station among men. Artificial worth may assume the place of natural; wealth and fashion may displace virtue and intellect; and genius and talent may be compelled to give precedence to a titled nobility, or to the possessors of vast estates.

Again. There are good objections to some natural pretenders to rank; even dame nature has her counterfeits and false forms; her mushrooms, her empty heads and shells. The fair-pretending tree may never blossom, or if it do, may neglect to bear fruit. The highest heads of wheat in the broad field are false and empty. But a correct observer of nature may readily distinguish between her false and her genuine productions; and a close observer of men will never be at a loss to [100] detect, nor hesitate to deny, the bold pretensions of *mere self-esteem*.

Instinctive self-esteem enables its possessor, without seeking to form a just estimate of his own character, to regard himself as equal to all men, and superior to most of them; to arrive at conclusions without the dull and tedious process of reasoning, to which plodding creatures subject themselves; to have and maintain opinions, without the trouble of forming, or the labor of defending them; and to look down upon his superiors, without suspecting that they despise him, or a doubt of his own insolated and extraordinary excellence. He proverbially carries his head high; and it has been remarked by phrenologists, in the direction of the single organ to whose over-manifestation they allege he is indebted for all his conscious greatness. He forms one of nature's wild experiments, by which she has wantonly demonstrated, how enormous a structure of self-complacency can be based upon—nothing at all! He is one of nature's contradictions, by which she has proved how great an *effect* may exist without any *cause* whatever! In him you behold the origin of village greatness, which is dependent upon the size of two things, to wit: the *large* size of self-esteem, and the *small* size of the place it inhabits.

There is another pretender to high rank among men, whose claims are nearly as unfounded as those last under consideration. I mean the man who claims your high regard, not for what he *is*, but for what he *has got*—who exacts your admiration, not for what he *does,* but for what he has the *power* to do; and who, while he performs no good service to mankind, does not fail to impress them with the belief, that he might, at any time, if so disposed, astonish them with a display of generosity, and a noble exercise of the means of active benevolence, and permanent usefulness. He is the creature of the acquisitive instinct, whose sole merit is based upon successful efforts at accumulation. This instinct he possesses in common with various quadrupeds. The ground-squirrel possesses the same attribute, to a limited extent. Who has not observed this interesting animal crowding his cheek with autumnal fruits, and gaily carrying them to his winter quarters? But this little creature gathers only a competence; his instinct is a moderate one, and apparently under the guidance of reason; while the accumulating biped seems not to be a judge of a competency, and grows more eager in the pursuit of wealth, as it becomes less valuable to him. No propensity of the human mind gains more in activity and strength by exercise, than that of acquisitiveness. It may begin as a good instinct of man's nature, and excite him to lay up the means of satisfying his natural, and even his artificial wants. So far, its obvious utility demands our respect. But all men do not stop here. Even so much exercise as to attain this laudable end, may so heighten the natural disposition to accumulate, that it becomes the tyrant of the soul, and takes the lead of all the other propensities. It comes in conflict with the demands of the stomach, the suggestions of taste, and paternal affection; and the victim of avarice becomes also the victim of unsatisfied hunger, ungratified taste, and unindulged kindness. To use the terms of a science just beginning to be understood, his veneration is satisfied with adoring the matériel of Aaron's [101] idol, to the exclusion of all other gods; his conscientiousness, quickened by cautiousness, is content with forbearing to take usury, when there is reason to fear a legal forfeiture; and his adhesiveness is never more strongly manifested, than when he sticks to a debtor 'closer than a brother,' until he pays the uttermost farthing. His secretiveness is active, when the tax-gatherer is at his door; and his cautiousness is extreme when listening to the tale of distress, or to the assurances of the suppliant borrower. His locality selects places for future cities; his size divides them into lots twenty-five by one hundred feet; and he disposes of them to those endowed with large marvellousness. He getteth rich—and is reverenced, because he has never been accused of theft, nor convicted of swindling.

It is not without emotions of pleasure, that I take leave of false pretension to rank and station, although it be to take up the humblest claim upon our attention made by the sons of genius. And here allow me to observe, that within the last forty years, certain individuals have claimed, that they have traced each particular demonstration of the various faculties and sentiments of the human mind to its source—which they allege to be an organ of the brain—and they have also adopted a nomenclature for the mental faculties, highly convenient, which I beg the privilege of

employing, while I ask one farther favor of the reader, that, for the sake of convenience, if for no other reason, he will allow me to suppose each faculty of the mind to have its separate material organ. Even with this liberal concession on the part of the reader, it will be difficult to assign to each child of genius his appropriate rank in the scale of being. It is generally true, that the organs of the faculties and sentiments, which are not called into activity in the constitution of the man of genius, are in point of size at mediocrity or below it. The main strength of his character is derived from the striking fullness of the single organ which gives the bent to his mental inclination; but there is also a full development of certain other organs colleagued with that, which, following its lead, help out its inclinations, and conduct its work. These colleagues are few in number, and with their exception, the remaining mental organs of the man of genius are moderate, small, or inactive. His head is therefore uneven and irregular; that is, the reader is asked to suppose it to be so, for the sake of illustration. How often it is observed, that the man of genius wants that strong common sense, of which a very plain man may justly boast the possession? Does the genius lack the organ of common sense? Unhappily for many of the human family, there is no such organ! This excellent condition of the human mind seldom accompanies an irregular head. It is claimed to be the result of the equable and full development of all the organs of the human intellect and sentiments, and of the moderate and controllable size of all the organs of the passions. But it is otherwise in the man of genius. The size and activity of the main organs, by whose manifestations he is distinguished, render them the master spirits of his mind. In the admiration which genius excites, the useful attributes of the man are not generally looked for—and the most flagrant moral defects are palliated, if not forgiven; nay, oftentimes they are [102] copied by those who, not having the power to dazzle, present the forlorn spectacle of natural dulness bedecked with the borrowed vices of genius.

Humbly among the sons of genius, is placed the individual who amuses a vacant hour by demonstrations of his imitative propensity. In some respects there exists a parallel, and in others a contrast, between him and the possessor of the acquisitive instinct. They both rely for admiration upon what they have *taken from others*. Both *bleed* their victims—one in their pocket, the other in their vanity, or love of approbation. Both accumulate—the one, the goods of this world, the other its manners. The one is a loser by people's taking themselves off—the other a gainer by 'taking off' people. One is rich in matter, the other in manner; and both are appropriated from the stores of others. The miser is chiefly the creature of two instincts—acquisitiveness and cautiousness; the actor, also, of two—imitation and secretiveness. These are all instincts of our animal nature, and do not tend to ennoble their possessor. But the first combination is contracted, and delights only in selfish gratification; while the latter cannot be fully gratified, without contributing to the amusement or instruction of mankind. Men have therefore always betrayed extensive interest in its manifestations; and the actor wiles away a tedious hour, or affords a lively gratification, which calls forth the applause of the many, though he may fail to excite the admiration of the few. One may appreciate a perfect imitation, whether grave or gay, heroic or comic; and yet assert, with truth, that fewer faculties of the mind are brought into action, even in the constitution of the most perfect actor, than in that of any other child of genius, the singer only excepted.

Above these, but in the same grade of excellence as respects each other, does nature place her more gifted children, the musical composer, the orator, painter, sculptor, and poet; creatures of variously combined faculties, sentiments, and passions, but all so constituted as to be capable of enchanting the eye, delighting the ear, or gratifying the taste. Their works exalt the feelings, interest the heart, or instruct the mind, of man. They blend the happiest influences of the passions, intellect and sentiments. They portray inanimate nature in all her creations of sight and sound, and exhibit living nature in all her varieties of action, emotion, thought, or passion. Nature is their universal theme, and the fruits of their labors compose those intellectual luxuries, to banquet upon which, forms the most characteristic feature which distinguishes polished from civilized life—the accomplished from the merely useful man. But a man may be either of these sons of genius, and come far short of being either a great or a good man. Nay, he may have followed the promptings of his genius all his life, and failed after all to benefit mankind. Whose mental vision has not Byron dazzled? Who did not admire the man? Who has not forgiven his faults, on account of the magnitude of his genius, and the power of his works? And yet who does not know that Byron lived in vain, and died without benefitting himself or his fellow men? On the other hand, it is pleasant to find, that genius, so dangerous in some, may be harmless in others, [103] and that a poet may range through all nature's works, but so judiciously select the theme of his song, and so beautifully adorn it, as that, while he excites the admiration, he improves the heart of his fellow men. The immortal 'poet of the year' concealed all evil, and portrayed all good. His female reaper adorns the lowest field with mingled beauty, chastity, and innocence—and sweet Musidora, in her plight, is seen only by the eye of modest love, abashed and retiring from the view.

Ascending the scale of genius, for the sake of brevity, I pass the architect and mathematician, to say a word of the great mechanical inventor, whom I would place highest of all nature's eccentric and gifted sons. To that beauty or poetry of thought, sound, action, or expression, which constitutes the chief merit of the sons of genius, last under consideration, he adds utility and dignity, and furnishes the means for man's civilization. Could poetry or music be cultivated without mechanical means? Of what avail is eloquence among houseless savages, save to excite to deeds of horror? What leisure would be afforded to attend to and enjoy the efforts of genius, without the use of machinery, which has emancipated the human race from slavery to their necessities, and elevated them to the enjoyment of ease and luxury? The mechanical inventor approaches one attribute of the Divinity; he may almost be said to create; and thus to

approximate to the highest exercise of power. And yet the singer, humblest of all the children of genius, oftentimes commands more of the world's admiration than the most extraordinary mechanical inventor. There are those who would listen to the song of the nightingale, although the proud monument of Fulton's genius for the first time burst upon their view, 'walking the waters like a thing of life.' Nay, there are doubtless those in whom a sonnet would excite more interest than the spectacle of a noble ship gliding swiftly into port, propelled by the lightnings of heaven. But that is the only true estimate of mental worth, which ranks highest in the scale of importance those faculties and dispositions of the human mind which best subserve the happiness of men.

Above all the sons of genius, I would rank a class of men distinguished for their talent and virtue; who together with a favorable temperament, have heads quite above the middle, but not of the very largest size; the organs of whose brain are equally and well proportioned; and whose sentiments and passions are well balanced and regulated. They are divested of the faults of the sons of genius; they have no weaknesses, except such as are incident to the best mental organization; and their passions incite to deeds of goodness, since they are under the control and guidance of noble intellectual faculties, and the higher sentiments. They avoid whatever subverts man's happiness. They are too wise to entertain schemes of dangerous ambition; too good to adopt the means of its gratification. Mankind have therefore nothing to fear from them. In the most arbitrary governments, their opinions are not disregarded even by tyrants; and under the freest constitution, their sentiments and opinions constitute the unwritten but sacred law of virtuous public sentiment, to violate which the most reckless seldom dare, and never do, with impunity. These are *nature's aristocracy*—and they constitute a formidable check upon the vices, [104] and a barrier to the violences, of the mob, and overawe the daring ambition of the aspiring and desperate. The more sedulously all but these are excluded from directing the affairs of a republic, the longer will it endure.

Highest in the scale of human excellence, is the individual of the same description of character as the one last described, but with a head of the largest size. Here we have presented the highest and most perfect combination of moral and intellectual power. Here is the source of those great eras in human affairs, where the mighty intellect of one man has changed the moral and political condition of nations, perhaps of the world. Above nature's aristocracy, but with their confidence and approbation, this gifted order of men pursue the greatest good with the greatest energy—accomplish the noblest ends, by the noblest means. They belong to *nature's high nobility*. Human and mortal though they be, yet are they the peers of angels, and second only to the gods!

There was a man among my countrymen, who, whenever he appeared upon the theatre of human affairs, was always excellently great. He exhibited anger only in the form of virtuous indignation, and severity only in the cause of truth and virtue. The warrant of execution passed from his hand bedewed with his tears; and in the foeman whom he slew, would be found only the enemy of human happiness. He laid the foundation of a vast empire of freemen; he guided the reins of government with noble disinterestedness and virtue; he yielded them gladly to his successor, and with the blessings of millions, went into honorable retirement. Whether in emotion, thought or action, who has known one so pure, so great, and good? A distinguished British peer said of him, that 'he was the only human being, for whom he felt an *awful reverence*.'

WASHINGTON was, indeed, the highest of the *nobility of nature*.

'Greatest, noblest, purest of mankind.'

EMBLEMS.

I.

I ASK not of the golden sun, why, when at eventide,
His last red glance is cast abroad on the green upland side;
I ask not why his radiant glow stays not to bless my sight,
Or why his yellow beams should sink behind the pall of night:
Day, night, and morn must come and go, along the changing sky,
With shadow and with grateful light, to cheer the wakening eye;
It is the change which makes them blest; all hold a tranquil power,
Whether 'tis morning's orient gleam, or evening's solemn hour.

II.

Thus should the soul in silence gaze, lit by pale Memory's star,

Over the heaving tide of life, whose wrecks but
bubbles are;
And though the light of Joy be dim—though Hope's
warm dream hath fled,
Though the deep wind hath mournful tones along the
slumbering dead,
Still let thy spirit look abroad, and onward to the rest,
Which comes as twilight shadows steal across earth's
verdant breast;
And chastened in the night of ill, amid its shadowed
gloom,
Look to the holy morn which breaks the darkness of
the tomb!

Philadelphia,

W. G. C.

STANZAS.

[105]

'THERE is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground, yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. But MAN dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

JOB.

I.

BORN in anguish, nursed in sorrow,
Journeying through a shadowy
span;
Fresh with health to-day—to-morrow
Cold and lifeless!—such is man.
Scarce produced to light, ere dying—
Like the fancied vision flying;
Scarcely budding forth, when
blighted
'Dust to dust' again united!

II.

Richly shines the rainbow, glowing,
Lightly laughs the morning beam;
Sweetly breathes the flowret,
blowing,
Deeply rolls the mountain stream:
But the heavenly bow hath faded,
And the morning beam is shaded;
And to earth the flower hath hasted,
And the mountain stream is wasted.

III.

Yet though passed awhile, these lie
not
Ever in Destruction's chain;
Though the flowers may fade, they
die not—
Spring shall wake their buds
again:
Morning's smile again shall brighten,
And the storm the rainbow lighten;
And the torrent (summer finished,)
Roll its waters undiminished.

IV.

Man alone, when death hath bound
him,
Moulders in the silent grave:
Of the friends who were around him,
None to succor, none to save!
Then when night and gloom assail

thee,
And thy strength and glory fail thee,
And thy boasted beauty waneth,
Cold—in darkness—what remaineth?

V.

Cheering splendor yet attends us,
Mid these scenes of deepest
gloom;
'Tis our 'hope in CHRIST' defends us
From the terrors of the tomb.
When we leave this vale of sadness,
'Tis to share unmingled gladness:
O the happy, happy greeting—
JESUS and our friends then meeting!

J. F. H.

NOTES OF A SURGEON.[1]

[106]

NUMBER ONE.

THE DISLOCATION.

THE reduction of a dislocated limb, in a person of muscular frame, is one of the most fearful and difficult operations in surgery; and in a lad or a female, there is much in the attending circumstances to excite the liveliest interest of the spectator. To hear the bone *click*, as it returns to its place; to behold the relief which is instantly experienced; the happiness so vividly depicted in the countenance; the inclination to immediate repose—every feather seeming to be a pillow to some over-strained and exhausted muscle—one cannot help cordially uniting in the feelings of the restored sufferer; nor can he restrain the smile which mantles his features, and is reflected in the lineaments of the surrounding surgeons.

In a strong man, where the muscles are rigid, and every fibre seems to be converted into a wire to resist the force exerted on them, the ceremony is one of distressing cruelty. The inquisition can scarcely furnish any thing more appalling, and certainly not the practice of surgery. The pain of an amputation may be more acute; but its very acuteness assures you that it will soon be over. The edge of the knife itself is an index, keen as the scythe of Time, and faithful as his march, of the progressive succession of the moments of trial; a fiëry monitor, which every instant sinks deeper, and will soon, very soon in the reality, but late, as it always must be, in the reckoning of the sufferer, reach its unswerving limits, the bone. And here the pain of the operation in a great measure ceases; for it is hardly necessary to state, that the sawing of this structure is not actually attended by any of the horrors with which vulgar apprehension has invested it. The ligature of the arteries, the dressing of the truncated member, etc., may each occasion a momentary anguish. But as to the mere pain of the operation, it is trivial, in comparison with that which an athletic man experiences in the reduction of a dislocated limb, which has been any length of time displaced.

It was a luxation of the thigh. The patient was a remarkably stout man, and bade fair to put in requisition the whole retinue of the hospital.

'Remember. Mr. F——,' said the attending surgeon, on leaving in the morning, 'be careful and have every thing ready—every thing. There must be no delay in seeking instruments while we are [107] engaged with the patient.'

'I had better bleed him, probably?' replied I, inquiringly.

'Yes; an hour or so before twelve; and have him kept in the bath until then.'

I selected a double set of apparatus, consisting of very little else than a good strong block-and-tackle, and some padded buck-skin girths, and soon had them in their proper place in the 'theatre' of operations. This is an apartment of the hospital having very much the appearance of an ordinary theatre, but differing from it in being more especially appropriated to the enactment of tragedies; the play generally consisting in the lively representation of suffering on the part of the patient, and the exhibition of the coolest *nonchalance* by the officiating surgeons. If sometimes enlivened by an interlude between the chief actors and the subs, their sallies are wholly spontaneous, and usually fail to receive that applause which is the customary reward of such improvisations on other boards. The room is small, and ranges of boxes extend on the three sides of an ovoid, to the ceiling, forming an incommodious but commanding observatory for spectators. The pit is separated from the boxes by a thin partition. In this little space, lies the chief difference between the theatre of the hospital and more strictly dramatic edifices. The floor is the stage, on which those weekly representations take place, that seldom fail to draw crowds of students from the neighboring college, during its session; though it is not often that the spectacle of misery, (too purely unpoetical,) draws a tear from the lachrymal sac of the ardent and enthusiastic disciple of Hippocrates.

The audience are, in truth, mostly exceedingly phlegmatic in their manifestations of sympathy. They behold the struggles of a luckless wretch, in the clutches of the veritable Procrustes, who endeavors to make him conform to the measure of his bed, by a few inches of stretching, in the reduction of a luxated thigh, without *apparently* any fellow-feeling for his pitiable situation. They behold one of the lower limbs severed quite up to the hip-joint, and rivulets of blood streaming from the divided vessels of the stump, without a tremor, or a groan, or an exclamation, to evince the simultaneous racking of their own nerves; although it is true, that some youthful spectator will occasionally betray a tendency to *deliquium*, when he is immediately transported to a more kindred atmosphere.

The person to be operated on, was a man of vigorous constitution, and evinced great anxiety to have his body restored to its symmetry, and his limb to its usefulness. Though, as is usual in such cases, the probable severity of the operation, its duration, and the uncertainty of success, were laid before him in their true light, he was firm in his determination to have it done. Poor man! he could not bring himself to believe that there was a possibility of failure; nor did he suspect that, as strong a man as he was in resolution and bodily powers, he would be compelled, before the ceremonials of reduction were gone through with, to cry out, 'Give me some drink, Titinius, as a sick child.' Yet that such should be the case, shows that necessity is stronger than mortal resolution; and the same individual who asks you to reduce his limb, and then bids you cease your harrowing attempts, will in turn rebuke you if you obey his orders, given in the wildness of [108] despair, and the limb thereby remain indissolubly locked in its distorted posture, an enduring monument of his own weakness, and of your culpable pliancy.

The patient was placed in a warm bath, and bled until faint. The object was to make him a sick man, as a preparatory step to rendering him whole. While superintending this necessary process, I hailed the nurse of ward No. 13, whose duty it was to attend to the regulation of the theatre.

'Nurse, have you seen that every thing is in order in the theatre?'

'I just came from there, doctor. I believe nothing is wanting.'

'We still need a bowl or two, and some warm water. You have the key?'

'Oh yes; I always carry the key of the side-doors. I shall not let any of the students in, doctor, until you say the word?'

'It will be as well to keep them out till the surgeons come. You must stand by, as we may want you to lend a hand.'

'There will be some occasion, I think, doctor, if I know any thing about a dislocation. I have been in this house fifteen years, and have seen Dr.—— try——'

'Well, be careful and have every thing ready.'

'Oh, I'll look out, doctor.'

His voice was soon heard at the farther end of the hall, summoning the nurse of one of the neighboring wards—a fellow whom Dr. D—— would have *pronounced* an O'Rang O'Tang, though he was neither an Irishman nor a monkey in appearance.

'I say, No. 14, have you carried that water in yet?'

'No, but I will directly,' replied the subaltern.

'Well, while I'm gone down to the old lady's after some fresh blankets, *take care* and have it done.'

How far this chain of rank extended downward, I can only conjecture. But it is probable that No. 14 did not consider himself the last link, and gave orders in an authoritative tone to one of his *inferiors*, and be d——d to him, to be careful and bring him a pail of water from the pump, while he stood on the steps to arrange his thoughts and shoe-strings.

I stepped down into the apothecary's shop, and procured a couple of drachms of tartar emetic. This I mixed up in a bowl of water, and gave a part of it to the patient, setting the remainder in a convenient place in the theatre. On a side-table, here, was spread out a pocket-case of instruments, containing scissors, scalpels, and every thing else that might be needed on an emergency.

The proper hour having now arrived, the disabled man was taken out of the bath, wrapped in a blanket, and supported into the theatre. On a table, in the centre of the pit, was placed the apparatus for reduction. The patient was extended on it, on his left side, and the young aspirants were called upon to exercise their ingenuity in attaching several silk handkerchiefs above the knee of the dislocated limb, (the right) with a clove-hitch. Surgeons are no sailors; and a knot which a cartman puts a hundred times a day over the front post of his cart, puzzles the juvenile professor exceedingly; and great is the honor bestowed on the fortunate achiever of the exploit. [109] Phrenologists might find, in the retentive faculties of this knot, a desirable subject for investigation. The tighter you draw upon the two ends looped together, the more securely is the limb grasped; and a timber-head-hitch, as it is sometimes called, may be fixed to the tapering extremity of a slippery hacmetack log, and it will hold fast with the gripe of a drowning man, and allow you to drag it, for aught that can be averred to the contrary, half way round the globe. The mystery of this knot, unlike that of Gordian, is in the tying, not in the untying.

A broad belt was next passed along the *os ischium*, and up over the head, where it was fixed by a strong cord to the wall. Another was placed around the middle of the thigh. To the nooses in the end of the handkerchiefs, a small but strong pulley was attached, which was made fast at the

other end to a staple on the side of the partition toward the patient's feet. In this situation, he seemed much as though stretched upon a rack, and waiting the application of the torture from his stern inquisitors; a resemblance which was more than justified in the progress of the operation.

The theatre was pretty well filled with students, and the arena of exhibition itself occupied by a sufficient number of persons either to assist, or to remain inactive spectators. The three chief surgeons stood about the feet of the patient, consulting as to the best mode of proceeding, and occasionally addressing a few words to the expecting patient. The walkers, house-surgeon, and one or two professional men, were arranged in convenient situations to afford aid. The nurse, *par excellence*, was also there, where his sailor-like promptness of hand in managing the rope was all important.

But as the reader does not, perhaps, know what a nurse is, *hospitaliter et male loquendo*, (that is, as applied to males, in hospital dialect,) it is proper that he should be made acquainted with him. I shall therefore peninsulate him briefly in this paragraph.

Nurse!—thy burly form would throw into inextricable confusion all ordinary notions of that soft and womanly occupation. To think of an advertisement like this: 'Wanted a wet-nurse, with a fresh breast of milk,' and of thy applying for it! Thy brachial extremities were far better adapted to embracing a cannon, than clasping an infant. Thou wert six feet three, leaving out the curve in thy shoulders, and wert called Featherbody, as if to show off thy unparalleled muscular development to better advantage. In fine, thy long chin, decisive mouth, nose of good magnitude, well-set eyes, rather superciliary eye-brows, low forehead, and matted hair, were sufficiently characteristic to have made thee remembered, had not thy extraordinary adaptation to thy office (so different from that which most conceive it to be) rendered thee an object of admiration to all who witnessed thy skill and prowess.

The patient thus extended upon the table, the bandages were taken from his arms; the bowl was held, and the flow of blood watched, to catch the first signs of failing strength. The vessel was already beginning to brim, when he sickened and vomited. It was now that the extension was put on. The sturdy, iron-armed nurse seized the stick around which the end of the pulley-rope was wound to give a firmer grasp to the hands, and began slowly and leisurely to bring the [110] convolutions of the cord to a state of tension. His force, not trifling of itself, and now tripled, was not an eighth of it expended when its effects became apparent. The cord began to strain—the belt at the head tightened—the patient was lifted from the table, and became suspended between the two fastenings.

The surgeon, with his left hand upon the patient's ankle, and his right upon the upper end of the thigh-bone, while his knee, elevated by a stool, was placed under that of the *culprit*, as it hung over the end of the table, awaited the escape of the bone from its preternatural position. At the same time, a young Colossus stood upon the table, astride the unfortunate man, ready to lift up his thigh, and apparently tear it from his body, if it would not otherwise yield.

The man's groans now came thick and deep. He begged for a moment's intermission—*rest*, as he emphatically called it; and he never felt the full force of that word before, racked though his limbs had been, repeatedly, by the severest toil. The only consolation which they vouchsafed him, was in terms such as these:

'Do you feel sick—*very* sick?'

'Very.' His face was the picture of an *emesis* in embryo.

''Tis just what we want.'

The distressed man seemed to feel, gutturally, as if he could reject the comfort-drawing conclusion, *ab imo pectore*.

'Would you like to vomit?'

In the fulness of his stomach, he would have answered 'yes,' but restrained himself and his diaphragm after a moment's rumination.

'We don't want you to do that.'

'But I am exceedingly tired—wearied to death.'

'You will be better after it is over, my friend.'

'Give me a drink of water, doctor, for heaven's sake!'

'Take a little of this solution.'

'Do open the doors, and let in some air. I can hardly draw my breath.'

'Oh, never fear but you will breathe long enough.'

'I shall faint.'

'Faint away, and we shall soon have the bone in.'

'Doctor, *I can't stand it*!'

'Then *lay* it, friend,' a favorite expression with one of the distinguished surgeons who officiated on this occasion.

'Wont you loosen these straps, only for a moment, so that I can rest my leg?'

'One minute, my good man,' continued the speaker, while with double vigor he reiterated his

efforts to pry the bone into its cavity; 'bear it a little longer—one minute—there—bear it only a little while longer——'

'O, doctor, you will break my thigh! Doctor—doctor!'

'Don't be alarmed, my man; if I do I will set it again.'

'Let me have that rope!' he exclaimed, as he made violent efforts to spring up and catch the cord that was straining his sinews; efforts ten times more hopeless and unavailing than those of Milton's giant,

'Under the weight of mountains buried deep.'

'There, lie still; you must not exert yourself. Do not try to draw your thigh up; we will take care of that.' Let it go as if you had nothing to do with it. Mr. R——, lift up a little more, as you are a true surgeon.' [111]

'Oh, I shall die!' gasped the cruciated wretch.

'My good friend, you came here to have your thigh put back in its place, and you must be patient. You cannot expect it to be returned without pain.'

