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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. X DECEMBER, 1837. NO. 6.

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AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

NUMBER FOUR.

'KINGDOMS are shrunk to provinces, and chains
Clank over sceptred cities; nations melt

From power's high pinnacle, when they
have felt
The sunshine for a while, and downward
go.'

In view of the reasons heretofore suggested, why it is improbable that either the Egyptians, the Carthaginians, or the Romans, were the first inhabitants of this continent, and why, from the present state of our knowledge, no other distinct nation of people is entitled to the exclusive reputation of having been the primitive discoverers of America, the reader is very naturally led to inquire for the evidences assigned by the advocates of particular theories for the sources of their origin. These evidences, although important to the antiquarian, cannot, from the brevity and popular mode proposed by us in treating this subject, be critically stated. We have, nevertheless, offered some reasons and inferences of our own, why those evidences cannot be conclusive; and we would refer others to our own or other means of information, should they feel disposed to make farther investigations. However plausible the story of Votan may have appeared, as testimony in point, the reader shall judge, from a few facts which will be here noticed, whether even that has much probability to support it. No one at least can deny the greater safety of doubting, where there is no better proof, should he not, with others, arrive at the ultimate conclusion, that the best evidence of all may be in favor of the opinion that these people originated where their relics are now found.

It has been said that the occasional resemblance observed among the ruins of Tulteca to those of the Egyptians, Romans, etc, affords no just grounds for attributing their origin to those nations, any more than to others whose remaining arts they equally resemble. Almost every ancient people might, in fact, from similar points of resemblance, claim the same distinction. Beside the particulars noticed in previous numbers, it might be mentioned, *en passant*, that had the Tultecans been Egyptian, they would most certainly have retained the language of Egypt, the signs, the worship, etc.; but this was not the fact. Had they been Romans, they would likewise have continued the language, the customs, and the religion of Romans; yet this was not the case; and so it would have been, had they been derived from any other nation. Above all, perhaps, would they have borne a personal resemblance to their progenitors, a circumstance far from [458]
truth. Religion, without doubt, is the last thing in which a people becomes alienated; yet we see no cöincidence in this respect between these people and their reputed originals. How then shall we account for their origin, but by supposing them, *sui generis*, Tultecans? Finally, it will be admitted, that unless the story of Votan presents some clue by which to solve the problem—and we do not see that it has even the claim of probability—we are not permitted, by the facts in evidence, to attribute the first American population to any other people of the earth.

The illustrious Fegjro, quoted as the best authority by the very author of Votan's story, and himself as much interested in propagating a theory favorable to popular Catholic opinions as any one of his clerical brethren, says upon this subject: 'After long study and attentive examination of so many and such various opinions, I find no one having the necessary appearance of truth, to satisfy a prudent judgment, and many that do not possess even the merit of probability.' Again, Cabrera says: 'To the present period, no *hypothesis* has been advanced, that is sufficiently probable to satisfy a mind sincerely and cautiously desirous of arriving at the truth.' And yet this is the man who holds forth the story of Votan as a true 'hypothesis.' It is plain, in all this writer says, by way of comment, that he himself doubts the truth of the whole matter, although he has pompously styled his treatise 'The Solution of the Grand Historical Problem of the Population of America!' The bishop, we will do him the justice to say, manifests much candor in speaking of the conduct of his brotherhood toward the relics of the people whose religion they had resolved to destroy. 'The injudicious and total destruction of the annals and records of the American nations,' says he, 'has not only proved a most serious loss to history, but very prejudicial to *that religion* whose progress it was supposed would thereby have been accelerated.' He asserts what is very true, in this; and also in his conclusion, that 'both in the means and the object, this practice is too frequently the result of prejudice or of ignorance.' Antonio Constantini, also cited as primary authority, declares, that 'whatsoever may be advanced upon this subject does not pass beyond the limit of mere opinion, as we have neither histories, manuscripts, nor traditions of the Americans!' And with the design farther to prevent all belief by posterity that their conquered subjects, whose admirable relics and records they had destroyed, possessed any knowledge of the arts, or the means of governing themselves, he says, 'when they were discovered, they were ignorant and uncultivated!' etc. Clavigero justly concludes, likewise, that 'the history of the primitive population of Anahuac, (Central America,) is so obscure, and so much involved in fable, as to render it not merely a most difficult matter for solution, but totally impossible to come at the truth.' These and similar declarations of the most accredited writers upon the early history of the inhabitants of Central America, one would think quite conclusive. If there had been other facts to be obtained, calculated to settle the question as to the origin of the first Americans, these, or other writers would have obtained them. Instead of this, however, they merely speak of works which '*probably*' contained the facts announced as truth, without ever having seen them [459]
themselves, or stating plainly that they had, in reality, *any* facts within their reach. Thus numerous authors, whose means of information are *said* to have been complete on this subject, are mentioned by Cabrera; yet he professes to know nothing beyond conjecture or hearsay of the contents of their works. We will notice one or two instances, to show what confidence can be placed upon his assertions and gratuitous inferences in relation to Votan, and as samples of the whole.

After parading the titles of a great number of works, which may or may not exist, so far as his

own knowledge of their contents is concerned, or perhaps that of any one else, he says: 'There is in the Jesuits' College of Tepozotlan,' (preserving the same particularity, as to titles, localities, dates, etc.,) 'a history of the voyages of the Aztecas to the country of Anahuac, written by a noble Mestee Mexican. The *title* of this manuscript,' he continues, 'shows it to be one of importance, as it *very probably* contains an account of the voyage of the Mexicans, who are the Aztecas, and of the primitive families of the *Culebras*, (snakes) who, *I shall demonstrate*, were from the old continent to the new, with an account of the first empire they founded in America, its duration, and their *expulsion* from the first settlements of Anahuac!' Again, after enumerating a list of works, to which he would have the reader infer he has had access, he says: 'The fourth is some historical memoirs of the Tultecas, and other nations of Anahuac, all of which works *were* preserved in the library of the college before-mentioned. *It is probable*, that the last production treats of their coming from the old to the new continent, of their *expulsion* from the first settlement at the city of Palenque, in the kingdom of Amaguemecan, and the cause thereof,' etc. Thus there is, from beginning to end, the same ambiguity, the same want of personal inspection, and yet the same display of authority. How important such works would have been to him and to the world, had they existed, in satisfactorily settling this question! The author of Votan's account does not seem to have known a solitary fact himself, which bears upon the subject matter of his story, though he proposes to '*demonstrate*,' etc. The several representations, of a mysterious character, which he has so wofully distorted to an agreement with the said story, mean and represent, in fact, any thing else than the incidents of that story; indeed, this is the lamest part of the fabrication. Truly unfortunate is it for all the materials concerned in the case, 'that they were,' to use his own language, '*unfortunately* lost;' 'did not appear, in consequence of his death,' etc., 'very probably,' so and so. Again he says: 'It is to be regretted, that the place is *unknown* where these *precious documents* of history were deposited, but still more that the *great treasure* should have been *destroyed*!' And, in the next paragraph he says: '*It is possible* that Votan's historical tract, *alluded* to by Nunez de la Vega'—for he is indebted, after all, for the sum total of this now simple *historical tract*, to the *allusions* of some unknown writer—'or *another*,' he says, '*similar* to it, *may be* the one now in the possession of Don Ramon de Ordonez y Aguiar,' (though before pronounced to have been destroyed!) So much for the proof of this story, good, bad, or indifferent. To have continued out these observations, we could have more clearly shown its folly and untruth; but, though necessary to satisfy the mind of the curious on so important a subject, [460] yet we would avoid unnecessary minutia, and deem what has already been stated, quite sufficient to establish our position.

Now for the story itself. This, he says, was 'communicated' to him by some 'valuable notices,' (how, we are left entirely to conjecture,) 'by the above writer,' (Aguiar,) 'who' he says, 'is engaged at this time in composing a work, the *title* of which I have seen!' The said title is '*Historia del Cielo y de la Tierra*!' (History of Heaven and Earth!) 'that will not only embrace the original population of America, but trace its progress from Chaldea, immediately after the confusion of tongues, its mystical and moral theology, its mythology, and most important events!' Such a work we should be glad to see, and so would all the world beside; but 'unfortunately' it has never appeared, though 'this time' spoken of, was more than forty years ago! The title of the work, and the abilities which he ascribes to its author, he says, 'lead us to anticipate a work so perfect in its kind as will completely astonish the world!' Let the reader notice the agreement between this source of 'communicated' information, and that 'alluded to' by Nunez de la Vega. 'The memoir in his possession, (Aguiar's) consists,' he continues, 'of five or six folios of common quarto paper, written in ordinary characters in the Tzendal language; an evident proof,' he farther adds, 'of its having been copied from the original in hieroglyphics, shortly after the conquest.' We do not see, in this circumstance, the 'evident proof mentioned, or 'the shadow, thereof;' but this is in keeping with all his 'proofs.'

The tract is then stated to go on by means of a painted description, on the first leaf, in different colors, of the two continents. This is declared to be characterized by the letters *s* and *ss*, with works which *he* made, (Votan, it is supposed,) signifying on the margin, the places he had visited on the old continent. Between these squares stands the title of his history, viz: 'Proof that I am Culebra,' (a snake) which title he proves in the body of his work, by saying, that he is Culebra, *because* he is Chivim.' This is 'demonstration,' of course! He then states that *he* conducted seven families from Valum Votan to this continent, so says Cabrera, and assigned lands to them; that *he* is the third of the Votans; that having determined to travel until he arrived at the root of heaven! (who can tell where the *root* of heaven is, and what road should be taken to get there?) in order to discover his relations, the Culebras, and make himself known to them; (mark, his relations in America,) he made four voyages to Chivim, which is expressed by repeating four times from Valum Votan to Valum Chivim, from Valum Chivim to Valum Votan; that he arrived in Spain, and that he went to Rome; that he saw the great house of God building; that he went by the *road* which his brethren Culebras had bored; that he marked it, and that he passed by the houses of the thirteen Culebras. He relates that, in returning from one of his voyages, he found seven families of the Tzequil nation, who had joined the first inhabitants, and recognised in them the same origin as his own, that is, of the Culebras. He *speaks* of the place where they built their first town, which from its founders received the name of Tzequil. He affirms that he taught them [461] refinement of manners in the use of table-cloths, dishes, basins, cups, and napkins; that, in return for these, they taught him knowledge of God, and of his worship, his *first* ideas of a king, and obedience to him, and that he was chosen captain of all the united families!

Having announced all this badinage from a work not read nor even written, with as much confidence as if he had seen the narrated circumstances, he says: 'Let us now follow the progress of this celebrated chief of the first inhabitants of the American continent!' He then goes into the

descriptions of Del Rio, and his ingenious but labored and wordy commentaries. How much there may be to 'demonstrate' with these premises, we shall not undertake to prove; but it would excite a smile in the reader, to notice with what avidity he seizes hold of the supposed hieroglyphical drawings of the before-mentioned explorer, and explains what they mean, from the wonderful light thrown in his path by the *title* of a work not then, nor yet now, written, and also from the 'allusions' of some reputed writer, unknown even to himself!

What the curious specimens of sculpture and of phonetic representation, before referred to, actually mean, is alike unknown to all inquirers, notwithstanding Bishop Cabrera's commentaries. The 'historical treasure' respecting Votan's Voyages, etc., is represented by the author first mentioned, viz. Vega, among other historical manuscripts, to state, or rather *he* states *for* Votan, that 'Votan is the third gentile placed in the calendar; that he wrote an historical tract in the Indian idiom, wherein he mentions by name the people with whom, and the places where, he had been. Up to the present time,' says he, 'there has existed a family of the Votan's in Teopizca.' He says, also, that 'he is lord of the Tapanahuasec; that he (Votan) saw the great house,' meaning, as the writer says, the Tower of Babel, 'which was built by order of his grand-father, Noah! from the earth to the sky; that he is the first man who had been sent hither to divide and portion out these Indian lands.' (How came the Indian here so soon after his grand-father Noah's flood?) We had thought himself and his seven families were the first; and that, at the place where he saw the great house, (the Tower of Babel,) a different language was spoken!' This 'historical tract,' so invulnerable to the effects of time, under the varied circumstances to which, 'it is very probable,' it had been exposed, was indeed a treasure; but the venerable prelate, not having the fear of antiquity before his eyes, and intent only on destroying all 'the means of confirming more strongly an idolatrous superstition,' says, 'he did give them up, when they were publicly burned in the square at Heuguetan, on our visit to that place in 1691!' (One hundred years before Cabrera wrote.) The Indian tradition of this treasure, says Cabrera, though he omits any reference to authority, 'was, that it was placed by *himself* (Votan,) as a *proof* of his origin, and a memorial for future ages, in the *casa cabrega*, 'house of darkness, that he had *built in a breath*!' He committed this deposite to a distinguished female, and a certain number of plebeian Indians, appointed annually for the purpose of its safe custody. His mandate was scrupulously observed by the people of Tacoaloya, in the province of Socanusco, where it was guarded with extraordinary care, until, being discovered by the prelate before-mentioned, he obtained and [462] destroyed it.

'It 'consisted,' observes Vega, who now speaks for himself, 'of some large earthen vases, of one piece, and closed with covers of the same material, on which were represented, in stone, the figures of the ancient Pagans, whose names are in the calendar, with some Chalchihnites, which are solid, hard stones, of a green color, and other superstitious figures!' All this looks a good deal like a 'historical tract,' as Cabrera calls these earthen pots, etc. These 'historical treasures' were taken from a cave by the Indian lady herself!' Quite an accommodating and antique-looking lady, we imagine, having held in charge the venerable relics from the time of Votan, the grandson of Noah, according to the document itself, until delivered in person to the trusty and veracious bishop, and by him burned as aforesaid! This, then, is the whole of the story of Votan! Forbid, Muse of History! that we should weaken or destroy one syllable of the description, or a jot of its meaning—its force or probability!

The pious bishop, it should be said, in proof of his blind devotion, whatever may be thought of his acts by liberal-minded men, faithfully expressed his reckless bigotry and wild fanaticism, by destroying all the valuable remains of the Tultecan people, 'lest,' as he says, 'by being brought into notice, they should be the means of confirming more strongly an idolatrous superstition!' History weeps over the ruins created by such mad and superstitious zealots; and no where with more reason than in Central America. The history of man is, indeed, but a record of persecution for opinion's sake, the result only of peculiar yet mainly unavoidable circumstances; and that record is black with deeds of shame and bloodshed. Poor human Nature!—we could almost wish that oblivion had hidden for ever thy acts from posterity!

Having, as we presume, satisfied the curious in respect to the foundation of the 'hypothesis' for peopling America, as proposed by the story of Votan, we shall next notice some interesting particulars in the early history of the Tultiques, which may shed light upon our inquiries. After this, we shall describe other and not less remarkable ruins of ancient time, in the various provinces of Central America; notice their connection with the relics and people of North America, the singular works of art, and the primitive inhabitants of portions of this country.

The Tultecan people, or Chiapanese, being the original inhabitants of America, and having quietly dwelt within the central provinces before-mentioned for an unknown period of time, all intelligence respecting them—if, in fact, we have any thing on which to rely, save the remains of their magnificent arts—is completely disconnected from all other people prior to the destruction of their capital. At what period this occurred, we are equally ignorant, notwithstanding the assurance with which some have given dates, and attempted to establish epocha in the history of the primitive American people. It is certain that the evidences of their antiquity are coëval at least with the most ancient of the human family. Tradition, at best, is a very uncertain guide for the antiquarian; that, therefore, of the grandson of Noah coming 'from the north' to people this continent by express command of God, may be regarded as hypothetical. Still, if the first [463] Americans were to be considered the immediate descendants of Noah, the ruins of Central America might be aptly compared with the date at which the deluge and the dispersion at the Tower of Babel are reported to have occurred. Votan, according to this tradition, is said to have been one of those who built the great tower, which was to reach to heaven, that he was selected

from among those which tradition likewise made to attempt building so high a structure, and that he was commanded to travel 'off north,' with a colony of the people, for the purpose of inhabiting this unknown land. How he and his colony got here by travelling north, we shall not attempt to explain, and particularly with a trackless sea, of three thousand miles in extent, intervening. This colony, it is said, also divided on their arrival at *Soconusco*, South America, a part remaining in the province of Chiapa, and the others proceeding on to Nicaragua. But from what we have already stated, this colony consisted, according to Votan's records, of only seven families; each colony, therefore, comprised three whole families! The form of government of this people thereafter, until they numbered many millions, was vested in two military chiefs, chosen by the priests. So says tradition.

Humboldt thinks that there existed other people in Mexico, previous to the arrival of the Toultecs, the date of whose appearance in Mexico he has put down at 648, of the Christian era. It matters not by what name the people who first inhabited America are called; nor does this writer name the people he supposes to have preceded the Toultecs. We have called the primitive inhabitants *Tultecans*; and we are justified by the best authorities, certainly by the most numerous, in giving them this appellation. But we think Humboldt was mistaken in the antiquity of the Tultiques. The date assigned by him for their appearance may have been when they were driven by the northern nations of Chicemecks, or perhaps by the Olmecas, from their ancient city, and forced to mingle with the other nations that about that time made their appearance in Mexico, from the north. It is possible that the dates given by writers, and purporting to have been derived from the hieroglyphic paintings of the ancient inhabitants, may have some truth for their bases; but these, liable as they were to misinterpretation, have induced writers to come to the conclusion, that no certainty exists in the dates which have been given for the population of Central America. Whether the inhabitants of Palenque, the famous ruins of which we have noticed, are the *Toultecs* known at a subsequent period, or whether the name of that people is 'past finding out,' our means do not allow us to determine at present. That they had a different name, prior to the appearance of the Toultecs in 596 of Clavigero, or 548 of Humboldt, may be admitted. Still, it is not improbable that they may have left their country in 544, as thought by some, arrived in the valley of Mexico in 648, and founded the city of Tula in 670; but to suppose that this people afterward reared the monuments we have before mentioned, is not at all probable; on the contrary, the period of their origin supposed by the 'hypothesis' already mentioned and some three thousand years since, would be altogether more in accordance with their ruins. The Tultiques were evidently the first people known in Mexican history; but from [464] whence they came, and the date of their first establishment in Central America, is unknown. Humboldt himself says, 'We do not know on what authority these dates are founded.' We shall speak of the people here mentioned as the *Toultecs*, and as entirely distinct from the ancient inhabitants of Palenque, though we have designated the latter by a similar name, for the sake of preserving cöincidence with others. All must be agreed, in accordance with our statement, and with Humboldt, that a people existed in Anahuac long previous to the appearance of these Toultecs we now speak of, though this distinguished traveller had no knowledge of the great ruins of Palenque.

The history of the Toultecs, like that of all the nations which have subsequently peopled Central America, is involved in fable. It is said, however, that their history relates that they were banished from their own country of *Huehuetapallan*, in their year 1, (Teepatl,) which is likewise said to correspond with our year 596; that proceeding southerly, under the direction of their chiefs, they arrived, after sojourning at various places on the way, for the space of one hundred and twenty-four years, on the banks of a river, where they built a city, and called it Tollan, or Tula, which, as Clavigero thinks, was the name of the kingdom they had left, situated north-west of Mexico. This then was the oldest, as it was one of the most celebrated cities in the history of Mexico, and the capital of the Toultec kingdom. This kingdom lasted three hundred and eighty-four years, which was divided into cycles of fifty-two years each; and each cycle was occupied by the reign of one king. Seven kings had thus ruled the people, when, during the twenty-eighth year of the reign of the eighth monarch, the nation was destroyed by a pestilence. If a monarch died during one of these cycles, the government was administered by the nobles. Tradition, as well also as the paintings of this people, beside Tollan and Huehuetapallan, mention *Aztlan* as their first residence. This fact, in connection with the remaining arts of a numerous and highly civilized people, now found in Wisconsin Territory, and near St. Louis, Missouri, have given rise to the opinion that there was their first residence. It has been contended that the Castine Ground, in the vicinity of that city, was the identical Aztlan of the wandering Toultec nation. We shall hereafter refer to the facts which induced us to announce in our first numbers that a connection existed between the inhabitants of Mexico and the original people of the western valleys of the United States.

The Toultecs, as has already been said, exhibited a high state of civilization, and an astonishing knowledge of the arts and sciences, at the earliest periods of their history. Their government was the most permanent, efficient, and happy; and to them have all succeeding nations acknowledged their indebtedness for their knowledge of the arts, and of agriculture. They were familiar with the working of metals, cutting gems, with hieroglyphical paintings, etc.; and in their divisions of time, they were much more perfect than the Greeks or Romans. 'But where,' inquires a distinguished writer, 'is the source of that cultivation? Where is the country from which the Toultecs and Mexicans issued?' If we have no evidence that they came from the United States, nor from Asia, is not the query solved, by supposing that they were the Palencians? dispersed by the pestilence [465] which deprived them of their eighth and last monarch, with the bulk of the Toultec people. The magnificent arts still presented to the curious traveller in Mexico, are the work of this people,

and they exhibit a degree of skill, industry, and intellect, which astonish those of our times. But they differed from all others in these arts. Where then shall we find their analogue? Did they come from China, as De Guignes would prove from the Chinese annals, subsequent to 458? Horn, in his 'De Originibus Americanis,' and M. Scherver, would make this by no means difficult, nay, extremely probable. They 'might have been a part of those Hiongnoux, who, according to the Chinese historians, emigrated under Punon, and were lost in the north of Siberia; or, were they the Indians of North America? The pastoral character of the Toultecs resembled that of the Asiatics, and their arts those of Egypt; but they cultivated no other gramina than maize, while the Asiatic tribes cultivated various cereal gramina, at the earliest periods of their history. To the Chinese, and particularly the Japanese, they bore a striking similarity, so far as regards the state of civilization; yet, in their facial and cranial characteristics, they differed materially. On the whole, it is much more reasonable to suppose that the people of whom we are now speaking, were of the Mongol race, than that the Palencians were any particular race now known.

Whether the last mentioned people, after their dispersion from their great capital in the province of Chiapa, were or were not the nucleus around which the many distinct tribes that afterward constituted the people of the great Mexican empire, all our inquiries are unable clearly to establish; still, there are strong evidences in favor of that opinion. Hence the name Tultecan, by which we have designated the primeval inhabitants of this continent, and the authors of the extensive arts, the ruins of which have been noticed, may be identical with the *Toultecs*. All agree that there was a race of people existing for an unknown period of time in Central America before the Toultecs, the Aztecs, or the Chichimecas appeared in the beautiful Mexican valley. This agreement, in connection with the antique relics found on the site of the famous Palencian city, and the indisputable evidences of the superior knowledge of the ancient Palenquans, renders the conclusion to which we have arrived inevitable.

It is also extremely probable, from the analogy observed among the arts of succeeding inhabitants of Mexico, the similarity of their manners and customs, and their knowledge of the arts and sciences, in which the original Tultecans were so highly distinguished, that a part of the latter people, after the destruction of their great capital, was united with the former. This probability, though unnoticed by writers upon the early inhabitants of Mexico, amounts, in our mind, to conviction. It forms a basis to the only conclusion which presents itself in attempting to explain the origin of the extraordinary arts now found throughout the Mexican valley, and in other parts of that once extensive empire. The inference is not less conclusive in relation to the people with whom the original Tultiques became united, and with whom they in part constituted the subsequent great nation of Mexicans. This people were clearly the previous inhabitants of our own western states. Their arts are distinctly traced from Wisconsin and Missouri Territories, all [466] the way into the valley of Mexico. Among those which now characterize that valley, are to be seen numerous specimens so closely resembling the relics of the United States, that no other inference can be drawn from the fact, than that they were the work of the same people. Still, it will be observed that others exist in Mexico, which as plainly show the existence of a distinct and peculiar class of men. The most remarkable of these are found among the ruins of Palenque, Copan, and at other places in the province of Chiapa, Yucatan, and Guatemala. Others again exist, scattered throughout both Peru and Mexico, among the Pacific Islands, and west of the Rocky Mountains, which differ in many striking particulars from those of this country, from those of Palenque, and among themselves. This is strongly in evidence of the historical fact, that the ancient Mexicans were composed of numerous and very different tribes of people. That various tribes have also dwelt in our western valleys, is quite certain; and that our whole country has, at remote periods, been the theatre of strange events, and the residence of peculiar people, cannot admit of doubt. While some of that people were unacquainted with the use of metals, others must have possessed a very good knowledge of them, and withal the mode of working them. A well-finished steel bow, found in one of the western tumuli, and the scoria, evidently the product of forges discovered among the works which have been left by some previous inhabitants of the Ohio valley, are among the proofs of this fact. Hieroglyphical writing, long a desideratum among the remains of the primitive inhabitants of the United States, has also been discovered. Descriptive paintings similar to those executed by the Mexicans, may in like manner have been left by this people, but they would have disappeared, had they been so left, from the effects of time. No stone edifices resembling those of Mexico have however been found among us; no piles of rude masonry, stone fortifications, bridges, viaducts, etc., as at Palenque and other places. There are some traces, if recent accounts be true, of tumuli and walls in this country, which were built in part of burnt bricks, not unlike those with which the great pyramid of Chollula was built; yet there are none in the same style and magnificence. Enough, however has been noticed, among the ancient arts of this country, to satisfy us that our primitive inhabitants may have been among the builders of that stupendous structure. The same form may now be noticed in a tumulus near Cincinnati. Others have been destroyed, which had the same pyramidal form, with regular off-sets. On the tops of these, and particularly those of a large size, it has been conjectured that structures similar to those of Mexico were built. The one ruthlessly destroyed at Circleville, Ohio, affords strong evidences of its having been devoted to the worship of the sun, and to the offering of human sacrifices. But more of this anon. Subsequent remarks will tend to show, when we shall have furnished other particulars of newly-discovered ruins in Central America, how far those of our own country agree with the ancient arts of Mexico.

THE ENCAGED BIRD TO HIS MISTRESS. [467]

LADY, sweet lady! let me go,
To breathe again my native air;
Where mountain streams unfetter'd flow,
And wild flowers in profusion bear;
Where mingled notes of feather'd throng
Pour forth their free, harmonious song,
In praise to Him who bids them fly,
Bound only by the lofty sky:
I pine! I pine! to stretch my wings,
And feel the sun's enlivening glow—
To join the lay the free-bird sings;
Kind lady! let thy prisoner go!

Long have I cheer'd this summer bower,
Where oft thy fairy footstep treads;
Beguiled for thee the tedious hour,
And chased the tear that sorrow sheds:
Or, when beneath these clustering vines,
Thy lovely form for rest reclines,
I charm thy spirit still, in dreams,
Wakening by music heavenly themes.
And, lady, thou hast charms that win
Even the bird encaged to love;
Without so fair, sure all within,
To meek compassion's touch must move.

Yes, thou art fair; but those blue eyes
Are not to me the azure heaven;
Nor is the food thy hand supplies,
And in such rich abundance given,
Sweet as the crumbs by labor earn'd,
Ere I of luxury had learn'd;
Nor is this splendid cage a home
Worth the free woods I long to roam:
Think'st me ungrateful for thy care—
That all thy fondness I forget?
No! songs my warmest thanks shall
bear;
But, lady, I'm thy prisoner yet!

Say, is there not some kindred-one,
Absence from whom 'tis pain to bear—
And thus, when thou art here alone,
So often falls the pearly tear?
Lady, I too had once a mate,
When freedom was my happy state;
And for that mate I yet do pine,
And sorrow oft at day's decline:
God hath ordain'd that nought which
lives
Should live alone, far from its kind;
Not only man the bliss receives,
Which he in fellowship doth find.

Birds of the air are paired above,
By Him who hears the raven's cry;
And shall man break the bonds of love
'Twixt harmless songsters of the sky?
No! let the little life we live
Enjoy the sweets that God doth give;
Unshackled sail the ambient air,
And carol forth our music there.
And thus, by thine own freedom blest—
By all the kindness thou canst show,
And by the love that heaves thy breast,
Lady, sweet lady! let me go!

Cedar-Brook, Plainfield, (N. J.), 1837. E. C. S.

THE SOUL'S TRUST.

[468]

'WHY art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou

in God; for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God.'

Psalms.

Though troubles assail me, and dangers
surround,
Though thorns in my pathway may ever be
found,
Still let me not fear, for thou ever wilt be
My God and my guide, while I lean upon
thee.

The sweet buds of promise may fade ere
they bloom,
The hopes which are earth-born, lie low in
the tomb;
And though my life's pathway seem weary
to me,
I shall gather new strength, as I lean upon
thee.

Though bound to the world by the heart's
dearest ties,
Though earth's fairest scenes are
outspread to my eyes,
Oh never, my Father! permit me to be
Found trusting to reeds—let me lean upon
thee.

And in that dread hour when my aw'd soul
may stay
No longer on earth, but is summon'd away
—
Amid those great scenes which no mortal
may see,
Let me know naught of fear, as I lean upon
thee!

G. P. T.

MR. AND MRS. TOMPKINS.

A SIMPLE TALE.[1]

BY THE LATE ROBERT C. SANDS, ESQ., AUTHOR OF 'YAMOYDEN,' ETC.

In a certain village—pleasant enough to behold, as you ride or walk through it, but abominably unpleasant to remain in, on account of the unconquerable propensity of its inhabitants for scandal and tittle-tattle, which prevails to a degree infectious even among decent people—in this village, about ten years ago, a man and his wife, of plain appearance, both in person and dress, came to reside, having the fear of God before their eyes; and in that fear, I trust, they died. But they were the subjects of much speculation; and the presidential question has not, to my certain knowledge, called forth so much original argumentation among the people of that village, as did the arrival of this couple; unpretending, unquaint, and inoffensive as they were.

They came in a stage, with but small incumbrance of luggage for persons who meant to remain in one place for any long time; and according to an arrangement previously made, took up their [469] quarters in the house of a respectable widow, whose modest mansion afforded to them the only room they wanted, and whose modest circumstances made their coming to board with her, in that single room, a decided convenience.

The fact being ascertained, in an hour's time, throughout the village, that the widow Wilkins had got two boarders who were to occupy her spare room, it became a subject of conversation at the post-office, the tavern, the grocery, the prayer-meeting, and in every domestic circle. But nobody was able, that evening, to throw light upon the question of who the new comers were; and conjecture was left free to range through the mazes of its own world of imagination.

Three ladies, a widow, a widow bewitched, and a middle-aged single woman, namely, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Hawkins, and Miss Cross, had gone immediately, on observing that the stage had dropped two passengers with the widow, to ascertain who they were, where they came from, what they had in view, and whither they were going next. All the information, however, that Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Hawkins, and Miss Cross had been enabled to obtain, (albeit they would have wormed the one secret which a man ought to keep from his wife out of him, after the Holy Inquisition had given him up in despair,) was, that Mrs. Wilkins had taken a man and his wife to board at her house; and that their name was Tompkins. They had retired to their own apartment, and had not been seen by the respectable triad; yet Miss Cross said, she thought from the looks

of an old pair of boots, which were tied to one of Mr. Tompkins's trunks, which was standing in the entry, that 'they were no great shakes.' As to this point she had a right also to speak her opinion, seeing that her father had been a respectable retail shoe-maker. So, therefore, the report of Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Hawkins, and Miss Cross, did but whet the curiosity of the congregation as to the private history, present estate, and future prospects of poor Mr. Tompkins and his wife. Many supposed that his name was assumed for the occasion. So many, they urged, were indicted or sued, who had such an alias, that he must have broken out of the state prison, or run away and left his bail in the lurch. An inveterate reader of all the newspapers observed, that a Mr. Tompkins was advertised as having left his wife without any means of subsistence, who would pay no debts contracted by him. It was probable that he had a female partner of his flight; and the circumstance of his coming in such a clandestine way to the house of the widow Wilkins, was certainly a singular coincidence. It would be endless, and scarcely amusing, to mention all the suppositions broached on the subject. One, which was quite popular, was, that this Mr. Tompkins must be the man who had been hanged in Alabama some months before, and who, it was rumored, had been resuscitated.

The most speculatively benevolent hoped that these people would be able to pay their board to the widow, as she was a good sort of woman, though none of the wisest, and could not afford to lose it. The most scrupulously decorous hoped this couple were actually married, and had not come to bring disgrace into Mrs. Wilkins's house, as she had always passed for an honest woman, [470] as had her mother before her, though there had been some strange stories about her aunt and the Yankee doctor.

The next morning, after breakfast, Mr. Tompkins came forth from the widow's house, and walked through the village to the barber's shop. His gait was that of a grave gentleman who has passed the meridian of life, and has nothing to excite him immediately to unnecessary action. There was nothing in his manner that was at all singular, nor was there even the inquisitive expression in his countenance, which would be natural in that of an entire stranger in the place. He walked as a man walks who is going over ground he has trodden all his life, in the usual routine of his occupations. His clothes were plain black, cut after no particular fashion or fancy, but such as old gentlemen generally wear. His walking-stick was plain, with a horn handle. He wore apparently no ornaments, not even a watch. Those whom he met in the street, or passed as they stood in their doors, looked hard and sharply at him; but he neither evaded nor responded to their glances of interrogation.

The barber who shaved him, extracted from him the facts that he had come last from York city, where there was no news; and that he meant to stay for some time in the village. After leaving him in possession of this valuable information, Mr. Tompkins sallied forth, and strayed, at the same leisurely pace, up a hill, the summit of which commanded a picturesque view of the village, and of the adjacent country. The barber observed something like a cicatrix, in a rather suspicious part of his neck, but he did not feel justified in pronouncing an opinion as to whether he had ever been actually hanged or not.

In the mean time, or not long after, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Hawkins, and Miss Cross, paid a visit to the widow, to tell her not to forget to come to a charitable sewing society that afternoon, and to make another effort to relieve their minds about the case of poor Mrs. Tompkins. They found the latter lady sitting with her hostess. She was knitting cotton stockings. She was a plain middle-aged woman, forty years old or upward, attired in a dark-colored silk dress, with a cambric ruff and cap, not exactly like those worn by the straitest sects of Methodists and Friends, but without any ornament. An introduction having been effected, the ingenuity of the three ladies was immediately exercised in framing interrogatories to the stranger. She was civil, amiable, and apparently devoid of art or mystery; but never was there a more unsuccessful examination, conducted with so much ability on the part of the catechists, and so much seeming simplicity in the witness. Without resorting to downright impertinence, these ladies could extract no more from Mrs. Tompkins, than that she had come with her husband last from New-York, where they had left no family nor connexions, and that they meant to spend some time in the village.

'Had she always lived in New-York?'

'No—she had travelled a great deal.'

'Was it her native place?'

'No—she was born at sea.'

'Had her husband been long settled in New-York?'

'No—he had lived there some time,' etc., etc., etc. [471]

With this highly unsatisfactory result, the fair inquisitors were compelled to return from their mission. Something, however, in the placid manner of Mrs. Tompkins, had produced an influence upon them which counteracted the natural effects of the irritability arising from ungratified curiosity. Their hypotheses in relation to her were by no means so uncharitable as might have been expected. Mrs. Steele actually maintained that she believed her to be Mrs. Fry, travelling incog. through the United States. Mrs. Hawkins had no doubt it was Dorothy Ripley, a woman who had a call to straggle through the country, vending her religious experience; and that her escort was no less a personage than Johnny Edwards, a lay enthusiast of great notoriety. Miss Cross, the least complimentary in her conjectures, supposed it was Mrs. Royal, a travelling authoress, and bugbear to book-sellers and editors.

After a walk of two hours or more, Mr. Tompkins returned from his perambulations, and stopped

in at the tavern or stage-house, where he seated himself in an unobtrusive place, and began to read the newspapers. He perused these budgets of literature systematically and thoroughly; and the anxious expectant of the reversion of any particular journal he had in hand, waited in vain for him to lay it down. When he had finished one broad-side, and the fidgetty seeker after the latest news had half thrust forth his hand to grasp the prize, Mr. Tompkins, gently heaving a complacent sigh, turned over the folio, and began to read the next page with the same quiet fixedness of attention, and unequivocally expressed purpose of suffering nothing it contained to escape his attention. It thus took him about two hours to finish his prelection of one of the issues of that great moral engine, as it is called, by whose emanations the people of this country are made so wise and happy. Advertisements and all he read, except poetry, which he seemed to skip conscientiously, generally uttering an interjection, not of admiration. Notwithstanding he thus tried the patience of those who wanted a share of periodical light, he was so quiet and respectable a looking man, that not even a highwayman, or a highwayman's horse (supposing that respectable beast to be entitled to its proverbial character for assurance,) would have attempted to take the paper away from him by violence. His person was in nobody's way. His elbows and knees were kept in; and there was no quarrelling with his shoe or his shoe-tie. There was a *simplex munditiis*—a neat-but-not-gaudiness about him, which every body understood without understanding Latin.

When he had apparently exhausted the contents of all the periodicals that lay on the bar-room table, just as the village clock struck one, Mr. Tompkins asked for a glass of cider, which he drank and departed. I need make no apology to an intelligent reader for a detail of these minute particulars; because they engrossed the attention of many at the time, and were severally the subjects of conflicting hypotheses. And beside, the history of his first day's residence was so exactly that of every other which followed, that it is expedient to be particular in recording it.

He returned then to his lodgings, and after dinner was seen sitting in the porch of the widow's house, smoking a cigar, and reading in an ancient-looking volume. Toward sundown he again [472] walked forth, with his wife (if wife she was) under his arm; and they strolled to some distance through the lanes and among the fields adjacent to the village. Thence they returned at tea-time, and at an early hour retired to their apartment.

Mrs. Wilkins had not for a long time received so many visiters as called upon her that evening, to inquire after her health, and the 'names, ages, usual places of residence, and occupations' of her boarders. For the best of all possible reasons, she was unable to satisfy them on many of these points. The appearance of Mr. Tompkins at the tavern, however, had produced a rëaction in the opinions of the men, as that of his wife had in those of the ladies; and he was supposed to be some greater character than a runaway husband, a fraudulent insolvent, or a half-hanged malefactor. They were determined to make an Æneas under a cloud out of him. One was convinced that he was Sir Gregor McGregor; another that he was Baron Von Hoffman, (a wandering High-Dutch adventurer, much in vogue at that time,) and a third ventured the bold conjecture that he was Napoleon himself. A rumor, then rife, that the most illustrious of *dêtenus* had effected his escape, gave greater accuracy to the last surmise than to any other. Napoleon was then in ——!