'I know; but wait till to-morrow; or let me rest myself for an hour or two, and then I shall feel refreshed, and be better able to bear it.'

'You may go to sleep, if you wish, my good fellow. I should be glad to have you.'

'But he could not well go in stays,' observed one of the walkers, in a low tone, to his neighbor.

'The cord-drawer there should unlace,' replied the other. 'But he resembles an ox triced up to be shod, more than a lady in corsets.'

'That saying is rather too *ox-umorious* for the occasion,' returned the éléve.

'Do you chew tobacco, my friend?' said the chief operator to the almost exhausted patient.

'I haven't chewed any lately,' he groaned.

'So much the better then. Mr. Aster, let me have a little out of your box. There—ah!'

'Here, my good man, take that,' he continued, presenting the grateful boon to the patient. 'Eat it: if you have not been accustomed to chewing, I am in hopes it will make you sick.'

This weed, it is known, produces the most deadly nausea and exhaustion in those not addicted to its use. It is customary to employ it in cases of this nature, where habit does not intervene, to incapacitate the patient for making any voluntary exertion in opposition to the extension, which purpose it answers even better than bleeding.

The occupation temporarily relieved him by changing the current of his thoughts, and he reclined in a state of utter listlessness and *évanouissement*, only interrupted by occasional retchings. The surgeons perceived the favorable opportunity; but the moment a movement was made to seize it, his muscles were on the alert, and it became a struggle between the unaided energies of a desperate man, and the mechanically-exerted force of an equally hardy but less excited opponent.

'Come, be calm, and do not strain so.'

'I can't help it!' The surgeons knew it.

'Whisper to him, Parcels,' said Aster, one of the junior assistants, who made his brightness particularly apparent in perpetrating puns upon the Roman vernacular, 'whisper him, by way of consolation and encouragement,

'Non, si male nunc, et olim
Sic erit.'

'That is, I suppose, 'If you are ill now, it is no sign you will be sick by-and-by.''

'Yes; and nothing could be more inspiring.' [112]

'Poor dog, it is true he is likely to be as much benefitted by that as any thing else; but I will not trifle with his sufferings, even in seeming.'

'*Cur* nodus—why not? What will you do?'

'I will help, and then——'

'Soothe him by mild language. No, let Nature speak out her agony in his cries, and let the surgeon utter his sympathy as best becomes him, and as the welfare of his patient demands.'

'In jests?'

'In imperturbable coolness and decision: or, as you say, in jests; for what is comfort, under these circumstances, but a jest?'

'I think his system will not endure much more,' said Parcels.

'It is possible,' replied the walker.

He was a brave man, and even in this painful situation, he took what was offered him to increase his prostration; he chewed up a cigar, and gulped it down; he drank swallow after swallow of tartar-emetic solution, a most nauseating and relaxing preparation. But still, though deadly sick, the sweat pouring out of his forehead in clear drops, and though seemingly stretched, on this

Procrustean bed, at least three inches beyond his natural stature, his muscles showed no disposition to relinquish their grasp upon the bone. The surgeons again and again exerted all their strength upon the passive and suspended limb, but it was without effect. They spoke a few words to each other, and at length concluded to remit the extension for a few minutes, in order to rest themselves.

It was, indeed, not only necessary for them, but for the man also, whose frame, it was justly feared, would not bear such unremitted torture. He seemed reprieved, in truth, by even the trifling respite that they granted him, and looked at the Herculean tar, (*that was*, before he became a nurse, thinking that his tender forces might be better exerted in the sick-room than on board a ship,) as, in obedience to orders, he walked up toward the slender and elegantly-wrought brass block, with steps that might have been impressed by an infant, which yielded only inch by inch the play that he had been so long and diligently accumulating upon the rope; he regarded him, I say, with a grim satisfaction, not unmixed with a tiger-like expression about the eyes and corners of the mouth, which bespoke any thing but pure and cordial affection.

But far from gaining the so much-coveted disenthralment, to the full of his desires, the cords were only partially slackened, and he was barely allowed to catch a glimpse of that freedom which would have been to him

——'Welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land.'

He might have lain about as much at his ease as Satan on the fiëry plains of ——, when bethinking him of his late discomfiture, and planning new schemes of vengeance.

I had seen many operations and exhibitions; but in none that I assisted at, was I ever so struck with the utter inefficiency of the measures resorted to, which yet seemed all of the most appropriate and potential kind. I knew that there was no fault in the operation, and that every [113] expedient was strictly in accordance with the rules.

'He bears that stretching well,' said Parcels, one of the young éléves. 'The dislocation must be into the ischiatic notch.'

'It is,' replied Berry. 'The thigh should be pulled up more. Rhodes, instead of sending you up there again, to straddle over this poor fellow, we'd better put you at the halyards, and let Featherbody mount the rostrum.'

'It will take nothing less than the devil or a handspike to lift it out. My handkerchief around the upper end of the thigh was a *point d'appui* to the bodies of four mortal surgeons, and served as a pivot to balance two of them on his extremities, and two at his head.'

'Faith, you did resemble Jupiter, weighing the ponderous merits of the adverse parties; and 'long time in even scale the *doctors* hung;' but —— seemed inclined to kick the beam.'

'Do you observe,' said Berry, 'the doctor himself looks a little puzzled? J—— and D—— are no better off. I thought —— would break the femur more than once.'

'That bone is just at this time encased in an impenetrable mail of rigid muscles. If you broke that, you would break an iron bar of equal size,' replied Parcels.

'In truth,' said Berry, 'the relaxing medicines and bleeding seem to have had little effect in weakening them. How much blood did you take, Parcels, before he was brought in?'

'Two pounds.'

'He has lost two here, and I should think he might spare a couple more.'

'Yes, and two more added to them, before the bone would be in its place,' remarked Parcels.

'You have no faith in nauseating mixtures, and debilitating remedies?'

'No. While they apparently reduce the strength, they seem not to take a whit from the power of the muscles to *resist* extension.'

'You will certainly be expelled the church.'

'There is,' continued Parcels,'a kind of galvanism residing in the muscles, which emanates from the brain; and all bodily remedies, while they leave this organ in a state of intense action and excitement, can have no beneficial effect in subduing them.'

'Ego cycnus!' said Aster, in a kind of Latin, which must be taken literally to be understood, 'I swan! this is the most untractable member that ever came under my notice. We shall have to subscribe for a high-heeled boot for the other leg, if we carry this out much farther.'

'Another trial of doctoring, I think, will shortly break off the matter in debate,' observed Berry.

They now for a second time drew him into mid-air. The nurse, who had stood looking on with his hawk's eye, and wiping the sweat from his brow with one hand, while with the other he grappled the end of the pulley-rope, again applied his strength; the blocks drew nearer together; the surgeon, using the disjointed member for a lever, and his knee as a rest, exerted his whole force upon the limb, in one strong effort to pry it out; but it gave not, although it was anticipated that [114] the bone might snap. The assistant upon the table, drawing upward with all his might, endeavored to entice (somewhat as the Irishman *remonstrated*) the upper end from its hiding-place. But it would have been easier, to all appearance, to have raised the world without Archimedes' fulcrum, than to have displaced this little globe from its new socket.

The surgeons regarded each other with evident indecision and inquietude, and began to remit or grow more abrupt in their exertions. The students looked incredulous, and exhibited a disposition to depart. But, resolved not to incur the mortification or disgrace of a failure, if it could be averted by any human means, the operators determined to carry their exertions, in a final attempt, as far as was consistent with the patient's safety. They loosed the bandages from the arms, and gave him an additional dose of the nauseating solution.

In this state of things, a young man leaped cautiously over the partition into the arena, stole his way unnoticed among the surgeons, and approaching the table stealthily, took from it a scalpel, or operating-knife, of large size. With this, passing in front of the man, he suddenly started up with it before his eyes, and seemed ready to plunge it into his body. As he made this gesture, the man roused up, in horror. Although pale from the loss of blood, he blanched still whiter, at this palpable demonstration of a design to slay him.

'It is necessary, my friend,' said the young man, steadily and clearly, 'to cut down to your back-bone, in order to get out the head of the thigh-bone, which is lodged there!'

Who can tell the terror that filled the sufferer's excited imagination, during the utterance of this awful ultimatum! 'The sense of death is most in apprehension;' and in the horror of that moment, he felt with King John:

> 'The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,
> And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail,
> Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
> My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
> Which holds but till thy news be uttered,
> And then all this thou see'st is but a clod!'

The ready éléve now made as if he was about to lay open the bowels of the patient, at a single rash stroke, from the stomach to the hip. Every arm was raised to arrest him; but taken as they were by surprise, he had ample time to execute his purpose. Leaning over and pressing his hand upon the side of the abdomen, he drew the knife rapidly and violently along its naked surface, from one extremity to the other. Then hastily rising, and throwing the knife on the bloody floor, he darted from the midst of the attendants; contriving, in the course of the action, to cover up with a corner of the blanket the work he had committed.

The patient, who had at first struggled, sank back; the spectators ran to his side; the students started from their seats; and *the bone slipped into its place, with an audible 'click!'* They hurriedly drew off the blanket from the patient's body, when lo! there was no wound! They went [115]
up to his side, and endeavored to arouse him from his stupor, and make him sensible that he was not hurt. In this they soon succeeded. The straps, pullies, and bandages were undone, and he was laid at length upon the table.

The young operator had well observed the powerfully depressing effect of fear on the human system, and had been incited to the ingenious expedient just described, by witnessing the obstinacy with which the bone had resisted all the measures for its reduction. In a few days the patient recovered entirely from his fright, and was seen walking about the halls of the hospital.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, ENGLAND.

I.

A YEAR hath lingered through its
round,
Since thou wert with the dead;
And yet my bosom's cureless wound
Still bleeds as then it bled.
All now without is cold and calm;
Yet o'er my heart its healing balm
Oblivion will not shed:
If day beguiles my fond regret,
Night comes—and how can I forget?

II.

For mute are then the sounds of
mirth
I loathe, yet cannot flee;
And thoughts in solitude have birth,
That lead me back to thee.
By day, amid the busy herd,
My soul is like the captive bird
That struggles to be free;
It longs to leave a world unblest,

To 'flee away and be at rest!'

III.

Rest! how, alas! shall mortal dare
  Of rest on earth to dream?
The heritage of ceaseless care
  May better far beseem
The child of grief, the heir of wo;
And what if mutual love may throw
  A joy-imparting beam
On life's wide waste?—'t is quickly
      gone,
And he must wander on—alone!

IV.

It was no charm of face or mien,
  That linked my heart to thee;
For many fairer have I seen,
  And fairer yet may see:
It was a strong though nameless
      spell,
Which seemed with thee alone to
      dwell,
  And this remains to me,
And will remain: thy form is fled,
But this can e'en recall the dead.

V.

Thine image is before me now,
  All angel as thou art;
Thy gentle eye and guileless brow,
  Are graven on my heart;
And when on living forms I gaze,
Mem'ry the one loved form portrays;
  Ah! would it ne'er depart!
And they alone are fair to me,
Who wake a livelier thought of thee.

VI.

Oft, too, the fond familiar sound
  Is present to mine ear;
I seem, when all is hushed around,
  Thy thrilling voice to hear.
Oh! could I dream thou still wert
      nigh,
And turn as if to breathe reply,
  The waking how severe!
When on the sickening soul must
      press
The sense of utter loneliness!

VII.

A year hath pass'd!—another year
  Its wonted round may run;
Yet earth will still be dark and drear,
  As when its course begun.
I would not murmur or repine,
Yet, though a thousand joys were
      mine,
  I still should sigh for ONE;
How could I think of her who died,
And taste of joy from aught beside!

VIII.

Yes, dearest! though that treasured
      love
  Now casts a gloom o'er all,
Thy spirit from its rest above
  I would not yet recall:
My earthly doom thou canst not

share,
And I in solitude must bear
Whate'er may still befal;
But I can share thy home, thy
heaven,
All griefs forgot, all guilt forgiven!

LOVE AND REASON.

[116]

GENTLE Lady! thy smile as the starlight is fair,
And thine eyes are as charming as ever they were;
And thy voice is the same as that love-breathing tone
Which once whispered *my* name in this bower alone;
But since then, that sweet voice, in this bower of
thine,
Hath whispered *another's* as fondly as mine!

You remember the vow which you made me at eve,
When together we swore in one faith to believe;
You remember the stars that looked on from above,
And how sweetly you called them 'the sentries of love!'
Those stars, thou false maiden! were shining that
hour,
When I heard that strange name in this very same
bower!

Perhaps you then thought it a very good game,
To sigh to one lover, till the other one came:
And now I remember, I once heard you own
That you never *could* sit in this bower alone;
'And so I could not,' quoth the maid, with a sneer,
'So I talked to my parrot, as *you* were not here!'

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

NUMBER TWO.

——'Amidst ruins; there to
track
Fall'n states and buried greatness
o'er a land
Which *was* the mightiest in its old
command,
And *is* the loveliest.'

BYRON.

IN our first number, we introduced the reader to the magnificent ruins of a once great and populous city, in the Province of Chiapa, Central America. It was thought, it will be remembered, that a description of the present state of the Palencian metropolis, the character of the people who inhabited it, and the extraordinary arts by which both were distinguished, should precede other facts and conclusions, in relation to the early history of the American continent. Reasons for this will have been apparent, we trust, in the opinions expressed of the peculiarities and great antiquity of the Tultecan people. The advanced state of knowledge to which that people had arrived, at a very remote period of time, and the subsequent connection which will appear to have existed between them and that distinct class of mankind—which, at a much later, yet still very distant date, occupied the great western valleys of the United States—also require of us an early and more particular reference, in again calling attention to the subject under consideration.

A brief notice of one or two of the ancient Palencian edifices, among the few that have come down to us in the form and feature of their primitive greatness, cannot fail to interest the lovers of the antique and the curious:

——'There is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.'

[117]

The principal structure referred to, and with which it has been supposed all the others were connected, in purpose at least, if not by subterranean or other passages, presents a style of architecture resembling the gothic. It is rude, massive, and durable. As a whole, it has an

appearance not unlike that of the ancient Egyptian edifices; still it is peculiar, and differs from all others hitherto known. The world nowhere exhibits the same striking characteristics, among the remains of ancient art and early genius; nor can we trace in any other structures the same peculiarities of arrangement and apparent adaptation. The great permanency of the fourteen stone buildings, standing, even to this late day, sufficiently attest their superior style and workmanship. They are called by the people *Cassas de Piédras*, or stone houses. Buildings of the same kind, now found in other parts of Guatemala and in Yucatan, some of which are of immense size, and of the same architectural style, are similarly named. There seems to be but one general tradition in relation to the character of the people who constructed these great and strong buildings; and we are led to infer from their internal structure and arrangement, as well as from all that can be learned from the traditions of the natives, that the principal ones were erected for like purposes, viz: for temples of worship, and for the residences of kings. The great building at Palenque was undoubtedly built for the former purpose, and occupied, from time immemorial, by numerous priests devoted to religious ceremonies.

'But thou, of temples old or altars new,
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee!'

The entrance to the Palencian temple is on the east side, by a portico more than one hundred feet in length, and nine feet broad. This portico is supported by plain rectangular pillars, without pedestals, fifteen inches in diameter. On these are laid smooth square stones, one foot in thickness, which form an achitrave. These blocks are nearly covered with stucco-work of shields, etc. On each pillar, and running from one to another, rest also plain rectangular blocks of stones, five feet long, and six feet broad. Vestiges of heads, and various other designs in stucco, are discovered on these blocks; and on the internal side, are seen numerous busts, representing, without doubt, a series of kings. Between these, there is a range of windows, along the entire length of the building, some of which are square, and others in the form of the Greek cross. Beyond the corridor, is a square court, which is approached by a series of seventeen steps. The north side of the building, though in ruins, shows very distinctly that it had a corridor and a chamber, like the other three sides. There are four chambers, with two windows on the south side: the east and west sides are alike, except in the devices. On the west side is seen a mask, with a crown, and a long beard, and under these are two Greek crosses. These specimens of workmanship resemble Roman sculpture, particularly that of Jupiter. The mask may be supposed to represent some of the deities worshipped in the temple; and very probably that of *Quetralcoatl*, the god of the air, and a favorite deity, as will hereafter appear.

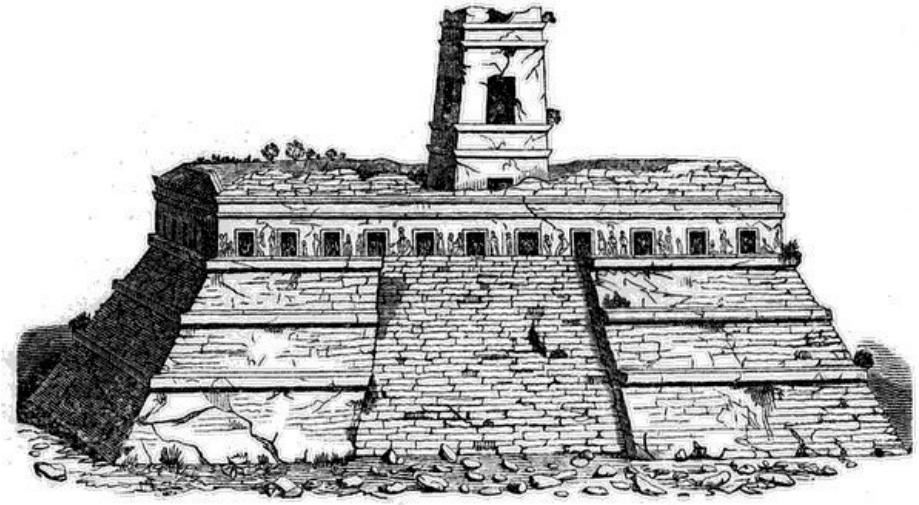
Proceeding forward, we are ushered into another large court, similar in size and appearance to [118]
the last mentioned, having a passage around it. In this are two chambers, and an interior gallery, which looks into a great court-yard on one side, and over the adjacent country, on the other. Pillars adorn the gallery, on either side, exhibiting numerous and ingenious specimens of sculptured art. The purposes to which it was devoted, are satisfactorily explained by the character of the designs here represented; and, like all the other apartments, it may be presumed to have had a distinct and peculiar use. None, however, would seem to have had a more melancholy appropriation. Though the character of this people was mild and peaceful, yet it can hardly be supposed that, in the earliest conditions of human society, some rude and barbarous customs should not have prevailed. As with individual character, all improvements in the manners and customs of a people must be the result of experience. Hence the disgust which we feel in view of the practices of many ancient nations is not always a just estimate of the real character of that people; for they may not be more abhorrent to us, than our own may appear to those of succeeding ages. It will be understood that we allude to human sacrifices. There are, in fact, in this gallery, numerous relievos, which are supposed to represent sacrifices of the people, or of their enemies, to the manes of their favorite deities. Some of these, with others of the finest specimens of sculpture found in the building, have been mutilated or removed, and afterward conveyed to Spain, where, in all probability, they will prove of little advantage to antiquarian literature.

In the large open court before mentioned, within the centre of the temple, there is a high tower, now having four stories, to which there was, in ages past, a fifth, surmounted by a cupola; all making in height from sixty to seventy feet. The design and execution of this tower indicate great skill and ingenuity. Within it was another, having windows facing those in the exterior tower, which were intended to afford light to a series of steps leading to the top. The interior tower was plain, while the outer one was in a true and tasteful style of architecture. The principal entrance to these sacred and lofty structures, is on the north side, but the passages to both towers are now entirely filled up by fallen rubbish of stones, gravel, etc. On the south side of the building, and behind four small chambers, are two very large apartments, supposed to have been used as oratorios. These are richly ornamented, with figures in stucco, some of which are beautifully enamelled. In these rooms are numerous statues, placed along their sides, and also several Grecian heads, which were, undoubtedly, of a sacred character. They were variously ornamented with strings of jewels, which had been offered them, it may be supposed, by the people in their devotional exercises. Behind these oratorios, are still two other apartments, each of which is eighty feet in length, and nine in width, extending from north to south. Here was discovered one of the most singular and perfect specimens of sculpture yet found among the ruins of this vast city. It was one of the people's gods astride an animal. From the drawing taken of this, it is unquestionably an admirably-executed relic. The proportions are most perfect throughout, and [119]
indicative of a knowledge of the art, vastly superior to that of any ancient barbarous nation. The origin of this knowledge we are at a loss to conjecture. The animal is descriptive of the American

lion, which was less powerful than either the African or Asiatic, and without a mane. The same animal is represented in some of the other apartments. From the position of the idol, it is inferred that it was worshipped as a river-god, as with the Hindoos. Indeed, in referring hereafter to the probable origin of these arts, it will be seen that similar deities were worshipped by the latter people. Analogous arts and customs will also be traced to various other nations. One of these apartments contains an elliptical stone, inserted in the wall, below which there is a plain rectangular block of stone, six feet in length, three in breadth, and seven inches thick, standing upon four feet, in the form of a table, with bas-relief figures supporting it. Numerous characters, or symbols, adorn the edges of this table, all of which had, without doubt, a significant meaning; but all knowledge of that meaning, which might now be turned to a good account, in deciphering the character and customs of the ancient occupants of this singular temple, is entirely lost; and, unless some fortunate discovery should be made, will ever remain uninterpreted. The various other hieroglyphics and symbolical designs will also, we fear, continue to be a sealed book to the antiquarian.

At the end of one of these apartments, is an opening through the stone pavement, six feet long and three broad, conducting, by a flight of stone steps, to extensive subterranean apartments. These steps have, at regular intervals, large flat landings, in each of which are openings or doorways, to other and continuous ranges of stone steps. All of these landings were curiously ornamented with sculpture work. There were several other avenues to this principal underground passage, most of which were blocked up by crumbling fragments. It is however possible, that these avenues may lead to other apartments, or, not improbably, to the other and neighboring buildings; a fact strongly suspected, both from the use to which the subterranean apartments were appropriated, and the character of their occupants. At the second landing and doorway, torch-light is required, after which the regular stairways conduct, by a gradual descent, to the great subterranean rooms. From each landing, the explorer turns to the succeeding flight of steps, until he arrives within the gloomy chambers below, to which he is admitted by a large stone door. The first room is one hundred and ninety-two feet in length! Beyond this is another chamber, of the same dimensions, which looks toward the south, by means of windows, commanding a corridor running to the extreme of the building. In these rooms are found plain horizontal stones, seven and a half feet long, by three feet three inches wide, standing upon four wrought pedestals, about two feet from the ground. These are portioned off in the form of alcoves; and hence are supposed to have been used by the priests of the temple as places for sleeping.

The accompanying outline illustration of this temple is a hasty sketch of the side partly in ruins, and is intended to show, to the best advantage, the form and general appearance of the exterior. We have by us a ground-plan, or diagram of the internal structure, which may be given on [120] another occasion. This view will be seen to present the upper portion of the most curious and important structure yet discovered, viz., the tower, where it is supposed were preserved, with great care and veneration, the ashes of the Tultecan kings. Attempts to reach parts of these singular structures (for there were two, one within the other,) were unavailing. The avenue leading within the internal one, to the summit, is now blocked up by broken fragments and earth. Trees are to be seen growing firmly upon the towers. The entrance was on the north side, but this is now filled with heaps of rubbish. This tower exhibits far more ingenuity and good taste, than any thing yet remaining of the Tultecan buildings. Another drawing, which represents the entire external tower, with trees standing upon various projecting parts, is in course of execution.



Leaving this edifice, with the present slight description, and proceeding southerly to another, standing on an eminence one hundred and twenty feet high, the same massive and peculiar style of architecture is observed. This building is in the form of a parallelogram. It has square pillars, an exterior gallery, and a saloon sixty feet long, by ten and a half broad. This room has a large frontispiece, on which are executed, in stucco relief, female figures, with children in their arms, all of the natural size, but without heads! On each side of the doors leading to the gallery, and on each wall, there are three stones, nine feet in height, and three feet broad, all of which are covered with bas-relief and hieroglyphic figures. None of these ingeniously-executed specimens of art afford a solitary ray of light by which to arrive at their meaning, and a better knowledge of the people by whom they were executed. The gallery is paved throughout with smooth and well-

fitted stones. Parts of the building are in ruins; and, in proceeding from it, masses of other ruins are seen; which lead to the conclusion that they are the remains of edifices once connected with it.

Passing on a short distance, in a southerly direction, through a small valley, another building is entered by a flight of steps leading to a gallery and a saloon, similar to those we have noticed in [121] the other edifices. At the door of this saloon, are to be seen numerous allegorical ornaments, in stucco work, which, like the others, surprise us by their curious and grotesque character, but which yield us no additional information in regard to their origin or design. At the east of this building, three others are discovered, situated on high triangular mounds. These are small, and nearly square, being fifty-four feet long, by thirty-three feet broad. They present the same antique style of architecture, but have roofings, or turrets, covered with various ornaments and devices, in stucco. One of these has a gallery, much decayed, at the end of which is a saloon, with a chamber at each extremity. In the centre of the saloon is an oratory, nine feet square, with a stone at each entrance, having upon it a bas-relief figure of a man in full length. Other curious figures are to be seen on various stones in this room. The stone pavement is smooth, and admirably matched. This being perforated, and a hole made about eighteen inches in diameter, a round earthen vessel was discovered, one foot in size, cemented to another of the same dimension and quality. Pursuing the excavation, a circular stone was met with, which, on removal, presented a circular cavity containing a *lance*, made of flint, two small pyramids, and the figure of a *heart*, made of crystallized stone, called by the natives *challa*. Two other small jars, with covers, were found, containing a ball of vermilion, etc. Near the entrance to this oratory, in another cavity, was also discovered small jars, with similar contents. It is presumed that this place was devoted to the remains and memorials of heroes, and those who had distinguished themselves in the public service, and that the bas-reliefs and inscriptions were intended to commemorate their names and exploits. These relics, so securely deposited beneath the stone pavement, whether private relics of individuals, or supposed to have been possessed of some remarkable properties, sufficiently prove, by the situation in which they were found, that they were held sacred by the people, or the priests of the temples.

Two other buildings, examined, have the same architectural character, and are divided in a similar manner, the bas-reliefs only being different. In one of these, and under the stone pavement of an oratory, were found the same flint, lance, conical pyramids, heart, and jars; and in another was also found articles of the same character, which, with various bas-reliefs, etc., were removed. It has been thought, from some similarity in the workmanship of these fragments of art to those of the Phœnicians, Greeks, and Romans, that they were derived from the people of those nations. The same analogous character has been remarked in the various specimens of art found elsewhere in this once renowned city, as we shall have occasion to show, in speaking of the stupendous aqueducts, fortifications, etc., to be seen in various other parts of this once populous place.