The post-master advised the speculative crowd, whose imaginations were perturbed and overwrought by this suggestion, to keep themselves quiet and say nothing about it for the present. Letters and packages must necessarily come to the mysterious visiter, which would be subject to his inspection; and from the post-marks, directions, and other indices, which long experience had taught him to understand, he assured them that he should be able to read the riddle. By this promise, the adult population were controlled into forbearance from any public manifestation of astonishment. The little boys, however, whose discretion was not so great, kept hurraing for Bonypart to a late hour, around the widow's house; for which the biggest of them suffered severely next morning at school; their master being what was called an old tory.

'Days, weeks, and months, and generations (in the chronology of curiosity) passed;' but the post-master was unable to fulfil his promise. Nothing came to his department directed to *our* Mr. Tompkins; nor did that gentleman ever inquire for any letters. During this period, which was about half a year, the daily occupations of Mr. T. were almost uniformly the same with those mentioned in the diary I have given. So punctual was he, that a sick lady, having marked the precise minute at which he passed before her house, on his return to dinner, set her watch regularly thereafter by his appearance, and was persuaded that it kept better time than those of her neighbors. One would have thought that she ought to have felt grateful to the isolated stranger who thus saved her the trouble of a solar observation; but whether it arose from the influence of the genius of the place, the irritability of sickness, or her association of Mr. Tompkins with ipecacuanha, certain it is, that her guesses about his identity, and his motives for coming to that town, were of all others the most unamiable.

I must mention, however, some of the other habits of Mr. Tompkins, and some of the peculiarities [473] of his character. For, though the former were systematic, and the latter monotonous, he was yet not a mere animated automaton; and was distinguished from other male bipeds by certain traits, which his acutely observant neighbors of course did not fail to note.

Neither he nor his wife ever bought any thing for which they did not pay cash. Their purchases were few in number, and small in amount; and they generally seemed to have exactly the requisite sum about them, rarely requiring change, and never exhibiting any large surplus of the circulating medium. On Sunday, unless the weather was very bad, they attended at the Episcopal church regularly, sitting in Mrs. Wilkins's pew; and regularly did Mr. Tompkins deposite a sixpenny-piece in the plate which was handed round. They did not, however, partake of the

communion in that church; why, I know not. It was in vain that Mrs. Tompkins was urged by the ladies with whom she became acquainted, to attend religious meetings of different kinds, held in the evening. It was also in vain that either her husband or she was solicited to subscribe to any charity, of whatever description. They severally answered, 'I cannot afford it,' so naturally, that the ladies and gentlemen on the several committees appointed by the several charitable meetings, gave them up in despair. They rarely accepted invitations to tea-drinkings; and yet there was nothing unsocial in their manner or conversation. They could converse very agreeably, according to the opinions of many of the people; and what was strange, was, that they neither talked about scandal, religion, or politics. Sometimes they spoke of other countries so familiarly, that the question, 'Have you ever been there?' was naturally asked; and the answer was generally 'Yes.' Avoiding, however, any communion other than what was inevitable, with those who were decidedly gross and vulgar in intellect and feeling, and forming no intimacies in the small social circle into which they were thrown, the barrier was never passed by their acquaintances, which precluded familiarity. The amusements of Mr. Tompkins, other than those I have stated—to wit, walking and reading the newspapers—were extremely limited in kind or degree, so far as they were observed. Books of his own he had none. The widow's collection was small: but he availed himself of it occasionally, when smoking, or when the weather was bad. As it was more than a quarter of a century since any of the volumes had been purchased, and they were mostly odd ones, his studies could neither have been profound nor extensive. He also very frequently played backgammon with an old Danish gentleman, Mr. Hans Felburgh, who had brought his wife from the West Indies, to reside in this village for the benefit of her health, and had buried her there. It had been a subject of much dispute why he remained; whether from regard to her memory, want of funds, or because he was afraid or too lazy to go back. My readers, I trust, are troubled with no such impertinent curiosity. No human being can long move and live in the same society, without contracting a preference for somebody or other; but the intercourse between these two gentlemen arose very naturally, as they were near neighbors and both strangers, and as the Dane [474] was without kith or kin in the country.

Thus, as I have said, six months passed away, and the mystery which enshrouded Mr. Tompkins yet hung about him 'as a garment.' Curiosity, 'like the self-burning tree of Africa,' had almost consumed itself in its own ardors; but the vital fire yet glowed under the embers. The people had worn threadbare all the arguments on the questions who Mr. Tompkins was, and why he did not publish to them his autobiography. The all-absorbing topic of conversation now was, 'How did he live? what were his resources?' He ran in debt to no one, borrowed from no one, and kept no account in either of the four village banks; he paid his board regularly, as was regularly ascertained from the widow, who became indignant, however, at the frequent recurrence of the question. The tax-gatherer in his rounds called upon him, and found him only liable to be assessed at the same rate as those were who had neither realty nor personalty subject to taxation.

It was now suggested, and became the current report, that Mr. Tompkins and his wife were secretly connected with a gang of counterfeiters, for whom they filled up bank notes, and with whom they had means of holding clandestine intercourse. Often were they both dogged, on their rambles, by gratuitous enthusiasts in the cause of justice. Mrs. Tompkins was seen to stoop for some time, removing a stone that lay under a hedge. The observer in his eagerness, approached too incautiously, and trampled among the dry leaves. She turned her head and saw him, and went onward, making a pretext of pulling up a handful of violets. Nothing was to be found under the stone, or near it; but there could have been but little doubt, it was supposed, that she had intended to deposite counterfeit bank notes, where her accomplices knew how to find them. Mr. Tompkins was observed in his morning walks, to stop occasionally to talk to some very poor people, who lived in the outskirts of the village, and even occasionally to enter their ricketty and tumble-down habitations. Many inquiries were of course made of them, both in an insinuating and a fulminating tone, as to the object of Mr. Tompkins's visits, and the purport of his communications. But these virtuous, though impecunious democrats, made no other reply, than that Mr. Tompkins was a good man, and a better man than those who came to examine them; and, when threatened, they stood upon their integrity as individuals, and their rights as free citizens, and contrived to empty their tubs and kettles 'convenient,' as the Irish say, to the ankles of the questioners.

But now an event occurred—or rather seemed likely to occur. One afternoon, a horseman, dusty with travel, rode up to the tavern, and having alighted, inquired if a Mr. Tompkins lived in that town. Now there was also a shoe-maker of that name who had long dwelt there. But when the stranger added, that the person he sought for could not long have been a resident, all doubts vanished. Between their impatience, however, to assure him he had come to the right place, and uneasiness to get out of him the facts which were to explain the mystery, the dusty traveller had much difficulty in obtaining answers to his first question, and to his second, 'where Tompkins [475] lived?' All the information he gave, in exchange for that which he received, was, that he had business with the gentleman. He also asked, where he could find the nearest justice of the peace? A bandy-legged individual, with a hump-back, and a strange obliquity in both his eyes, who was drinking beer, came forward immediately, and said *he* was the 'squire. The traveller looked as if he thought the people had a strange taste in selecting their magistrates; but, telling the crooked functionary that he might have occasion to call on him in a short time, set forth in the direction indicated to him, to find the person he was in search of.

He marched at a round pace; but not so fast that others were not on the ground before him. Several persons who had heard what had passed, scudded off in different ways for the same point, announcing as they ran, in half-breathless accents, to every one they met, that a sheriff

had come for Mr. Tompkins. A party kept at no great distance behind the stranger, among whom was the justice himself, who seemed disposed not to be out of the way, should his services be demanded.

As Mr. Tompkins, who was sitting in the porch of the widow's house, reading a volume of the Gentleman's Magazine for 1749, and had just exhaled a cloud of many-colored smoke, was watching the delicate spiral curve of sapphire hue, which did not intermingle with the other vapor, but wound through it like the Jordan through the Dead Sea, (to give the *coup de grace* to a figure worn to tatters, and beggarly tatters too,) I say, as Mr. Tompkins lifted up his eyes and beheld the prospect before him, he was aware of a man in riding trim, lifting the latch of the widow's little court-yard; behind whom a small crowd, headed by the cross-eyed and cross-legged Coke of the parish, advanced in a huddle, all earnestly gazing upon himself. And, glancing around, through the rose-bushes, lilac-trees, and pales which surrounded the modest enclosure in which he was ensconced, he beheld, peeping and chuckling, the quaint and dirty faces of divers boys and girls, with dishevelled hair and goblin expressions; and he marvelled what in the world was the matter.

The stranger entered the court-yard, and touching his hat respectfully, asked if Mr. Tompkins was at home?

'That is my name, Sir,' said the gentleman.

'I beg your pardon, Sir,' said the stranger. 'I have been mistaken. I was looking for another gentleman.'

So saying, he again touched his hat, and retired, looking rather surlily upon the people who gathered round him, and followed in a cluster his retiring footsteps. My tale does not lead me to tell how he got along with them, nor do I know more than what I have heard, which was, that having proceeded a little distance, and feeling them treading upon his heels, he got upon a stump, and looking around him, asked if the place was a Sodom or Gomorrah, that a Christian man, dressed like themselves, could not come into it without being mobbed in that manner? Upon which he marched on at a quicker step, some of the men shouting, and a few of the little boys following and throwing stones after him, till he remounted his horse; and mingling with the clatter of the charger's retiring hoofs was heard the rider's hoarse and coarse malison upon the [476] town, and all the people that lived in it!

——'But with Mr. Tompkins
Abides the minstrel tale.'

'Time rolled his ceaseless course,' as he does now while I write; and I shall record but one more anecdote, being an incident which happened several months after that last mentioned.

A fondness for getting up charitable societies had always prevailed, to a greater or less extent, in this village. But at this particular time it became a *rage*, in consequence of the organization in larger towns of associations on a grand scale; the notices of whose meetings, with the names of the several official dignitaries, as published in the newspapers, inflamed the ambition of the country folks. A society for the Suppression of Pauperism was immediately formed. Under its auspices, at the same time, was organized a society for the relief of the poor and destitute; and, subsidiary to the latter, an auxiliary branch was instituted, for the purpose of seeking out and examining the condition of such poor and destitute people, with a view of reporting their cases to the parent society. The executive committee of the auxiliary branch consisted of four ladies and three gentlemen; who met twice a week regularly, with the power of calling extra meetings, for the purpose of reporting and consulting.

It was certainly most unfortunate that a system so complicated and so admirable should be framed, without any subjects being found to try it upon. It was like a fine new mill, with a double run of stones, without any grist to be ground in it. The executive committee were not inactive; but, strange to relate, unless they patronised some of the members of one or all of the three societies, thus compacted like Chinese boxes, there was never a soul in the place upon the causes and actual extent of whose poverty and destitution they could report, without going to the gentiles whom I have mentioned before, who lived in the crazy and deciduous tenements in the outskirts.

To them, however, the three gentlemen, urged partly by their zeal in the cause, and partly by some sly intimations from the four ladies, that they were afraid of receiving injury to their clothes or to their persons, were induced to repair. Their mission was fruitless enough. While they were talking to some of the members of this small Alsatia below, others from above contrived accidentally to administer libations of ancient soap-suds and dish-water to the philanthropists, which sent them back in no amiable mood, and in a pickle by no means prepossessing, to report to the executive committee of the auxiliary branch.

What was to be done? It was necessary that some report should be made, which, having been approved by the branch and the parent institution, and laid by them before the Pauperism Society of the village, might be transmitted to the great Metropolitan Branch of the General State Association. The grand anniversary was approaching; and what a contemptible figure their returns would make. Under these circumstances Miss Cross called an extra meeting of the executive committee.

I do not intend to report the proceedings of this illustrious delegation, but merely the upshot of [477] them. They actually appointed a sub-committee, consisting of Miss Cross, who was all of six feet high, and a pot-bellied tinman who was only four feet eleven, to wait upon Mr. and Mrs.

Tompkins; and to inform them, in a delicate way, that the auxiliary branch had viewed with satisfaction their efforts to maintain a decent appearance, and had taken into very particular consideration the causes of their poverty, and the mode of applying suitable relief. It was well known, the committee were instructed to say, that they were destitute people, because nobody wrote to them, and it was a universal subject of wonder how they lived. They were growing paler and thinner under the influence of hope deferred, or more probably of no hope at all; and if they would quit Mrs. Wilkins's, whose charge for board was too high, they might yet have bright and pleasant days before them, under the patronage of the society. They might lodge with the aunt of Miss Cross, who had a nice room in her garret, and took as boarders half a dozen of the cabinet-maker's apprentices. Mrs. Tompkins could improve her time by washing and ironing; and something might be done for her husband, in the way of getting him accounts to cast up for grocers, running about to collect them, dunning, etc.

So Miss Cross and the tinman went the next afternoon; and, I believe, that with all the importance they assumed or felt, as members of the auxiliary branch, there was a little hesitation in their entrance into the demesne of Mrs. Wilkins. At any rate, I know, that in mounting the three steps before the door, Miss Cross, by a twitch of her foot, either nervous or accidental, kicked her colleague, who was behind her, on his back, or some other part; and set him a rolling with such emphasis, that he found it troublesome to stand up again fairly; or, indeed, to know the four points of the compass.

Mr. Tompkins was playing backgammon with his Danish friend, when his wife opened the door suddenly, with her face flushed, and said, 'My dear, here are a lady and gentleman, who wish to inquire into the causes of our poverty, and the means of relieving it.' She laughed as she spoke, but as she turned away and went up stairs, cried hysterically.

Mr. Tompkins, who had a man taken up, as the phrase is, and had just thrown doublets of the very point in which he could not enter, rose, and issued forth to talk to the sub-committee. I believe, most devoutly, that he was an amiable man; and as to the vulgar practice of profane swearing, I do not think he ever had indulged in it before in his life. But when he discharged this sub-committee, I am credibly informed, that he availed himself of as round and overwhelming a volley of blasphemy as ever was heard on board a man-of-war. I hope it has been pardoned him, among his other transgressions.

Time rolled on, and five years had passed away since the arrival of Mr. Tompkins and his wife at ——. Curiosity as to them had become superstition; though the vulgar imaginations of the mechanical *bourgeois* of the village had not enabled them to conjure up any spirit or demon, by whose assistance this inoffensive couple were enabled to exist without getting into debt. No letters had come, during all this period, through the hands of the conscientious and intelligent post-master. No deposite had been made by Mr. Tompkins in any one of the four banks; nor, to [478] the best of my knowledge and belief, had he ever seen the inside of either of them; for he never went to a place where he had no business to transact, or was not required by courtesy to go.

Death!—which we must all expect, and meet as we can—Death came, and makes tragical the end of a narrative which I have written, perhaps, in a strain of too much levity. A fever, occasioned probably by local influences, seized Mrs. Tompkins, and after a few days' illness, unexpectedly even to the doctor, she died. Such was the fact; and if I had all the particulars, I know not why they should be given. It is hard, however, to realize that any body is dead, with whom we have long associated; still harder, if we have dearly loved the friend who has gone before us. I suppose this was the case with Mr. Tompkins, who did not long wear his widower's weeds. He died too, only eight weeks afterward.

He followed his wife to the grave, leaning on the arm of his friend, the Dane—for I may be allowed to call him his friend, as he had no other—and shed no tears that any body saw. His habits of life were ostensibly the same as before. He took his morning's walk, and his afternoon's walk, although he had no wife to accompany him then. He caused a plain white marble tomb-stone to be erected at the head of her grave, on which was simply inscribed, 'Susan Tompkins: Died in the 49th year of her age.' A fever of the same type with that which carried off his wife, seized him, and he died as I have already mentioned.

There is no difficulty in getting up a funeral procession in such country places. Those who would have cheerfully consigned their own blood connexions to Don Pedro or the Dey of Algiers, while living, will make it a matter of business to follow any body's corpse to its last home: and there is no religion, sentimentality, or poetical superstition, in their so doing. It is a mere way they have.

Therefore there was no lack of people to make up a procession, either at the funeral of Mrs. Tompkins or of her husband. There was a group of rather ragged-looking people, men, women, and children, who remained after the crowd had gone away, near the graves on both occasions. They had reason to cry, as they honestly did, for the loss of those who had been kind to them.

It was a strange circumstance, but it was actually true, that when Mrs. Wilkins, under Mr. Felburgh's inspection, came to settle up what was due for the funeral expenses of Mr. Tompkins, and to herself, they found exactly the amount required, and neither a cent more nor less. What papers he might have burned after his wife's death I know not; but the lady and gentleman above-mentioned, who acted as his legatees, did not find the smallest memorandum or scrap of paper left by him. The wardrobe of both husband and wife was not extensive, and the trunks containing their wearing apparel were preserved inviolate by the respectable Mrs. Wilkins. She has since died. Mr. Felburgh went shortly after Mr. Tompkins's death to Denmark. If any private revelations were made to him, he has never divulged them, and I know he never will. When I saw him in Copenhagen, in the summer of 1826, I did not think he looked like a man who was to stay

much longer in this world of care. He had not any thing to trouble him particularly, that I know of; except that he had nobody to inherit his property, and that was not much. [479]

There was another strange circumstance, which I must not pass over. A few weeks after Mr. Tompkins was buried, a plain tomb-stone, shaped exactly like that which had been erected by his order over his wife, appeared at the head of his grave; and on it was inscribed, 'HUGH TOMPKINS: Died in the 58th year of his age.' Who put it up, no one could tell, nor is it known to this day.

The burying-ground is as forlorn a place as can well be imagined. There is only a ragged fence around it, and nothing but rank common grass, dandelions, and white-weed grow in it. There is nothing picturesque in or about it; and a Paris belle would rather never die at all, than be stowed into such vile sepulchral accommodations.

These are all the facts in my knowledge, relating to my hero and heroine, as to whom and whose resources curiosity is yet so lively, in the village which I have referred to, but not named, in order to avoid scandal.

'The annals of the human race,
  Its records since the world began,
Of them afford no other trace
  Than this—there lived a man'

and his wife, whose name was Tompkins.

I superscribe my story 'A Simple Tale,' and 'simply,' as Sir Andrew Aguecheek has it, I believe it is such. It can possess no interest save from the mystery which hangs over its subjects; no pathos, except from their loneliness on the earth, into whose common bosom they have been consigned, leaving only such frail memorials behind them as their laconic epitaphs and this evanescent legend.

ROSALIE.

I SEEK thy pleasant bower,
  My gentle Rosalie,
To win its richest flower,
  And find that flower in thee.
No more, though spring advances,
  I seek her shining train;
I only meet thy glances,
  And my heart is young again.

Thou art the morn, fair creature,
  That wakes the birds and roses,
Thine, is the living feature
  Where light and joy reposes.
All day, young joy pursuing,
  I've found, when caught, that she
Was the maid I had been wooing,
  The wild, young Rosalie.

When first the morning's lustre
  Lights up the fleecy plain,
When first the shy stars cluster,
  When the moon begins to wane;
Then do I seek thy bower,
  With a spirit fond and free,
To win its richest flower,
  And find that flower in thee.

G. B. SINGLETON.

STANZAS. [480]

'To live in hearts we leave behind
    Is not to die.'

CAMPBELL.

I.

I GO, my friend, thank heaven! at last I go,
Beyond yon clouds that sail, yon stars that

glow,
And every thing that liveth here below
Is dead to me!
The stream on whose green bank I've often
read,
The mountain-sward that felt my twilight
tread,
The flowers around, the leaves above me
spread—
All—all but thee!

II.

Yet, idol of my spirit! from thy heart
And memory, I shall not all depart,
And thou wilt then remain what now thou
art;
And friendship's spell
Will with our pleasures people each lov'd
scene,
The cascade's fount, the glade's romantic
green,
The woodland with the sunset's gold
between,
And classic dell.

III.

Oh! is it not a pleasure and a pride,
To think that we on earth shall be allied
With those who loved us, when we shall
have died,
And sunk to rest—
And that fond aspirations will arise
To HIM who ruleth earth, and sea, and
skies,
That we be, by His saving sacrifice,
Among the blest!

Philadelphia, October, 1837. JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

'NURSERIES OF AMERICAN FREEMEN.'

NUMBER TWO.

THE preparation and selection of suitable text-books for schools is a matter of great importance. Books are the great means by which the mind acts, in the acquisition of knowledge. But it is not every thing which bears the name of a book, that is to be regarded as the means of mental improvement. Since the invention of the art of printing, an immensity of paper and ink has been wasted in giving a wide extension to works which display the ignorance and imbecility of their authors, while at the same time, this noble art has placed within the reach of all the result of the mental labors and inquiries of the most gifted minds. The choice of books is of vast moment in the business of education, and text-books for schools require to be selected with great judgment and care.

School-books constitute the only species of American literature which has hitherto met with adequate encouragement. Stimulated by the vanity of authorship, by the desire of wealth, or by a wish to be useful, or by all these principles combined in different degrees, hundreds of competitors have started in this race. American talent has been very prolific in this species of authorship; and that person must be well versed in the subject, who can give even the names of [481]
those who have produced spelling-books, reading-books, English grammars, arithmetics, geographies, astronomies, natural philosophies, and other books of school literature and science. In order to avoid the character of plagiarism, or from an ambition to produce something new, or from whim and caprice, changes have perpetually been made in text-books for schools, until there has come to be among them a confusion like that of Babel. Innovation, without substantial improvement, is the bane of school authorship.

That person has a very inadequate idea of the subject, who supposes that it requires only ordinary talents and acquirements to produce good text-books for schools. There is a great difference in these works, indeed, as it respects the ability necessary to produce them. It may require, for example, less talent to compile a good reading-book, made up merely of selections from different authors, than to compose a good text-book on natural philosophy, where the matter requires to be thoroughly digested; but the hand of a master is required to mould every species of material into a proper form. It is a high effort of genius to simplify knowledge, and to

bring down the loftiness of science to the familiar comprehension of the youthful mind. A mind of a high order will generally leave its impress on whatever it undertakes; and although it may compose a primer for children, there will generally be something in its matter or form, which will show that it is not the production of ordinary talents and acquirements. Dr. Watts displays the same genius in the books which he wrote for children, as in those profound works in which he developed the philosophy of mind. When the storm of the French revolution was raging, and sending forth its lightning and its thunder, and threatened to rive the British nation in pieces, Hannah More was one of those master-spirits that rode upon this whirlwind and directed this storm. By her small 'Cheap Repository Tracts,' addressed to the common people of England, who in a mental point of view were a kind of children, she became the safe-guard of the morals of her country; and the principal men in church and in state hailed these simple publications, as most happily adapted to their purpose, and as saying that which they could not themselves have said so well.

While distinguished talents and extensive knowledge are necessary for those who would write good books for children, a familiar acquaintance with young minds, the fruit of much study or of experience in instructing them, is of essential importance. For this reason, some practical teachers have succeeded better in producing school-books than some other men, who have possessed greater talents and superior knowledge. But talents and knowledge, when combined with experience, will give superior advantages. Thomas H. Gallaudet, of Hartford, whose sermons have received high commendation from English criticism, and which are among the best specimens of fine writing which Americans have produced, if he had never engaged in the business of teaching, might have been an elegant scholar and a fine writer, but he could never have composed the 'Child's Book on the Soul.' His capacity to produce works of that description [482]
was acquired in teaching the deaf and dumb. In the institution for their instruction, over which he presided, being concerned with minds peculiarly uninstructed, he learned by experience the avenues to untaught minds, and his simple works are among the finest exhibitions of his talents. An English Review of his 'Class-Book of Natural Theology for Common Schools and Academies,' has the following remarks: 'This work has much heightened our opinion of Mr. Gallaudet's talents as a writer for the young. He has learned (by educating the deaf and dumb,) what gentle patience, and what clear and precise explanation must be used to convey instruction to, and fix correct ideas in, minds not yet unfolded, nor imbued with knowledge. A book like this is no work of chance, but is the result of great expense of time, thought, and tact, in devising and perfecting it.'

To produce text-books for schools, such as are needed, the best talents of the country should be put in requisition. In some instances, such talents have been engaged on this subject; but there is a necessity that they should be much more extensively employed than they have hitherto been. How utterly unqualified many authors have been to produce good school-books, their crude and ill-digested works bear abundant testimony.

It cannot be expected that text-books for schools should contain treatises very much in detail on some of the sciences to which they relate, and hence they should be very select in their materials. In constructing them, it requires as much judgment to know what to omit, as what to insert. Text-books on the sciences for schools should be peculiarly simple and perspicuous in their language, and clear as day-light in their arrangement and their illustrations.

Very considerable advances are supposed by many to have been recently made in school-books. These pretended improvements have often consisted more of show than of substance, and much remains yet to be done, although it is not to be denied that some advances have been made. In works of this kind, there was, in former times, too little adaptation to the comprehension of the youthful mind. In recent times, school-books have been made more simple and more intelligible to children, and it is questionable whether the tendency be not, at present, to an unprofitable childishness. It is not necessary to adopt all the familiarities of children, in order to be understood by them; and the language used in instructing them should always be a little in advance of their present attainments, that they may be continually raised to a higher standard. The Roman women were peculiarly attentive to the language of their children, and by habituating them from early childhood to a pure and elevated diction, they prepared them, under great disadvantages for education, compared with those which are now enjoyed, to be either themselves distinguished orators, or if not, to be capable of apprehending the beauties and feeling the force of the highest efforts of their orators.

In school-books, a great deal of noise and useless parade has been recently made about the introduction of the 'Analytic Method.' Many persons seem to consider this improvement to be like the exchange of the logic of Aristotle for that of Lord Bacon. The analytic method begins with the particular parts of a subject, and after having surveyed them in detail, combines them into a [483]
systematic whole; while the synthetic method takes a general view of a subject, and then proceeds to an examination in detail of its several parts. Now it is a well-established opinion in metaphysical philosophy, that while the analytical mode is the only true method for the discovery of truth not always known, the synthetic system has important advantages in teaching well-settled truth. That person must be a novice in the business of communicating instruction, who has not learned that a summary, general view of a subject is an important preparation for a profitable consideration of its several parts, and that great confusion will result from attention to particular parts, without some general and connected views of the whole subject.

A great improvement was supposed to have been made, some years since, in geography, by a new method of classification and arrangement. The subjects on which it treats were associated according to their relation to each other, and not according to their relation to a particular

country. Thus, a chapter would be devoted to colleges, and these institutions would be treated of in connection with each other, throughout the world, instead of being separately treated of, when the particular country in which they are 'located' was under consideration. The author of this system was Mr. WILLIAM C. WOODBRIDGE, and his larger work contains, perhaps, a greater variety of valuable matter than any work on the subject, of equal size, in the language. His geography has had a circulation sufficiently wide to satisfy a reasonable ambition, or even cupidity itself. But it is questionable whether his system of classification is, after all, the best. One principle of association is laid hold of, while another and more important principle of association is abandoned. Location of place is every thing in geography; and an association of particular facts with the country to which they belong, is more important than an association of these facts with similar facts, in other parts of the world. After an abundant trial of this plan, it is believed that public opinion is reverting back to the old method of classification. Other geographies, on a different plan, have in a considerable measure superseded Woodbridge's smaller geography, while as yet no work has been produced on a different plan, which has sufficient merit to occupy the place of his larger geography, unless the recent work of Bradford, taken chiefly from Balbi's Geography, be of this character. This work will be found to be exceedingly rich in its materials, and peculiarly lucid in its arrangement.

Among the attempted improvements in arithmetic, what is generally denominated 'mental arithmetic,' stands conspicuous. That arithmetics in former times were too abstract, too little applied to the business of life, is undoubtedly true. To obviate this, mental arithmetic has been introduced. This exercise the scholar generally commences at the beginning of his course. A little of it might not be unprofitable; but it is believed that the tendency, at present, is to give it too great a prominence. It would seem as if, in the view of some writers on this subject, the first efforts of the child in numbers should be to invent to himself rules of arithmetic, a work to which he is utterly unequal. In some recent arithmetics, vulgar fractions will be found mingled, with simple addition, and the child will be required to solve difficult questions in the former, before he [484] is well acquainted with the latter. This is altogether preposterous. Mental arithmetic has much less application to the business of life, than is often supposed. Few men of business rely very extensively on mental calculations, in preference to their pen or their slate, for two reasons. The one is, that in written calculations there is more certainty of correctness, and the other is, that they are incapable of inventing shorter and better rules for arriving at their results, than the rules of a good arithmetic. As an exercise of the mind, mental arithmetic may serve to sharpen the ingenuity, and give vigor to the faculties. But there is another exercise, which has been strangely overlooked by the writers of arithmetics for schools, which would be superior to it as a mental discipline, and that is, a demonstration of the rules of arithmetic, in which the reasons for every operation, in every rule, should be scientifically unfolded. The scholar would thus be led, in the true analytical method, to unravel the mental process by which the inventor of the rule arrived at it as a conclusion. Not more than two or three arithmetics, intended for common schools, have attempted this, in a general and scientific manner.

Among the improvements in regard to text-books for schools, many familiar treatises on general science stand conspicuous. School-literature is taking a wider range than formerly. Even in common schools, by the introduction of such a work as the 'Scientific Class-Book' as a reading-book, two important objects would be secured at the same time; while youth are learning to read with propriety, their minds will also be stored with many of the principles of natural philosophy, astronomy, chemistry, botany, and political economy, with other important subjects. Reading-books for schools have extensively been of that character usually denominated 'light reading.' But too much light reading, it should never be forgotten, is exceedingly well calculated to make light heads. Works for the youth of our schools, should be filled with substantial and systematic knowledge.

Among reading-books for schools, the Bible holds a distinguished place; and there is reason to apprehend that, of late years, it has been too often excluded from these institutions. Moral instruction in schools is of equal importance with that which is intellectual; and no means of moral instruction can be compared to the Scriptures. And even aside from their sublime doctrines, their pure morality, their immense practical bearing upon the heart and the life, there is no book where grandeur of thought is equally combined with simplicity of language, and where lofty ideas are so completely brought down to the comprehension of children. It will hence be found, that the reading of the Scriptures will be to them the most easy kind of reading, and well calculated to produce that natural tone and manner which constitute its perfection. They contain no high-sounding words, introduced to give a factitious dignity, where real dignity is wanting; no inversion, for the purpose of surrounding an idea with a mist, which may magnify its importance. Whether the whole Bible is used, or the New-Testament only, or extracts from different parts of the whole Scriptures, may be safely left to the decision of those who are charged with the selection of school-books. Several volumes of sacred extracts, well fitted to this object, have from [485] time to time been made; and among them, one was executed, some years since, with great judgment and taste, by Dr. MCKEAN, Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University, and another, more recently, by Dr. PORTER, President of the Andover Theological Seminary.

To undertake to discuss, at large, the subject of school-literature, or the merits of the more prominent text-books for schools, would greatly exceed the limits of this paper. But it is a subject of great importance, and one of which no person should be ignorant, who has any concern in the management of schools. Such is the ignorance of many teachers, and even of the most intelligent men in the community, in regard to school-books, that many works of this kind have obtained a circulation to which they are not entitled. No person of general information should suffer himself to be uninformed in regard to school-literature. School books need a literary censorship, very

different from that to which they have hitherto been subject. If all the literati of the country were well versed in this matter, and would bring their opinions to bear on school-authors, a public opinion might be formed which would fix the seal of approbation on valuable school-books, and a mark of censure, which would help to consign them to speedy oblivion, on those of a different description. If teachers should not be suffered to instruct without having their qualifications put to a strict test, still less should text-books be introduced into schools, until they have undergone a still more rigid scrutiny, by persons competent to decide on their merits.

It has been suggested, in some of the public prints, that it should be the business of the superintendent of common schools to select text-books for the common schools in the state of New-York. It is questionable whether any single man could be found, to whom it would be safe to trust this important concern. De Witt Clinton himself, were he now living, would be unequal to the work, unless he were to qualify himself for it by an attention to the subject, such as he never gave. He, in conjunction with other distinguished literary men, recommended 'Bartlett's National School Manual,' a work containing many good things, but exceedingly defective as a whole. Like Pharaoh's lean kine, it is calculated to devour all other school-books, but after having done so, it would be a meagre skeleton still. The truth is, that a great majority of the most distinguished literary men in the country have devoted so little attention to school-literature, that on their recommendation of school-books but little reliance can be placed. But such ought not to be the case; for the subject is too important to be delivered over to less competent hands.

A systematic arrangement and vigilant inspection of schools, stands intimately connected with their prosperity. They are a complicated concern, and like all such concerns, they require great and systematic attention. School-houses must be provided, fitted up with neatness and convenience, and worthy of the names of temples of science. It is disgraceful to science, to have mean and incommodious school-houses, in the midst of commodious or splendid dwelling-houses. They should be well lighted, have convenient benches and desks, and at the proper season, be easily and comfortably warmed. Every teacher knows how important these things are to the [486] successful prosecution of the business of a school. If the school-room be hung round with maps and charts, and scientific diagrams, it will be so much the better. According to the laws of association by which the course of thought in the human mind is regulated, these things will take a strong hold of the susceptible minds of children, awaken a scientific curiosity, and divert them from their play to the proper business of the school-room, as well as afford valuable aids to the teacher in the business of instruction.

A number of well-qualified and laborious inspectors constitute an essential part of every good school organization. It should be the business of these inspectors to examine into the qualifications of teachers, and to see in what manner the business of instruction is carried on. No teacher should be employed, until his qualifications have been put to a rigid test. In the case of public schools, this should be done by public authority; and in private schools, the patrons should select a suitable number of persons, competent to perform this work. 'Good recommendations,' as they are called, are obtained with such facility, and given, even by persons of respectability, with so much carelessness, that comparatively but little reliance can be placed on them.

Inspectors of schools should frequently visit them, see them in their every-day dress, and learn whether instruction is thoroughly and judiciously given. The competent and faithful teacher will be highly pleased with such visitation. It will show him that his work is not undervalued, and will stimulate him to greater exertion, while the incompetent teacher will be likely to expose his deficiencies in a way which will lead to their correction. Scholars, also, will be greatly stimulated to effort by the frequent and judicious visitation of schools. It will show them that they are engaged in no unimportant employment, and convince them that an education is worthy of their strenuous and persevering exertions.

Public inspectors have generally been selected from intelligent men of business; and experience has proved that, amidst their other numerous avocations, this is very likely to be neglected. Perhaps a different arrangement of this business would be more effectual. Let a thoroughly competent person, a man of large views, and general knowledge, be selected and appointed an inspector, and receive a sufficient compensation to devote a considerable portion of his time to this subject; let him have under his charge the schools of a sufficiently extensive district; let him spend a considerable time in these schools in rotation, inspect the manner in which they are instructed, suggest to the teachers any improvements in the method of instruction and government, and be, in fact, a kind of regimental school-master. In some of the states, it has been found difficult to procure men of sufficient legal attainments for judges of the county courts. To remedy the evil, a chief judge has been appointed, of extensive legal science, to travel from county to county, and to preside, with associate judges, in these courts; and the arrangement has been found eminently beneficial. The course just proposed would equally contribute to raise the character and promote the interests of common schools.

Among the improvements which have been recently introduced into schools, that of illustrating [487] the sciences by means of simple and appropriate apparatus, deserves to be particularly noticed. Apparatus for the illustration of the sciences has long existed in colleges, and no institution of the kind would be thought worthy of patronage, which did not possess it. But apparatus is not more necessary in colleges, than is appropriate apparatus in schools. Indeed, from the nature of the case, it would seem to be more necessary in schools than in colleges. Children and youth, in the earlier stages of their education, are naturally volatile, and need something to fix their attention. They are less accustomed to abstract reflection than persons of a more advanced age, and therefore have greater need of a visible illustration of the sciences.

Apparatus for schools needs to be materially different from that usually found in colleges, which

is generally so expensive, as to be altogether beyond the reach of ordinary schools. Apparatus for schools must be cheap, or it will not be generally introduced; it must be neat, or scholars will turn away from it with disgust, and science will be disgraced by its slovenly appearance; it must be scientific, or it will be good for nothing. It may be scientific without being expensive. The value of a machine for scientific illustration depends much more upon its peculiar construction, than upon its mechanical execution.

By the use of apparatus, two avenues are opened to the mind where but one existed before, and the eye becomes auxiliary to the understanding, in the acquisition of knowledge. Appropriate apparatus is alike calculated to illustrate the sciences, and deeply to impress their principles upon the memory. Some kinds of apparatus have long been found in schools. Geography has long had the aid of maps, and no teacher would use a geography which was not furnished with a respectable atlas. But maps alone are not a sufficient apparatus in teaching geography. A globular revolving map of the world, a globe, and a cylindrical revolving Mercator's chart, will furnish important aid in explaining the globular, polar, and Mercator's projections of a map of the world. Astronomy and natural philosophy can no more be successfully taught without the use of machines, than can geography without the use of maps. No text-book on these subjects would be thought fit for use, which was not furnished with plates and diagrams. But plates and diagrams are but an inferior kind of apparatus; the objects which they represent are extensively presented in perspective, and the coarse manner in which these plates are executed, as well as the intrinsic difficulties of the subject, render them but imperfect substitutes for machines and models for illustration. The great leading principles of descriptive astronomy may, by means of a cheap machinery, be made matters of ocular demonstration, and thus be rendered intelligible to children. Natural philosophy acquires a greatly increased interest, in an illustration by experiment. All that variety of labor-saving machinery by which human toil is so extensively superseded, and the arts and conveniences of life so signally advanced, are but different combinations of the mechanical powers. Mechanics, not illustrated by machinery, is a dry study, but by its use a great interest is created in the subject, and some slumbering genius may be [488] awakened in a common school, that may originate discoveries in the arts, which will tell on the destinies of men, like the cotton-gin of Whitney, the cotton-spinning machines of Arkwright, or the steam-boat of Fulton. The time is rapidly coming, when no school will be considered well furnished, which has not a respectable apparatus for the illustration of the sciences, nor any teacher well qualified for his work, who does not understand how successfully to use it. Skill in the use of apparatus must be the result of much attention to the subject; and the teacher should labor to acquire it with the same assiduity with which he strives to make himself acquainted with the sciences which he professes to teach.