In digging near these buildings, a great variety of other articles were found, which, with specimens of bricks, mortar, etc., have been removed. The remainder of the fourteen edifices do not differ materially from those described; while some of them, as may be imagined, have suffered much from the effects of time, and are now crumbling amid the sea of ruins. Why, indeed, these have baffled the effects of untold ages, and come down to us as trophies of human [122] art, while far and near is only to be seen a general wreck of matter, it is impossible to say. The probability that they were erected and used for sacred purposes, may afford us reasonable grounds for the inference, that they were either more securely built, or that, if the causes which depopulated this vast city, arose from the ravages of a victorious enemy, their hallowed character preserved them from the hand of the spoiler. Time, and the researches of the anxious antiquarian, may disclose the causes which stripped the city of its splendor, and of its innumerable inhabitants; a circumstance much to be desired by the curious and the learned. This inquiry, in fact, is the first that suggests itself to the reader, or the observer. What could have swept so many human beings from this immensely populous city? Was it some fatal pestilence, that suddenly blotted from existence two millions of people? Did some awful convulsion of nature crush, by one overwhelming shock, all the magnificent fabrics that, for sixty miles around, adorned the plain? Or did some rude and exasperated foe, of countless numbers, fall upon the devoted city, exterminate its population, and lay its beauty and greatness in undistinguishable ruins? These are questions which naturally and irresistibly present themselves at this view of our subject; but they are those to which no satisfactory solution can yet be given. From some data within our reach, there are afforded reasons for concluding, that a fearful and destructive pestilence once devastated this fair land, and swept off its previously happy inhabitants by one common death; while there are others, said to be derived from an authentic source—the records of the people themselves, preserved from the general wreck of arts, and inscribed upon tablets—which go to prove that a great proportion of the people were destroyed by the most painful and wretched of deaths, *famine*. The latter, we are of the opinion, has the better claim to truth. There are also reasons for believing, that a neighboring enemy, powerful and barbarous, rushed down upon this quiet people from the north, and drove them from their magnificent city. Of the inhabitants of this wild and savage nation, who, like the Goths and Vandals in overrunning the south of Europe, came rushing upon southern cultivated plains—as in all ages of the world they are found to have done—we shall also have occasion to speak more at length. Like the people of other remote nations, it will be seen, likewise, that the most desperate and bloody struggles were here carried on, the particulars of which are preserved; and, not being generally known, will be found to possess deep interest, and to be in no respect behind those recorded of the most extraordinary of ancient eastern nations. The interest of these particulars will be much enhanced,

by the connections which may be traced between the original inhabitants of the United States and those of Central America. Whether the Palencians themselves were ever engaged in deadly strife with northern barbarous people, save, perhaps, on the occasion of their being suddenly driven from their great city, remains a matter of doubt. This is considered improbable, however, from the fact that no warlike implement has yet been discovered among the ruins of the Tultecan city. And a very extraordinary fact it is, that this people had no knowledge of the use of iron; nor [123] had they for mechanical, domestic, or warlike purposes, a solitary iron implement! The question, we are aware, will immediately suggest itself: 'How, then, did these people rear those mighty superstructures—ay, even a whole city, surpassing all others in extent, and that, too, of hewn stone, admirably fitted throughout—if they had no knowledge of iron tools?' Such was, nevertheless, the fact. The people to whom we refer, as having been engaged with surrounding nations, in long and destructive warfare, were the descendants of the primitive Tultecans, or those of their successors, the Aztiques, while the most ancient occupants of this continent, the ingenious builders of, and quiet residents within, the Palencian city, were insulated, for ages, from all other people of the earth.

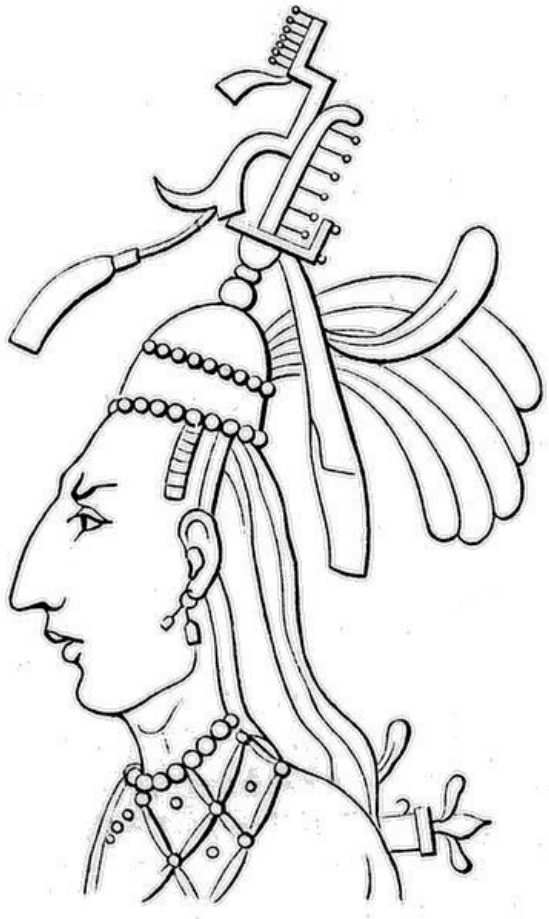
The first narrative of observations made among the ruins at Palenque, to which we have referred, were mysteriously withheld from the public for nearly forty years. After having been written out by the explorer, in conformity with public orders, it can only be supposed that the extraordinary facts communicated by him exceeded belief, or that, if thought true, and they should be made public, they would induce visits from strangers which might be annoying to the Spanish authorities. Visitants from foreign countries would thus become acquainted with the internal policy, the tyrannical misrule of the government over the virtuous natives, and with the natural resources of their rich and extensive country. For these, or other reasons past conjecture, the description of the ruined city was suppressed; and it remained secreted in a convent at Guatemala, from 1786 to 1822, when, after the revolution in that ill-fated country, it was discovered thus hidden, by a foreign traveller, taken to London and published in the above last-mentioned year. Copies of this work have for many years been extremely scarce in London. To the particulars there made known were added an ingenious and learned treatise by a distinguished Catholic priest upon the origin of the Tultecan people, with many other highly interesting facts and speculations connected therewith.

This subject has since received enthusiastic attention from several individuals, whose names have been mentioned. It was from having been employed to engrave the illustrations of the above work, that Waldrick, the most indefatigable of them all, was induced to cross the Atlantic for the purpose of visiting the ruins himself. Particulars respecting the adventures and researches of this devoted man, during twelve years' seclusion among the ruins; the base and outrageous robbery committed upon him, 'by order of the Mexican government,' in wresting from his possession all the valuable drawings that he had been for years employed in making; together with other facts and illustrations collected by other adventurous inquirers; the records of the arts, the singular dresses, hieroglyphics, symbols, and particularly the great Teöculi, and other immense structures, will follow, in order of time and place.

> 'Ages and realms are crowded on this span,
> This mountain, whose obliterated plan
> The pyramids of ages pinnacled.'

From the hasty sketch here given of these remarkable people and their structures, it will be seen, [124] that comparatively little attention was given to them by the Spanish government, or their agents. This is justly attributable to the well-known suspicion and habitual indolence of both the authorities and their subjects, either of which, on a topic like this, stamps them with disgrace, in the opinion of all enlightened men. The government itself seems not to have been satisfied with the account given of these extensive ruins by Del Rio; for, in 1805, Charles V. despatched a Captain Dupaix on the same duties; since which, two other voyages have been undertaken, by the same enterprising explorer, for the like purpose; and now, the accounts of this individual constitute the best we have of the ancient Palencian city. They were published in France about a year since, and form, with the accompanying splendid illustrations, an expensive and voluminous work. It was from this work that Lord Kingsbury gleaned the materials for his still more costly, but, it need not be said, less valuable, work. The sole effort of the noble lord, in this ponderous treatise, is to prove that the people of whom we have been speaking, were none other than the *nine-and-a-half lost tribes of the house of Israel*; an effort contributing as little to truth as it does to the establishment of his absurd theory. It will appear a matter of surprise, to every impartial inquirer, and to those at all acquainted with the facts in the case, that such an opinion has been endorsed by others: but it might be stated, that the character, not less than the expense, of the book in question, will effectually preclude it from general perusal. We shall elsewhere state the curious facts on which this theory is based; one of which, we may remark, *en passent*, is, that the temple, of which we have given a partial description, closely resembles the far-famed temple of Solomon, a fact which, though not denied, proves nothing, abstractly. Reasons exist why this isolated truth cannot be made available in a hypothesis so plainly opposed to the first principles of physiology, not to say probability. Whatever theory men may devise, to account for the origin of the Tultecans—and there have been others not less crude and chimerical than this—it is philosophically true, that they differed from all others in those distinguishing characteristics which have ever been assumed as the criteria of distinct species of men. The accompanying representation, which is an exact copy, shows in a striking manner the peculiar form of the Tultecan head, and the curious symbolical designs with which they are generally ornamented. The peculiar physiognomy of this people is not less forcibly delineated in the drawing. Both the

characteristic conformation of the head and facial outline is preserved in all the specimens of sculpture hitherto found. In connection with the Tultecan peculiarities alluded to, those of their dress were not less remarkable. These, if we except perhaps the sandals worn on their feet, exhibit a strange combination of splendor, ingenuity, and oddness. So unlike were they to those of any other nation, that we can perceive no reason for supposing them derived from any prëexistent people. They were so designed and executed, as to represent the most notable data in individual and national history. This may be seen in the form and embellishments of their dress, as sculptured, and evidently described by phonetic characters, upon the various tablets found [125] among the ruins of Tulteca. Curiously interwoven, and yet highly ornamental, are the personal achievements, civil records, and religious faith, supposed to appear in the paraphernalia of their habiliments; and these are observable in the head-dress represented below. Some, however, were much more complicated, and when exhibited on solemn religious occasions, as at the great annual ceremony on the plains of Cholula, in all the varieties of form and gorgeousness of coloring, and, as it is supposed, by millions of people at once, presented, altogether, the most grand and imposing spectacle the world has ever witnessed.



It may in truth be affirmed, that in no people have distinctive characteristics been more apparent, and more clearly defined. For the present, therefore, they must stand by themselves as a part of the human family; and they should be treated as a distinct and peculiar race of men. This fact gives to our subject, as before remarked, a romantic and unique character. Finding this people, as we do, so far advanced in a knowledge of the useful and ornamental arts as to preclude any rational inferences in respect to their derivation from previously extant people, and so completely and so widely detached, in a geographical point of view, from all other nations, bearing resemblance in their arts, their social institutions, and in many striking physical peculiarities, as to afford no plausible theory by which to trace their oriental connections, we are left entirely disenthralled from speculative opinions; and, hereafter, we may be allowed to dwell upon novel and animating truths, without being warped by prejudice, or swayed by conjecture.

VIVE LA BAGATELLE.

[126]

I LIKE not your care and sorrow,
Care to-day and care to-morrow;
I like not your brows of sadness—
Give me rather tones of gladness;
A heart where laughter loves to
dwell,
Exclaiming, 'Vive la Bagatelle!'

What is fame?—an empty bubble,
Nothing worth, though earned with

trouble;
What are riches?—can mines of
wealth
Buy happiness—contentment—
health?
Nor fame nor riches own a spell,
To wean me from 'La Bagatelle!'

There is a time for every doing,
A time for working and for wooing;
A time when we can all be gay,
Cheat Sadness of her hoped-for prey,
Lock monkish Sorrow in his cell,
And hey! for 'Vive la Bagatelle!'

Then live the dance, and live the
song,
And live Joy's gay and happy throng;
Then live the laugh, the joke, the pun
—
Live frolic, fancy, sport and fun;
And let their song in chorus swell,
Its burthen, 'Vive la Bagatelle!'

LE CHANSONNIER.

THE BACKWOODS.

NUMBER ONE.

JUBA.

READER, were you ever in Carolina?—in that part, I mean, where the long, swelling range of the Blue Ridge begins to decline gradually to the fair and fertile plain, '*et molli se subducere clivo*?' I shall take it for granted you have not, and do most earnestly recommend you (if you be not prejudiced with tales of fevers dire, which attack only the stranger,) to wend your way thither, if practicable, the ensuing season. Have you been cramped over the counting-house desk till your frame pines for purer air? Seek the mountains; inhale the balmy and bracing breeze from our thousand wood-capped hills; and thank heaven that the air is free. Have you moved in the monotonous and mill-horse round of city life, either in its high or its low dissipation and frivolity, till your heart is sick within you at its hollowness and vanity? There shall you see men of Nature's own make, not starched into a precise formality, nor with souls and limbs alike fettered with artificial restraint, but with nerves, and elastic frames, that do credit to their 'raising,' with quick feeling and buoyant hopes sparkling in their eyes; in a word, Backwoodsmen. Perhaps you may see an individual of the half-horse, half-alligator tribe; but the species is nearly extinct, and physiologists will soon reckon them among the Megatheria of past ages—the Hipposaurus of America. [127]

If pure air, glorious scenery, deep woods, the sports and pleasures of forest, field, and fell, and the assurance of full welcome, allure you not, I consign you, *sans replevin*, to Dyspepsia, the city demon, and leave you heartless, hopeless, stomachless, to all the horrors of indigestion.

'T was summer; not this summer, nor last summer, but the first of June, 177-.

The sun, robed in a mantle of crimson cloud, had risen some hour or more over the high hills which branch off from Table Rock. Their round and undulating tops were fast changing from azure to purple, as the light fell gradually upon them, while here and there some massy pine, standing single from his fellows, his dark form in bold relief against the glowing and gorgeous sky, seemed champion of his race, tossing defiance from his waving and mighty limbs. The glorious tint of a southern heaven, liquid and pure, spread in its intensity of hue over the wild and magnificent scenery of the distant landscape. The far summits of lofty mountains, whose rough peaks were dimmed by distance, running in long succession from the north-east, and suddenly breaking in the square and precipitous outline of Table Rock, formed the back-ground of the picture. From the back and sides of these swelling ridges, the land fell gradually in a series of hillocks, some crowned with the primeval forest, as yet untouched by the axe of the settler, some clothed with the verdure of the rising crop, and declining into deep and peaceful valleys, through which the wild mountain streams, girt with a fringe of green, rushed to the lowlands.

On one of the most beautiful of these green knolls stood, at the time of our story, the family residence of Charles Edwards. Embowered, as is the custom of the country, in the verdant embrace of wide-spreading trees, saved from the destruction of their companions of the forest, its white walls and wide piazzas gleamed through their screen, and the bright rays of the sun, reflected from the upper windows, sparkled like fire through the shade. In front of the mansion, a long and broad avenue, composed of the magnolia, pride of our woods, and the white-limbed sycamore, extended to the main road, which passed at some distance from the house.

The free mountain breeze stirred the dark green and varnished leaves, and bore away the powerful perfume of the magnolia, sighing the while among the foliage, as loath to leave so sweet a resting-place. The wild carol of the happy birds came in rich melody upon the listening ear; all was full of a deep and quiet joy; and nothing marred the tranquillity of the scene.

Suddenly, far down in the vale, through which the road wound upward to the hills, rose the notes of a bugle, faint in the distance; borne slowly by, upon the light wind, they faded away in indistinct melody. Again it rang more clear, and soon the full power of the blast passed by, awakening the mountain echoes, which repeated its brilliant tones far in their deep recesses; then the heavy and rolling sound which precedes the approach of cavalry, broke upon the ear, like the muttered growl of the gathering thunder before a storm; while at times the sharp clash of [128]
steel scabbard and stirrup, and the ring of bridle bit and chain, as the impatient steeds tossed their proud heads, came nearer and more near. The troop was still concealed by the deep copse that bordered the road; but as they wheeled into the avenue, the sunlight flashed on polished helmets and glittering equipments, and the whole air was stirred by their martial music.

At a rapid pace they advanced upon the house, and filing through the gate, divided into two parties, one of which surrounded the house and the other the 'quarter' where the negroes had their dwellings, to provide against escape. After the usual orders had been given, as to the disposition of sentinels, and the hasty refreshment of men and horses, the officers advanced to the house, and with repeated knocking, demanded admission.

Here we will leave them for awhile, and betake ourselves to better company.

Charles Edwards was the descendant of a family which early settled in the province, and had long possessed the lands on which he himself lived. His father, who died long ere the seeds of disturbance in these colonies had begun their rapid and stormy growth, was devotedly loyal to his king, had held high office under the crown, and thoroughly imbued his son in his own principles. The more effectually to insure his attachment to the mother land, he was early sent there to be educated, and in the time-honored halls of loyal Oxford, Charles received those impressions which are so apt to be our guides in future life. But he also there learned the birth-right of an English subject, and the correlative duties of a government. He had returned to America, and held high rank in the judiciary, until a few years before the revolution. He had married, and was the father of a son and daughter.

The times which tried men's souls came on, and severe as the struggle was, to rend from his heart-strings all that he had most venerated, he failed not to do it. He gave himself to his suffering country; he cast his all into the scale; and though infirmities prevented him from personally engaging in her cause, his advice and counsel were not wanting. He had sent his son, a noble youth of twenty, to join Sumpter, with such hardy spirits as would follow him, and himself retired to his family mansion, to rouse the western mountaineers.

His daughter—Maria Edwards—how can I describe her? I have seen faces more delicately fair, but never one so calculated to express the varying emotions of the soul. The eye that now slumbered under that dark and beautifully-pencilled brow, and now instinct with life and spirit, flashed with sudden light, how beautiful it was! at one time awing by its deep and pure tranquillity, at another, startling by its brilliancy. Why should I try so vain a task, as to note down the items of that spiritual loveliness which one may feel but not portray? Do you, most imaginative reader, spare me the pains of so futile an attempt; recall to your memory the vision of her who once shone in your eyes the polar star of your affections; the rich and perfect form [129]
that glided before you in your moments of purest and holiest feeling, while your rapt sight rested entranced upon her every motion, and your head was dizzy with excess of loveliness, and your full soul throbbed in your bounding pulses, as you followed the object of your idolatry. The eye, which beamed upon you with insufferable light, the brightness of whose glance was your life, and which, when it fell upon you, thrilled through blood and bone. The hand, whose light and fairy touch could bind you more strongly than that of a giant, and whose gentle pressure was more to you than all the world beside; the fair, calm brow, on whose polished surface heaven had set the impress of its own purity and innocence. Does memory recall such a being? Such, but more spiritually beautiful, was Maria Edwards. Such she was, worthy to be daughter, sister, bride, of the men of olden times. She was indeed qualified to rouse the sleeping spirit of chivalry into action—into deep, firm, and unchanging devotedness to the cause of truth and principle. Startled from a prophetic reverie of the future independence of her country, by the rude clamor and clash of steel without, she at once comprehended the horror of her situation. Her father, her idolized father, had long been the object of suspicion to the invaders, and nothing but the danger of sending a detachment into the neighborhood of the mountain fastnesses, had prevented him from being long since a prisoner; but now, after the defeat of Sumpter, at Hanging Rock, they deemed the spirit of the country broken. Now the hour of peril was come, and that fair girl braced herself to do and dare. The rich color passed from her face, but resolution enthroned itself on that high, pale brow. She descended calmly to the room where her parents were, and found her mother, with more of woman in her composition, clinging in wild terror to the arms of her husband. Fear knew no place in Mr. Edwards's mind, but the sight of his weeping and fainting wife, as she hung upon him in despair, well nigh unmanned him.

Maria gently unclasped her mother's hand, and twining her own fond arms around her, whispered, 'Mother, if you love my father, let him prepare himself for this emergency.' She felt the appeal, and with a violent effort, subduing her emotion, permitted him to leave the room,

though her tearful and straining eyes followed his retreating form with an ardent gaze. Mr. Edwards turned, as he reached the door, for one more look, and for a moment stood irresolute; but the violent knocking without, roused him into action. As he turned away, the clear, calm voice of his daughter thrilled on his ear: 'Remember, my father, you have a name, a country, and a God!' 'I do, I will!' was his energetic reply, as he ordered the servant to open the door, which now rang with redoubled blows.

It opened, and the venerable form and silver hair of the old man stood in strong contrast with the inflamed features and violent gestures of the officer who commanded the party. Violent and ruthless as he was, he retreated with involuntary respect; but soon recovering his roughness of manner, he demanded why an officer of the king was forced to stand so long before the door of his subject.

'I thank heaven, Sir,' said Mr. Edwards, 'that *your* King has few subjects here, and among those few, you are much mistaken if you number me. You are the first, Sir, who has ever had occasion [130] to impeach the hospitality of my house; the first whom I could not heartily bid welcome.'

'Tis very well, Sir,' replied Captain G——, 'but, by Heaven! I carry with me the means of making myself at home, and scorn to accept as a favor the forced hospitality of a hoary and ungrateful traitor, when I can command it as my due. As long as rebellion finds a place in this land, I am at free quarters. You, Sir, and your treasonable practices, are well known; and you will prepare yourself to accompany me, within this hour, to meet the doom of a traitor.'

'Show me your warrant, even from your illegal authorities, if indeed you cover your violence under the pretence of law.'

'Here is one warrant,' said the officer, touching his sword, 'and there are fifty more without, if you wish to see them.'

'A most convincing authority, Sir, and one which, as I cannot resist, I must yield to. A few minutes to prepare, and then——'

'Well, Sir, yourself and family must be ready within an hour. Collins, let the men dismount, and take care of their horses; and hark ye, put careful fellows round the house, and see if you can get any of the dark skins to join you. Promise freedom, you know, and all that; and when we get to head quarters, we will see about a shipment to Jamaica. Do you hear me, Sir?

'Yes, please your honor,' said the orderly; 'but we have tried the niggers every way, and they won't join; they say they'd rather stay in their sarvitude.'

And such was the fact. To the slaves of the southern states, the British, as a master-stroke of policy, offered their freedom. Many accepted it, joined the army, and were regularly 'divisioned' off to the West Indies, there, in the sugar plantations, to find their boasted liberty. But by far the greater number preferred their old and kind masters, and stood by them to the last. Such were the negroes on Mr. Edwards's estate, many of whom would have given their lives freely for their master, and their adored 'young missis.'

When Mr. Edwards communicated to his wife and daughter the order for their immediate departure, the one received it with tearful resignation and joy, that in weal or wo they were not to be divided, the other, with a high determination to let nothing pass which gave hope of relief. Suddenly it burst upon her mind that Sumpter could not be far off, though of late he had been concealed, she knew not where. She determined to communicate with him, well knowing that his acquaintance with the country would enable him to intercept the troop, ere they could return to camp.

In order to effect her purpose, she called Juba, her father's known and trusty servant, who had watched over her brother's boyish footsteps, and was heart and soul devoted to the family. To him she unfolded the necessity of immediate communication, with her brother, and leaving it to his ingenuity to devise a way of escape, hastened him on his journey. The poor fellow had come into the room with deep sorrow depicted on his swarthy lineaments; but as his mistress sketched her plan, and showed him how much she depended on his shrewdness and faithful attachment, his dark face rapidly changed to a joyous and happy expression, and the tears rolled down, as he [131] vowed never to cease his exertions till his master's family were once more safe.

His first attempt to glide off unperceived, was frustrated by the sentinels, who, with presented arms, bade him stand back. He then returned to the house, and taking on his head a large water-bucket, proceeded, carelessly whistling, to a spring on the edge of the cleared land. It was situated near the crest of a small hill, which, though open and cleared upon one side, was upon the other covered with forest, interlaced with the thousand wild vines and thick bushes which form the undergrowth of our woods. Here, too, a sentinel had been placed, and our friend Juba advanced dancing up the ascent, swaying his body to preserve his equilibrium. The sharp challenge of the sentry, enforced by the rattle of his musket, as it was thrown up to his shoulder, warned him to stand.

Ki! massa; dont shoot poor nigger, Sà;' and he recoiled in well-acted fear. The soldier, laughing at the effect of his order, called to him: 'Well, my dark beauty, what are you at now? You can't pass here.'

'No, Sà; on'y want lilly water, Sà, for the buckra won't drink none, Sà, but from dis 'ere spring?'

'Oh, well, if that's all, come, and fill your tub, there; and be quick, d' ye hear?'

Juba soon filled his tub, and apparently struggled to lift it, but failing to do so, applied very respectfully to the good-natured soldier to help him. This he readily consented to do; and holding

his firelock in one hand, and grasping the handle of the tub with the other, raised it to the height of his shoulder. This was what the wily Juba wanted; and rapidly turning the whole contents over the dragoon, he saluted him with the bottom of the tub upon his head, with such force as to drive out the boards, and leave the hoops and staves dangling round his neck, a new order of merit; and then gaining the woods, by a succession of rapid bounds, he sped away with the quick and light steps of the mountain deer. The soldier, who was somewhat staggered by the blow, rapidly recovering his carbine and presence of mind, pulled trigger on him before he reached the covert. But the powder, thoroughly wetted, refused to ignite; and before he could re-prime, Juba was far out of reach and sight. 'Well,' said the Englishman, 'here's a pretty go! I may as well fire, though, and when the guard comes out, make the best of my story. The cursed cucumber-shinned rascal! How his bandy legs twinkled, as he ran!'

Upon the discharge of his piece, he was immediately relieved, and conducted to the captain, who, after many an oath, ordered to sound to horse instantly, and make the best of their way back. The prisoners were placed in the centre, the files formed, and at a rapid trot they entered on the long, rough, and mazy road by which they came. To one alive to the beauty of forest and mountain scenery, every part was in the highest degree interesting. Here, they passed along the side of the mountain, bearded and rough with pine and cedar; there, in the deep declivity, welled calmly out the clear and peaceful stream, which, after its tossing and troubled course down its rocky bed, seemed glad to be at rest. The sighing of the wind among the tree tops, and the indescribable [132] murmur which proceeds from a deep forest, even when the winds are at peace, grew more full and loud, as the wild breeze increased, waving aside the lofty and matted branches, and startling the sombre retreats of the dark woods with rare glimpses of sunshine. Now and then the antlered deer bounded from the thicket, and clearing the road with high and curving leap, noiselessly glanced away on the mountain side; or the black snake, the racer of his tribe, roused from his basking in the sun, rapidly wound his way among the dry and rustling leaves, his brilliant eye flashing and beaming in his swift and tortuous course. Here the creeper of the southern woods, having mastered, in its parasitic grasp, some tall and stately tree, flung out its crimson, trumpet-shaped flowers, and fantastic drapery, across the rough path. All was hushed in noon-day silence, save the occasional note of the mocking-bird in the wild jessamine, or the harsh cream of the lordly and lonely eagle, as he circled, on broad vans, high in the quiet air.

The party had just descended into one of the verdant dells which issued from the mountain side, and the leading files gradually mounted the ascent. The officer in advance turned in his saddle, raised his arm, and was about to speak, when the sharp crack of a rifle rang upon the silence. He struggled a moment to retain his seat, but vainly, and fell to the earth, with a deep groan. His followers fell back, and watched in anxiety the spot from which the report had come. Captain G ——, who by no means wanted courage, instantly ordered them to unsling their carbines, and fire upon the first suspicious movement. Some seconds passed by in perfect stillness, when a slight rustling in the brushwood drew the attention of the troopers; but ere they could come to a 'present,' again, from the top of the bank, streamed the deadly shot of the backwoods rifle; and as the slight smoke cleared away, the vacant saddles and bloody forms below, told of their dreadful accuracy of aim.

'First and second files! to the front! charge!' shouted the captain. 'On them, my boys! Give them your carbines, and then cold steel!'

The brave fellows dashed forward, under cover of their own fire, and spurred for a close encounter, knowing well that their only hope was to dislodge their half-armed antagonists. But of the bold and brave men who rushed up that trifling ascent, how few reached the top! The deadly aim, and rapid and continuous discharge of the countrymen, presented an insurmountable obstacle.