It is interesting to reflect on the cheering prospect which the advancing cause of education holds out in regard to the perpetuity of the American government, and the extension of the blessings of freedom to the civilized world. In passing over the long tract of time which authentic history discloses to the view, it is painful to observe how extensively tyranny has swayed an iron sceptre over the destinies of men; how governments, instead of being calculated to promote the interests of the people, have been artfully contrived to cause the multitude to toil and sweat for the gratification of the pampered few. How few are the green spots in the history of man, on which the friend of human rights delights to fix his contemplations! There have indeed existed some commonwealths, under the name of republics, but they have generally failed to affect, to any great extent, the purposes of a well-organized government. Greece and Rome, in their best estates, though denominated republics, were turbulent democracies, or over-bearing aristocracies, and both by turns. Deriving their notion of republics from these splendid failures, European politicians, on the commencement of the American experiment, predicted for it a disorderly course, and a speedy termination. They seemed to have overlooked the fact, that the constitution of the American government, and of American society, is wholly unlike that of the ancient republics. But while they have been watching, and waiting, and in many instances, hoping, for its downfall, their hopes have been signally disappointed. The American government has indeed been exposed to agitations. The storm of party violence and of sectional interest has beaten around it. But, like the majestic oak, instead of being prostrated by the blast, it has only caused it to strike its roots more deeply, and to obtain a firmer footing in the soil.

A general and well-conducted education nursed American liberty in its infancy, and is destined to sustain it in its maturity. The first settlers of New-England, whose example has told so widely on the destinies of the American people, after constructing a few log-houses, for the accommodation of their families, generally proceeded to the erection of a church, and planted a school-house by its side. The cause of education has never been regarded with indifference by the people of the United States, and it is yearly taking a deeper hold of the public mind. The governors of the states recommend it in their annual speeches to the fostering care of the legislatures, as one of the most important public interests, and laws are frequently enacted for its protection and advancement. Means are in increasing operation to raise up a nation of intelligent freemen. [489] There is no fear that the cause of education will become retrograde in the United States. The old states are laboring to supply their former deficiencies, and some of the first acts of sovereignty in the new states consist in legislating for the advancement of the interests of schools.

Every intelligent citizen of this republic cannot fail to be convinced of the excellency of the government under which he lives, and of feeling a deep interest in its stability and perpetuity. He will perceive how abundantly it secures to him the unmolested enjoyment of all his rights, and at how cheap a rate all this protection is afforded. However the great Johnson may scowl upon the sentiment of the equally great Milton, that 'the trappings of a monarchy are sufficient to set up an ordinary commonwealth,' many a man, under an oppressive monarchy, who has been taxed

from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, and from his cradle to his grave, has felt the full force of its truth and importance. Education, by enabling the American citizen to compare the excellencies of his own government with the defects of different governments, in other nations, and through all time, has a tendency to strengthen his love of country, and thus tyranny itself becomes auxiliary to the support of the American constitution.

One of the greatest dangers to which the government of the United States is exposed, is party spirit, which arms one portion of the community against another, and causes measures to be approved or disapproved, not from their intrinsic excellencies or defects, but from a blind devotion, or a virulent opposition, to those by whom they are supported. This is one of the evils incident to freedom. But party spirit can never put on its most appalling form among an intelligent people. However a few men, who are seeking for stations of honor and of profit, may pursue a course which has their own advancement only for its object, the mass of the people can have no interest which is separate from that of their country. And with intelligence to understand the true interests of the republic, and to judge correctly of public men and public measures, they will be proof against the arts of ambitious demagogues, and extensively free from party violence. They will cling to the constitution of their country, as the ark of their safety, and the charter of their hopes.

Education is not only moving onward in the United States, but it is also assuming a more promising aspect in other parts of the world. In Prussia, in Great Britain, in France, in Germany, and in some other European countries, it is advancing, and in some instances with surprising rapidity. That this advancement will be favorable to civil liberty, there can be no doubt. The most intelligent nations have always been the most free, and the most difficult to be enslaved. There is not a throne in Europe, but is based, to a greater or less extent, upon the ignorance of the people, and which will not totter and fall, or be greatly modified in its structure, by the general prevalence of education. Oppression and abuses will not abide the light. The multitude are too strong for their oppressors. They need only to understand their rights, in order to assert them, and they need only to assert, in order to maintain them. They now obey despotic rulers for the same reason that the inferior animals are subject to man, because they know not how to resist, or [490] that resistance would be availing. Education will instruct them on both these points.

Beneath the whole surface of European society are smouldering fires, which threaten to break forth in some terrible volcano, that may spread desolation and destruction far and wide. The privileged few are marshalling themselves against the oppressed many, and the many are preparing for a conflict with the few, and their several pretensions must at length be put to issue. The monarchs of Europe, supported by the prescription of ages, and surrounded by powerful aristocracies, as so many body-guards, may refuse to listen to retrenchment and reform, and set themselves in array against the rights of the people. With the means at their command, they may oppose powerful obstructions to the progress of civil liberty; but it will be like damming up a mighty river, the force of which will be augmented by the resistance with which it is opposed, and which must at length break loose, and bear all before it. Revolutions in European governments are as sure as the progress of time; and the increasing intelligence of the people affords reason to expect that their result will be the more firm establishment of human rights. A great intellectual and moral training is necessary, to prepare a people for freedom; and a great change must take place in regard to the intelligence and virtue of every nation in Europe, before an entirely free government would be to them a blessing. Lafayette, though a republican in principle, judged, and no doubt correctly, that a limited monarchy was the best government which France is prepared at present to enjoy, and to the erection and support of such a government he contributed his influence.

The advancing cause of education, however, is preparing Europe for a higher destiny; and there is reason to hope that she will not stop in her career of improvement, until the intelligence and virtue of her population shall prepare them for the full enjoyment of freedom, and put them in possession of its substantial blessings. How long it will be before such an event will occur, no human sagacity can precisely predict. The struggle of freedom may be protracted and arduous, but her ultimate triumph is certain; and even the distant prospect of it will be cheering to every friend of human rights.

H.

OLD AGE.

BY REV. C. C. COLTON, AUTHOR OF 'LACON.'

Thou anti-climax in life's wrinkled page,
Worst end of bad beginning—helpless Age!
Thou sow'st the thorn, though long the
flower hath fled;
Alive to torment, but to transport dead;
Imposing still, through time's still
rough'ning road,
With strength diminish'd, an augmented
load:
Slow herald of the tomb! sent but to make

Man curse that giftless gift thou wilt not
take;
When hope and patience both give up the
strife,
Death is thy cure—for thy disease is life!

HUNTING SONG.

[491]

I.

AWAKE—awake! for the day-beams break,
And the morning wind blows free;
The huntsmen strain over hill and plain,
And the horn winds merrily!
'Tis the dawn of day; and the shadows play
O'er the paths in the woody glen;
And the scent lies still upon field and hill,
For the hound to thread again.
Away—away! while the morn is gray,
And the feathery mist hangs nigh;
The hound bays deep from the craggy
steep,
And the horn winds merrily!

II.

Press on—press on! o'er the dewy lawn,
And through the greenwood still;
The brook is passed, and the stag breathes
fast,
As he pants on yonder hill.
The sun peeps now from the mountain's
brow,
And the wild bird carolls free,
While the hot steeds drink at the brook's
green brink,
And the hounds lag heavily.
But hark! again through the tangled glen,
Over meadow, and wood, and lea,
The deep-mouth'd pack resume the track,
And the horn winds merrily!

Wilmington, (Del.,) Nov., 1837. HACK VON STRETCHER.

THE POOR RELATION.

AN AUTHENTIC STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

IT was in the early days of Codman county, that Eldred Worthington swung his axe upon his shoulder, and departed to seek his fortune in her almost untrodden wilds. Like thousands of others, the early pioneers of our land, he 'kept bachelor's hall,' until he had 'made an opening, and reared his rustic cot.' Then, with buoyant heart, he returned to the place of his nativity, to claim the plighted hand of Miss Abiah Perley, to become his help-mate in his future home.

To those who know any thing of the difficulties encountered by the first settlers, it will be unnecessary to portray the toils and hardships they had to overcome, before the savage was driven farther back to his forest-lair. They went forward, growing with the growth of the place; and, in a series of years, rearing a family of eight sons and four daughters. It was a natural wish of the parents that their children should not suffer for want of education, as they themselves had done in early life; and hence they yielded to their particular wishes. Benjamin, the eldest, desired to be a limb of the law; the second was for physic, and had his choice; and Thomas, the third, also, was much gratified, when arrangements were made for his departure to a neighboring sea-port, to serve a mercantile apprenticeship. His father was so fortunate as to place him in the [492] house of an old acquaintance, Mr. John Howard, one of the first merchants of the city. This gentleman, having commenced life with nothing but his hands, had become extensively concerned in commerce. It was the very field for the mercantile propensity of Thomas. He devoted himself with unceasing assiduity; won the confidence of his employer; was made supercargo of his vessels in several voyages; and finally, as the good ship Ajax was bound on an East India voyage, he again bade farewell to his friends, and went forth upon the distant seas. He was faithful to the important trusts reposed in him. The ship was laden and ready to return;

when, to the sad dismay of all on board, who were greatly attached to him, he could not be found! Every effort was made, for weeks and weeks, but the ship was finally compelled to sail without him.

Sad was the news for his disconsolate parents, and his good master, Mr. Howard. Conjecture followed conjecture, but all was mysterious and appalling. The Ajax returned again to the Indies. The strictest injunctions were made by Mr. Howard, that no efforts should be wanting in the endeavor to discover the fate which had befallen his young friend. Captain Bradshaw, a most excellent man, was indefatigable; but deeply did he deplore the day that once more compelled him to weigh anchor, without the slightest tidings to cheer the anxious parents. Though no voyage was made to the Indies for many years afterward, without all possible inquiries, yet the conviction had almost ripened into certainty, that the young man had been murdered, perhaps in the hope of booty, at his last visit to the shore, among an unknown people.

Years rolled away. The region of Codman county advanced rapidly in settlement, enterprise, and industry. Where once stood the farm of the elder Worthington, now the thriving, bustling, and enterprising village of Weckford shot up its aspiring head, with its immense factories, its capacious stores, and rich and tasteful dwellings. It was upon the banks of one of the noblest rivers in the world, where the elder Worthington had sagaciously sat himself down, relying upon his axe and his arm. But how little did he think, that ere fifty years had rolled away, the acres he then reclaimed would become the abode of thousands, and himself thereby rendered one of the wealthiest men of Codman county. Yet this is but one case of that talismanic power which has converted the forest into cities, and given to the poor great riches, in the mighty march of enterprise, industry, and intelligence, in the marvellous realm of the New World. Weckford had become a place of great note. It was a central point of trade for the surrounding country, which was peopling with astonishing rapidity; and all contributed to give an importance to the family of the Worthingtons. They were not only very rich, but were eminent in the estimation of 'all the region round about.' The sons had grown up under all the advantages which wealth and connexion could impart. They had studied learned professions, as a matter of course, and settled in Weckford, relying upon the immense wealth which the extraordinary rise of property had [493] poured into the lap of the family. Honors thickened upon them. Benjamin was twice elected to congress, and all the brothers were at times elevated to favor in the municipality, or the honors of state partialities.

The father and mother of this numerous family were now in the vale of years. The prudence, economy, and simplicity, which won the esteem of all, and laid the foundation of their wealth, continued to shed a benign influence over their declining days. They were the very antipodes of the new races who had come upon the stage of human action; and often did they deplore, in the bosom of their own domestic circle, that heartless etiquette and cold formality, which had rendered their children so ambitious to outshine others, and to be looked up to as the exclusives of Weckford. But there was a deeper feeling still, which hung heavily over their wasting years; the painful disappearance of their son, who had ever been their favorite, but who had also been regarded by the brothers and sisters with that unnatural jealousy which such a feeling is apt to beget in the minds of mere worldlings. In October of this year, the aged veteran was forewarned, by the insidious influences of flickering mortality, that he was soon to be 'gathered to his fathers:'

'For Time, though old, is strong in flight;
Years had rolled swiftly by,
And Autumn's falling leaf foretold,
The good old man must die;'

and, with the prudence, foresight, and calmness, which had actuated him through all his well-spent life, he sent for his estimable attorney, the honorable Phillip Longfellow, and by his 'last will and testament' divided his immense estate equally among his children; but an especial provision was inserted, reserving in the hands of a trustee, during the period of twenty years, an equal portion of the whole estate for Thomas, the income of which was to be annually divided among all the children. The trustee was to use all diligence in the almost 'forlorn hope' of endeavoring to gain tidings of the long-lost son. The widow, beside her 'thirds,' had some benefices, which were to go to the lost son, should he ever be discovered; but if no intelligence should be gained, within the twenty years, then the whole reservations were to be equally divided among the other children.

Winter at length came, with its awful severity to lengthened life, and the good old Mr. Worthington, mourned by all the villagers, was followed to the family vault, in the Oaklands of Mount Pleasant, at the ripe age of ninety-eight years. There is a wedded sympathy between those who have been united in true love, that but ripens with the lapse of time. Sixty-nine years had passed away, since Miss Abiah Perley left her paternal abode, for the rude but rural cot of Weckford. She had lived, during this long period, in the bonds of holy love, a pattern of affection, kindness, and peace; and the death of her husband severed a chord which nothing on earth had power to unite. It weaned her affections from this world, and she sighed only to join him in that [494] 'better country' to which, in the fullness of time, he had been called away; and in less than two years afterward, the last rites of earth were performed over her departed spirit, as her mortal ashes were laid beside his to whom her soul had so long been wedded.

SEVERAL years had now elapsed since the death of the parents. Weckford had continued to advance in population and wealth; and, as a consequence, the Worthingtons had grown richer and richer. They had indeed attained the apparent summit of their ambition, for none assumed to rival them in fashion, wealth, or importance. They were the leaders of the ton, and the very apex of the élite, in all things.

There were two principal streets in the village of Weckford, stretching along the banks of the river, as far as the eye could reach; and the offices, stores, dwellings, and factories of the Worthingtons, their children, and connexions, were everywhere to be seen. Many of the mansions, along Pleasant-street, were embellished with balustrades, where the residents, at the close of the labors of the day, came forth to enjoy the sweet odors from the flowers of the gardens, the ornamental trees of the walks, and the cooling breezes from off the beautiful river. It was at such an hour, that a stranger, clad in miserable tatters, with a long beard, dishevelled ringlets, and leaning upon a rough stick, cut from the woods, tottered slowly and feebly into the village.

'Will you tell me,' said the stranger, inquiring at the door of a descendant of the Worthingtons, 'where the dwelling of Thomas Worthington, Esq. is?'

'It is that noble edifice which you see yonder, beyond the long row of factories.'

The inquirer moved slowly on, apparently scarce able to sustain himself, from physical imbecility. He was met at the outer gate by a servant.

'Will you tell your master that a distant relation, from across the water, who has experienced many misfortunes, desires to see him?'

The servant returned, and ushered the traveller into the outer hall; and in a few minutes, the owner of the mansion appeared.

'I am, Sir, your supplicant,' said the stranger. 'You doubtless recollect, that a brother of your mother, residing in Scotland, had many sons. Misfortunes have thickened upon one of them. He is poor, and, from a recent loss of every thing by shipwreck, is now pennyless. He begs a lodging at your hands, and something wherewith to clothe his almost naked frame.'

'I have nothing to give to stragglers,' said the lord of the mansion. 'Most persons like you are impostors.'

'*I* am no impostor,' said the petitioner; 'here is proof that I am not,' taking a letter from the American consul from his pocket; 'but I am your poor unfortunate cousin; and if you will but relieve my pressing wants, Providence may put it into my power to reward your kindness.'

'I repeat, I have nothing to give; and I should advise you to get some daily work to supply your wants.'

The stranger heaved a deep sigh, and left the house. He tottered on. It was impossible to pass [495]
many dwellings, without encountering one owned and occupied by a Worthington, or his descendant. He called upon many; told his misfortunes, and solicited relief; but *all* were deaf to his petition, and most of them shut the door in his face.

Late in the evening, an old Quaker gentleman, who accidentally heard the 'poor relation's' story, while passing the door of one of the Worthingtons, offered him a lodging and supper. He went with the benevolent old gentleman; and on the following morning he again wandered forth, to renew his calls of the day before. It was observed that he was very particular not to neglect to call upon every *son* of the deceased Mr. Worthington. He expended several days in this way, but every where there appeared the same undisguised dread of a 'poor relation.'

At length, he sought the magnificent dwelling of the Honorable Benjamin Worthington, which was situated about two miles from the main settlement of the village of Weckford. It stood upon a commanding eminence, which overlooked the village, and was justly regarded as one of the most delightful rural retreats that the country could boast. After going through the usual ceremonies of the door, he was introduced to the business-office of the 'Oaklands Mansion.' Presently, the Hon. Mr. Worthington appeared. The stranger repeated his solicitation for relief, and his claim as a relation; but here, too, he met nothing but coldness and neglect.

'Then,' said the stranger, 'if you will not relieve the wants of your most unfortunate cousin, perhaps I can tell you something that will move your pity. You had a brother Thomas, who, many long years ago, most mysteriously disappeared?'

'Yes,' said the honorable gentleman; 'but he is no doubt dead, long and long ago.'

'He is NOT dead!' said the stranger, 'but after an age of misery and misfortunes, he has returned in poverty and in rags; and now solicits you to clothe and feed him.'

'Impossible!' exclaimed the Honorable Mr. Worthington.

'Here is a mark upon my arm, received by a burn, when a child, which proves the truth of what I say,' said the long-lost son.

Horror seemed to convulse the frame of the lord of the Oaklands. 'Take this note,' said he; 'go to the Swan Hotel, a small tavern directly upon the road, about two miles beyond this, and I will come to you with some clothes, and money to provide you a passage over the seas.'

The stranger departed; but not to the Swan inn did he bend his footsteps. He wandered to the

confines of Weckford, where he was told that a distant relation of the Worthingtons lived, in a small cottage, a few miles beyond. Here he resolved once more to make himself known. He did so; and found the inmate, the widow of a cousin who had come to this country, and settled many years before, in a neighboring sea-port. He had died, leaving a very small property to his widow, and an only child. Mrs. Amelia Perley—for this was the name of the young widow—was overjoyed to see a relative of her 'dear husband,' although in rags. She bade him welcome to her table; [496] provided some proper clothing for him at once; and with a sweet smile, that added new pleasure to the offer, she proffered him a home beneath her humble cottage, until he should find one more congenial. The poor stranger accepted the favor of the kind-hearted widow, with becoming thankfulness, and remained under her roof a short time; but at length suddenly and mysteriously disappeared! Whither he had gone, his kind hostess knew not, and the rich Worthingtons took no pains to inquire. They were not a little delighted to be so easily rid of a 'poor relation,' who might have been a burthen, and a shame; but most of all was rejoiced the Hon. Benjamin Worthington, to whom the disclosure of his relationship had been so alarming.

Time passed on, and the disappearance of the mendicant was forgotten in the whirl of fashion, business, and pleasure; although the honorable elder brother was now and then visited by a painful recollection of the 'unfortunate' mark upon the arm of the returned wanderer.

It was a holiday in Weckford. Business was suspended, and the people were abroad, participating in the pastimes of the day. A superb carriage, with four white horses, and servants in livery, drove through Pleasant-street, and stopped at the 'Mansion-House,' the first hotel of Weckford. Parlors were taken in the name of 'Mr. Edmund Perley, and servants, from Scotland.' Forthwith it went upon the wings of rumor, that 'the rich Mr. Perley had arrived from Scotland.' As the Worthingtons were aware that the relations of their mother were reputed to be very rich in Scotland, they gathered to the hotel, in great numbers, to offer their respects, and solicit the pleasure of the Honorable Mr. Perley's acquaintance. Day after day did the Worthingtons, and all the descendants, down to the lowest contiguity of blood, pour into the 'Mansion-House,' to 'beg the honor of the rich and Honorable Mr. Perley's visits.' The carriage of the 'Hon. Benjamin Worthington' was out from the Oaklands, and the barouche of 'Edward Worthington, Esq.' from the 'Worthington Mansion.' There was neither end to the family outpouring, nor to their solicitude to bestow attentions. The stranger was polite in his replies; and at last, in return, he invited all his kind relatives to honor him at his levee, at 'the Mansion.'

There never was such an outpouring of Worthingtons. The great halls of the 'Mansion-House' were filled to repletion. All was gayety, beauty, and fashion. It was a magnificent assemblage of the richest and most respectable families of the town; and each one was most anxious to outstrip the others in doing honors to 'the rich and distinguished Mr. Perley, from abroad;' when the 'poor relation' made his appearance, in the midst of the brilliant assembly, dressed in precisely the same clothes in which he wandered through the village, and holding in his hand the same uncouth stick, cut from the wilds, which supported his feeble steps from house to house!

It would be impossible to delineate the various countenances which were there exhibited. We must leave the filling up of that picture to the imagination of the reader. It is only necessary to [497] add, that the stranger was the long-lost Thomas, who had made an immense fortune in the Indies. He now immediately took steps to carry out the will of his beloved parent, receiving all the property it gave him. In the year following, he purchased the delightful retreat of 'Auburn Grove,' where he erected a charming residence. He soon after led to the altar the amiable and affectionate young widow, Mrs. Amelia Perley, who was not too proud to welcome him to her humble cottage, as a relative of her departed husband, even though he appeared there in the borrowed tatters of poverty and misfortune. It was a lesson which is often repeated by the villagers at Weckford, and will do no harm by being repeated elsewhere.

TO A BELLE.

I.

Is it a bliss to see a crowd
Gazing on thee,
Or like a gilded insect proud
In flattery sun thee?
Is not there a dearer thing,
Than when a fop, with painted wing,
Too poor to bless, too weak to sting,
Dreams he has won thee?

II.

Is it bliss to think thy charms
Are lauded ever;
That all would rush into thy arms,

And leave thee never?
O! is it not a sweeter thought,
That only ONE thy love has sought,
And in his soul that love is wrought,
So deep it cannot sever?

III.

Is it bliss to hear thy praise
By all repeated;
To dream a round of sunny days,
Then find thee cheated?
O! happier the hidden flower
Within a far secluded bower,
Whither some mind of gentle power
Has long retreated!

IV.

Is it not bliss to hear thy name
From lips so holy?
O! better than the transient flame
That circles folly.
If thou art lovely, thou wilt find
Pure worship from so pure a mind;
And love that will not leave behind
One taint of melancholy.

Written in 1828. J. G. Percival.

FLORAL ASTROLOGY.

[498]

'Flowrets, that shine like small blue stars in the green firmament of the Earth.'—Carové.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he call'd the flowers so blue and golden
Stars, that in Earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As Astrologers and Seers of Eld;
Yet not wrapp'd about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowrets under us,
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this brave world of ours,
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth, the golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees alike in stars and flowers a part
Of the self-same universal being
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowrets, in the sun-light shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,

Buds that open only to decay!

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gaily in the golden light,
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;
Workings are they of the self-same powers,
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Every where about us are they glowing;
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born,
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the yellow corn.

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's green-emblazon'd field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
In the centre of his brazen shield.

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequester'd pools, in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink.

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone;
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carv'd in stone.

[499]

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers. [2]

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand,
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

Cambridge University. H. W. Longfellow.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTINCTIONS OF COLOR.

'Look through nature up to nature's God.'

Perhaps the most important benefit resulting to mankind from the study of the natural sciences, is the invention to which it leads of new arguments in favor of the being and benevolence of the Deity. And were this the only advantage arising from this study, it would render it well worthy the attention of the wisest and greatest of men. For every discovery which philosophers have hitherto made, whether of some new material element, or of some law or property of matter, has invariably disclosed fresh proof of the existence of an All-wise Intelligence. The chemical constitution and governing laws of a drop of water, even so far as they are now understood, may afford weapons, wherewith the weakest champion of religion might prevail against the most ingenious of the worshippers of the Goddess of Chance. Nay, were the atheist really in search of truth, no champion would be needed. The humblest flower, the meanest worm, even the dust beneath his feet, would seem to disclaim an origin in chance, and to warn him not to neglect the

worship of their common Creator.

There can be no more interesting object of attention, than the examination of the evidences of design, as exhibited in parts of the intricate machinery of Nature. Physical principles, which, at first sight, or indeed after much philosophical investigation, have appeared of but limited importance, or perhaps wholly accidental or unnecessary, have, upon farther study, been found to rank among the number of most beautiful and convincing proofs of creative intelligence; have formed the most important links in the chain which holds together the material universe.

Such has been the train of thought suggested to the mind of the writer of this article, by an examination of the nature and physical relations of COLOR. This property of matter might appear to a superficial observer as one of inferior importance. He would admit that the differences of color add to the happiness of the human race, inasmuch as they give variety and beauty to material objects, and afford one of the most easy methods of distinguishing them from each [500] other, but would probably deny that the existence of animal life is at all dependant upon color, and that it is essential to the present constitution of things. But let such an one reflect a little more upon this property—let him consider attentively all its relations—and he will doubtless change his opinion.

In travelling from the equator toward the poles, we cannot but be struck with the fact, that there exists a difference of color corresponding to a change of climate. Under the equator, the covering of the earth, that is, the vegetation, is darker than in any other part of the globe; and, as there is but little change of climate through the year, this dark covering does not give place either to the light tints of autumn, or to the snowy robe of winter. In advancing north, the foliage becomes lighter in proportion to the increase of latitude. In the temperate zone, the dark, rich robe of the tropics gives place to one of livelier hue, which, after covering the earth during a part of the year, assumes the light colors of decay, and is buried beneath the snow. Thus this change continues to keep pace with the diminution of temperature, till we enter the frigid zone, and reach the region of eternal frost.

From this difference of color in the north and south, and in summer and winter, we may deduce this general fact, that the earth adapts itself in color to the variations of temperature, presenting a dark surface to the heat of summer and the tropics, and a light one to the cold of winter and the frigid zone.

So much then for the fact. Let us now consider the design of such an arrangement. When a body contains more caloric than the air, or the other bodies by which it is surrounded, heat is given off from it in all directions, till the equilibrium is restored. Three, and perhaps more, physical operations take place in this case; radiation from the heated substance, reflection and absorption by the surrounding bodies. Now it has been proved, by repeated experiment, that these changes depend, as it regards their extent and rapidity, upon the color of the bodies. The more light-colored the heated substance is, the more slowly will it part with its superfluous caloric. Were it entirely black, the change would take place with more rapidity than in any other case. If the surrounding bodies were of a light color, a large portion of the heat radiated upon them would be reflected, and but little absorbed. Just the contrary would take place were they dark. The caloric would nearly all be absorbed, and but little reflected.

Similar to these are the phenomena of light. Bright substances reflect, and dark absorb, the rays from a luminous body. This, however, is hardly a correct method of expressing the fact intended. Philosophers believe that darkness of color is not the cause of the absorption of the luminous rays, but, on the contrary, that this absorption is the cause of the darkness. The fact in question then is this; some bodies are of such a chemical constitution, that they readily absorb light, and, as a consequence, little being reflected to the eye, they appear dark. Others, differently constituted, reflect nearly all the light that is thrown upon them, and, therefore, the lightness of their color bears proportion to such reflection.

Let us apply these facts to the explanation of the design of the geographical distinctions of color, [501] of which we are treating. Suppose that the arrangement were different. Suppose, for instance, that the portion of the earth near the equator presented, throughout the year, a white surface to the sun. The rays of heat from that body would nearly all, upon reaching such a surface, be reflected back into the atmosphere, and would heat that part of it immediately bordering the earth, and most exposed to this reflection, to such a degree as to make the climate insupportable. The consequence would be, that a large portion of the earth would be rendered uninhabitable. But, by the existing provision, the rays of caloric pass directly through the air, heating it comparatively little, and are, for the most part, absorbed by the earth. The principle is similar in regard to light. Had the constitution of the covering of the earth in the tropics been such as to reflect the luminous rays, which are far more numerous and brilliant there than at the poles, the overpowering glare of light would alone have been sufficient to render those regions uninhabitable by any known species of animals.

Again: Let us suppose that the earth were clothed with a dark covering in the frigid zone. The few and oblique rays of heat, in that part of the globe would, after imparting but little of their caloric to the atmosphere, in their passage through it, be absorbed by the earth. The same effect would take place in regard to the rays of light, which are similarly few and feeble. It is easy to perceive the effect these things would have in darkening the polar regions, in greatly diminishing the temperature of the atmosphere, and, as a consequence, in contracting the extent of the inhabitable part of the globe. Thus we see, that by means of the snow, nay, by one, and as some would think, the least important of its properties, *i. e.*, its color, man and his fellow animals are enabled to live in regions, the climate of which, without the instrumentality of this property,

would destroy them.

After speaking of the change of color corresponding to change of latitude, it were superfluous to dwell at length upon the corresponding change of season, since the principle is precisely the same in each case. There can be no doubt but that in the temperate zone, the climate throughout the year is to a great extent equalized by this happy arrangement; that, without it, our winters would be much more rigorous, and our summers proportionably oppressive.

In passing, we might speak of another evil that would arise from snow being of a darker color. Upon a sudden change of temperature, it would melt very rapidly, and, if collected in any quantity, would occasion dreadful inundations, which would sweep and desolate the country. Such accidents occur even now in some parts of the world. How much more frequent and destructive they would be, in the case we have supposed, it is easy to conceive.

Who then can deny that we have, in the general principle which unites these phenomena, a well-attested instance of benevolent design? Who will assert that so beautiful and necessary a provision could be the result of chance?

But perhaps some one will say: 'It is true that there appears to be a happy adjustment of the color of the surface of the earth. It is true that this adjustment has an important influence in diminishing the difference of the temperatures of the polar and equatorial regions, and in [502] rendering them both fit abodes of animals. But then, unhappily for the symmetry of the whole theory, no exception to the general principle is made in favor of the animals themselves. The inhabitants of the torrid zone, and man in a more marked and invariable manner than all the rest, are distinguished by the dark color peculiar to that part of the globe; so that they absorb the heat in an equal degree with, or perhaps greater than, the earth, since its color is even lighter than theirs. We find the same fact to exist as we advance from the equator toward the poles. The covering of the greater part of animals becomes lighter proportionally with the surface of the earth. In the frigid zone, the light color of man as well as of other animals, for instance the white bear, ermine, etc., must necessarily repel from their bodies by reflection a quantity of heat proportional to that which the atmosphere gains by reflection from the snow. This fact strikes us still more forcibly in the temperate zone, where the difference of climate, resulting from change of season, is greater than in any other part of the globe. Here our color is actually darkened by the heat of summer, in proportion to our exposure to it, and becomes lighter at the approach of winter. So that we are rendered by the heat itself more capable of absorbing it, and, consequently, of suffering from it. Surely, we cannot consider these things as evidences of design.'

But let us attentively examine these facts, and we shall find that the seeming difficulty disappears, and that the truths which gave rise to it, unite in a symmetrical whole with the others which we have mentioned, to form a cumulative and unanswerable argument in favor of the existence of a benevolent Creator.

Animal bodies do not depend for the quantity of caloric necessary to their existence upon the sun. By chemical changes, not yet well understood by philosophers, depending upon that subtle ethereal principle which we call *life*,[3] a sufficient quantity of animal or vital heat, as it is called, is evolved within the body itself. As this heat is constantly generated, it is necessary, in order that the body may not acquire too high a temperature, that it be as constantly conducted or radiated off. When the atmosphere contains too little caloric, its power of absorbing heat is so great as to deprive the animal body of it more rapidly than it is generated; thus producing the sensation of cold. On the contrary, when the weather is too warm, the air and other surrounding bodies, having less attraction for caloric, do not withdraw it as fast as it is generated; thus producing the feeling of heat. Perhaps, however, this is scarcely a scientific method of stating the fact in question. It is generally supposed by philosophers, that all bodies, whether in equilibrium, as it regards temperature, with surrounding substances, or not, are constantly radiating and absorbing caloric. When equally heated, the cause of their continuing so is, that they receive as much as they give off. When unequally heated, that which contains most caloric radiates more than the rest, and, of course, absorbs less than it parts with. By this means, an equilibrium of [503] temperature is after a time brought about. Now, in cold weather, the heat which an animal body radiates is greater in quantity than the sum of what it generates itself, and absorbs from the sun and other bodies. The consequence is, it experiences the feeling of cold. In warm weather, the caloric radiated is less than that absorbed and generated; in which case, the animal suffers from heat. The vital heat of the generality of quadrupeds and other warm-blooded animals is several degrees greater in intensity than that of the atmosphere, during the warmest season in the tropics. The temperature of the human body is about ninety-eight degrees. The mean equatorial temperature Humboldt proved by repeated experiment to be eighty-one and a half degrees. It is evident, therefore, that in warm regions it is more important that the physical state and constitution of animal bodies should be adapted to the radiation of internal, than to the reflection of external heat, since the intensity of the former exceeds that of the latter.

Now we have before mentioned the fact, that the rapidity of the radiation of caloric from a heated body is in proportion to the darkness of its color. This then, taken in connection with the facts just stated, readily explains the reason why the color of animals varies with the temperature. The negroes of Africa, for example, are provided with a dark complexion, in order that the great quantity of heat which the warmth of their climate causes them to absorb, may be compensated for by an increased radiation. These unfortunate people, when they come to the north, as might be supposed, suffer at first extremely from the cold. They in time, however, become somewhat inured to it. Nature provides for them by another species of adaptation, which we cannot stop

minutely to describe, but which may be proved to take place. The effect of it is to increase the evolution of animal heat, and thus to make up for the excessive radiation. Natives of high latitudes, however, are white, as has been said, and consequently their limited absorption of heat is compensated for by an equally limited radiation. We see, also, from this general principle, the design of the skin being so formed as to become tanned by exposure to the sun.

It is needless to dwell longer upon these facts. Taken in connection, they present perhaps one of the most interesting and harmonious arrangements that are to be met with in any of the departments of natural science. But it is by no means one of a few evidences of design, by which the advocate of religion may strengthen and confirm his faith. The whole universe is full of such examples. We have reason to believe, too, that we have but a very imperfect insight into the philosophy of Nature; that beyond the veil which separates the conquests of the human intellect from the vast tracts of knowledge, the possession of which yet remains to be acquired, there are myriads of beautifully-ordered systems, far surpassing in extent and grandeur any thing which the fancy of the wildest schemer has ever suggested to his mind. A few pebbles only have been gathered from the shore of the great ocean of truth. No wonder that the poet, impressed with this belief, should exclaim:

'There are more things in heaven and
earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy.'

B. R. W.

TO A LOCK OF HAIR.

[504]

THOU'ST played upon that cheek full oft,
Thou shining tress of golden hair!
And wreathed thy curl in dalliance soft
Around that neck so dazzling fair:
Whence hast thou caught that amber
gleam,
Soft as a fading autumn-sky?
Part from the sun's enamoured beam,
Part from that full refulgent eye.

I fear thou'dst murmur, couldst thou
speak,
And curse the fate that bade thee part
From thy bright home, a lady's cheek,
E'en to be pillow'd on my heart:
And I would give, thou wavy tress!
To thee earth's warmest, purest breast,
If thou in turn my lot wouldst bless,
And give to me thy place of rest.
Not Zephyr's breath could woo like me,
Nor sunbeams there so warmly play;
Nor wander o'er that cheek so free,
Those wanton curls in sportive play.

Δ.

WILSON CONWORTH.

NUMBER EIGHT.

ALTHOUGH I joined Collins in much of his dissipation, yet I persuaded myself that I had his good at heart; and thinking a change of scene might have a beneficial effect, I proposed a jaunt to the Falls of Niagara. It was the month of June; we were in possession of a handsome equipage, and plenty of money; we had all the means of making the journey pleasant.

C—— got wind of this project, and although we had not spoken for weeks, he came to my room the evening before our departure, and told me I was a ruined man, unless I gave up this journey. He explained to me the reasons of his coldness, and the reserve of others; it was to induce me to give up my association with Collins. He said all were interested for me, and besought me to listen to his advice; that some things had leaked out respecting Collins, which he was not at liberty to tell me. I knew I ought to hear him. I was convinced he was disinterested; but I remained fixed, for I intended to pass through N——, and was in hopes to see Alice once more; and this, after once getting into my heart, I could not get out. We departed upon our excursion of pleasure, which proved one of pain. With whom is hope more faithful?

Following the river, we soon emerged from the level meadow country, and began to ascend the hills of Vermont. The moon was at her full, and we rode mostly in the night-time. Collins could not bear the day, and I was willing to give in to his caprices, for the night gave a calmness and amiable tone to his feelings. His heart was open to the influences of nature, though he pretended to hate mankind.

The Connecticut river, in the north, has a swift and sparkling current, so that it makes music as it [505] flows. Tall trees bend over it, all along its course, as if inclining to kiss its nimble waters. These trees are of one kind, and resemble the graceful elm. To the lover of nature, I know of no scene so fitted to call out his enthusiasm. After toiling up an ascent of three or four miles, as you stop to breathe your panting steed, which, if bred in the country, toils so faithfully for you, your eye is filled with all kinds of scenery. Here on your right reposes a village, with its neat white houses, in a rich valley, the land rising in hills in every direction from it, partly wooded, with here and there a wide pasture of close-cropped green, dotted with the fleecy flock and lowing kine. The river bounds it, on one side of which is a circle of meadow land, and on the other a steep rocky precipice, falling abruptly to the water.