They recoiled once more, in confusion and dismay. Again and again their undaunted captain brought them to the charge, and with a last desperate effort, he and some of his bravest attained the top, though with terrible loss. Then the wild faces and rough hunting-shirts of the backwoodsmen appeared, as with heavy rifles, clenched in their sun-burnt and sinewy hands, they rushed with a loud shout to the close. The broad-swords of the troopers flashed over their heads, and descended with full sway, only to shiver on the solid breech of the rifle. One by one they fell, struck down by blows which no skill could parry, and the captain himself, with blade shivered to the hilt, only escaped to his rear-guard, close followed by the exulting mountaineers.

'Stand firm, my lads!' said he; 'I know how to keep off their cursed bullets.' So saying, he seized [133] Miss Edwards, and placing her on the saddle before him, called to his men to retreat as fast as possible, and keep him between them and the enemy; and thus reining back his managed steed upon the narrow path, and with pistol pointed at the fair girl's head, he shouted, with loud and scornful tone: 'Now, dogs, one step nearer, one bullet more, and this ball passes through her brain.' 'Fire, for heaven and your country's sake!' shrieked the noble girl; 'rid the world of this miscreant, though I perish with him!'

Many an arm which might have matched that of Hercules, trembled and quivered like an infant's; many an eye, which could mark down the squirrel from the loftiest pine, was dimmed and dazzled by unwonted emotion. Often was the unfailing rifle raised, but with slow and tremulous hand, which precluded any certainty of aim; for the most daring marksman felt a dread lest his ball might, by some slight deviation, lodge in the bosom of that fair maiden.

Deep was the gloom and anguish on the brows of the countrymen, as the stern Englishman, laughing in scorn, slowly retreated toward the mouth of the defile. He well knew, that if once clear of the woods, he would have little to fear, as a few hours' hard riding would put him out of

reach. To this was added a feeling of revenge, in bearing away that fair prize; for her elevated beauty had raised a deep passion in his licentious bosom; and he resolved that nothing but death should make him resign her. Full of these wild and varying emotions, triumph, revenge, and love, alternately raging in his bosom, he proudly looked defiance on his baffled enemies, as his well-managed steed stepped slowly back to the entrance of the dell. He had now nearly attained the open and clear glade, and was already enjoying in anticipation the security won by his daring attempt, when he was most disagreeably interrupted by a sudden jerk, and felt himself falling from his saddle, his arms close pinioned in a powerful grasp.

It was our faithful friend Juba, who, when he perceived the purpose of the Englishman to interpose his young mistress as a shield between the parties, stood for a moment aghast at the attempt: then turning to his young master, who was looking on in despair, he exclaimed:

'Ki! he t'ink he tote off young missee so! Please God, he *don't* d'ough!' And bounding into the brush, on the side of the mountain, he passed rapidly, and unperceived by the retreating troopers, and ascending a large and spreading oak, whose huge branches overhung the road, he ensconced himself directly over the path, and crouching like the catamount, waited his opportunity. The dragoons passed at a rapid pace, and as they attained the open ground, halted at some distance, to await their officer. He came slowly on, his proud lip curled with scorn; when, as he passed under the low limb, Juba dropped upon the crupper of his horse, and grasping his wrists with the energy of intense passion, they both rolled over to the ground, the pistol going off in the fall. The dragoons, on seeing their officer fall, rushed forward to liberate him, while the mountaineers dashed onward to the rescue of the fair girl, led by her fiery-footed brother. She, in [134] the mean time, faint and dizzy-headed, extricated herself from the horse, and staggering to the side of the road, was relieved by insensibility from the horrors of the new combat.

One of the troopers, perceiving her situation, rushed suddenly forward, at full speed, to consummate a life of villany by the deep guilt of her murder. He careered rapidly on, and there was every prospect that he would complete his fiendish purpose, before the woodsmen could come up. But his doom was sealed. One who had watched her budding infancy, was there; and as his steel waved in the air, and his arm was raised to strike the fatal blow, the ball which never missed its mark, passed though his heart!

The dragoons, unwilling to abide that storm of fire, and hopeless of success, fled. Still the English captain and Juba rolled upon the earth, in deadly contest, till at last the Englishman, with a desperate exertion of his great strength, shook off the grasp of the black, and rose to his knees. Juba, well-skilled in ground-fighting, instantly caught him by the collar, and suddenly drawing up his knees to his bosom, as he lay upon his back, and placing his feet upon the Briton's breast, with a violent exertion, sent him whirling over the edge of the precipice which bordered the road.

The black bounded upon his feet, and with a loud shout of triumph, watched the rapid descent of his antagonist. Helpless, and stunned with the violence of his fall, the body of the Englishman rolled over rock, and through the thin bushes, the rapidity of the descent momentarily increasing, till at last he soused into a bed of the blackest and softest mud on the edge of the mountain stream. There Juba left him, and turned to his adored mistress, whom he found insensible in the arms of her brother. In inarticulate and trembling grief, the poor fellow watched the slow return of life; and many a swarthy face worked with emotion, when they heard his joyful exclamation, as the blood returned to her cheek, and her eyes opened on her father, mother, and brother.

'Are we then safe? Am I indeed once more in your arms, my dear parents? Oh, it was a fearful vision!' murmured the poor girl.

'You are safe, my own dear sister!' said her brother; 'and that you are so, you must thank Juba.'

'It is to you, then, my good Juba,' said her father, 'that we all owe so much. Come here, not to your master, for you are free, but to your friend.'

Juba approached, and kneeling before his former owners, murmured in broken voice, that he did not wish to be free, if he could not stay with his master and mistress.

'You shall, Juba; we all owe you too much, ever to part with you. But where is your captain?'

'He gone rollin' down, head-ober-heel, till he 'tick in de branch. Ki! he black now as eber was a nigger; and he fine red coat an't much ob it lef.'

Several of the woodsmen descended, and fished the poor officer out of the mud, though not, perhaps, in the most gentle manner; and having restored him to his senses, by a copious ablution [135] '*in flumine vivo*,' they left him under guard, to digest his rage and mortification as best he might.

An opportunity of exchange soon occurring, he returned to his chief; and there was no name more dreaded and hated, except that of Tarleton himself, in the latter part of the war, until his career of violence was cut short, with that of many of his comrades, by Morgan's mounted riflemen, at the battle of the Cowpens. The younger Edwards returned with his brave associates, and after the war, the family circle once more united, enjoyed that happiness, the universal fruit of peril and danger firmly met and gallantly overcome.

Our friend Juba flourished for many a long year, in undiminished warm-heartedness to the last; and when time had powdered his head, and deadened the ebony lustre of his hue, he would tell of the perils of his youth, among which the above made no small figure.

Maria Edwards, the beautiful and true-hearted, met with one who appreciated her; and the bliss of a long life was enhanced by the recollections of her early sufferings in the backwoods.

A. H.

THE SOUL.

Our thoughts are boundless, though our frames are
frail,
Our souls immortal, though our limbs decay;
Though darkened in this poor life by a veil
Of suffering, dying matter, we shall play
In truth's eternal sunbeams; on the way
To heaven's high capitol our car shall roll;
The temple of the power whom all obey,
That is the mark we tend to, for the soul
Can take no lower flight, and seek no meaner goal.

I feel it—though the flesh is weak, I feel
The spirit has its energies untamed
By all its fatal wanderings; time may heal
The wounds which it has suffered; folly claimed
Too large a portion of its youth; ashamed
Of those low pleasures, it would leap and fly,
And soar on wings of lightning, like the famed
Elijah, when the chariot rushing by,
Bore him, with steeds of fire, triumphant to the sky.

We are as barks afloat upon the sea,
Helmless and oarless, when the light has fled,
The spirit, whose strong influence can free
The drowsy soul, that slumbers in the dead,
Cold night of moral darkness; from the bed
Of sloth he rouses at her sacred call,
And kindling in the blaze around him shed,
Rends with strong effort sin's debasing thrall.
And gives to God his strength, his heart, his mind, his
all.

Our home is not on earth; although we sleep
And sink in seeming death awhile, yet then
The awakening voice speaks loudly, and we leap
To life, and energy, and light, again;
We cannot slumber always in the den
Of sense and selfishness; the day will break,
Ere we for ever leave the haunts of men;
Even at the parting hour, the soul will wake,
Nor, like a senseless brute, its unknown journey take.

J. G. Percival.

RELIGIOUS CHARLATANRY. [136]

NUMBER TWO.

It cannot be denied, that the congregational independency of New-England, established by her puritan ancestry, has run a race of some steadiness. The moral imprint of the pilgrim fathers was too deep, not to last long, and their institutions too well devised, to be easily disturbed. But look to the Unitarian defection, of which her great metropolis is the centre, and the first foot-marks of the banished immigrants the strongest hold! Look to Harvard University, founded in the faith, nurtured by the prayers, and endowed by the money, of the pilgrims, and of their descendants, now transferred to another and far different faith. We allude to this change, as historians simply, and not as theological censors. Look to the whole community, originally organized as a religious society, on the basis of a theory, that its religious character should be abiding, and its religious authority supreme, and lo! its religious establishment has long since been thrown to the winds, and all religious organizations become secondary and dependant; viewed with jealousy, and denied all participation in affairs of state! Look at her theology, originally Calvinistic of the highest school, and behold the gradations through which it has passed! Unitarianism has taken her original and strongest posts; the Edwardian metaphysical school has had its day; Hopkinsianism is out of date; and at this moment, a system y'clept *New Divinity* is in full rage! We stay not to tell of the Taste and Exercise scheme, and others already forgotten; or to mark the career of Wesleyanism, Free-will-ism, and nameless et ceteras. Her primitive catechisms, alas! where are they?—and in what account are they held? Look at her pastors, originally as gods in the land, trampled under foot by a new regime of itinerating society-agents, whose will is law, and whom to oppose is sedition and undoing!

Neither can it be denied, that Presbyterianism has had some character and force. We should almost as soon have believed, had we been flourishing some fifty years ago, that Ben Nevis, or Ben Lomond, or Salisbury-Crag, or Arthur's Seat, or any other rock of Scotland, in highland or low, would have turned to sand, and been blown away by the winds, or melted down into mud, mingling with the lochs, or dissolving into snow, or evaporated into clouds, as that the religion of John Knox should have yielded to circumstances, and been modified. But 'time and chance happeneth to all,' and to every thing. Puritanism hath yielded; and why, philosophically speaking, should not its cognate Presbyterianism? Wonderful to relate, the alphabetical symbols of the title-page of her Confession of Faith and Directory seem to be dancing in the eye, and menaced with some new combination; and the original imprint is already gone. The body of the Presbyterian Church of the United States is transformed into another body. The tide of innovation rolls onward irresistibly. The wheels of the chariot of reform spins to the eye and ear like the top that has just been sprung from the fingers of the watchful little urchin; or buzz invisible, like the round tire of [137] the spinster, as she draws out the forming thread from between her thumb and first digit, conscious of her powers, and dancing to and fro with the airs of a sprite. A machinery is in motion, before which apparently the Presbyterian Church can no longer stand, except by the secession of a minority, and the loss of her Seminaries and endowments. The '*Sauve qui peut!*' has not yet in fact come to our ears; and it is barely possible that the retreat of a fragment of her hosts may yet be conducted with some appearance of order. As a matter of fact, Congregationalism, in its modified condition, and pregnant with enterprise and change, hath stolen into her ranks, seized her flag, and now commands her legions. It may not be quite fair; nevertheless, triumphant invasion, like successful insurrection, may laugh at such moral casuistry, and go on its way rejoicing. We have nothing to do with these facts, except as they bear on our present design of showing how the elements of change have been operating among us, in what forms they are developed, and to indicate their probable origin.[2]

The Episcopal Church of the United States, as is well known, is a fragment of the Church of England—has adopted in substance the liturgy and discipline of her parent, maintains her consistency by attachment to these forms, and bids fair to go on without change under an ecclesiastical polity adapted to the state of society in this country.

Of Wesleyanism, we have little to say, except in compliment of its tolerable consistency. No hierarchy has ever been formed on earth, at least in Christendom, of a more unlimited power of control. And so long as they come down and adapt themselves to popular impulses, they may do well. Mankind will never rebel against government, however concentrated and energetic its constitutional powers, so long as it humors, and never crosses, their prejudices. We mean no disrespect by the comparison; but we suppose it will hardly be denied, that Methodism began, and has principally been supported, by aggressive movements on territories previously occupied, though not perhaps sufficiently well improved, by other Christian sects; and a close and rigorous discipline is indispensable to the enterprises of invaders. Like as it happens to all conquerors, who seem likely to maintain their ground, for the sake of peace, the world has accorded to them the dominion they have acquired. The fact that Methodism is Methodism still, in the midst of the turmoil of revolution that is going on in our religious world, and that its former characteristic wildness rather subsides into the airs of sobriety, while the confusion of fanaticism rages in other ranks, where the boast of comparative order was once cried as a badge of honor, would seem to demonstrate, that the great and fundamental principle of government which the Methodists have built upon, hath a conservative power in it worthy to command respect.

The Baptists are a thoroughly radical denomination, with the exception of the one great principle that binds them together. That is forever conservative in the direction of its own single aim, [138] which is supported by a plausible argument in the lower regions of mind; and until the mass of mankind shall have become sufficiently enlightened to escape from the dominion of one idea, it is likely to have considerable influence. Bating this element, no class of Christians are more susceptible of being driven to and fro by the shifting blasts of fanaticism, and none have enacted wilder parts throughout our borders. A ministry they have, in fact, because it is necessary; but they repudiate the principle of such an order descending by ministerial appointment in their own line, and by their own sole ordination. In principle, if we rightly understand them, every member of their society is on the same level.

We might characterize other minor religious bodies that have enacted their parts in our land, and had some influence. But these to which we have glanced, are *gentes majores* among our sectarian clans; not, however, to speak disrespectfully, but merely to indulge in some variety and sport of figure. These, it will be granted, have taken the lead in those religious enterprises which have recently signalized our history, and among these the descendants of the puritans have not been the least distinguished.

If there be any truth and faithfulness in the portraiture of puritanical character, drawn in the review of Milton's posthumous writings, in the Edinburgh Review, some few years ago, it would appear, that a belief in the marvellous was one of its prominent traits. The faith of a puritan always had power to call to its aid celestial agencies; and that which goes deeply into the belief of enthusiastic religionists, is likely to come to pass in some manner to satisfy their dreams and visions. If they believe in witches, they will have them; in ghosts, they will muster in throngs; and their existence will be so well attested, that incredulity itself must yield to the verdict. The faculty of high and mysterious communion with heaven, might be set down as one of the definitions of the genius of puritanism. So was it in the mother country; so was it in New-England. Cotton Mather's writings are a conscientious record of facts; of facts, the existence of which the reverend author never entertained a doubt, and which was the creed of the time.

We may add, there was a spice of the faith of miracles in the puritanical creed; miracles in the natural and moral world. Was not a generation that could swallow such marvellous accounts as Cotton Mather's and the like, easy of faith?

And it should be borne in mind, that this disposition was an all-powerful element of the moral world in that age; that it naturally descended from father to son; and that ages must necessarily pass away, under any modifying causes whatever, before it could be entirely effaced. New-England, and some other parts of our country, had long reposed under the shadow of this great tree. Its fruit dropped into their lap, and they lived on it.

Neither is it any less notable, that this character has been principally developed in the religious form. The civil right of religious liberty was, indeed, the original element of strife, which stirred up the action of religion in extravagant modes. But religion was the ruling passion. It was religion that brought the puritan emigrants to this country; religion was the basis and soul of their [139] empire; religion was in all their thoughts, and feelings, and plans. But it was a religion of their own order; a religion with their own characteristic peculiarities; a religion asserting what might be called a rampant freedom; a religion paying great respect to the dreams of enthusiasts; which had learned to trample on authority civil and ecclesiastical, and which, ever after, could ill brook control of any description.

It was also a religion of enthusiastic expectation. Based on the marvellous, infused with the marvellous, it could be satisfied with nothing but the marvellous. Impatient of being controlled, it was equally impatient to use control. Like the abolitionists of this hour, it distilled principles up to the highest possible proofs of the art, and then swallowed and administered them, to turn men's brains. 'Slavery is wrong,' say these more modern theorists; 'therefore, be it enacted, there shall be no more slavery from this moment.' 'Christianity is designed to bring in the millenium; therefore,' reasoned the puritan fathers, 'we will have it forthwith. We will set up society, in this new world, on this model.' The theory was, as we suppose, that a code-millenial would bring about the millenium. Certain it is, that the fathers of New-England attempted, by statutory provisions, to enact a religious and perfect state of society. They, doubtless, believed it could be done. Confident of the correctness of the theory, the failure was, probably, regarded as a mistake, or some defect in the mode of its application; or, as owing to some adverse influences; for, from that day to this, there has been prevalent, by fits, a sort of religious epidemic, more or less extensive, in our community, developing symptoms of a like faith, that it is possible, by a single stage, to pass from all our imperfections to perfection; and from the immediate conversion of our own country, to the immediate conversion of all the world. In no part of the world, and in no age, has there been so much abortive and disastrous scheming for moral reform, and religious enterprise, as among us. The original theory of a politico-religious state of society, undertaken by the fathers of New-England, as we need not say, was necessarily abandoned at an early period. A brief experiment proved it to be impracticable. But this leaven of undefined and enthusiastic expectation has ever been at work. It has appeared, in various forms, in almost every religious sect known in the country, older or younger, larger or smaller.

In the revivals of the time of Jonathan Edwards, and onward, it was confidently believed that the millenium had dawned. The deep religious feeling of the time was every where pervaded by this sentiment—an innocent state of mind, indeed, and very romantic. It was the natural fruit of the stock which had borne and matured it. Good as was the tree, in the main, these faulty excrescences were constantly shooting forth. The sap was deeply infused with a diseased virus, and the roots were planted in a not uncongenial soil. And the worst of it was, that the culture, for the most part, kept in check the better qualities, and nourished the more vicious. As much reverence as we have been taught, and accustomed to feel, for the name, character, and talents of Jonathan Edwards, it can hardly be denied, that he was greatly influenced by the peculiar [140] atmosphere of his time. 'Would to God,' many, doubtless, will say, 'that the theologians of our day had more of his spirit!' To which we cordially say, 'Amen!' Were not the Tennents enthusiasts? And with all the eloquence of Whitfield, had he not many of the qualities of a ranter? Admitting that he gave an impulse to the religious action of the age, what has been the subsidence? In England we have the two hives of the Tottenham Court and Moorfields Chapels, not very productive of honey. The Lady Huntington Connection scarcely subsists by a semi-conformity to the Church of England. In this country, the vehemence of its career left behind it such fruits, and developed itself in such forms, as the Davenport faction. Doubtless there may be a different opinion as to this connection, as cause and effect; but with us it seems to be legitimate. Had Whitfield been as skilful a tactician as Wesley, and organized his corps, he might have left the field in a better plight. But the effect of his career was, to set things loose, with no abiding power to regulate them. Separatism, disorder, and devastation, were the natural consequence. That Whitfield did good, who will deny? That his mode of operation was a germ of evil, is scarcely less evident. To balance these influences, and estimate the difference, is a nicer task than we can presume to undertake. This much, however, we will venture to say: that no calculation can determine this question, which does not weigh well the importance of order to the welfare of society, in the long run. The time, we believe, has come, even in our country, when this item of moral arithmetic is getting to be appreciated.

Come we, then, after so long a discussion, to the more astounding facts of our recent religious history. If, indeed, it should be thought or said, there are more things in heaven and earth than our philosophy has dreamed of; though doubtless some will account us as having made good search, and perhaps will accuse us of too much philosophy; or, if they who may feel any urgent reasons for rejecting our conclusions, shall aver, that we have labored in vain to establish a connection where no connection exists, which we partly opine may happen, not so much from a

consciousness of weakness in our argument, as for the anticipated convenience of our adversaries; we nevertheless think, that all concerned will agree in the necessity of philosophizing a little on the phenomena subjected to our consideration. There must be a cause for these great and impressive developments; and the cause lies deep in the past. Human society, in the aggregate, never comes to such results, independent of antecedent stages and influences, that are competent to produce them; and at no time can they be so distinctly traced, as when the long line of events which has at last brought on a crisis, is laid under the eye of the observer, and is capable of being calmly examined.

We pause, then, in this place, to ask: 'What is the more prominent and distinctive religious symptomatic feature of our age and country?' If we may credit the press, in all its disclosures, we are strongly inclined to the conviction, that all the sober men in our religious world, of all sects, will agree in the verdict, that it is a something, which can be defined by no single and comprehensive term so well as that of *Charlatanry*. The science of history seems to have been [141] discarded, and all professional advice growing out of it in a great measure has gone into contempt. A regular education, based on the experience of ages, is supplanted by schools of quackery, of mushroom growth, each propounding its own specific for the cure of all the social and moral evils that have visited, and which are now afflicting, mankind.

We mean not to quarrel with the advocates and promoters of revivals, the more sober and more reasonable class of which is to be found in our history; nor to deny that there is a philosophy in the theory of them, when properly chastened and regulated, which can be vindicated by scripture, and the social character of man. But who does not know, that this theory has been over-worked in the application, and produced the most disastrous results? Because some apparent good had come out of public religious awakenings, it was very natural for ardent religionists, ministers, and laymen, to desire them more frequently and extensively. Hence the inquiry into their causes, or immediate occasions; and hence the gradual formation and application of a theory, as the means of producing them. The same disposition which began to theorize, continued to theorize; and as the common proverb hath it, 'Practice makes perfect,' so in this matter, practice has at least altered the theory, and continued to alter it in every hand that took it up. Some twenty years ago, or less, as is very well known, the great and leading revivalist of the day theorized so minutely, not to say extravagantly, as to be scrupulously exact in the selection of time and circumstance for his operations; in the kind of room; preferring any other rather than a church; any place rather than a pulpit; in the arrangement of seats, in the grouping of his hearers, in the position and number of lights, etc., etc. The physical-mechanical was as much a study as the mechanical-moral. Like the lawyer who could not pursue his argument without the thread which he had been accustomed to have on his finger, no more could this revivalist operate with effect, independent of his own peculiar machinery. When this came to be generally understood, the charm of it vanished with the discovery. The power of this genius consisted in the art of insinuation—we mean not in the bad sense—but in coming at the mind and affections in a still and quiet way, by the action of an unperceived machinery, in connection with Bible truth. It is to be observed, that the theory then prevalent among the great body of those who sympathized with these transactions, was, that this was the way to subdue and convert the world; that every thing else should yield to, and fall in with, this. It was a religious catholicon. For a considerable time the most stirring portions of our religious world were under this species of influence. It was a particular and new form of revivals; and we know not why it should have been distinguished from that which immediately succeeded, by calling the latter a system of 'new measures,' except as one differed from the other. Both, certainly, were new, and both prescribed one capital and fundamental principle-'the anxious seat.'

But another genius soon after arose, of a very different order; a mighty mind of the giant race; a Boanerges—a very 'son of thunder;' the blaze of whose career eclipsed the twinkling light of his [142] predecessor, and the noise of whose artillery silenced all former noises of the same denomination. 'He went not up to Jerusalem to those who were apostles before him;' but he 'went down into Arabia.' None can boast of having been his teachers. His genealogy is not reckoned. He was a priest of his own order, of his own making, and after his own model.

The system of more gentle measures had begun to decline and to lose its force; the arts of the machinery were getting to be understood. Something more startling and more astounding was demanded for the exigencies of the time:

> 'That proud honor claimed
> Azarel as his right, a cherub tall;
> Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
> The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
> Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.
> At which the universal host up sent
> A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
> Frighted the reign of chaos and old night.'

Now we solemnly protest, that we intend to subject no being, or beings, to the disadvantage of this comparison. By the whisperings of some spirit, good or evil, it came buzzing in our ear just as the previous sentence of sober prose was finished. Or rather, it was a contiguous phrase, which first intruded on our attention, and which readeth as follows:

> 'All in a moment through the gloom were seen
> Ten thousand banners rise into the air,

With orient colors waving. With them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array,
Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
In perfect phalanx,' etc.

Nay, far be it from us so much to depreciate that individual, and the hosts which rose so soon at his bidding. Yet it cannot be denied, that, setting aside the place where this other scene was laid, and the class of beings engaged in it, there is some striking likeness between the two. In either case, there was a tremendous show of fight. Never, probably, were so many sinners driven from the error of their ways in so short a time, by mere dint of the impression of terror on their nerves. It is to be hoped they will stay driven; though we confess we want confidence in conversions effected in this rude way. Honestly, most conscientiously, we do not think it good for society, or for the church of God, in the long run, but positively bad. It cannot be long endured, before men see through it all, and the rëaction is sure, great, and fearful.

Thenceforward, after the introduction of these 'new measures,' very extraordinary indeed, the old way could no longer prosper. A new taste was formed, and forming, in the public mind. The appetite for excitement, which had been over-fed, became diseased, and its cravings unnatural. The theory of revivals had been greatly extended, or pushed to an extreme, which we hardly know how to describe; and the application of it overran the country in this new form. The religious pastors of the land, who have not been sent adrift by this flood, have maintained their ground with no little difficulty and peril. Through a very great portion of the leading sects this [143] spirit has been rife; and probably not a single society could be found, that has not some sympathy with it.

As might have been expected, the end was not yet. Such an impetus of change must be followed with change. Although a prophecy of the stage we have just had under consideration, if it had been uttered ten years before it came upon us, as destined so soon, or ever, to transpire, would have been regarded as the effusion of a madman's brain, and utterly incredible, yet it speedily became stale; and the appetite which it created palled for something still more extravagant and outrageous. And lo! another genius appeared, out-Heroding Herod! The last extravagance assumed the aspect of sobriety in such comparison; and the very man who had introduced the former, if we have been rightly informed, and which we can easily believe, was shocked at the anomalies of the latter! Certainly the two great apostles have never worked in company, but have seemed to be looking at each other rather awry, as they have swept to and fro over the wide range of their several itinerancies. Not to follow the last, in the long and devious line of his labors, and over the far-reaching scope of his influence, the whole of which exhibits one uniform scene of devastation, as to all we are accustomed to regard most desirable and hopeful in religious society, it is enough that we point to the public enactments of Chatham-street Chapel, New-York, from day to day, and from week to week, in the winter and spring of 1837. Verily, if it be possible to render religion and all its sacred things more ridiculous; more the laughing stock of the vulgar and profane; more the contempt and scorn of infidelity, itself sowing and nourishing infidelity, it can only be some other equally unexpected and inconceivable development of the same class, which, if it must come, we pray heaven may be the last curse and blighting of our religious prospects.

Both these methods of procedure, which indeed are of the same class, differing only in degree, have been cried over the land by their leaders and advocates, who are not a few, as the way, and the only way, to convert the world. They are two other species of the religious charlatanry of our age and country.