It was twelve o'clock at night—a clear moon-light night—when we gained one of these elevations of land. No sound broke the stillness, save the voice of the 'solemn bird of night' marking by contrast the depth of the solitude of silence. Collins wept like a child. He had associations he would not communicate to me. Possibly he had been there before. He refused to speak. We stopped at the first public house, and he retired to his room without uttering a word.

Until this evening, I had never spoken to Collins of my own love affair. I had never told him of my difficulties, nor let him know that I had had any. My object was to divert his melancholy, not to find relief from my own sorrows. That night, as we sat in silence contemplating the scene, some lines of poetry had escaped me, which Alice Clair had been fond of repeating. I felt Collins start as he listened, and soon after, he gave vent to a torrent of tears, the first I had ever seen him shed.

The next morning we rode and travelled on in moody silence. Not a word was exchanged between us. Collins's whole manner toward me had changed. Now and then I discovered a black look upon his face, as he glanced toward me. I treated him with my usual kindness. I had, in the relation of my own unhappy attachment, concealed the name and personal appearance of Miss Clair, and the place, too. I was free from suspicion, supposed his reserve was a freak, and waited patiently for the recovery of his usual manner.

We now left the river, and struck off to the Green Mountains, taking the road to N——, where we arrived about dark. All the town knew of our arrival, almost as soon as we were settled in our apartment. I found that Collins was known there as well as myself, though under a different name. He was greeted as 'Mr. Cowles,' by every one, and the people stared at him as they would at a spectre.

When I asked the explanation of this mystery, after we had retired to a private room, he stared at me for some moments, with the glare of a maniac in his eyes, and then sprang upon me, drawing his dagger from his bosom. This was no time for parley. I flung him from me, wrested the dagger from his hand, and then allowed him to rise. Seeing that he intended no violence, I sat upon the [506] bed while he walked the room, gnashing his teeth, and mumbling to himself 'curses not loud but deep;' then stopping suddenly opposite to me, he said:

'You, fiend!—why did you seek me? Can *you* be the friend who feels an interest in me? Why have you proved a traitor to my peace?

I assured him his words were inexplicable to me.

'Where,' said he, 'did you learn those words you quoted last night? Do you know her too? Have you, too, been a victim to those super-human charms? I am a slave; she bound me; I am helpless. Oh, God!—but I have wronged you; you could not know; you are not to blame. I had better destroy myself. I am crazed—mad! I know not what I say. Oh! leave me, if you value your life or mine!'

This was all strange. What could he mean? He had no acquaintance with Alice. She had told me that she never had an attachment before the one she confessed for me. What other lady in town could there be to excite affections so refined as his? It could not be Alice; this was a vagary too wild to be listened to. However, determined to solve the difficulty, I went immediately to the house of Mr. Clair, and asked for his daughter; 'she was out of town;' for Mrs. Clair; 'she was sick;' for any of the family; 'I could not be admitted.' This was as unceremonious as I could bear; so I walked back to the hotel, and calling the inn-keeper aside, asked him what had become of Miss Clair. Inn-keepers in a country village know all the small news that any one does, for they hear the same story assume so many different shapes over the grog they deal out, that by night they become perfectly saturated with a piece of scandal, and give forty readings of the same event to suit the customer.

Mr. Shuffle gave me a full account of the affair. He said that Alice was with her sister in Albany; that she had been very sick, and not expected to live. After I had been out of town for a few months, she returned to her father's; used to go moping about, and people thought her mind was affected; he wondered that people could be so unreasonable, as to keep young folks that loved each other separate; if *he* had been me, he would have run away with her.

I did not wait to hear farther, or even to inquire about Collins, but ordered a horse, left a note for Collins, in which I advised him to return, as important business required my presence at Albany

for a few days; and that I could not undertake our contemplated journey, after what had happened.

That very night I started across the mountains for Albany, and did not sleep until I saw the house that contained all I thought I loved on earth. The visit to old scenes had renewed all the fervor of my affection. Not wishing to be recognised, I stopped at a dwelling in an obscure part of the town, and sent a little boy to the house with a note, directing him only to give it into Miss Clair's own hand. If her health permitted, I requested an interview; but certainly some token of recognition by the bearer. She was well enough to meet me, and we agreed to take a walk that afternoon.

I pass over the agonizing bliss of meeting. All was forgiven in an instant. She had been sick indeed—sick at heart. She had heard of my disgraceful course of life in the city, after parting from her, and then again of my relapse at L——. She had supposed that I had given up all thoughts of her, and she said that she had tried to banish me from her thoughts; but, smiling through her tears, her words were: 'You know, Conworth, you were my first and only love. I had determined to run the risk of what I feared would happen. I was willing to risk something for one who might be so much, if he did truly love me in return as I did him. I have been forsaken, and forgotten, and disregarded; but the fault was in me in the first instance in trusting to you. I could hardly expect you to change your character for one like me.' [507]

I could not bear this; I implored her to accuse me, to upbraid me—any thing but such words; and then I endeavored to palliate my faults, and in doing so, I told the exact truth. I led her back to motives, and temptations, and despairing states of mind, through which I could distinctly trace my own lapses; convincing her that all resulted from my separation from her; that 'could I have her with me to guide, comfort, and encourage me, I should, I felt confident, do every thing to make her happy.'

The idea of marriage had not crossed my mind until this instant. In consoling her, and drawing the picture of our union, I was so charmed with the notion, that I began to speak in earnest, and did, upon the spot, adopt the resolution of making the attempt to persuade her to unite herself to me on the instant.

I succeeded. She consented. We were to be married on the next morning. By good luck, her brother-in-law was absent from home, and I knew her sister possessed rather a romantic turn of mind. The devil lent me cunning and eloquence, and I persuaded her it was the only way to save Alice's life and mine.

To bring this about, I had, without premeditation, to invent plans which should have the appearance of having been well-digested. I told her 'that I came authorized from my father to bring Alice to his house, if I could do so as my wife.' I then showed her the wealth that I possessed—for beside my own money, Collins, on starting, had constituted me his banker—and the whole story was so well got up, that she seemed delighted with the novelty of the scheme.

Behold me then on the eve of perpetrating marriage. Every thing was prepared. My carriage, (one I had hired, and called mine,) was at the door; the trunks were lashed on, and we were standing before the minister, in her sister's parlor; the justice's daughter, and a friend I had picked up, acting as witnesses. The ceremony began. Hardly had a word been spoken, when the door flew violently open, and Collins, wild and haggard, with his dress torn and soiled, and without a hat, rushed into the room. He looked about him for a few moments in triumph, and then said, slowly: 'I am come in time, false woman!' He stepped toward Alice, who, pale and trembling, was sinking to the floor. A dagger gleamed in the madman's hand. I rushed forward, and taking the blow aimed at her, I fell senseless to the earth.

When I awoke from my delirious dream, which followed the wound I had received, I found myself in a small private house. My father was standing by my bedside, and my sister was wiping the cold sweat from my forehead. I had been thus for a fortnight. My father and sister had arrived upon the earliest intelligence after the accident. They imagined they were journeying to attend my funeral. Would it had been so! [508]

My father took my hand, as my eyes closed, upon meeting his anxious gaze, and said: 'It is all well—all is forgiven. Be calm; you are better, God be praised! I ask no more.'

I could not speak. His kindness, his affection, wounded me worse than ten thousand daggers. I covered my eyes with my hand, and wept. When I was strong enough to bear it, my sister told me all that had happened. Alice had confessed to her every thing. The substance was this.

'Collins had some years before met Alice Clair at a boarding-school in the city, and he fell violently in love with her. He was then an exile from home for his vices, and was living in the city, without plan or object. His assumed name was Cowles, to prevent his friends from hearing of his pranks. Alice had been pleased with his manners, and received his attentions, in walking in the street, to hold an umbrella over her when caught in a shower, and to bow with a smile when she met him; to be at home when he called to see her; as far as a school miss can go, in a love matter, she had been; which is just no way at all. The word love never had entered her head; she was gratified in being noticed and admired, and felt grateful for his kindness and attentions in bringing her new books and music. But with the playful coquetry of a child, she had impressed the heart of Collins with a lasting devotion. She did not know how much he loved her. The principal of the school had always allowed his visits, until ascertaining the knowledge of his true character, and seeing some instances of his misdemeanor one night at the theatre, he was dismissed from the acquaintance of the ladies, and Alice thought no more of him.

Soon after, she returned home, and was continually persecuted with letters, which were returned unread. At last, he went to N——, and behaved like a madman; threatened to kill himself in the presence of her father and mother, and committed other extravagances, which would have subjected him to arrest, had he not left town. All these facts were never hinted to me, during my stay at N——. Probably they were forgotten, except by the parties more immediately interested.

No wonder some surprise was manifested at seeing myself and Collins ride into town together. Well, after I had left Collins, and departed for Albany, he by a bribe found out my object in going thither, and immediately followed me on the next day. With a mind already shattered by excess, and stimulated to insanity, he imagined himself the victim of treachery, and determined on consummate vengeance on both of us. The reader knows the rest. The wound I received nearly proved fatal. My father was summoned, perhaps to attend my funeral. Mr. Clair followed us, so soon as he got wind of our intended visit, to protect his daughter from two madmen, and arrived [509] the day after the result. Alice was taken home with difficulty. Mr. Clair was inexorable. Some gratitude was expressed in a letter written to me by him after he heard of my recovery, for saving the life of his child.

'When you are older and more settled,' it said, 'in your views, if you ever are, I shall be glad to show you how much I am willing to forget, for the sake of your happiness and that of my child. You have perhaps unwittingly destroyed the peace of my family. You do not know the pain you have inflicted. Time must elapse. Your case is not hopeless. All depends upon yourself.'

My sister in a few days gave me a lock of black glossy hair, tied with a blue ribbon. It needed not to tell me where it came from. I have worn it next to my heart ever since that fatal morning. It is now placed before me, and tears course down my cheeks as I record this passage in my history, and look upon all that is left in this world of one who might have made this earth a heaven to any man, but one incapable of estimating the value, or rather incapable of profiting by the gift, of her affections.

Collins was released, by my father's request, after the question of my danger was over, and went I know not whither. From that day to this, I have never heard of him. The money of his in my possession was placed in the hands of a lawyer, and no trace can be found of his connections or of himself, by the most careful search.

We returned to my father's house. Hardly had we arrived, when we heard of the sudden death of Alice Clair. Worn out by fatigue and disappointment, she was attacked by fever, which was followed by delirium; and she went out of a cruel world, unconscious of her misery. My cup of bitterness was full. I neither hoped, nor excited expectation. I was considered a broken, ruined man. I remained some time a burthen upon my father's hands, leading a harmless but restless, good-for-nothing life, which only doubles the misery of existence.

Time works wonders. I began to have hopes of myself, and determined to leave my native city; to give up all old acquaintances; to go afar from all who knew me. I made arrangements to receive annually a small sum, to enable me to carry my projects into execution, and bidding adieu to all those I truly loved, and who I knew still loved me, I embarked on board a packet bound for New-Orleans.

HOPE.

Hope for Experience boldly steers,
  And gains that chilling shore,
But only to be wrecked on ice,
  And sink to rise no more.
This is that hope whose sordid views
  To earth alone are given;
That hope which wreck nor ruin fears,
  Her anchor casts in heaven.
For he that would outride the storm,
  Though whirlwinds waked the blast,
Makes that his first and only hope,
  That all must make their last.

A PRACTITIONER, HIS PILGRIMAGE. [510]

PART TWO.

Oh steam! most stupendous, astonishing
    steam!
Transporting us faster than fleet-footed
    dream,
What *could* make a doctor, with serious
    face,

Pronounce a prognosis of death in thy
case?
In thy system's full vigor, to venture to say,
That 'steam-locomotion had seen its best
day?'

THE flush that attended his words was cold,
Like a thing that happen'd—a tale that is
told;
And his neighbor still vainly attempted to
find
Some loop-hole of vantage to peep at his
mind.
While his wonder was long, and his marvel
was deep,
The man who was wonder'd at fell fast
asleep.

Of every-day chances, there's nothing that
seems
So involv'd in a mist as the dreaming of
dreams;
When the fancies seem fitfully practising
o'er
The parts that their waking realities bore;
Like the ghosts of departed returning
again
To the scenes where they acted and
suffer'd as men.
Thus the mind of our doctor most readily
found
Its way to his regular visiting-round;
Now counting how long such a patient
could live,
Now giving a drastic purgative;
It had tempted a frivolous man to a smile,
The half-drawing down of his mouth all the
while.[4]

His journey soon ended, his dreaming was
done,
And quickly dismounted the wonderful
one.
Save a handkerchief-parcel, conveniently
small,
No baggage or bag was he cumber'd
withal;
Right glad was his heart that he was not
delay'd
With porters disputing, and people
dismay'd.
At the first man he met, with a citizen's
air,
He propounded a question—it made the
man stare;
The answer was ready, the questioner
bow'd,
And hastily elbow'd his way through the
crowd.
'Oh ho!' said his neighbor, as off he went,
(The one that had wonder'd,) 'I know what
he meant!'

AT a house, (but I cannot tell which it may
be,
Though possess'd of an author's ubiquity,)
At a house in that city, inhabits a maid,
Who travels by spirit, and makes it a trade.
That maid and her sister were sitting
alone,
Employ'd in some manner not certainly
known;
They might have been working, or reading,

I guess,
Or playing at cards, or back-gammon, or chess;
Whatever employ'd them, a very loud rap
Disorder'd their nerves like a thunder-clap.

The sleep-walker quickly adjusted her hair,
Assuming the look she intended to wear,
And toss'd on the table, as other maids do,
Some 'work,' with the needle appearing half through.

[511]

One glance to see ev'ry thing properly plac'd;
Or derang'd to exactly the limits of taste,
Then, putting her chair with the back tow'rd the light,
Prepar'd for the visitor, be who he might.
The other, who play'd a subordinate part,
Took the same little process, with little less art;
And then was directed to 'ascertain straight
What manner of person it was at the gate.'
Oh! sleep-walker! sleep-walker! did you but know,
Who the visitor is, that is waiting below.
A leech in good practice, and wanting a wife,
You'd think him a capital venture for life.

The sister arriv'd at the door in a trice,
And the man that was waiting she look'd at twice:
From the crown of his hat to the sole of his shoe,
She look'd at him twice, as she'd look him all through.
That hat was low and its brim was wide,
But the sleep-walker's sister was not inside:
And his coat was black and his breeches were gray,
And look'd as a thriving practitioner's may.
His bosom was clothed in a sombre vest,
That aptly comported with all the rest;
Each pocket contriv'd of an ample space
For holding a portable instrument-case:
But, far more than breeches, hat, waist-coat or coat,
His own proper features seem'd worthy of note.
His locks were grizzled, his beard it was spare,
As he dieted ev'ry particular hair;
From a long, long nose, one could fancy how well
Its owner could practise his organs of smell;
For it seem'd, as he breath'd atmospherical air,
He perceiv'd what its physical properties were.
His eye with occasional glances by stealth,
Was plainly surveying one's bodily health;
And in his thin fingers, there seem'd to exist
A perpetual impulse to feel of one's wrist.
Whatever he utter'd, his look was profound,
And an odor of sanity breath'd all around.
No difficult matter it was to see,
That a person of science and skill was he.

Giving time for those matters that pass

between
A bachelor-man and a girl of eighteen,
And a moment beside for her womanish airs,
We find him ascending the sleep-walker's stairs.
With gentlest tread, as if ever before
He had practised his steps on a sick-chamber floor,
His handkerchief-parcel, conveniently small,
He laid on a chair, with the knots tow'rd the wall.
The maiden insisting on taking his hat,
He enter'd the room where the sleep-walker sat:
A neat-looking woman, and fair to behold,
And (climax of qualities) not at all old.
Her accents and manner were wondrously sweet,
As she kindly invited his taking a seat,
And sweetly she said what she had to say
Of the weather and wind, in a diffident way.
And then he presented himself by his name,
And hinted the matter about which he came;
He harp'd upon science, and physic, and food,
Incidentally hoping he did not intrude,
And then, (what all orators well understand,)
Digress'd to the subject directly in hand.
What was it the sister spoke low in her ear,
It was plain she alone was intended to hear.
But little the medical gentleman cared,
Commencing a speech he had ready prepar'd.

'This *aura-magnetica*-making,' said he
Is a process as simple as A B C,
And very agreeable, certainly, where [512]
The patient is female, and passably fair:
You hold her hand gently, and look in her eye,
Succeeding the better, the harder you try; [5]
Then paw her all over, it comes to you pat,
Precisely like stroking the back of a cat.[6]
And now it is holiday-time with the mind,
It hastens to leave the poor body behind;
As mischievous urchins escape to the street,
The pedagogue slumb'ring unmov'd in his seat.
Hereafter, no 'wishing-cap' ever can be
Invented to rival the *bonnet de nuit*.
But though I account myself fully *au fait*
At dismissing the soul in a technical way,
(Being funnily call'd by a patient of mine,
A forwarding agent for Charon's old line,)
I own that it never came into my head
To try to converse with it after it fled;
It might be unpleasant; particular folks
Object to all species of practical jokes;
And one might, with reason, resent being made,
From a person of substance, an unreal shade.
However, I think we had better prepare
For one live spirit-walking—another affair.

The patient appears well inclin'd to repose,
Or rather, already beginning to doze.'

He sat himself opposite, look'd in her eye,
Put his hand in his pocket, and stifled a sigh.
A striking resemblance there was in the face,
To one that occasion'd his first-love case.
Ah, doctor! that love thou wert better forget,
With symptoms recurring, comes over thee yet.
'Be still!' said he, boldly! 'nay madam, don't start,
The caution was private—address'd to my heart.'

He went through the process; ten minutes expir'd,
The process was tedious, the doctor was tir'd;
He hinted that opium, one or two grains,
Had been quite as speedy, and saved him his pains.
The patient, at this, to the doctor's surprise,
Look'd sweetly upon him, and—sleep seal'd her eyes.

'I'll take the arm-chair, to be more at my ease,
And then let us travel, as fast as you please;
Can you tell me what lies at the head of your stairs?'
(He thought he should take her thus unawares;)
She said, without any demurrage at all,
'A handkerchief-parcel, the knots tow'rd the wall;
Beside it, a beaver; it's brim is wide,
And an old piece of paper is stuck inside.'
A very round oath the physician swore,
'''Twas the self-same hat that he always wore:
No mortal could see through a six-inch wall—
An angel undoubtedly whisper'd it all.'
'You flatter,' the sister said, with a sigh,
'I never *did* tell her, I'm sure—not I!'
'The bundle contains,' said the spirit, 'a shirt;
Your name and a number are mark'd on the skirt.'
The doctor said nothing; it came to his mind
That he *had* such an one, but had left it behind:
He marvel'd a woman could tell to a hair,
Not only what was, but what should have been there!
'If you've no objections,' ('I have not,' said she,)
'We'll go to my house, and see, what we can see;
I hope you'll go too, Miss—it is not too far;
Beside, you have only to set where you are. [513]
The spirit, (how pleasant soever the road,)
Will find 'the more music, the lighter the load!'
But the sister assured him that no one, except
Himself, could affect her, so long as she

slept;[7]
'She could not distinguish a word that I
said,
Though loud as the trumpet that summons
the dead.'
'That's true,' said the spirit, 'for talk as she
may,
I'm not a whit wiser for all she can say;[8]
But I'm at your door, and have given a
knock,
And some one is turning the key in the
lock.'
'That's odd:' said the doctor; 'I can't
recollect
When turning the key would have any
effect;
The lock is a *patent* one, made with such
skill,
It never yet work'd, and I fear never will.
But why should we wait till they open the
door?
Let's fly to my study, it's on the first floor!'
'How nice!' said the spirit; 'you get all the
sun,
With two pretty windows——' 'There is but
one.'
'But one?' said the walker—'ah, that's very
true;
A somnambulist sees *twice* as plainly as
you;
But truly I'm certain, your fortunate wife
Must lead a most exquisite sort of a life.'
'But then I am single;' 'I know it,' said she;
'I mean, if you *had* one, how happy she'd
be!'
So sweetly she said it, he look'd at her
long,
The likeness was striking—each moment
more strong.
Alas! poor practitioner, look to thy heart;
A treacherous weapon is Love's little dart!