God send prosperity to the Missionary cause, and establish it on the foundation of Christ and his Apostles! It is a part of our creed, that the Church of Christ is, *ex se*, a missionary institution; that this character is a radical and essential element of its organization; that it is a fundamental law; and that the appropriate motto of her banner is, 'Go ye, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' And it is no ungrateful thought, that at least one branch of the Christian Church of this country, has, by her own public and solemn acts, recognised this principle. We believe, moreover, that the missionary character of the Church, under the divine commission, is so comprehensive as to embrace every mode of action in the world for moral and religious reform, which is in any case a duty to undertake, at home or abroad, on the land or on the sea. The Church knows no home but heaven, and has no narrower field of earthly enterprise than the world. The only question of duty, at any given time, is: 'Where, [144] by what means, in what forms, and by what measures, in specific directions, she can most economically distribute her efforts for the speediest attainment of the grand and ultimate designs of Christianity?' What we call 'home,' in the narrowness of our feelings, is nothing to her, except that she commands and nourishes all the virtues that are appropriate to our limited capacities. Thus much for the declaration of our theory of the missionary work; and the deduction is obvious, that it belongs to the Church to supervise it in all its forms.

But the arrant religious propensity of our time and country, has seemed to us to be characterized by running races in this, that, and the other specific direction, just as the impulse may be given by some mountebank, or some obscure coterie of mountebanks, who may happen to have taken the start, and raised the cry of 'Onward!' And for the time being, the whole troop in the chase are on the same hobby, are completely absorbed in the same object, and would have all the world believe that if this can be gained, all is gained; if lost, all is lost. If their watch-word were to be universally heeded, every other interest of the Church would be abandoned. At one time, and with one class, Foreign Missions are the hobby, and take the lead; at another time, and with

another class, Home Missions enjoy a like prëeminence; next, Bible Societies are every thing; at another time, Religious Tracts are going to save the world; Education Societies plead for their supremacy; then Temperance, and in its train, Tee-totalism; Sunday School Unions, too, must have their turn; next, Abolitionism turns men's brains, distracts the country, and shakes the social fabric; and though we might extend this list, indefinitely, we will just say, last not least, Moral Reform, technically so called, for decency's sake—the extravagance of all extravagances, the incredible of incredibles—seems to have more charms in proportion as it is more disgusting and abhorrent, and because, forsooth, it belongs to the class of things of which an apostle says, it is a shame to speak! None can deny that most of these, with others that might be named, are important objects for the combined action of the Church. Far be it from us to depreciate them. Our remonstrance lies against making any one, or any class of them, a hobby, to the detriment of others, as has been the fashion of the time.

And not only is there a propensity to run races of this kind, outstripping all propriety and reason, but the forms and principles of organization have often, if not generally, been no less the creatures of sudden and inconsiderate impulse. The result is, that the great and leading religious, and reforming enterprises of the country, claiming public patronage and support, are as effectually divorced from the Church, as the Church is from the State; as if the alliance were as dangerous, and the connection as unnatural. In their turn these particular forms become so much the objects of preference and idolatry, that the Church, as such, is thrown into the back ground, and forced to stand by, an idle spectator of the great work intrusted by her Divine Head to her guidance and control. Her powers and duties are usurped. A state of society has arisen, that would seem to be entirely at variance with the design of Christianity. It is the natural product of that spirit of innovation which is in part our design to illustrate. It opens a door, and presents the [145]
strongest temptations—temptations which we think will prove irresistible—to make a trade of trickery on a scale commensurate with the influence that is acquired; and for the rëenactment of many painful scenes, which have been a thousand times told in the history of the Church. Tricks are already apparent in the operation of this species of machinery; it is extensively based upon tricks; it could not last a year, nor go an inch, without them.

Who would have imagined, that the public mind of this country could be brought to endure, and extensively to patronize, as an engine of benevolence and Christian enterprise, such a loathsome and demoralizing institution as the Moral Reform Society? And yet their agents can go over the land, and form auxiliaries, particularly among the ladies! any where and every where. Pray tell us, if any body be so wise, what causes have been in operation to produce such a state of things. Let us not be ignorant, that these matters are connected with a general state of society, and grow out of it. Of this there can be no question. A scheme so gross, so offensive to decency, so absolutely vile, can be palmed upon the community, and baptized as immaculate! And so immaculate, that it can live and walk in the midst of pollution, without being defiled! As was to be expected, it has given birth to a new theory in morals, and now stands based and erect upon it, viz: that the way to be pure, is to give virtue the stern test of familiarity with impurity; that 'vice to be hated needs but to be seen,' keeping back the sequence of the poet, and jumping to the opposite conclusion, that the more it is seen, the better; that the most shocking features and horrid scenes of midnight debauchery can be exposed, without a veil, to the public eye, with impunity; that it ought to be a part of common and universal education; that the sexes can sit and talk together of these matters, without sin, and without peril! Let any one consult the weekly journal of this society, if we dare recommend such a task—for they have a journal, and apparently a prosperous one—and he will be astonished at its doctrines; at the confidence with which they are announced and defended; and at the reports of success coming in from all parts of the land. He will hear them affirm, that they only are radical reformers; that the fate of society depends on them; that they go to the bottom of corruption. That they go to the bottom, we believe; that they come out pure, is another question. That their specific is a cure-all, we happen to know is the common proclamation of all such charlatanry.

The doings of this society are an instructive lesson. The disclosures which they are in the habit of making, operate as a temptation to the very crimes thus laid open to the public eye, and are likely to conduct multitudes to ruin, who never would have dreamed of such scenes, except as they have been brought to view by such unfortunate and guilty instrumentality. On this subject, certainly, ignorance is innocence; knowledge is death. The warm blood of youth, and the irradicable passions of our nature, cannot be addressed by these features of vice, without sympathy and peril. The only way of safety, is to keep such topics for ever out of mind; in diversion; in useful and innocent occupations.

STANZAS. [146]

I.

Sick of the crowd, the toil, the strife,
Sweet Nature, how I turn to thee!
Seeking for renovated life,
By brawling brook and shady tree.

II.

I knew thy rocks had spells of old,
To change the wanderer's wo to calm;
And, in thy waters, clear and cold,
My heated brow would seek its balm.

III.

I bent beneath thy ancient oak,
I sought for slumber in its shade,
And, as the clouds above me broke,
I dream'd to win the boon I pray'd.

IV.

For light, a blessed light, was given,
Far streaming round me from above;
And in the deep, deep vaults of heaven,
I saw a smile of peace and love.

V.

And through the long, long summer hours,
When every bird was on his wing,
I sought, among thy thousand flow'rs,
Renewal of life's secret spring;

VI.

That sacred freshness of the heart,
That made youth's tide flow smooth and strong,
When, yet untaught by shame or art,
We feared no guile, and felt no wrong.

VII.

My soul grew young in early dreams,
And 'gainst the passing time I strove,
Most glad to yield all human schemes,
For one pure, boyish hour of love.

VIII.

And who but Nature's self could yield
The boon I sought, the prayer I made—
Throned in her realm of wood and field,
Of rocky realm and haunted shade?

IX.

Who but that magic Queen, whose sway
Drives Winter from his path of strife;
While all her thousand fingers play,
With bud and bird, in games of life?

X.

To her I turn'd—yet turn'd in vain;
A hopeless discontent I bear;
I snap, at each remove, some chain,
Yet never snap the chain I wear!

XI.

Yet if the wizard be—whose pow'r
  May set my heart and passions
    free,
And still restore youth's perish'd
    flow'r,
  And hope's gay season—thou art
    she.[3]

XII.

A kindred life with these I ask—
  Not beauty, not the scent we seek;
But in thy sunshine let me bask,
  My heart as glowing as my cheek.

XIII.

An idle heart, that would not heed
  The chiding voice of duty come,
To take the soul, new-nerved and
    freed,
  Back to close task and gloomy
    room.

XIV.

Thou, Nature, that magician be!
  Give me the old-time peace—the
    joy
That warmed my heart, and made
    me free,
  A wild, but not a wayward boy.

XV.

And I will bless thee with a song,
  As fond as hers—that idle bird—
That sings above me all day long,
  As if she knew I watch'd and
    heard.

W. Gilmore Simms.

RANDOM PASSAGES

FROM ROUGH NOTES OF A VISIT TO ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND GERMANY.

NUMBER FOUR.

Notwithstanding the flattering invitation from Mr. G——, (of the agreeable party I had the honor and pleasure of joining in the Highland tour,) business called me speedily to London, and I therefore took berth in the 'Caledonia' steamer, and reluctantly bade adieu to my hospitable friends, and to

'Edina! Scotia's darling seat,
With all her palaces and towers.'

The London steam-packets sail from New-Haven, one of the sea-ports of Edinburgh. They are very large, and are built and rigged like ships; with a fine dining-cabin on deck, *over* that of the berths. The fare from Edinburgh to London, (about five hundred miles by water,) is three pounds, meals included; and they make the passage in from forty-two to fifty hours. A good library in the cabin served to relieve the tediousness of the trip; and I found, on reference, that I had visited or passed over many of the scenes described in the Waverly Novels; and what a gallery of pictures do those works exhibit! They are too familiar, however, to need any reference. One of the [148] principal charms of Scott's fictions, as has been often remarked, is the accuracy and truth to nature, both of his landscapes and his characters. He studied *scenery* and *localities*, in the course of his frequent excursions, as well as individual traits; and as he has himself told us, he had an original in his eye for most of his apparently imaginary portraits.

As we sail along the coast, we have a distant view of several remarkable places. Preston-Pans, where the chevalier and his highlanders routed the royal army, under Sir John Cope; Dunbar, and its castle; Dunglass Castle; Berwick-upon-Tweed, near the 'Border;' Lindisfame, or Holy Island,

which figures in 'Marmion;' Flodden Field lies a few miles from the coast; and Alnwick and Warkworth Castles,

'Home of the Percy's high-born race,'

are but a few miles from the Border, on the English side. Carlisle and its famous castle, and Gretna-Green, are more in the interior. The finest small views of Scottish scenery may be found in 'Caledonia Illustrated,' now publishing, edited by Dr. Beattie.

On board our steam-ship, I was amused at the speculations of my neighbors at the table, respecting a person at the other end of it, whom they finally pronounced a yankee, from the sure evidence of his chewing tobacco. They never suspected me, it seems, for one of the barbarians, and looked rather blank, when I spoke to him as a fellow countryman. He was a pretty considerable thorough-bred down-easter; and it was not strange that John Bull detected him.

* * * We landed at the East India docks, five or six miles from St. Paul's, and considering myself pretty well informed in the law, and not easily to be cheated, I hired a hack, without saying a word as to the price, and had the pleasure of being forced to pay five times the lawful fare, because, forsooth, the law did not extend down the river, and moreover, it was a *glass coach*.

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* * * The University of Oxford, which has existed since the year 886, comprises no less than twenty-one different colleges, each distinct and independent, with a president and faculty; but united in a sort of federal compact, and governed by a Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor, the latter being the acting and responsible officer. The Duke of Wellington, as you well know, at present fills the Chancellor's chair. The college buildings are nearly all of the Tudor style of architecture, and most of them, indeed, were erected in the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII., and of Elizabeth; and they bear now a stately and venerable aspect. They are in the quadrangular form, covering two or three acres, with a large area in the centre. Several of them front on High-street, which is considered one of the most imposing in Europe.

I had no letters to Oxford; and my kind reception by Mr. and Mrs. T——, with only a self-introduction, gave me a most favorable impression of English hospitality. They freely invited me to their house, and took pains to show me every thing of interest. On Sunday I attended their church, which boasts no little antiquity, having been founded by Alfred the Great, in the eighth [149] century. Its style of architecture is of course Anglo-Saxon.

In the afternoon, I went with Mr. T—— to the beautiful chapel of Magdalen college, to hear the *chanting*, which is performed by a choir of boys, in the most perfect and touching manner. It was much the most beautiful, and, as I thought, *appropriate*, church music I had ever heard. The effect can scarcely be imagined by one who has only heard the Episcopal chants in our churches. In this chapel is a painting by Carlo Dolci, valued at eleven thousand guineas! Addison was educated at Magdalen college; and his favorite walk, on the banks of the Isis, is yet called 'Addison's Walk.' Gibbon, whose stately style is so strongly in contrast with the classic ease and purity of the 'Spectator,' took his degree here, also. The 'crack' college, in size, wealth, the extent of its library, and gallery of paintings, and the aristocracy of its members, is *Christ Church*. Most of its graduates are sons of the nobility, and the higher classes; but yet it was in this college I was shown the room occupied by Dr. Johnson, who was certainly a plebeian, albeit an inveterate tory.

But I will not inflict on you a prosing account of this renowned University, or a catalogue of her sons; are they not all written in books? I must say a word or two, howbeit, of the two big *libraries*; for, as friend Harper says, 'that is somewhat in my line.' The Radcliffe library is in a circular building, with a huge dome, and an elegant interior. It contains, beside its one hundred and fifty thousand volumes, a fine collection of casts and busts, such as the Laöcoon, Apollo Belvidere, Warwick Vase, etc. The *Bodleian* is still more extensive. It has three hundred thousand volumes, and a large picture-gallery, with many noble paintings, and models of ancient temples. These immense repositories of literary treasures, and gems of art, are alone well worth a visit to Oxford. But I could not help thinking, that the world would not be much the wiser for a greater part of these books. It strikes us practical yankees, that books were made for use, rather than to fill up long shelves, to be looked at only on the outside, and the mass of them never to be opened, even by the 'favored few.' Among the *rarities* which they, show here, are an Ethiopic MS. version of the Book of Enoch, recently brought from Africa, and Queen Elizabeth's Latin exercise-book, in her own hand-writing. Connected with the Bodleian, is a hall of ancient sculpture, containing about eighty statues, which have been brought from Greece and Italy. Near by, are kept the celebrated Arundelian marbles; and here I saw the original Parian Chronicle, made two hundred and sixty-four years before Christ! and of course now somewhat illegible. This chronicle, you know, was an important authority in ancient chronology. I must not forget the 'Theatre,' an edifice not for dramatic performances, but the college anniversaries, which we call 'commencements.' This extensive hall is elegantly decorated, and well contrived for a large audience. It was here that the Emperors of Russia and Austria, etc., were pompously received, when they visited England, in 1815. The connoisseur in paintings will find ample entertainment in Oxford; and if you come here, especially do not omit seeing the altar-piece in All-Soul's chapel, [150] a most exquisite 'Magdalen,' with an expression of countenance I can never forget. A few miles from Oxford, is the splendid palace and park of Blenheim, given by the nation to the great Duke of Marlborough, for his military services.

Warwick Castle.—It were as well, perhaps, for me to say nothing of these places which a thousand and one tourists have already made familiar to you. As to this; Kenilworth, Stratford-on-Avon, and indeed the European tour, I know the subject has been pretty well used up, and scribblers must now be content to tell an old story as best they may. I might tell you how I went down to this famous castle, and knocked at the porter's lodge, and how he took me within it, to see the walking-stick of Guy, Earl of Warwick, nine feet high, and his 'porridge-pot' of iron, which would contain half a barrel!—how he sent me up a long circular path-way, cut through a solid rock, to the castle itself; how I marvelled at its vastness, and passed under the towers into the area; how I wandered about, bewildered with the number of entrances to the huge pile, on all sides, but finally ventured one, and got into a chapel, without being challenged; how they took me through a range of gorgeous apartments, extending three hundred and thirty-three feet in a line, on only one side of the castle; and all the princely furniture, the tables of inlaid brass and precious stones; the rare paintings and sculpture which fill these halls; the antique armory, cut out of the thickness of the castle walls; the earl's family, and how naughty he is; and sundry other matters, may be buried in oblivion. You are aware that this is much the finest, perhaps the *only* one remaining entire, of the old English baronial castles. Its walls have been standing eight hundred years; and yet they seem imperishable. A novice like myself is 'taken aback' with the grandeur of these lordly abodes.

The change of the scene to the ruins of Kenilworth, in the course of an hour, naturally led to instructive recollections of the past. Here was once a castle as extensive and impregnable as the one we had just left; but now the lofty towers are fast falling to decay; and the sheep are grazing in peace and quiet, where once all the magnificence of the Elizabethan age was concentrated. I passed the same portal that admitted the great Eliza and her train, when she came to honor the princely entertainments of her favorite Leicester. The ruins are extremely picturesque; and they prove that the castle was of prodigious extent. They forcibly remind one that

'The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Shall, like an unsubstantial pageant faded,
Or like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a rack behind.'

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[151]

Well—like all dutiful travellers, I of course added my name to the list of illustrious pilgrims in the Album at Stratford-on-Avon. The birth-place and the tomb of Shakspeare! Who would go to England, and pass them by without a visit? What a host of grandissimos, beside the multitude of humbler gentry, have deigned to worship at this intellectual shrine!—or, in other words, to follow the old cicerone up those narrow back stairs to the lowly apartment where the Bard of Nature was cradled, and there to scribble their names on the rude walls, or in the goodly quarto. There I saw the autographs of 'William Henry, Duke of Clarence,' 'Walter Scott,' 'Countess Guicciolli,' 'Coleridge,' 'Charles Lamb,' and scores of similar names, beside an army from the United States. I copied some of the many inscriptions in the 'Ollapod' of an album, which you may like to have:

'Of mighty Shakspeare's birth, the room we see,
  That where he died, in vain to find, we try;
Useless the search; for all immortal He,
  And they who are immortal, never die.

Washington Irving.'

'Shakspeare! Thy named rever'd is no less,
By us, who often *reckon*, sometimes *guess*;
Though England claims the glory of thy birth,
None more appreciate thy page's worth,
Nor more admire thy scenes well acted o'er,
Than we of 'states unborn' in ancient lore.

James H. Hackett.'

The esteemed and lamented Carter:

'1825, Nov. 18.
  N. H. Carter, }
  H. J. Eckford.}

'Think not, Britannia, all the tears are thine,
Which flow, a tribute to this hallowed shrine;
Pilgrims from every land shall hither come,
And fondly linger round the poet's tomb.'

Not being 'wise above what is written,' I shall spare you a rhapsody of my own on the occasion. To tell the truth, as ill-luck would have it, I could not get up a fit of enthusiasm. I was not inspired even by the *impressive* little sign which is poked out over the door, and tells the heedless urchin of Stratford, as well as the eager pilgrim from foreign climes, that

'The immortal SHAKSPEARE
Was born in this house.'

And then to be bowed up stairs and down,

'For only 'sixpence sterling!''

'T was cheap, to be sure; but there was something droll in the idea. Of course, I spent half a crown beside, for seeing the tomb in the church, which, by-the-way, is a fine old edifice of its kind; and mine host has also shown me, *gratis*, the mulberry tree in his garden, which was planted by the great bard himself. They are going to have a 'grand jubilee' here, shortly; and an oration is to be delivered by somebody whose name I have forgotten; but as he styles himself *the* [152] 'American Tragedian,' you will know, I suppose, to whom this title belongs.[4]

LONDON IN MAY.—The 'fashionable season' is now in its prime. Parliament is sitting, and every body is in town. How strangely they arrange, or rather dis-arrange, the order of nature, here in England! Come to town in May, for the winter season, and go into the country in December, to spend Christmas! Yes, if you wish to see London in all its glory, come here in the blooming month of May. The queen of cities then puts on her gayest attire, and all her thousand attractions and amusements are ready to draw on your purse. First, if you like *paintings*, there is the Royal Academy exhibition in Somerset House, which, by the way, is soon to be removed to a part of the New National Gallery at Charing-Cross, which is now nearly completed, and is to receive the collection of old masters belonging to the nation, which have been exhibiting in Pall-Mall. Then there is the Society of British Artists, in the latter street, and two Societies of Painters, in water-colors; all of whose exhibitions are crowded with fashionables. They seem to pay special attention to this water-color department, and the present collections are really brilliant. In books, sculpture, natural curiosities, etc., there is that immense repository, the British Museum, freely open to all visitors. The Benevolent Society Anniversaries take place, this month, at Exeter Hall; and there is always a great musical treat at St. Paul's for the charity children, and also for the sons of the clergy. Speaking of music, I was thriftless enough to go to Exeter Hall, last evening, to the great musical festival, where six hundred performers, beside the organ and big drum, concerted together a 'concord of sweet sounds.' I wonder what a Connecticut singing-master, fortified, with a pine pitch-pipe and a 'Musica Sacra,' would have said to it! The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria were to be there; and when they appeared in the front gallery-seat, the whole audience rose, and gave them three cheers, which were, of course, 'graciously acknowledged' by their highnesses, with sundry bows. The Princess is now seventeen, very unnecessarily pretty, and dresses with a neatness and simplicity which would be a pattern for New-York belles. She looks intelligent and dignified, without affectation, and is, no doubt, well educated, and highly accomplished. She is evidently the darling of the people, and, I hope, deservedly so; but she must be a *very* fine girl, if she can wear all her honors, and sip all the flattery which is paid to her, and yet not be spoiled. Her mother, the Duchess, seemed to be a restless, bustling sort of person, and I set her down as being, at least, no more than a woman.

Among the singers, Philips stands highest. He has a rich and highly-cultivated bass voice. He sang some fine airs in Balfé's new opera of 'The Maid of Artois,' a few weeks after this. In this, I had the good fortune to hear that wonderful vocalist, MALIBRAN. Those who saw her when she [153] visited New-York, some years since, would scarcely recognise the present brilliant tones, and great compass of her voice, so much has it improved: and not only does she astonish and delight you, by such singing as you never heard before, but her manners and acting are equally extraordinary and fascinating. She is rather small and short in figure, and her face, though not handsome, is peculiarly expressive and intelligent. I saw her several times in this opera, and also in 'La Somnambula,' and Beethoven's opera of Fidelio, which is her *chef d'œuvre*.

The only female vocalist who is named in the same breath with Malibran, is JULIA GRISI, of the Italian Opera. Grisi is tall, very pretty, and lady-like, sings sweetly, and is evidently a great favorite. The queen attended her benefit the other evening, beside many a 'bright particular star.' I had a good chance to stare at her majesty, who is tall and slim, and looks very like a queen. The popular feeling seems to have changed in her favor; and I heard her styled 'an excellent and exemplary woman.' I saw her a few days since, with the king, riding out to Windsor, after the levee at St. James' Palace. But to the singers.

La Blache, a portly, good-looking personage, has the most tremendous bass voice I ever heard. Tamburini and Rubini are the tenors. The King's Theatre, or Opera-House, is one of the most extensive and elegant, certainly the most expensive, in Europe. * * *

I have had the good luck to hear BRAHAM, too, who yet looks youthful, although now about sixty, and whose singing seems as much prized as ever. But time fails me to tell you of Liston, Macready, Charles Matthews, Jr., and other lions of the day, who figure where the Siddons and Garricks have 'held the mirror up to nature.'

We have passed a leisure hour in finding out some of the antiquities and literary curiosities of the metropolis; such as Boar's Head Tavern, (Mrs. Quickly's), where Falstaff, Poins, and 'Hal' called for their cups of sack. In Buckingham-street, near us, is the house where Peter the Great lodged, when in London. 43 Lombard-street was the residence of Jane Shore. In the Old Bailey, Jonathan Wild and Oliver Goldsmith lodged. Chapter Coffee-House, where Dr. Johnson and his coterie frequented, is yet the resort of penny-a-liners and newspaper-readers. In Bolt Court, Fleet-street, we saw the literary leviathan's residence, and we found also those of Byron, Blackstone, Cowley, Hogarth, Pope, Lord Bacon, Garrick, Gibbon, Handel, Hans Holbein, Hume, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, West, Sheridan, Sterne, Spenser, etc.

York Minster.—I did not repent varying my route a little to visit the ancient city of York, and its noble cathedral, unquestionably the finest Gothic structure in Great Britain, if not in the world. This grand edifice is five hundred and twenty-four feet in length, and, of course, exceeds St. Paul's on this score; but in other respects, they can scarcely be compared, as the style of [154] architecture is entirely different. It stands in bold relief above all the rest of the town, albeit not on a rising ground. To use the words of the book, it is like 'a mountain starting out of a plain, and thus attracting all the attention of the spectator. The petty, humble dwellings of men appear to crouch at its feet, while its own vastness and beauty impress the observer with awe and sublimity.' It dates its origin as far back as A. D. 642;[5] but the present walls seem to have been erected in the thirteenth or fourteenth century. The screen and the choir, particularly, are elaborate and exquisite specimens of the Gothic style. It seems strange to us, who make the most of our *room*, that they should only use so small a portion of these cathedrals for what one would suppose was their chief purpose—divine worship. Service can only be held in what is called the 'choir,' an enclosure near the centre of the church, which has seats for perhaps from one hundred to two hundred persons. I went in, during the evening prayers, and had an opportunity of hearing the gigantic organ, accompanied by the choir, in some fine anthems. The whole of the east wing of the cathedral was fired in 1829, by Martin, the lunatic, who secreted himself behind the organ, during service, and so thoroughly effected his purpose, that the whole interior, including the choir, was destroyed. The great painted glass window, seventy-five feet by thirty-two, (capable of admitting a large three-story house,) was saved as if by miracle. It is remarkable, that the whole of this wing has been restored, so precisely in the original form, as scarcely to be suspected for a modern work. The architect was Robert Smirke, Esq. It is asserted, by the knowing ones, that a work of equal magnitude to York Cathedral could not be performed, at the present day, for ten millions of dollars, nor in less time than fifty or even a hundred years.

House of Lords.—There is no admittance for plebeians to this 'august assembly,' without a written order from a peer; but we were not to be daunted on this wise. We wrote a billet to some of the great 'uns, as follows:

> '*To His Grace the Duke of Wellington*:
>
> 'My Lord Duke: The undersigned, a stranger from the United States, presumes to solicit your Grace's permission to visit the House of Lords this evening.
>
> 'I am, my Lord Duke,
>
> 'Your Grace's Humble Servant,
> —— ——.'

This circular was addressed also to the Duke of Buccleugh, Viscount Melbourne, Marquis of Londonderry, etc., for the Lords; and to O'Connell, Hume, Spring Rice, and Sergeant Talfourd, for the Commons. To insure success, I took a cab, and called on their graces and lordships in person. At Whitehall-Gardens, the powdered and gold-laced footman, gracefully bowing for a sixpence 'to drink my health,' presented me with a note, neatly sealed with the duke's arms, [155] which purported thus:

> 'The Duke of Buccleugh presents his compliments to Mr. ——, and has the honor to enclose an order for the House of Lords.'

* * * This for my friend. Now to the premier's for myself. The viscount's house is certainly not more ostentatious than his neighbors.

'On business?' asked the porter, as I presented my 'little affair.'

'Yes,' said I, stoutly.

'Then you must take it to the office, in Downing-street. His lordship transacts no business at home.'

'Oh! it is *private* business—*very* special, and requires an *immediate* answer,' returned I, remembering the advantage of an air of consequence, with these 'gentlemen's gentlemen.'

The official disappeared, and soon brought me a roughly-folded note, addressed in true great

men's hieroglyphics:

> '—— —— ESQ.,
> '18 Norfolk-street, Strand.'
> 'MELBOURNE.'

It enclosed the order. Next, to Apsley House: 'The duke will send an answer.' To Piccadilly: 'The Marquis not in town.' To Cavendish-Square: 'The duke will be at home shortly; an answer at two o'clock.' To Langham-Place: Answer written on back of request:

> 'Finding Mr. —— is not a resident of a *slave-holding state*, Mr. O'Connell has the honor to comply with his request.'
>
> '*Admit the bearer to the gallery.*'
>
> DANIEL O'CONNELL.'

To Guildhall: Mr. Talfourd, the author of 'Ion,' to whom I had a letter, is in court, examining a witness. Asked the constable to give him my note, when he was disengaged; but he pushed inside, before judge and jury, thinking I had something touching the case in hand. Luckily the sergeant was busy, and I escaped. A brace of orders came from him in season, so I supplied my friends; for no member can give an order for more than one person at a time.

We went to the House of Lords at five P. M. The room is about the same size as that of the Commons, but looks, of course, a little more 'genteel.' The throne is a large arm-chair, under a crimson canopy, not particularly splendid. The members' seats are elevated on each side, and covered with red moreen. The 'ministerial bench' is in front, near the woolsack and the bishops; and their party (at present whigs) all sit on the same side, while the opposition, or tories, occupy the other, facing their opponents. In *this* house, the tories, or *conservatives*, of course predominate. The members were in plain citizen's dress, except the bishops, the chancellor, and the clerks, who all wear a black gown and big wigs. When we entered, a witness was being examined in an election-bribery case: Presently the house was called to order, and the chancellor (Lord Cottenham) took his seat on the *woolsack*, which is nothing more than a good-sized red ottoman. An ordinary-looking man, who it appeared was the Earl of Wicklow, then rose, and [156] made a studied speech, in which there were far more words than ideas, against appropriations for a charity-school in Ireland, which he alleged was under Catholic influence. Some one at the door announced, 'My luds! a message from the House of Commons!' and on each repetition of this, the chancellor, poor man, had to leave his seat and come down the hall with a bag, which they call the *purse*, to receive the 'message.' One of the prelates (the Bishop of Exeter) rose and supported the Earl of Wicklow's motion; and then presented petitions from manufacturing districts, praying for interference in behalf of the children employed in factories, who were often required to work twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and were otherwise ill-treated. The bishop made some remarkable statements in the course of his appeal, which was manly and sensible; and I observed Melbourne, the minister, who is a full-sized, elderly man, leave his seat and whisper somebody, and then return with a point-blank contradiction to one of the bishop's assertions, which of course produced a rejoinder.

When I re-visited the house on the 17th, the Marquis of Londonderry had the floor. My object was to see Wellington. 'Pray is he here?' 'Yes; don't you see his nose?' Ah, there's no mistaking the duke. There he sits, between the dandy-exquisite-moustached-tory-Duke of Cumberland (the king's brother) and Lord Lyndhurst, the intellectual giant of the house, the ablest peer of them all, and the best orator, perhaps the only orator, among them. 'He is an extraordinary man, that,' said my neighbor. 'No doubt,' thought I. 'His father was a native of our own Boston.' 'That tall man, with a short neck, and black hair, is Lord Ellenborough, and he in the rear, the Earl of Devon, all tories—'birds of a feather.' 'Brougham is not here; he appears to have retired of late from public life. But hush! The duke is going to speak! Lo! the great captain, who is at once two dukes, (Spanish and English,) a prince, (of Belgium,) two marquisses, three generals, a 'field-marshal, four or five ex-premiers, knight of the garter, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, Constable of the Tower, and filling I know not how many other stations; the conqueror of Napoleon; the commander of three great armies; the leader at the ball of Brussels, when

> 'There was a sound of revelry by night,
> And Belgium's capital had gathered then
> Her beauty and her chivalry;'

this famous great-little man rose to speak. And he spoke 'pretty well, considering.' He hesitates and stutters at times, but when he gets warm with his subject, as he is now, he waxes quite eloquent. He is evidently listened to with much deference and attention. They have not forgotten Waterloo.

I USUALLY attend church on Sunday afternoons at Westminster Abbey. I love to go there. One can read sermons on the walls. The very tombs discourse history, poetry, and philosophy. The verbal preachers are usually sufficiently dull. Among others, I have heard the Bishops of Hereford, Chester, and Exeter; and (in his own church) the Rev. George Croly, the poet, author of [157]

'Salathiel.' Croly is a man of fifty, or thereabout, a high tory, and distinguished for his eloquence; but according to my humble opinion, neither of these great guns will compare with our Dr. H—— as pulpit orators. But there is something impressive in the church service in such a place as this venerable abbey. Here you may sit within a few steps of the spot where sleep the mortal remains of the royal Edwards, Henrys, Richards, of old; the knights of chivalry repose at your feet; from the valiant deeds of the Black Prince, the bloody career of the monster Gloucester, the mad pranks of Falstaff's dearly beloved 'Hal,' the brilliant court of Elizabeth, and the woes of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, your thoughts turn, on a glance at other tablets, to the lofty strains of him who sung of

'Things invisible to mortal sight,'

and to the splendid creations of the Bard of Avon; the epitaphs of the time-honored Chaucer; 'O Rare Ben Johnson;' and the whole host of poets, statesmen, and philosophers—stars of the first magnitude in English literature—meet your eye on every side; and while you are so forcibly reminded that

'The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave;'

the rich, full notes of the organ, softened by the voices of the juvenile choir, are echoed through the lofty and venerable arches, as they chant in harmonious chorus:

'Glory be to God on high!—on earth peace, and good
will toward men!'

WINDSOR CASTLE, JULY 11.—At the 'White Horse Cellar,' Piccadilly, I perched myself on a Windsor coach, and off we rattled by Apsley House, Hyde-Park, and Kensington Gardens, our coachee skilfully threading his way between the innumerable omnibuses and other vehicles which ply between the modern Babel and the hundred-and-one villages in its environs. We passed through Kensington, Kingsbridge, Hounslow, Brentford, Hammersmith, Kew, Turnham Green, and a series of gardens between. The castle is first seen from the road, crowning an elevation about three miles distant, on the left; the coach makes a short turn through the town of *Eton*, where is the celebrated school, or college, in which noblemen are proud to have been educated; and with a glance at its curious Gothic chapel, we crossed a bridge over the Thames, and were at once in the respectable old town of Windsor, where there are no doubt as many 'merry wives' as in the days of Shakspeare and sweet Anne Page. There are several approaches to the castle, the chief one being from the Great Park; but the public are admitted only on the side of the town, through the two 'outer walls,' each of which are well flanked with towers of stone. The castle itself covers as much space as a small village, and a novice is somewhat puzzled in its labyrinths of arches, donjons, inner and outer walls, towers, and gate-ways. It is indeed a magnificent and kingly [158] structure, or rather assemblage of structures, for the various parts have been built at widely different periods, and in every variety of form; but the whole seems most happily combined in one vast and imposing edifice, in which the strength, grandeur, and castellated style of the old baronial strong holds, is as remarkable, as the elegance, splendor, and *comfort* of a modern palace. It is well described by Von Raumer, in his letters. His majesty, it appeared, had not been advised of my visit, and had gone to take his *déjeuner* at Kew; but I found that a couple of his representatives, in the shape of shilling-pieces, would introduce me at once into the state apartments; and I can conscientiously give my full approval of the audience-chambers, the throne room, ball-room, and St. George's Hall, as being magnificent, in the highest degree. This part of the castle has been recently renovated and modernized, at great expense. All the rooms are adorned with fine paintings and tapestries, of which latter, the 'History of Esther' series is particularly beautiful. At the Hampton-Court Palace I saw the duplicate original of those tapestries from Raphael, which we had in New-York. From the terraces of the castle, you have a thoroughly English landscape; green meadows, winding streams, and gentle elevations. St. George's Chapel, adjoining the castle, is considered a gem of Gothic architecture. It contains the twenty-four stalls of the knights of the garter, with their banners suspended above. In the park, adjoining the castle, I looked for Hearne's oak, and sure enough, there was the tree where tradition says Falstaff was enticed and pinched by the fairies; and near it is the foot-path to Dachet Mead, where they ducked him in the buck-basket.

The approach to the castle from the Great Park, and the sweet little lake called Virginia Water, is through a noble avenue, extending three miles in a perfectly strait and level line, shaded by rows of stately elms. One of the best views of the castle is from the hill, at the end of this avenue. I have made up my mind, that Windsor and Warwick cannot be equalled, 'in their way,' as Mr. Cooper says, in all Europe.

On the way back, there was an amusing dispute on the top of the coach between a tory, a moderate reformer, and a fiery radical. I was astonished to observe the freedom and boldness with which they settled the affairs of the nation, and railed at each other's party, or individuals composing it. John Bull certainly allows his children *some* liberties—those of speech, the press, and conscience—(though perhaps scarcely the last,) and a stranger may gain more insight into

the character and opinions of the people, in a mixed company, like that of a stage-coach, than from all the books in the museum.

THE police of London is, perhaps, more efficient, without being oppressive, than any other in the world. In Paris, the agents of the police are very numerous; but they act in *secret service*; they are *spies* on the people; and though I am not aware of having seen a policeman there, it is [159] extremely probable that I met them daily at the *cafês* and dining-rooms. But in London, they are in no disguise. They are distinguished by a uniform suit of blue and a cockade, and are to be seen at every turn and corner, day and night, always on the watch for the least show of disturbance. There must be, at least, two or three thousand of these men constantly employed for the seemingly idle purpose of walking the streets. Disorder is consequently rare, and is always checked in the bud; and drunken vagrants, if ever seen, are soon disposed of, for a policeman is always within call. There is, also, a night horse-patrol for the environs. Each of the public buildings is sentinelled by one or more of the 'Life Guards,' who are richly dressed in scarlet, with tremendous black, bushy caps, *à la grenadier Francaise*. These valiant troops also attend the members of the royal family, when they visit public places. A part of them are mounted, and have their head-quarters at the 'Horse Guards' in Whitehall and St. James' Park.

The working classes, and even the 'tradesmen' of England, as well as I could judge, are far from being so well informed as those of the United States. One of the most obvious reasons is, the comparatively high price of books and newspapers in England, which places these luxuries beyond the reach of such as gain the scanty pittance of their daily bread by the sweat of their brow. Many, even those who may be said to belong to the *middle* classes, appear to have access to newspapers only at the public dining-rooms; and as to the publications of the day, they are well content with the loan of them from a circulating-library, for nearly as much as the whole book may be bought for in New York. How many of the thousands among us who get the last novel of Bulwer, James, or Marryat, for the trifling sum of fifty cents, would make the purchase, if they had to pay one pound eleven shillings and sixpence, or seven dollars, as in London? New novels can only be afforded *there* by the librarian, the nobility, or the millionaire. But with us, *all* classes have books; and the mechanic's apprentice, with the penny paper in his hand, may discuss the politics of the day as wisely, perhaps, as his master, or the president himself.

I WOULD not assume a critical nicety in matters which belong to more learned heads, but I must say, that the vulgar *pronunciation* of many words, not only among the cockney tribe, but, according to Mr. Cooper,[6] reaching even to the bishops, was continually grating on my ear, in London. I inquired for Holborn, which seemed to be a place unknown, until I learned that the *English* of it was *Hobun*. Lombard, you must call *Lumbud*; Warwick, *Warrick*; Thames, *Tems*; Pall Mall, *Pell-Mell*, and so on. We have even the high authority of Lord Brougham, or rather Lord *Broom*, for calling Birmingham *Brummagem*. I really think that we yankee rebels are far more loyal to the king's English, than his majesty's liege subjects.

There are many words which the English use in quite a different sense from ourselves, and many [160] *articles* which they call by a different, and often more appropriate, name. Every body knows that by a *clever* man, they mean a man of genius and talent; and a *very* clever man would be with them a person of extraordinary celebrity; whereas we only apply the word to a good-natured 'hale fellow well met.' The coachman would feel his dignity insulted, if you called him *driver*; and you should also be careful to say *luggage* instead of *baggage*, or there may be a whisper of scandal. *Nice* is peculiarly an English word. Several of our own coining have been endorsed in England, such as *talented*, *dutiable*, etc.

The peasantry, and others of the lowest classes in England, are a robust and hardy, but certainly an ignorant and boorish race. Their highest enjoyment would seem to be a horse-race, a mug of ale, or 'pot o' 'alf-and-'alf;' and they drink these brain-muddling beverages in prodigious quantities. With their ale and roast beef, it is no wonder that the English are not of the lean kind!

IT is to be hoped that ignorance respecting the American people, and groundless prejudice against them, is daily becoming less prevalent in England; but a visitor from the United States is yet often as much astonished as amused, at the notions of the people there about us. A traveller is always sure to fall in with conversible companions; and it is gratifying to find on the way many agreeable and intelligent persons, who, with but partial advances on your part, will enter into your plans, and without impertinent curiosity, will readily impart information, or render assistance. At Warwick, a few days after I first landed at Liverpool, I met with a couple of gentlemen of this stamp; and, in the course of conversation, I mentioned that I was an American. They both seemed surprised, and remarked that I spoke English *very* well; 'they should never have taken me for an American;' and gravely inquired if 'the English language was usually spoken in the United States.' This was evidently a 'man of substance,' and he had just been complaining of the wretched state of public education in England! I seldom confessed that I was any other than 'a native born and bred,' but whenever I did plead guilty of being an American, I always observed an expression of wonder, if not of absolute incredulity. It will scarcely be believed, but

it is not more strange than true, that many in this land of learning expect to see in an 'American' a person of different color, habits, and language, from themselves. They seem to apply the word American only to the aborigines; and the descendants of those who have come from England, Scotland, or other European countries, they consider as still belonging to his 'father-land;' and the mass of people in England have the most vague and crude notions about matters and things in this distant republic. Ten to one you may be asked what state Virginia is in, or if there are 'many Indians in New-York,' meaning the *city*. One good lady had an idea that the Indians were black, and that they were the same as our present slaves! When the Americans, in Paris, joined the English residents in congratulating the king on his escape from assassination, one of the [161]
English committee proposed, that the republicans should appear in their 'own court dress!' One would think, that with the present facility of intercourse between the two countries, they might be better informed; but it is certainly the fact, that in the present 1836, you will hear blunders, such as these specimens, from five persons out of eight, in England, who have any thing to say concerning the United States.

THE WAVES.

'I COULD never tire of gazing upon waves. Whether watching them by the shore of an inland lake, as they roll up, in hues of emerald, to the reedy marge, or listening to their swelling monotone, as they break upon the long sea-beach, or curl into white foam in mid-ocean, they are alike beautiful and inspiring to me.'

LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

I.

THERE'S music in the waves by day,
  When lightsomely they dance
    along,
And in their wild and sunny play,
  Awake the raptured soul to song;
They tell of childhood's blessed
    dreams,
  And hopes that lit young fancy's
    eye,
When life's care-chequer'd journey
    seems
  Bright as the sunbeam in the sky.

II.

A spell is on the waves by night,
  Communing with the spirit's ear;
It breathes of hopes which once
    were bright,
  Enshrouded now in doubt and fear;
And, blent with their low murm'ring
    swell,
  Come whisperings unto the heart,
Of HIM, whose voice doth ever dwell
  Mid scenes from busy life apart.

III.

But most at twilight's hush I love
  The melting cadence of the wave,
Bringing sweet greetings from
    above,
  Of friends long sundered by the
    grave;
It bids me love, and live again
  O'er fair existence' vernal morn,
Ere sorrow dim'd one hour with pain
    —
  Ere from the heart one tie was
    torn.

IV.

The waves!—they tell of boyhood's
    dreams,
  And joys which after years know
    not;

Of verdant groves and babbling
streams,
And many a well-remember'd spot;
And with their gentle music come
Fond longings to the weary breast,
For Heaven's own unembitter'd
home—
Of pure delight and ceaseless rest.

Hartford, 1837.

ZELOTES.

OLLAPODIANA. [162]

NUMBER TWENTY.

WHETHER you be gentle or simple, reader—whether poetical or prose-enamored—you have been free from any inflictions or productions of mine—whichsoever you may please to call them—any time these several months. If the omission has been grievous, you have had a monition that your life is not all sunshine, many things being oft anticipated, which come not to hand of him that desireth them; if pleasing, you are now reminded, that pleasures of a sublunary character are too brief to have long uniform continuance, since 'diuturnity of delight is a dream, and folly of expectation.' So much for prefatory philosophy. PLATO, when he paced along the olive-walks, beneath the groves of Academe, or listened to the prattle of shining Grecian streams of yore, never knew what it was to meditate the exordium of a magazine paper. As yet, when he flourished, 'editors and *agents* of periodicals' never took prominent parts in university processions, with toll-gate keepers, sea-serpents, and American eagles, as was jocosely related of the late conflagratory assemblage in the edifice of Brown, on Providence Plantations.

By the way, I laughed extremely at the piece to which I allude, which was full of delightsome and most facetious things, right aptly conceited. It was an imaginary procession at Brown University, on occasion of burning all the literary productions of the students for the last five or six years. Had the sacrificial mandate extended to the honorary members of her societies, then would OLLAPOD have been obliged to be present with his offering to the insatiate elements; and with 'survivors of the Boston massacre, in coaches,' or 'superannuated toll-keepers of the Pawtucket Turnpike,' followed in the train of the great marine visitor at Nahant, or that supposed bird, met by the dreamer (immortalized by the muse of SANDS) who sailed a-nigh it in his vision, what time his spectral charger waved to the breeze of midnight

——'the long, long tail, that glorified
That glorious animal's hinder side!'

I'LL warrant me a dozen of Burgundy, with all olives and appurtenances thereunto properly belonging, that this same humorous description gave offence to those who support the dignity of a time-honored *alma-mater*. But they must have laughed in their sleeves at the witty conception of it. Yet it is an old saying, 'A blow with a word strikes deeper than one with a sword.' 'Many men,' saith the profound old Democritus, Junior, 'are as much gauled with a jest, a pasquil, satyre, apologe, epigram, or the like, as with any misfortune whatever. Princes and potentates, that are otherwise happy, and have all at command, secure and free, are grievously vexed with these pasquilling satyrs: they fear a railing *Aretine*, more than an enemy in the field; which made most princes of his time, as some relate, allow him a liberal pension, that he should not tax them [163] in his satyrs. The gods had their Momus, Homer his Zoïlus, Achilles his Thersites, Philip his Demades: the Cæsars themselves in Rome were commonly taunted. There was never wanting a Petronius, a Lucian, in those times; nor will be a Rabelais, an Euphormio, a Boccalinus, in ours. Adrian the Sixth, pope, was so highly offended and grievously vexed with pasquils at Rome, he gave command that satyre should be demolished and burned, the ashes flung into the river Tiber, and had done it forthwith, had not Ludovicus, a facete companion, dissuaded him to the contrary, by telling him that pasquils would turn to frogs in the bottom of the river, and croak worse and louder than before.' A right pithy description is this, of the effect of wit and words.

I HAVE sometimes guffawed immeasurably, at the sharp cuts and thrusts not seldom indulged in by the current writers of our country, both in periodicals and newspapers. Not that I particularly affect the vapid abortions which appear in each department, as now and then they must inevitably do: but names and sources might readily be mentioned in both, whereat the general lip shall curl you a smile, as if by intuition. Our magazines have a goodly sprinkling of the cheerful; and in dull times, one can but wish that they even had more. There is a spirit—and I mentioned but now the name of its incarnate habitation—which has gone from among us, no more to return. Ah me!—that spirit! It was stored with sublunary lore; calm, philosophical, observant; a lens,

through which the colors of a warm heart, full of genuine philanthropy and goodness, shone forth upon the world. It was sportive in its satire, and its very sadness was cheerful. Grasping and depicting the Great, it yet ennobled and beautified the Small. Its messengers of thought, winged and clothed with beautiful plumage, went forth in the world, to please by their changeableness, or to impress the eye of fancy with their enduring loveliness. Such was the spirit of SANDS, whose light was quenched forever, while 'inditing a good matter' for the very pages which now embody this feeble tribute to his genius. I well remember, when I first approached his native city, after his death, how thick-coming were the associations connected with his memory, which brought the tears into my eyes. The distant shades of Hoboken, where he so loved to wander; the spreading bay, whereon his 'rapt, inspired' eye has so often rested; the city, towering sleepily afar; the fairy hues of coming twilight, trembling over the glassy Hudson, sloop-bestrown; the half-silver, half-emerald shades, blending together under the heights of Weehawken—these, appealing to my eye, recalled the Lost to my side. I looked to the shore, and there

'The shadows of departed hours
Hung dim upon the early flowers;
Even in their sunshine seemed to brood
Something more deep than solitude.'

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[164]

NO BARD, 'holy and true,' was ever more deeply imbued than SANDS with 'the spirit of song.' Sublimity, tenderness, description, all were his. But in his dissertations on all subjects, his struggling humor at last came uppermost. From classic stores, he could educe the novel *jeu d'esprit*; from fanciful premises, the most amusing conclusions. Having given a pleasant line or two from one of his happiest sketches, I feel irresistibly inclined to encompass the whole. It is necessary, beforehand, to discern the preamble of the argument. A fellow-minstrel has indited and published to the world a fanciful picture of the national eagle, in all his original wildness, surrounded with characteristic scenery. The picture is a grand one, but over-colored; and would seem to have been drawn according to the admitted principle of the writer in composition, that 'whatever he writes is either superlatively good, or sheer nonsense.' The former quality predominates; but there is enough of the latter in *all* he has written. The minstrel just mentioned also gave birth to a midnight phantom, or the sketch of a most supernal steed; the burlesque presentment whereof is hereto annexed, together with certain allusions to the feathery emblem of the republic, which show that the limner knew how to kill two rare objects with one satirical 'fragment of granite:'

'A MISTY dream—and a flashy maze—
Of a sunshiny flush—and a moonshiny haze!
I lay asleep with my eyes open wide,
When a donkey came to my bedside,
And bade me forth to take a ride.
It was not a donkey of vulgar breed,
But a cloudy vision—a night-mare steed!
His ears were abroad like a warrior's plume—
From the bosom of darkness was borrowed the gloom
Of his dark, dark hide, and his coal black hair,
But his eyes like no earthly eyes they were!
Like the fields of heaven where none can see
The depths of their blue eternity!
Like the crest of a helmet taught proudly to nod,
And wave like a meteor's train abroad,
Was the long, long tail, that glorified
The glorious donkey's hinder side!
And his gait description's power surpasses—
'T was the beau ideal of all jack-asses.

'I strode o'er his back, and he took in his wind—
And he pranced before—and he kicked behind—
And he gave a snort, as when mutterings roll
Abroad from pole to answering pole—
While the storm-king sits on the hail-cloud's back,
And amuses himself with the thunder-crack!
Then off he went, like a bird with red wings,
That builds her nest where the cliff-flower springs—
Like a cloudy steed by the light of the moon,
When the night's muffled horn plays a windy tune;
And away I went, while my garment flew
Forth on the night breeze, with a snow-shiny hue—
Like a streak of white foam on a sea of blue.
Up-bristled then the night-charger's hair too,
Like a bayonet grove, at a 'shoulder-hoo!'

'Hurra! hurra! what a hurry we made!
My hairs rose too, but I was not afraid;

Like a stand of pikes they stood up all,
Each eye stood out like a cannon ball;
So rapt I looked, like the god of song; [165]
As I shot and whizzed like a rocket along.
Thus through the trough of the air as we dash'd,
Goodly and glorious visions flash'd
Before my sight with a flashing and sparkling,
In whose blaze all earthly gems are darkling.
As the gushes of morning, the trappings of eve,
Or the myriad lights that will dance when you give
Yourself a clout on the orb of sight,
And see long ribands of rainbow light;
Such were the splendors, and so divine,
So rosy and starry, and fiëry and fine.

'Then eagle! then stars! and then rainbows! and all
That I saw at Niagara's tumbling fall,
Where I sung so divinely of them and their glories,
While mewed in vile durance, and kept by the tories;
Where the red cross flag was abroad on the blast,
I sat very mournful, but not downcast.
My harp on the willows I did not hang up,
Nor the winglets of fancy were suffered to droop,—
But I soared, and I swooped, like a bird with red
wings,
Who mounts to the cloud-god, and soaringly sings.

'But the phantom steed in his whirlwind course,
Galloped along like Beelzebub's horse,
Till we came to a bank, dark, craggy, and wild,
Where no rock-flowers blushed, no verdure smiled—
But sparse from the thunder-cliffs bleak and bare,
Like the plumage of ravens that warrior helms wear.
And below very far was a gulf profound,
Where tumbling and rumbling, at distance resound
Billowy clouds—o'er whose bottomless bed
The curtain of night its volumes spread—
But a rushing of fire was revealing the gloom,
Where convulsions had birth, and the thunders a
home.

'You may put out the eyes of the sun at mid-day—
You may hold a young cherubim fast by the tail—
You may steal from night's angel his blanket away—
Or the song of the bard at its flood-tide may stay,
But that cloud-phantom donkey to stop you would
fail!

'He plunged in the gulf—'t was a great way to go,
Ere we lit mid the darkness and flashings below;
And I looked—as I hung o'er that sulphurous light—
Like a warrior of flame!—on a courser of night!
But what I beheld in that dark ocean's roar,
I have partly described in a poem before,
And the rest I reserve for a measure more strong,
When my heart shall be heaving and bursting with
song!

'But I saw, as he sailed 'mid the dusky air,
A bird that I thought I knew every where,
A fierce gray bird with a terrible beak,
With a glittering eye, and peculiar shriek:
'Proud Bird of the Cliff!' I addressed him then—
'How my heart swells high thus to meet thee again!
Thou whose bare bosom for rest is laid
On pillows of night by the thunder-cloud made!
With a rushing of wings and a screaming of praise,
Who in ecstacy soar'st in the red-hot blaze!
Who dancest in heaven to the song of the trump,
To the fife's acclaim, and bass-drum's thump!
Whence com'st thou,' I cried, 'and goest whither?'
As I gently detained him by his tail-feather.
He replied, 'Mr. N.——! Mr. N.——! let me loose!
I am not an eagle, but only a goose!
Your optics are weak, and the weather is hazy—

And excuse the remark, but I think you are crazy.''

SANDS was a lover of nature, with an affection 'passing the love of women;' and he entered into [166]
the very heart of her mysteries. Lately, I made a pilgrimage to a scene which he has depainted, in one of those quiet, rich, and noble sketches, which have gained such celebrity to his pen. It was the CATSKILLS.

IT fell on a day, when the guns and thunder of artillery proclaimed, according to the Fourth-of-July orators,'the birth-day of freedom,' that we made our way from the crowded city, to the majestic craft that was to convey us up the Hudson. What a contrast did the embarkation scene present to the tranquil Delaware, and the calm, sweet city of fraternal affection! Thousands of garish pennons were abroad on the gale; the winds, as they surged along on their viewless wings, were heavy with the sound of cannon, the rolling of chariot-wheels, and the shouts of multitudes. To me, it is an edifying and a thought-inspiring sight, to look from the promenade-deck of a receding steamer upon a city, as it glides into distance. The airy heights, dwelling-crowned, around; the craft going to and fro; the thousand destinations of the throngs that fill them; the hopes and fears that impel them. Some are on errands of business; some, on those of pleasure:

'For every man hath business, and desire,
Such as it is.'

Yonder a gay ship, her sails filled with air and sunshine, hastens through the Narrows. She is a packet, outward bound. We see her as she goes. Within her are hearts sighing to leave their native land; from tearful eyes there extends the level of the telescope which brings the distant near; and at some upper casement in the town, a trembling hand waves the white 'kerchief, still descried; at last it trembles into a glimmer; the ocean haze rises between, and the bosom which it cheered goes below to heave with the *nausea marina*, and feel the benefits of an attentive steward.

IT is beautiful to ascend the Hudson, on, the birth-day christened as aforesaid. On every green point where the breeze rustles the foliage, and around which the crystal waters roll, you may see the grim ordnance, belching forth its thunder-clap and grass-wadding; the brave officers and 'marshals of the day,' sporting their emblems of immortal glory; the urchins, with chequered pantaloons, and collars turned over their coats, their tender hearts and warm imaginations excited and wild with the grandeur of the scene; and as you pass some beautiful town, you may see the stars and stripes waving from an eminence, near the meeting-house or town-hall; and as you pass the line of a street which tends to the river, you may eke observe 'the orator of the day,' with his roll of patriotism and eloquence in his hand, marching sublimely onward, behind prancing chargers, heroes in gay attire, meditating death to any possible foes of the country, on any future battailous emergency; and sustained and soothed (he, the orator,) by the brattling of brass horns, and the roll of the stirring drums behind him; the ladies, meanwhile—God bless [167]
them!—looking neat and cheerful at the windows, or in the streets. Then for the tourist to see the places in such a transit, hallowed in his country's history; the old head-quarters of WASHINGTON, as at Newburgh, above whose humble roof, near which one tall and solitary Lombard waved and whispered mournfully in the air, there streamed a faded red banner, that had caught the roll of the war-drum in the revolution, and rustled its folds more quickly at the gun-peals that sent an iron storm into invading breasts! And then, to think that millions on millions, in 'many a lovely valley out of sight,' in states, and territories stretching to the flowery prairies, and where the setting sun flames along the far mountains of the west, the same anthems were ascending; the same glorious love of country inculcated; it is a train of thought ennobling—pure—imperishable! Then it is, that the mind has visions which no vocabulary can clothe and wreak upon expression; when the faculties ache with that indescribable blending of love, hope, and pride, such as was faintly shadowed by the minstrel, when he sang:

'Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!'

PRESUPPOSING that a man is possessed of a soul, it is my belief that he cannot traverse the Hudson, even if it be for the hundredth time, without new and delicious sensations. The noble shores, now broken into sweet and solemn vistas, until they become steeped in romance—the capacious bays —the swelling sails—the craft of all sorts, hastening to and fro—all are impressive and beautiful. You have such a variety of steamer-life about you, too—that is the best of it—odd congregations of character. Yonder stands, looking at the shores, and now and then at his watch, a man who, by his look, should be a divine. He hath a white cravat around his neck, tied behind, with extreme closeness, at 'the precise point betwixt ornament and strangulation.' He proceedeth to the bow of the boat to look to his luggage. Such an one I saw; and he was accosted, somewhat abruptly, by a clock-pedlar, who had been whittling a pine shrub, near the taffrail, (and whistling the *sublime*

national song of Yankee Doodle—that most *dignified* effusion)—and who bespake him thus: 'Square, you don't know nawthing about that youg woman, yender, do ye?—with that lay-lock dress on to her—do ye?' 'No,' replied the ambassador for the high court above, 'I do not; and I wonder at your asking *me* such a question.'

'Why, I axed you, 'cause I seen you a-looking at her yourself; and 'cause I think she's blamenation elegint!'

'That's enough, my friend; you had better run along,' was the august reply; and the colloquy ended.

PAUSED for a moment at Rhinebeck, to release a passenger in a small boat, let down amid the agitated foam at the steamer's side. How sad, that the beauty of a landscape should be stained by [168] the memories of death! Here once lived, drinking the spirit of golden youthful hours, and rejoicing in existence, a warm and devoted friend, now alas! no more—JOHN RUDOLPH SUTERMEISTER. The pestilence, for such it was, swept him from being, in the pride of his intellect, and the full flush of his manhood. As I surveyed the place where he had embarked for the last time for the metropolis, in whose romantic suburbs his bones were so soon to lie, the illusion, as it were of a dream, came over me, and I almost fancied I could see him coming on board. I thought of the many pleasant hours we had consumed together, in walks where romance and early friendship sanctified the groves, as the red sun, tinting the lake, and closing the flowers, and beautifying the tender woodlands of spring, went down behind the cedars of the west, in a sea of gold, and crimson, and purple. Those were blessed hours; moments when the enthusiasm, the glowing hopes, the far-reaching thoughts, which take to themselves the wings of the eagle, and soar into the mysteries of unborn years, coloring the future from the gorgeous prism of the imagination, all were ours. How, at that point of reminiscence, did they throng back to my experience and my view! I fancied that my friend was by my side, his arm in mine; and a voice, like the tones of a spirit, seemed breathing in my ear:

'Yet what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore—
Let us walk in soul once more.'

Poor Shade! He seemed ever to have a presentiment of his coming and early doom; and his prophetic vision often pierced the future, in lines akin to the solemn stanzas which close his beautiful 'Night Thoughts:'

'When high in heaven the moon careers,
She lights the fountain of young tears;
  Her ray plays on the fevered brow;
Plays on the cheek now bright no more—
  Plays on the withered almond bough,
Which once the man of sorrow wore!
* * * * *
'Behold this elm on which I lean,
  Meet emblem of my cruel fate;
But yestermorn, its leaves were green—
  Now it lies low and desolate!
The dew which bathes each faded leaf,
Doth also bathe my brow of grief.
Alas! the dews of DEATH too soon
  Will gather o'er my dreamless sleep;
And thou wilt beam, O pensive moon,
  Where love should mourn, and friends should weep!'

But he was translated to an early paradise, by the kind fiat of a benevolent GOD. Pure in heart, fresh and warm in his affections, he loved to live, because he lived to love; and he is now in that better country,

'Where light doth glance on many a crown,
From suns that never more go down.'

He had a languid but not unpleasing melancholy about his life, which entered into his verse, and [169] moaned from every vibration of his excelling lyre. How beautiful—how touching—how mournful, are these bodings in his song:

'Give not to me the wreath of green—
  The blooming vase of flowers;
They breathe of joy that once hath been—
  Of gone and faded hours.
I cannot love the rose; though rich,
  Its beauty will not last;
Give me, oh! give the bloom, o'er which

The early blight hath passed:
The yellow buds—give them to rest
On my cold brow and joyless breast,
Where life is failing fast.

'Take far from me the wine-cup bright,
In hours of revelry;
It suits glad brows, and bosoms light—
It is not meet for me;
Oh! I can pledge the heart no more,
I pledged in days gone by;
Sorrow hath touch'd my bosom's core,
And I am left to die:
Give me to drink of Lethe's wave—
Give me the lone and silent grave,
O'er which the night-winds sigh!

'Wake not, upon my tuneless ear,
Soft music's stealing strain:
It cannot soothe, it cannot cheer,
This anguish'd heart again:
But place th' æolian harp upon
The tomb of her I love;
There, when heaven shrouds the dying sun,
My weary steps will rove;
As o'er its chords night pours its breath,
To list the serenade of death,
Her silent bourne above!

'Give me to seek that lonely tomb,
Where sleeps the sainted dead.
Now the pale night-fall throws its gloom
Upon her narrow bed;
There, while the winds which sweep along
O'er the harp-strings are driven,
And the funereal soul of song
Upon the air is given,
Oh! let my faint and parting breath
Be mingled with that song of death,
And flee with it to heaven!'

One picks up a marvellous degree of gratuitous and most novel information, from the miscellaneous people who pass hither and thither in steam-craft. Bits of knowledge strike you unaware; and if you believe it, you will be a much wiser man, when you greet the morrow morn after a day's travel. For example, when we had passed the shadowy highlands, and the Catskills were seen heaving their broad blue shoulders against the brilliant horizon, a man with a pot-belly, in a round-about, with a bell-crowned hat, over which was drawn a green oil-skin, shading his tallowy cheeks, and most rubicund nose, approached my side, and interrupted my reverie, by [170]
volunteering some intelligence. 'Them is very respectable mountains,' he said, 'but a man don't know nothin' about articles of that kind, unless he sees the tower of Scotland. I am not, as you may likely be about to inquire, a natyve of that country; but I have saw friends which has been there; and furthermore, the mountains there was all named after relations of mine, by the mother's side. At present, all them elewated sections of country is nick-named. Now the name of Ben. Lomond has been curtailed into an abbreviation. That hill was named after an uncle of my grandfather's, Benjamin Lomond. Ben. Nevis was a brother of my grandmother's, who had the same given name; and a better man than Benjamin Nevis never broke bread, or got up in the morning. From all accounts, he was consid'rable wealthy, at one time; though I've hear'n tell since, that he was a busted man. But just to think of all them perversions! Isn't it 'orrid?' With this and other information did this glorious volunteer in history break in upon my musings; and when he turned upon his heel, and clattered away, he left me with an impression of his visage in my mind akin to that which the fat knight entertained of Bardolph: 'Thou art our admiral; thou bearest the lantern in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp. I never see thy face, but I think of hell-fire, and Dives, that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning.'

You would scarcely think, arrived at Catskill Landing, on the Hudson, just before you enter the coach which conveys you to the mountain, that any extraordinary prospect was about to open upon your vision. True, as when on the water, the great cloud Presence looms afar; yet there is a long level country between it and you; and it is too early in the day to drink in the grandeur of the scene. You are content with watching the complex operations of that aquatic and equestrian

mystery, a horse-boat, which plies from the humble tavern at the water's edge to the other shore of the Hudson. The animals give a consumptive wheeze, as they start, stretching out their long necks, indulging in faint recollections of that happy juvenescence, when they wasted the hours of their colthood in pastures of clover, and moving with a kind of unambitious sprawl, as if they cared but little whether they stood or fell; a turn of mind which induces them to stir their forward legs more glibly than those in the opposite quarter, quickening the former from pride, and 'contracting the latter from motives of decency.' This is said to be their philosophy; and they act upon it with a religious devotion, 'worthy a better cause.'

As you move along from the landing, by pleasant and quiet waters, and through scenes of pastoral tranquillity, you seem to be threading a road which leads through a peaceful and variegated plain. You lose the memory of the highlands and the river, in the thought that you are taking a journey into a country as level as the lowliest land in Jersey. Sometimes, the mountains, as you turn a point of the road, appear afar; but 'are they clouds, or are they not?' By the mass, [171]
you shall hardly tell. Meantime, you are a *plain*-traveller—a quiet man. All at once you are wheeled upon a vernal theatre, some five or six miles in width, at whose extremity the bases of the Catskills 'gin to rise. How impressive the westering sunshine, sifting itself down the mighty ravines and hollows, and tinting the far-off summits with aërial light! How majestic yet soft the gradations from the ponderous grandeur of the formation, up—up—to the giddy and delicate shadowings, which dimly veil and sanctify their tops, as 'sacristies of nature,' where the cedar rocks to the wind, and the screaming eagle snaps his mandibles, as he sweeps a circuit of miles with one full impulse of his glorious wing! Contrasting the roughness of the basis with the printed beauty of the iris-hued and skïey ultimatum, I could not but deem that the bard of 'Thanatopsis' had well applied to the Catskills those happy lines wherein he apostrophizes the famous heights of Europe:

'Your peaks are beautiful, ye Appenines,
In the soft light of your serenest skies;
From the broad highland region, dark with pines,
Fair as the hills of paradise, ye rise!'

Be not too eager, as you take the first stage of the mountain, to look about you; especially, be not anxious to look *afar*. Now and then, it is true, as the coach turns, you cannot choose but see a landscape, to the south and east, *farther off* than you ever saw one before, broken up into a thousand vistas; but look you at them with a sleepy, sidelong eye, to the end that you may finally receive from *the Platform* the full glory of the final view. In the mean time, there is enough directly about you to employ all your eyes, if you had the ocular endowments of an Argus. Huge rocks, that might have been sent from warring Titans, decked with moss, overhung with rugged shrubbery, and cooling the springs that trickle from beneath them gloom beside the way; vast chasms, which your coach shall sometimes seem to overhang, yawn on the left; the pine and cedar-scented air comes freely and sweetly from the brown bosom of the woods; until, one high ascent attained, a level for a while succeeds, and your smoking horses rest, while, with expanding nostril, you drink in the rarer and yet rarer air; a stillness like the peace of Eden, (broken only by the whisper of leaves, the faint chant of embowered birds, or the distant notes that come 'mellowed and mingling from the vale below,') hangs at the portal of your ear. It is a time to be still—to be contemplative—to hear no voice but your own ejaculations, or those of one who will share and heighten your enjoyment, by partaking it in peace, and as one with you, yet alone.

Passing the ravine, where the immortal Rip Van Winkle played his game of nine-pins with the wizards of that neighborhood, and quaffed huge draughts of those bewildering flagons, which made him sleep for years, I flung myself impatiently from the 'quarter-deck' of the postillion [172]
whose place I had shared; I grasped that goodly globe of gold and ivory which heads my customary cane—the present of 'My Hon. friend' S——, and which once drew into itself the sustenance of life from that hallowed mound which guards the dust of Washington—and pushed gaily on, determined to pause not, until my weary feet stood on the Platform. The road was smooth and good; the air refreshing and pure, beyond description. The lungs play there without an effort; it is a luxury to breathe. How holy was the stillness! Not a sound invaded the solemn air; it was like inhaling the sanctity of the empyrean. The forest tops soon began to stir with a mighty wind. I looked, and on both sides of the road there were trees whose branches had been broken, as if by the wings of some rushing tempest. It was the havoc of winter snows.

There is a wonderful deception in the approach to the Mountain-House, which, when discovered, will strike the traveller with amazement. At one point of the road, where the mansion which is to terminate your pilgrimage heaves its white form in view, (you have seen it from the river for

nearly half a day,) it seems not farther than a hundred rods, and hangs apparently on the verge of a stupendous crag over your head; the road turns again, it is out of sight, and the summits, near its *locus in quo*, are nearly three miles off. The effect is wonderful. The mountain is *growing upon you*.

I continued to ascend, slowly, but with patient steps, and with a flow of spirit which I cannot describe. Looking occasionally to the east, I saw a line of such parti-colored clouds, (as then I deemed them,) yellow, green, and purple, silver-laced, and violet-bordered, that it meseemed I never viewed the like kaleidoscopic presentments. All this time, I wondered that I had seen no land for many a weary mile.

Hill after hill, mere ridges of the mountain, was attained—summit after summit surmounted—and yet it seemed to me that the house was as far off as ever. Finally it appeared, and a-nigh; to me the 'earth's one sanctuary.' I reached it; my name was on the book; the queries of the publican, as to 'how many coach-loads were behind,' (symptoms of a yearning for the almighty dollar, even in this holy of nature's holies) were answered, and I stood on the Platform.

Good Reader!—expect me not to describe the indescribable. I feel now, while memory is busy in my brain, in the silence of my library, calling up that vision to my mind, much as I did when I leaned upon my staff before that omnipotent picture, and looked abroad upon its God-written magnitude. It was a vast and changeful, a majestic, an *interminable* landscape; a fairy, grand, and delicately-colored scene, with rivers for its lines of reflection; with highlands and the vales of *states* for its shadowings, and far-off mountains for its frame. Those parti-colored and varying clouds I fancied I had seen as I ascended, were but portions of the scene. All colors of the rainbow—all softness of harvest-field, and forest, and distant cities, and the towns that simply dotted the Hudson—and far beyond where that noble river, diminished to a brooklet, rolled its [173]
waters, there opened mountain after mountain, vale after vale, state after state, heaved against the horizon, to the north-east and south, in impressive and sublime confusion; while *still beyond*, in undulating ridges, filled with all hues of light and shade, coquetting with the cloud, rolled the rock-ribbed and ancient frame of this dim diorama. As the sun went down, the houses and cities diminished to dots; the evening guns of the national anniversary came booming up from the valley of the Hudson; the bonfires blazed along the peaks of distant mountains, and from the suburbs of countless villages along the river; while in the dim twilight,

'From coast to coast, and from town to town,
You could see all the white sails gleaming down.'

The steam-boats, hastening to and fro, vomited their fires upon the air, and the circuit of unnumbered miles sent up its sights and sounds, from the region below, over which the vast shadows of the mountains were stealing.

Just before the sun dropped behind the west, his slant beams poured over the south mountain, and fell upon a wide sea of feathery clouds, which were sweeping midway along its form, obscuring the vale below. I sought an eminence in the neighborhood, and with the sun at my back, saw a giant form depicted in a misty halo on the clouds below. He was identified—insubstantial but extensive Shape! I stretched forth my hand, and the giant spectre waved his shadowy arm over the whole county of Dutchess, through the misty atmosphere; while just at his supernatural coat-tail, a shower of light played upon the highlands, verging toward West Point, on the river, which are to the eye, from the Mountain-House, level slips of shore, that seem scarce so gross as knolls of the smallest size.

Of the grandeur of the Catskills at sunrise; of the patriotic blazon which our bonfire made on the Fourth, at evening; of the Falls, and certain pecuniary trickeries connected with their grim majesty, and a general digest of the stupendous scene, shall these not be discoursed hereafter, and in truthful wise? Yea, reader, verily, and from the note-book of thine, faithful to the end,

Ollapod.

TO THE NEW MOON.

Fair gem on the dark brow of night,
Fancy springs up, exulting, to
greet thee;
But purer than thine is the light
Of the eye smiling gladly to meet
me.

It is glowing—thy crescent, late pale,
Is glowing, like spray on the ocean:

But lovelier far, through its veil,
Steals the light of Love's secret
emotion.

New-York, August, 1837.

JAMES F. OTIS.

LITERARY NOTICES. [174]

MEMOIRS, CORRESPONDENCE, AND MANUSCRIPTS, OF GENERAL LAFAYETTE. Published by his Family. Volume One. pp. 552. With a Portrait. New-York: SAUNDERS AND OTLEY.

WE gather from an advertisement of the American editor of this large and beautiful volume, WILLIAM A. DUER, Esq., that it was the desire of LAFAYETTE that it should be considered as a legacy to the American people. In carrying his wishes into effect, therefore, his representatives have furnished a separate edition for this country, in which are inserted many letters that will not appear in the London and Paris editions, together with numerous details relating to the American revolution. The letters referred to, were written by LAFAYETTE, in the course of his first residence in America, when he was little accustomed to write in the English language, and are given exactly as they came from his pen. We need not add, that they are replete with interest.

The general history of the great Apostle of Liberty is familiar to the American people. In a brief notice of the volume before us, therefore, we shall select a few only of such passages as have more particularly impressed us, in a desultory perusal. The annexed paragraph, from the opening of the memoir, is characteristic. The writer, though indulging a secret project of arming and despatching a vessel to this country, to aid the struggling colonies, is nevertheless obliged, the better to conceal his designs, to take a journey to England:

> "I could not refuse to go, without risking the discovery of my secret, and by consenting to take this journey, I knew I could better conceal my preparations for a greater one. This last measure was also thought most expedient by MM. Franklin and Deane; for the doctor himself was then in France; and although I did not venture to go to his home, for fear of being seen, I corresponded with him through M. Carmichael, an American less generally known. I arrived in London with M. de Poix; and I first paid my respects to Bancroft, the American, and afterwards to his British Majesty. A youth of nineteen may be, perhaps, too fond of playing a trick upon the king he is going to fight with—of dancing at the house of Lord Germain, minister for the English colonies, and at the house of Lord Rawdon, who had just returned from New-York—and of seeing at the opera that Clinton whom he was afterwards to meet at Monmouth. But whilst I concealed my intentions, I openly avowed my sentiments; I often defended the Americans; I rejoiced at their success at Trenton; and my spirit of opposition obtained for me an invitation to breakfast with Lord Shelbourne. I refused the offers made me to visit the sea-ports, the vessels fitting out against the *rebels*, and every thing that might be construed into an abuse of confidence. At the end of three weeks, when it became necessary for me to return home, whilst refusing my uncle, the ambassador, to accompany him to court, I confided to him my strong desire to take a trip to Paris. He proposed saying that I was ill during my absence, I should not have made use of this stratagem myself, but I did not object to his doing so."

In reading, from his own pen, the account of his leaving France—the violent and peremptory letters from his family and government, denouncing his purpose, and demanding its relinquishment—the grief of his lovely wife, soon to become a mother—we are reminded of that forcible tribute of SPRAGUE to this lofty disinterestedness, than which nothing in the English [175] language is more touching and felicitous. Though doubtless familiar to many of our readers, we cannot resist the inclination to quote a single appropriate passage: 'He left,' says he, 'the blushing vine-hills of his delightful France. The people whom he came to succour were not *his* people; he knew them only in the wicked story of their wrongs. He was no mercenary wretch, striving for the spoils of the vanquished; he ranked among nobles, and looked unawed upon kings. He was no nameless outcast, seeking for a grave to hide his cold heart; his children were about him—his wife was before him. Yet from all these he turned away, and came. As the lofty tree shakes down its green glories to battle with the winter storm, he threw aside the trappings of pride and place, to crusade for freedom in Freedom's holy land. He came, not in the day of successful rebellion, when the newly-risen star of independence had burst the cloud of time, and careered to its place in the heavens; but he came when darkness curtained the hills, and the tempest was abroad in its anger; when the plough stood still in the field of promise, and briars cumbered the garden of beauty; when the wife was binding up the gashed bosom of her husband, and the maiden was wiping the death-damp from the brow of her lover; and when the pious began to doubt the favor of God.'

In the intervals of that heart destroying malady, sea-sickness, Lafayette employed his time, during the voyage, in acquiring some knowledge of the English language; and when at last he arrived on our coast, he found it swarming with hostile vessels, and landed at midnight at Georgetown, South Carolina. He soon started for Philadelphia, which he reached after a month's

toilsome journey of nine hundred miles, on horseback. Even here he was met, at first, with coldness; for, although arriving at an important moment to the common cause, it was at a period peculiarly unfavorable to strangers:

> "The Americans were displeased with the pretensions, and disgusted with the conduct, of many Frenchmen; the imprudent selections they had in some cases made, the extreme boldness of some foreign adventurers, the jealousy of the army, and strong national prejudices, all contributed to confound disinterested zeal with private ambition, and talents with quackery. Supported by the promises which had been given by Mr. Deane, a numerous band of foreigners besieged the Congress; their chief was a clever but very imprudent man, and although a good officer, his excessive vanity amounted almost to madness. With M. de Lafayette, Mr. Deane had sent out a fresh detachment, and every day such crowds arrived, that the Congress had finally adopted the plan of not listening to any stranger. The coldness with which M. de Lafayette was received, might have been taken as a dismissal; but, without appearing disconcerted by the manner in which the deputies addressed him, he entreated them to return to Congress, and read the following note:
>
> "'After the sacrifices I have made, I have the right to exact two favors: one is, to serve at my own expense—the other is, to serve at first as volunteer.'"
>
> "This style, to which they were so little accustomed, awakened their attention; the despatches from the envoys were read over, and, in a very flattering resolution, the rank of major-general was granted to M. de Lafayette."

Here Lafayette beheld, for the first time, the 'Father of his Country.' 'It was impossible,' says he, 'to mistake, for a moment, his majestic figure and deportment; nor was he less distinguished by his noble affability of manner.' The following is a picture of the American army, at this time stationed a few miles from Philadelphia:

> "About eleven thousand men, ill armed, and still worse clothed, presented a strange spectacle to the eye of the young Frenchman: their clothes were parti-colored, and many of them were almost naked; the best clad wore *hunting-shirts*, large gray linen coats which were much used in Carolina. As to their military tactics, it will be sufficient to say that, for a regiment ranged in order of battle to move forward on the right of its line, it was necessary for the left to make a continued countermarch. They were always arranged in two lines, the smallest men in the first line; no other distinction as to height was ever observed. In spite of these disadvantages, the soldiers were fine, and the [176]
> officers zealous; virtue stood in place of science, and each day added both to experience and discipline. Lord Stirling, more courageous than judicious, another general, who was often intoxicated, and Greene, whose talents were only then known to his immediate friends, commanded as majors-general. General Knox, who had changed the profession of bookseller to that of artillery officer, was there also, and had himself formed other officers, and created an artillery. 'We must feel embarrassed,' said General Washington, on his arrival, 'to exhibit ourselves before an officer who has just quitted French troops.' 'It is to learn and not to teach, that I come hither,' replied M. de Lafayette; and that modest tone, which was not common in Europeans, produced a very good effect."

What freeman can peruse the subjoined, and not feel his heart burn with a noble pride, that he is an AMERICAN—the offspring of those whom no temptation could corrupt, no suffering appal, no tyranny subdue:

> "Notwithstanding the success in the north, the situation of the Americans had never been more critical than at the present moment. A paper money, without any certain foundation, and unmixed with any specie, was both counterfeited by the enemy, and discredited by their partizans. They feared to establish taxes, and had still less the power of levying them. The people, who had risen against the taxation of England, were astonished at paying still heavier taxes now; and the government was without any power to enforce them. On the other side, New-York and Philadelphia were overstocked with gold and various merchandizes; the threatened penalty of death could not stop a communication that was but too easy. To refuse the payment of taxes, to depreciate the paper currency, and feed the enemy, was a certain method of attaining wealth; privations and misery were only experienced by good citizens. Each proclamation of the English was supported by their seductions, their riches, and the intrigues of the tories. Whilst a numerous garrison lived sumptuously at New-York, some hundreds of men, ill-clothed and ill-fed, wandered upon the shores of the Hudson. The army of Philadelphia, freshly recruited from Europe, abundantly supplied with everything they could require, consisted of eighteen thousand men: that of Valley-Forge was successively reduced to five-thousand men; and two marches on the fine Lancaster road, (on which road also was a chain of magazines,) by establishing the English in the rear of their right flank, would have rendered their position untenable; from which, however, they had no means of retiring. The unfortunate soldiers were in want of every thing; they had neither coats, hats, shirts, nor shoes; their feet and legs froze till they became black, and it was often necessary to amputate them. From want of money, they could neither obtain provisions nor any means of transport; the colonels were often reduced to two rations,

and sometimes even to one. The army frequently remained whole days without provisions, and the patient endurance of both soldiers and officers was a miracle which each moment served to renew. But the sight of their misery prevented new engagements: it was almost impossible to levy recruits; it was easy to desert into the interior of the country. The sacred fire of liberty was not extinguished, it is true, and the majority of the citizens detested British tyranny; but the triumph of the north, arid the tranquillity of the south, had lulled to sleep two-thirds of the continent. The remaining part was harassed by two armies; and, throughout this revolution, the greatest difficulty was, that, in order to conceal misfortunes from the enemy, it was necessary to conceal them from the nation also; that by awakening the one, information was likewise given to the other; and that fatal blows would have been struck upon the weakest points, before democratic tardiness could have been roused to support them. It was from this cause that, during the whole war, the real force of the army was always kept a profound secret; even Congress was not apprized of it, and the generals were often themselves deceived. General Washington never placed unlimited confidence in any person, except in M. de Lafayette; because for him alone, perhaps, confidence sprung from warm affection. As the situation grew more critical, discipline became more necessary. In the course of his nocturnal rounds, in the midst of heavy snows, M. de Lafayette was obliged to break some negligent officers. He adopted in every respect the American dress, habits, and food. He wished to be more simple, frugal, and austere than the Americans themselves. Brought up in the lap of luxury, he suddenly changed his whole manner of living, and his constitution bent itself to privation as well as to fatigue. He always took the liberty of freely writing his ideas to congress; or, in imitation of the prudence of the general, he gave his opinion to some members of a corps or state assembly, that, being adopted by them, it might be brought forward in the deliberations of congress.

"In addition to the difficulties which lasted during the whole of the war, the winter of Valley-Forge recalls others still more painful. At Yorktown, behind the Susquehanhah, congress was divided into two factions, which, in spite of their distinction of south and east, did not the less occasion a separation between members of the same state. The deputies substituted their private intrigues for the wishes of the nation. Several impartial men had retired; several states had but one representative, and in some cases [177] not even one. Party spirit was so strong, that three years afterwards congress still felt the effects of it. Any great event, however, would awaken their patriotism; and when Burgoyne declared that his treaty had been broken, means were found to stop the departure of his troops, which every thing, even the few provisions for the transports, had foolishly betrayed."

In his letter to his wife, written at this time, Lafayette speaks of American simplicity of manners, kindness of heart, and love of country. 'They are all,' says he, brethren of one family. The richest and the poorest man are completely on a level; and although there are some immense fortunes in this country, I may challenge any one to point out the slightest difference in their respective manner toward each other.' Would that this picture of republican character were a faithful transcript of the features of our time! We should be glad, did our limits permit, to collate numerous passages from his correspondence, to show how dear to the heart of this peer of the 'nobility of nature,' were those simple habits and manners, from which we have, as a nation, so widely departed. Thank heaven, he did not live to behold the great and increasing change.

The letters of Lafayette to General WASHINGTON, contained in the present volume, were penned in English, with which the marquis was but imperfectly acquainted, and are presented precisely as written. He does not, of course, overcome the troublesome idioms; but the reader will often be struck with the happy combinations of expressions, and pleasing involutions of sentences; while there is now and then to be met with a new-coined word, than which nothing could be more expressive. Such an one is contained in his objections to a military court-martial, wherein he asks General Washington if it is 'right forever to *ridiculize* a man of respectable rank, simply for drinking two or three gills of rum.' We here segregate this word, and introduce it to the American reader, with the hope that it will speedily become nationalized. It is different from, and better than, 'ridiculed.'

The correspondence, contained in the volume under notice, is brought down to the year 1781. The letters to Madame Lafayette, while they breathe the tenderest affection, yet burn with that noble disinterestedness and devotion to the cause of freedom, which characterized the life of the writer; while his epistles to General Washington, whether detailing reverses, expressing fears, or announcing glad tidings, are full of the warmest expressions of friendship, which time only served to rivet into an attachment that waxed stronger and stronger until death. Two extracts from Washington's answers to the letters of his renowned compeer, must close our notice of this admirable book. The first is from an epistle written soon after the marquis's first return to France:

"It gave me infinite pleasure to hear from your sovereign, and of the joy which your safe arrival in France had diffused among your friends. I had no doubt that this would be the case; to hear it from yourself, adds pleasure to the account; and here my dear friend, let me congratulate you on your new, honorable, and pleasing appointment in the army commanded by the Count de Vaux, which I shall accompany with an assurance that none can do it with more warmth of affection, or sincere joy, than myself. Your forward zeal in the cause of liberty; your singular attachment to this infant world; your ardent

and persevering efforts, not only in America, but since your return to France, to serve the United States; your polite attention to Americans, and your strict and uniform friendship for me, have ripened the first impressions of esteem and attachment which I imbibed for you, into such perfect love and gratitude, as neither time nor absence can impair. This will warrant my assuring you that, whether in the character of an officer at the head of a corps of gallant Frenchmen, if circumstances should require this; whether as a major-general, commanding a division of the American army; or whether, after our swords and spears have given place to the plough-share and pruning-hook, I see you as a private gentleman, a friend and companion, I shall welcome you with all the warmth of friendship to Columbia's shores; and, in the latter case, to my rural cottage, where homely fare and a cordial reception shall be substituted for delicacies and costly living.

"I have a great pleasure in the visit which the Chevalier de la Luzerne and Monsieur Marbois did me the honor to make at this camp; concerning both of whom I have imbibed the most favorable impressions, and I thank you for the honorable mention you made of me to them. The chevalier, till he had announced himself to congress, did not choose to be received in his public character; if he had, except paying him military honors, it was not my intention to depart from that plain and simple manner of living which accords with the real interest and policy of men struggling under every difficulty for the attainment of the most inestimable blessing of life, *liberty*. The chevalier was polite enough to approve my principle, and condescended to appear pleased with our Spartan living. In a word, he made us all exceedingly happy by his affability and good humor, while he remained in camp. [178]

"You are pleased, my dear marquis, to express an earnest desire of seeing me in France, after the establishment of our independency, and do me the honor to add, that you are not singular in your request. Let me entreat you to be persuaded, that, to meet you any where, after the final accomplishment of so glorious an event, would contribute to my happiness; and that to visit a country to whose generous aid we stand so much indebted, would be an additional pleasure; but remember, my good friend, that I am unacquainted with your language, that I am too far advanced in years to acquire a knowledge of it, and that to converse through the medium of an interpreter, upon common occasions, especially with the ladies, must appear so extremely awkward, insipid, and uncouth, that I can scarcely bear it in idea. I will, therefore, hold myself disengaged for the present; but when I see you in Virginia, we will talk of this matter, and fix our plans.

"The declaration of Spain in favor of France has given universal joy to every Whig: while the poor Tory droops like a withering flower under a declining sun. We are anxiously expecting to hear of great and important events on your side of the Atlantic; at present, the imagination is left in the wide field of conjecture; our eyes one moment are turned to an invasion of England, then of Ireland, Minorca, Gibraltar; in a word, we hope every thing, but know not what to expect, or where to fix. The glorious success of Count d'Estaing in the West Indies, at the same time that it adds dominion to France, and fresh lustre to her arms, is a source of new and unexpected misfortune to our *tender and generous parent*, and must serve to convince her of the folly of quitting the substance in pursuit of a shadow; and, as there is no experience equal to that which is bought, I trust she will have a superabundance of this kind of knowledge, and be convinced, as I hope all the world and every tyrant in it will be, that the best and only safe road to honor, glory, and true dignity, is *justice*. * * * The operations of the enemy this campaign have been confined to the establishment of works of defence, taking a post at King's Ferry, and burning the defenceless towns of New-Haven, Fairfield, and Norwalk, on the Sound, within reach of their shipping, where little else was, or could be opposed to them, than the cries of distressed women and helpless children; but these were offered in vain. Since these notable exploits, they have never stepped out of their works or beyond their lines. How a conduct of this kind is to effect the conquest of America, the wisdom of a North, a Germain, or a Sandwich, can best decide; it is too deep and refined for the comprehension of common understandings and the general run of politicians."

"When I look back to the length of this letter, I have not the courage to give it a careful reading for the purpose of correction: you must, therefore, receive it with all its imperfections, accompanied with this assurance, that, though there may be many inaccuracies in the letter, there is not a single defect in the friendship of, my dear marquis, yours," etc.

In answer to a letter from Lafayette, asking the opinion of the commander-in-chief in regard to a duel with Lord Carlisle—whom, for an insult offered, as the marquis conceived, to France, in a letter to congress, he had challenged—Washington advises him to give up the idea of so foolish a thing. 'Experience,' says the *Pater Patria*, 'has proved, that *chance* is often as much concerned in deciding these matters as *bravery*, and always more than the justice of the cause. I would not, therefore, have your life, by the remotest possibility, exposed, when it maybe reserved for so many great occasions.' Such was the opinion of Washington—a tolerably brave man, it is generally admitted—of duelling. He had that *moral* courage, in relation to this gladiatorial

practice, which we are glad to perceive is every year increasing in our country.

We may renew our notice of the present volume, in connection with a review of its successor, which will doubtless soon be forthcoming. In the mean time, we commend the first to every true American.

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THE LIFE AND SERVICES OF COMMODORE WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE, UNITED STATES' NAVY. By THOMAS HARRIS, M. D., Surgeon United States' Navy, and Member of the American Philosophical Society. In one volume, pp. 254. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

THE late hour at which we receive this valuable addition to American Biography, must constitute our apology for the brevity which marks our notice of its contents. The whole is a tribute to a brave officer, and an honorable and accomplished man, who has been fortunate in a biographer who enjoyed a close intimacy with him, who had seen him under all circumstances of disease and health, of exhilaration and depression, and who had thus the best opportunity of studying his character. The writer has therefore eminently succeeded in his purpose of drawing a plain and faithful narrative of the prominent events of Commodore Bainbridge's life. These are connected with a history of the partial hostilities with the French republic, and the various actions with the Barbary powers, under the command of Commodore Preble, and others, in which he was actively engaged. Most of the writer's materials are fresh and interesting, having been mainly obtained from the private journals and extensive correspondence of Bainbridge, from conversations with him, and those who have served under him, and from a manuscript biography of a portion of his life, by General H. A. S. DEARBORN.

We had marked a few characteristic passages from the early history of Bainbridge, previous to his entering the navy, where his bravery is more familiar to American readers, but are compelled to omit them. A spirited mezzo-tint portrait, by SARTAIN, from a painting by GILBERT STUART, embellishes the volume.

MIDSHIPMEN'S EXPEDIENTS. By the Author of 'Rattlin the Reefer;' and Other Tales, by Celebrated Writers. In two volumes. pp. 376. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

HOW large a portion, reader, of these two volumes, do you suppose the '*work*' which gives them their title consumes? 'Marry, tell us that, and unyoke.' Thirty-two pages, all told! 'Midshipmen's Expedients,' quotha? Whosoever shall disburse the *quid pro quo*, in the belief that he is to read a new work, in two volumes, by the author of 'Rattlin, the Reefer,' (a clever, rattling sort of book enough, and popular withal,) will be inclined to give these volumes another and more appropriate title, namely, '*Booksellers' Expedients*.' The 'other tales,' again, as in the case of Boz's 'Tuggs at Ramsgate,' are out of all proportion; since they predominate in number by just eighteen! They are well enough, in their way, as English magazine papers; but they are not 'Midshipmen's Expedients,' as any purchaser would be led to suppose. 'On the contrary, quite the reverse,' as the annexed list of contents will show. The first volume has 'Sandie Sandeman, the Piper,' 'The Old Farm-House, 'Mrs. Smith at Home, or More Smiths,' 'The Landlord of Royston,' 'The Irish,' 'Lord Lieutenant and His Double,' and 'John Smith.' The second volume contains, 'The Guerilla,' by KNOWLES, 'One Witness,' a law story, DOUGLAS JERROLD'S 'Preacher Parrot, or The Trials of Truth,' 'The Man with many Namesakes,' 'The Pleasure Party,' and 'The Rival Colors.' The two volumes are of that *scrappy* cast, so much desiderated by steam-boat travellers, and such as are troubled with *ennui*, a disease peculiarly incident to those who have nothing to do.

EDITORS' TABLE.

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POCAHONTAS—A TRAGEDY.—There are certain dreamers, who flatter themselves that they are philanthropists, yet cannot believe that the recitation of a moral essay or dramatic poem, or a representation of a historical fact, by a combination of ingenious individuals, can be an evil. They think that a living, moving, and speaking picture of an event will impress it more indelibly on the mind, than the historian's page can possibly do. They imagine that moral truths, conveyed by fable, apologue, or parable, and the characters introduced by the teacher presented to the eye, and acting, speaking, looking the thoughts, expressions, and combined movements of the story, must be more delightful and impressive, than any other mode of instruction; in short, that a good play, represented by good performers, to an enlightened, judicious, and virtuous audience, is one of the most effective methods of conveying instruction that the wit of man has devised.[7]

The question then presents itself, 'Why are theatres avoided and reprobated by very many of the wise and good?' Is it not because they are prostituted to the pleasures of the foolish and wicked? And why are they thus prostituted? Is it not because their directors have nothing in view but pecuniary emolument? Garrick said, 'Those who live to please, must please to live.' Every wretch that allures to vice, by meretricious display, may say the same, and think he is excused. But is there no better mode of living? Is there no way by which a theatre can be supported, but by enticing within it the votaries of folly, vice, and guilt?

Where a king or despot rules, he can open a theatre at the expense of the state, and exclude from its walls much that contaminates the seats of similar establishments in great cities generally. This has been done. We would ask, then, why a combination of private individuals, in a republic,

moderately rich, prudently liberal, loving instruction in its most delightful and impressive form, wishing to inspire their children with the desire for knowledge, by making its lessons pleasure, and, by imbuing them with taste, guarding them against the allurements of sensuality—why, we would ask, may not such a combination establish a theatre, as well as a lyceum or athenæum?

Performers should be chosen for their moral characters as well as their talents; auditors admitted only of known respectability; a committee of directors, elected from the proprietors, and the pieces to be represented, decided upon by them.

Such a theatre would not be shunned by the 'good and the wise.' No parent would fear to lead his child to such a school; and the pieces represented might be as attractive as 'Mother Goose,' 'Tom and Jerry,' or any other modern effort of genius.

The directors of such an institution might find that it would not be costly to the proprietors. Emolument must not be sought. Authors might be encouraged to compose dramatic works, such as would be appropriate for a theatre so conducted; and the committee would, in the mean time, find many prepared to begin with.

The tragedy, whose name appears at the head of this article, is one that would honor the choice of such a committee. It is the production of a man of genius, learning, taste, and morality. It adheres to historical truth, and exhibits, in an instructive light, the vices and virtues of both savage and civilized society. We might select many passages, and even scenes, with commendation; but shall only ask the attention of the reader to the following beautiful illustration of the power of letters, and the admiration excited in the minds of the aborigines by written communication. [181]

Rolfe. Look here! (*Writes.*
Take that to Captain Smith, and ask him what
It says.

Nom. What says it, Sachem Smith?

Smith. What's this?

Nom. Rolfe's speaking leaf. What say's't?

Smith. (*Reads.*) 'Nomony loves.'

Nom. Nomony! Give it me! Nomony! I?
(*Turning it round, and examining it in all directions.*
It cannot be. Where are my legs, my arms,
My body? This like me! Look, Pocahontas!

Poc. 'Tis very strange.

Nom. (*To* Rolfe.) You told him what it was.

Rolfe. Indeed I did not.

Nom. Let me see't again.
Nomony! Ah! Rolfe, let me shut you out,
While Sachem Smith speaks to the leaf again,
Then see if you can tell us what it says. (*Shuts him out.*
Speak to it, father Smith.

Smith. What shall it say?

Nom. Oh, any thing. Say—Pocahontas loves not.

Smith. Loves not? (*Writes.*)

Nom. Ay, that will tease him. Say it.
Now, brother Rolfe, come in. What says the leaf? (*Giving it.*

Rolfe. Ah! cruel leaf! Speaks it the truth? She loves not? (*Looking at* Pocahontas.

Nom. Who?

Rolfe. (*To* Pocahontas.) Thou lov'st not?

Nom. Let me see't!

Rolfe. (*To* Pocahontas.) Thou said'st so! Thou!

Nom. No, no; content thee: it was I who bid it
Say that. Rolfe, can a red man make it speak?

Rolfe. Any one can. You, or your sister.

Nom. Can I?
I'd give my bow, of yellow orange wood—
The best in all our settlement—to know
That medicine!

Poc. I think I understand it.

Nom. Well?

Poc. It is possible, to put a sign,
A mark of something that you both have seen,
And both can understand.

Rolfe. But we can put
A mark for that which we have never seen.

Nom. Indeed! Oh, show me that! Rolfe, turn your back,
And don't look round.

Poc. Now, sister, 'tis my turn.
(*Whispers* SMITH, *who writes*.
Give it to *Rolfe*. (*To* NOMONY.)

Rolfe. (*Reads.*) 'Paspaho.'

Nom. Thou hast seen him?

Rolfe. Never.

Nom. (*Looking at the paper.*) And that's Paspaho! (*To* ROLFE.) Is he tall or short?

Rolfe. Nay, you put writing to an unfair test;
I cannot tell.

Nom. Not tell! How can the leaf
Name whom it never saw, yet know not whether
He's tall or short?

Rolfe. Smith did not tell it that.

Nom. Tell it, good Sachem *Smith*. (SMITH *writes*.
(*To* ROLFE.) Now see, an if it knows. You smile! What is't?

Rolfe. (*Reads.*) 'Paspaho's a young warrior, tall and brave.'

Nom. (*Kisses the paper.*) Dear leaf, I love you!

Rolfe. I will teach you how
To write, an if you will.

Nom. To write! What's that?

Rolfe. To speak on such a leaf.

Nom. Oh joy! I'm ready.

Rolfe. I cannot teach you in an hour—a day;
We must have many days.

Nom. Must we? I'm sorry.
But we shall soon return. [182]

Rolfe. I'll bless the art
Of writing, while I live!

Nom. And when I've learnt it,
If I have something that I fain would say,
And yet not wish to speak it, then I'll make
The leaf speak for me.

Poc. Ay, and think, dear sister,
How sweet, when one is absent far from those
One loves, to send a speaking leaf like this,
And bid it say, we live and love them still!

Rolfe. In many lands, beyond the Great Salt Lake,
These speaking messengers are daily sent,
Folded and fastened, so that he who bears them

Knows not their contents. Thus, far distant tribes
Speak to each other.

Poc. Strange!

Rolfe. The deeds of warriors
Are noted down upon these speaking leaves;
Which never die, nor spoil by being kept:
And thus their children and their children's children
Hear what has happened thousand snows before.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.—A kind friend, a man of education and refinement, and an acute observer, now in England, has addressed us the first of a series of familiar letters, from which we hope often to quote, for the pleasure or benefit of our readers. His journeyings abroad will be greatly diversified, and out of the beaten track, both as to countries, and portions of countries, which he will traverse. The initiatory epistle, now before us, though necessarily limited in incident, contains a passage or two, which we shall venture to present, since they certainly, in more than one sense, are good 'evidence of things hoped for.' Speaking of the Thames, he says: 'On the morning of the last day of our voyage, the exceedingly turbid state of the water informed me that we were in the vast estuary of the Thames. To me, it seems strange, that WATTS and other poets should have so often attached the epithet 'silver' to this river. From London to its very mouth it is both muddy and yellow.' * * * 'Our sails and spars are housed below, and 'booms' disposed of; a 'mud-pilot' is on board, and we are now what is technically called 'threading the needle.' The pilot roars through his speaking-trumpet, 'starboard!' 'larboard!' 'port!—port hard!' as we glide through *forests* of shipping—(you must be on the bosom of 'Father Tems,' to realize the truth of this common simile,) and are passed, up and down, by innumerable small steam-boats, one of which exhibited no smoke, being propelled by the agency of quicksilver. The river is some fifteen hundred feet wide, yet our ship frequently turns up the mud from the bottom. By law, three hundred feet are left in mid-channel, for ingress and egress. At length, we are ushered through an enormous lock into the celebrated St. Catherine's Docks, a vast reservoir, enclosed by immense warehouses, in the formation of which, several thousand families were removed, and their houses pulled down.' * * * 'I shall send you, in a few days, some interesting articles for your Magazine, which will serve to diversify the pages so admirably filled—I mean no flattery—by your numerous American contributors. They are from the pen of a lady, of distinguished talents, author of 'The Bride of Sicily,' and other poems, and for some late years a popular writer in the 'Foreign Quarterly,' 'British Magazine,' and 'Frazer's Magazine,' to which latter periodical she recently contributed those clever papers, 'Remembrances of a Monthly Nurse,' 'April Fools,' 'Mary Magdalene,' etc. You shall hear from me again, at no distant period.'

In connection with this fragment of correspondence, we annex an extract from a letter written from London by another friend, some months ago, but which has probably 'been i' the Indies twice,' since it passed from the hands of the writer, as it has but just reached us. We fear some portions of it may seem to smack of undue self-laudation; but we beg the reader to bear in mind, that we quote from a source wholly disinterested; and to believe, that what may appear [183] calculated to induce a satisfied vanity, is but a 'spur to prick the sides of our intent:'

'A knowledge of, and respect for, *American Literature*, appear to be gaining ground in England; but still, very few of our writers can boast *much* foreign fame; and many a name, and many a book, familiar to us, have scarcely been heard of, in the land of Shakspeare. There are some bright exceptions, however. It is superfluous to say, that I often heard IRVING and his writings spoken of with enthusiasm; and the *early* novels, especially, of COOPER, stand as high in popular favor throughout Europe, as they ever did at home. But the English are disposed, it would seem, to claim these two writers as their own; many, at least, never allude to them as American. The essays of Dr. CHANNING have attained a wide celebrity in Great Britain. I have seen no less than three rival editions. Add to these three names those of WASHINGTON and FRANKLIN, and you can scarcely mention another American name which enjoys a thorough European reputation. A number of our books have been re-published, it is true, and are known, to some extent. I saw English editions of one or more of the works of Miss SEDGWICK, PAULDING, SIMMS, FLINT, FAY, and Dr. BIRD. Our *poets* they are but little acquainted with. Mr. Irving, you know, endorsed a London edition of BRYANT, and Barry Cornwall conferred the same honor on WILLIS; and his *prose* sketches I have heard highly praised. He has certainly written himself into considerable notoriety. PERCIVAL'S poems were printed in England several years since. Some of HALLECK'S, and others, are well known through the various specimens of American poets. The classical text-books on oriental and biblical literature, from Andover, Cambridge, etc., are re-printed, and considered high authority by English scholars and critics. Several American books, of a useful and practical character, such as ABBOTT'S 'Young Christian,' Mrs. CHILD'S 'Frugal Housewife,' etc., have had an immense sale in England and Scotland. At least twenty thousand copies of each of the two mentioned have been sold in the kingdom. The sneering question of the Quarterly, 'Who reads an American book?' is no longer asked; but English prejudice is yet slow to admit that 'any good thing can come out of Nazareth.' I was told by a London publisher, that if an American book were re-printed, it would be bad policy to acknowledge its origin. I know several instances of our books having been published in London and Glasgow as original, and without a word of the *source*, or any alteration, except the omission of local names, by which they might have been detected! In one case, an English copy of a book thus re-printed, verbatim, *except the title*, was received by a

New-York house, published as an English work, and one thousand copies were sold, before it was discovered that the copy-right belonged to the author and publisher in Philadelphia! American periodicals, however, are doing much toward diffusing a knowledge of our literary men and resources abroad—in England, Scotland, and France, especially; and there is, on all hands, a great and growing interest in every thing which relates to our noble republic.' * * * 'Some of our higher periodicals are favorably known here. Silliman's 'Journal of Science' is appreciated and praised by scientific men throughout Europe; one or two hundred copies of the 'North American Review' are taken in London; and the 'Knickerbocker,' I am informed, is held in much estimation. Your sometime correspondent, Dr. Metcalf, (who is engaged in important studies and investigations here, connected with his theory of the great pervading *principle of life*,) tells me, that he finds numbers who agree with him in the opinion, that the 'Knickerbocker' is not surpassed in talent, variety, or interest, by any English magazine whatsoever.'

'There are two dealers in London, who import American books, viz., O. Rich and R. J. Kennett; and two in Scotland, J. Reid and J. Symington and Co., of Glasgow. I have had the pleasure of personal acquaintance with most of the distinguished publishers in London and Scotland, and have made notes of some facts, and comparative statistics, in which you may perhaps be interested. For the present, however, I will bestow upon you no more of my tediousness.'

Samuel Woodworth, Esq.—It is known to most of our readers, whose aid may be rendered effectively, that a 'benefit' is soon to take place at one of our theatres, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the relief of the popular poet, Samuel Woodworth, and his large and amiable family, to whose support he has latterly been wholly unable to contribute, by reason of a partial loss of sight, and a paralytic shock, with which he has been visited. We hope the edifice where the dramatic entertainment is to 'come off,' will be crowded from dome to ceiling; so shall the beneficiary be made to rejoice in the belief that the milk of human kindness which flows in his own bosom, is not altogether absent from the breasts of the many who 'know him but to love him,' and who 'name him but to praise.'

'Knickerbocker Hall.'—'A good *name* is every thing,' says some didactic school-book maker, and we are about to agree with him. '*Knickerbocker Hall*,' a large and commodious establishment, recently erected adjoining the Park Theatre, we doubt not will, under the supervision of Terrapin Welch, Esq., P. H. T. C.,—a capable representative of all the Knickerbockers—be 'everything' that the reputation of its illustrious founder may lead the public to anticipate. 'Moreover, and which is more,' he is to be aided by his son-in-law, Mr. Adams, also a noted publican. Spacious dining-halls, ample private supper-rooms, airy and commodious lodging apartments, a renowned *cuisine*, and the most central of locations—these are matters not likely to be lightly regarded by citizens, or strangers who have ever 'heard tell o' Sandy.' Long may he reign!

LITERARY RECORD.

New-York Review.—We are well pleased to learn, that the 'New-York Review and Quarterly Church Journal' is not, as we had been led to fear, to be abandoned. It will hereafter be published regularly by Mr. George Dearborn. Its editorial supervision is confided, as before, to Rev. C. S. Henry, an announcement which will be amply satisfactory to all who have read the first number. If this work but sustain 'the promise of its spring'—and that it will do so, with its corps of able contributors, and the aid of the accomplished writer and scholar at its head, we cannot doubt—it will prove an honor, and a high one, to the periodical literature of this country.

'Book of the United States.'—This little volume, like all from the pen of its world-renowned author, is entertaining as well as instructive, and admirably adapted to secure the attention and excite the imagination of the young. It exhibits the great features of the country, on a principle of classification which embraces in one view all that may relate to a particular topic, as mountains, rivers, cities, lakes, etc., which are contrasted with those of other countries, the better to impress them upon the memory. A free, colloquial style, illustrative sketches and anecdotes, and numerous wood engravings, render this little work what such works should be, eminently attractive. Boston: Charles J. Hendee.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] The writer passed a few of the first years of his practice in the hospital of ——. While in this institution, he had, as house-surgeon, opportunities of becoming acquainted with the history of cases, and of attending and assisting in a great number of highly interesting operations, many of them perfectly unique in their character, and performed by individuals among the most distinguished in this branch of the profession. To the general

reader, the mere technical narration of incidents of this nature would present but a mass of dry and unintelligible jargon. One, however, who has for some time voluntarily withdrawn himself from the active duties of the profession, to follow another pursuit, may be regarded, perhaps, as capable of portraying, with truth and clearness, the vivid scenes of his earlier years.

[2] Since the above paragraph was penned, the Presbyterian Church has actually come to a violent schism.

[3] There is some confounding of the genders in this verse, the only defence of which is, possibly, that passage in Milton, who takes a similar license:

——'*His* form had not yet lost
All *her* original brightness,' etc.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

[4] MR. GEORGE JONES, who kindly took measures, when in England, (where he was born,) to prolong the still very respectable literary reputation of SHAKSPEARE, by delivering a most inflated salmagundi at Stratford.

[5] In the crypt, I was shown the elephant's tusk, on which the first deed of the land was inscribed.

[6] Mr. C. was asked by a bishop if he knew *Dr. Hubbart*, in New York, and was quite at fault, till he accidentally discovered that the prelate referred to the late Bishop *Hobart*.

[7] See an excellent article, on a cognate subject, in the KNICKERBOCKER for June, entitled 'Dramatic Fictions.'

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