END OF PART TWO.

OUR BIRTH-DAYS.

The anniversary of our birth-days is always an interesting period, and should be noticed accordingly. Each of such days is a mile-stone on the road of life, reminding us of the rapid rate at which we have been advancing on its journey, and approaching its close. It is true that in life's *morning*, these mile-stones appear to be farther apart than they do in later years; still, they are days of hope and promise. Thousands are then rejoicing that they are one year nearer to the boasting age of twenty-one, when a young man feels himself lord of his own actions, and glories in his liberty. To thousands of the fairer part of creation, these annual monitors are welcome, as harbingers of the day when they shall shine in the ball-room or circles of fashion; attract all eyes, and command all attention; or perhaps fasten some silken chain around the heart of an individual admirer, and lead him in delightful captivity. To other thousands of the same sex, the anniversary will tell a tale of sadness; of departed hours and departed charms; of withered roses and withered hopes; when the looking-glass has lost its magic power, and speaks nothing save in the plain language of unwelcome truth and soberness. Thousands are reminded that many of the [514] intervals, between one mile-stone and another were distinguished by lovely landscapes and countless beauties; by health and enjoyment—by joy and gladness of heart. To thousands of others, such intervals have been gloomy and cheerless; without the consolations of friendship, the comforts of society, or the flattering promises of hope. Surrounding prospects have only increased the gloom of the mind, and made the heart sick.

Yet in all these recollections, we may find instruction and nourishment for our better feelings. If our course has been checkered with good and evil, we may profit by tracing consequences to their proper causes; and thus learn how many miscalled misfortunes are the offspring of folly, or imprudence, or wrong; the natural results of our own wanderings from the path of innocence and duty; or else have been so fortunate as to have discovered by experience, that our happiness and duty are intimately connected, and that wisdom's ways are always ways of pleasantness and peace. In both cases, this annual review of the days and years that have taken their farewell of

us, will be salutary in its effect, and teach us the value of virtuous resolutions of amendment, when we have gone astray, and the peaceful feelings and sweet anticipations of those whose desire it is to preserve their moral health in the bowers of innocence and purity, and amid the green pastures and still waters of life.

This very day, I have arrived at the *seventy-third* mile-stone on the journey to another country, where we all hope to enjoy happiness unending. And here I must avail myself of the old man's privilege; that of speaking of himself, and the incidents of exciting or soothing interest which have marked his onward course. I have abundant occasion to indulge in the pleasing retrospect. Through the smiles of heaven, I may truly say, that in the long vista I can scarcely discover an unpleasant object, to mar the beauty of the scene. It still appears margined with foliage and flowers, almost as green and bright as ever. The surface of the way still seems smooth, and the sky is clear and summer-like, as in the days of my youth and early manhood. Surely, these are distinguished blessings to me, and as such I fondly cherish them. Heaven has given me a firm constitution, and long-continued health. These are precious foundations to build upon; and I have improved them for that purpose. But much has been effected by the formation of certain *habits*, and by an attention to certain *rules*; and I feel their tendency and effects as valuable medicines. It is not vanity in an old man to recommend them to others. I am influenced by better motives. In the first place, when a child,

——'I knew a mother's tender care,
And heard th' instructions of a father's
tongue;'

and I hope I have never forgotten them, or in any situation disregarded their benign influence, but reverenced them as important safe-guards. The rules I have adopted have never, to any extent, deceived me.

1. I have always found, that if I had injured any one, especially if intentionally, I could enjoy no peace of mind, until I had *asked* and *obtained* his forgiveness. When forgiven, all was calm and [515] sunshine in my bosom. I never solicited in vain.

2. Knowing by experience the value of this blessed sunshine, I have always endeavored so to be on my guard, as not to offend by indulged passion, suspicion, or want of respect and courtesy. This has always insured courtesy and kindness in return, from all others.

3. If on a sudden I have for a few moments been guilty of indulging in passion, the sun never went down on my wrath. I never *did* and never *could* retain resentment against any one, and cherish a desire of revenge; for such a desire would have been painful and distressing. A word from him who had excited my momentary anger, spoken to me in kindness, never failed to disarm every disturbed feeling. I have always found a peaceful disposition a source of comfort, and to produce the same calm within, as is caused by gentle breezes on a summer day, refreshing an invalid who is walking abroad to inhale them.

4. By the aid of the foregoing rules, I have thus far through life been habitually cheerful; and cheerfulness is easily diffused, and cheerful feelings multiplied. It is a sort of letter of introduction, and insures a welcome, when duly exhibited. It adds to the charms of society, while at the same time it gives a youthful movement to the pulsations of the heart.

5. In order to preserve this youthful feeling of our nature, while advancing in years, I have steadily maintained the custom of associating freely with the *young* as well as the *old*; of joining in the social or fashionable circle, and breathing the atmosphere of the library or the drawing-room, with ladies and gentlemen, more especially with those whom I am in the habit of meeting, on other occasions, upon terms of easy intercourse. By this practice, my social feelings have remained almost unchanged. Though I am an old tree, my leaves remain nearly as green as ever. The scenes I have just described, I enjoy now as well and as pleasantly as I did forty or fifty years ago. Are not these blessings? Men and women may grow old, if they please, and lose all relish for social intercourse, even among those of their own age; and if they please, they may retain most of the better feelings of their early years, in the particulars before mentioned; and the honest, frank, and cheerful expression of them will generally be reciprocated, even in the circles of the young and gay. These interchanges of thoughts and feelings, in hours of easy and virtuous relaxation, are mutually beneficial, in producing kinder dispositions toward each, and bringing the distant periods of life nearer together, and forming a *temperate zone*, where the climate becomes more mild, uniform, serene, and salutary. Are not my rules and my practice, then, worthy of imitation, as having an evident tendency to preserve a green old age, and protract the 'Indian summer of the soul,' and keep the heart warm amid the gathering frosts of the December of life?

We cannot open a newspaper, without seeing advertisements of those who have compounded numberless medicines for curing almost all the pains and diseases 'which flesh is heir to;' and are desirous of diffusing them, for the relief of all classes of sufferers, for a moderate pecuniary compensation. And surely there can be no impropriety in my publishing this article for the benefit [516] of all concerned, and giving them, *gratis*, my friendly advice, on so interesting a subject. My object is as commendable as theirs; and I presume my prescriptions, if duly observed, would promote the moral health of thousands, and save them from the penalty of 'low spirits;' quicken the healthful circulation of the 'social blood,' and add to the life of multitudes years of comfort, ending in a golden sunset.

SENEX.

LAY OF THE MADMAN.[9]

'THIS is the foul fiend! He begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth. Beware of the foul fiend!'

SHAKSPEARE.

MANY a year hath passed away,
Many a dark and dismal year,
Since last I roam'd in the light of day,
Or mingled my own with another's tear;
Wo to the daughters and sons of men
—
Wo to them all, when I roam again!

Here have I watch'd, in this dungeon cell,
Longer than Memory's tongue can tell;
Here have I shriek'd, in my wild despair,
When the damnéd fiends from their
prison came,
Sported and gambol'd, and mock'd me
here,
With their eyes of fire, and their tongues
of flame;
Shouting for ever and aye my name!
And I strove in vain
To burst my chain,
And longed to be free as the winds, again,
That I might spring
In the wizard ring,
And scatter them back to their hellish den!
Wo to the daughters and sons of men
—
Wo to them all, when I roam again!

How long I have been in this dungeon
here,
Little I know, and nothing I care;
What to me is the day or night,
Summer's heat or autumn sere,
Spring-tide flowers, or winter's blight,
Pleasure's smile, or sorrow's tear?
Time! what care I for thy flight,
Joy! I spurn thee with disdain;
Nothing love I but this clanking chain;
Once I broke from its iron hold,
Nothing I said, but silent and bold,
Like the shepherd that watches his gentle
fold,
Like the tiger that crouches in mountain
lair,
Hours upon hours, so watch'd I here;
Till one of the fiends that had come to
bring
Herbs from the valley and drink from the
spring,
Stalk'd through my dungeon entrance in!
Ha! how he shriek'd to see me free—
Ho! how he trembled and knelt to me,
He who had mock'd me many a day,
And barred me out from its cheerful ray,
Gods! how I shouted to see him pray! [517]
I wreath'd my hand in the demon's hair,
And chok'd his breath in its mutter'd
prayer,
And danc'd I then, in wild delight,
To see the trembling wretch's fright.

Gods! how I crush'd his hated bones!

'Gainst the jagged wall and the dungeon-
stones;
And plung'd my arm adown his throat,
And dragg'd to life his beating heart,
And held it up, that I might gloat,
To see its quivering fibres start!
Ho! how I drank of the purple flood,
Quaff'd and quaff'd again of blood,
Till my brain grew dark, and I knew no
more,
Till I found myself on this dungeon floor,
Fetter'd and held by this iron chain;
Ho! when I break its links again,
Ha! when I break its links again,
Wo to the daughters and sons of men!

My frame is shrunk, and my soul is sad,
And devils mock, and call me mad;
Many a dark and fearful sight
Haunts me here, in the gloom of night;
Mortal smile or human tear
Never cheers or soothes me here;
The spider shrinks from my grasp away,
Though he's known my form for many a
day;
The slimy toad, with his diamond eye,
Watches afar, but comes not nigh;
The craven rat, with her filthy brood,
Pilfers and gnaws my scanty food:
But when I strive to make her play,
Snaps at my hands, and flees away;
Light of day or ray of sun,
Friend or hope, I've none—I've none!

Yet 'tis not always thus; sweet slumber
steals
Across my haggard mind, my weary
sight;
No more my brain the iron pressure feels,
Nor damnéd devils howl the live-long
night;
Visions of hope and beauty seem
To mingle with my darker dream;
They bear me back to a long-lost day,
To the hours and joys of my boyhood's
play,
To the merry green,
And the sportive scene,
And the valley the verdant hills between;
And a lovely form with a bright blue eye,
Flutters my dazzled vision by;
A tear starts up to my wither'd eye,
Gods! how I love to feel that tear
Trickle my haggard visage o'er!
The fountain of hope is not yet dry;
I feel as I felt in days of yore,
When I roam'd at large in my native glen,
Honor'd and lov'd by the sons of men,
Till, madden'd to find my home defil'd,
I grasp'd the knife, in my frenzy wild,
And plunged the blade in my sleeping
child!

They called me mad—they left me here,
To my burning thoughts, and the fiend's
despair,
Never, ah! never to see again
Earth or sky, or sea or plain;
Never to hear soft Pity's sigh—
Never to gaze on mortal eye;
Doom'd through life, if life it be,
To helpless, hopeless misery;
Oh, if a single ray of light
Had pierced the gloom of this endless
night;

If the cheerful tones of a single voice
Had made the depths of my heart rejoice;
If a single thing had loved me here,
I ne'er had crouch'd to these fiends'
despair!

They come again!
They tear my brain!
They tremble and dart through my every
vein!
Ho! could I burst this clanking chain,
Then might I spring
In the hellish ring,
And scatter them back to their den again!
* * *
They seize my heart!—they choke my
breath!
Death?—death! ah, welcome death!

Savannah, (Geo.,) 1837. R. M. C.

OLLAPODIANA.

NUMBER XXII.

——As I was saying last month, beloved reader, that 'I am thine in promise,' or to that purport, I have anchored myself in my *fauteuil*, to the end that I may be thine in fulfilment. In our conversation about the Catskills, I omitted sundry pertinent matters, with the which, however, malgré the postponement, I shall not here afflict. Since that period, I have for the most part been pent i' the populous city, amid the wakeful noises by day thereof, and by night the calm security of the streets thereof. I affect the supernatural bawl of the watchman, as it rings up to my pillow; I love the serenade which the neighboring lover sings to his fair, and of which I get the good as well as herself; I like to see the straggling cloud go floating over the slumbering town at midnight, with the moon silvering its edge; or mayhap to note the sheen of a star greeting the vision over a chimney-pot. All these have charms for my eye and ear; I seem to see holy sights and shapes in the firmament; the winds come and go on their circuits, unknowing how many brows they fan; and at times they hush a whole metropolis to silence, insomuch that its wide boundary scarce produces so much noise 'as doth a chestnut in a farmer's fire.'

By-the-by, when the sun begins to set at right descensions, and make his winter arches, I always think of the roaring fires in the domicil of the rural husbandman, with feelings akin to envy. Ye who toast your heels by anthracite; who survey the meagre 'blue blazes' of Liverpool coal, and whose nostrils take in the dry odor thereof, being reminded thereby of those ever-burning brimstone beds, where Apollyon keeps his court, and Judas has his residence; ye, I say, who have a life-long intimacy with these sorts of fuel, can have but small conception of a winter's fire in the country. Far round doth it illumine the apartment where it rages; intolerable is proximity thereunto; and its 'circle of admirers' is always large, because they cannot come a-nigh. A [519] pleasant disdain is felt for the snow which whirls on whistling winds against the pane; the herds are huddled in their cotes secure; and the storm has permission to mumble its belly full, and spit snow at its pleasure. Hugeous reminiscences of delight come over my spirit, in this connexion; post-school hours; the steaming bowl of flip, or those orthographical convocations, where buxom maidens exulted in their secret heart, as tall words were vociferously mounted, in correct emission, by greenhorn swain. Sleigh-rides likewise; amatory pressures, under skin of buffalo or bison; long processions through wintry villages, whose tall smokes rose from every chimney; pillars of blue, standing upright in the air, like columns of sapphire. Cider, with its acidity of remembrance; apples, that melted on the tongue, as they descended toward the diaphragm; landscapes of snow; and slides down hill!—not forgetting those skating achievements, which for the time being fill the mind with such pride, that one scarcely wishes to reach heaven at last, if that amusement be interdicted among the just made perfect! All these circumstances and events, with curious confusion, hang in a nucleus about my memories of a rural hearth; 'but these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.' Shakspeare had a good notion of the comforts to which I refer. He puts a lovely sentiment into the mouth of King Richard II., when he causes him to utter to the royal lady this tender language:

'Good sometime queen, prepare thee
hence for France:
Think I am dead; and that from me thou
tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire

With good old folks; and let them tell thee
tales
Of woful ages, long ago betid;
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their
grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me!'

I HAVE not, howbeit, reader, as might be inferred from what has been herein before written, spent all the mean season spoken of, in the busy capital. I have made, with household appurtenances, and delights, and responsibilities, an autumnal tour or 'excrescence' into the country, round about the Empire Town. Quotidian columns have borne the register thereof; hence Benevolence prompt to crucify farther infliction. The landscapes surveyed were beautiful; though it may be said of the eminences, as Mr. William Lackaday observes in the play, of his boy-seen uplands: 'Them there hills wasn't clothed with much werder.'

HOW many steam-boat accidents are occurring constantly! One of late astonished the peaceful Delaware. But it did one good act. The explosion blew away a piece of very bad orthography in the cabin of one of those craft which ply between Philadelphia and Camden. Perilous voyages do they make, indeed! Nurses with their blooming charges, and who have never been to sea, embark in them to behold the wonders of the deep! The disaster I speak of arose from that which made the angels fall. 'Twas curst ambition. One boat was going several inches ahead of another, and urged its engine to the rate of at least fifty miles the hour. Rivalry was awakened; the captain of [520] the hapless craft yelled to his assistant: 'Josey, we'll have a race with that t'other imperent boat! *Put that other stick of wood into the furnace!* My pride is elewated. Never mind the expense *this* time!'

The command was given; the boiler collapsed; and ambition was ended! The orthography blown from the steamer was this:

'No smoking *aloud* in the cabing!'

This was an injunction obeyed per force, for it could not be broken.[10] It specified tacit fumigation:

——'Nothing could live
Twixt that and silence;'

and the unnecessary monition was no great loss, either to luxury or learning.

LET me here register a letter which I have received from the Jehu who voted for Smith, of Smithopolis. He conveys several curious sentiments; and among other matters, records the demise of the person to whom he was indebted for a lecture:

'*November the 5th, 1837.*

'MY DEAR SIR:

'I have seen a piece which you made and put into a perryogue published down into the city of New-York, to which I am a-going to indict a reply. My indictment will be short, as some of the parties is not present to which you have been allusive. But with respect of that there diwine person you spoke of, I am sorry to remark, that he is uncommonly dead, and wont never give no more lectures. He was so onfortnight as to bu'st a blood-vessel at a pertracted meeting; and I ha'n't hearn nothing onto him sence. His motives was probable good; but in delivering on 'em, it struck me forcibly that he proximated to the *sassy*. However, I never reserves ill will, not ag'inst nobody; and I authorize you to put this into printing, ef'so be that you deem it useful. That's what Smith used to say, when he published his self-nominations in the newspapers, that a man with a horn (they tell me that he has a very large circle of kindred) used to ride post about, and distribit.

'In the sincere congratulation that there has not nothing been said in this communication unproper for the public ear, and for giving you the descriptions of the rackets, and other messuages respecting me, which you deeded to the public, I remain yours until death do us part.

'POST TILLION.'

'Mr. OLLAPOD, M.D.'

Now there is no finding fault with a correspondent of this description. Plain, unadorned, he gives his thoughts the drapery of ink—dresses them in black—and there they stand, ('what is written remains,') evidences at once of his frankness and his erudition. To me, such documents, though light, and perhaps unpalatable to those who prefer the heavier condiments of literature, form the [521]

cream or the dessert of life's plenteous table.

TALKING of desserts—by which (whisper) I don't mean the boundless contiguity of western wildernesses, nor the sandy bounds of Zahara, but the after-glories of a dinner—I have of late arrived at some curious embellishments of delicacies, on the part of those who are bent upon improving the English language, at all hazards; upon extending it to the utmost latitude of dainty expression and culture. The Astor-House, I learn, at its Ladies' Ordinary, has furnished forth some glorious specimens of English improved. 'Sir!' said an exquisite, desirous of partaking a certain delicacy for himself and his fair:

'Have you at present any of the *chastised idiot-brother*?'

'Han't seen no relations of your'n here to-day,' murmured the waiter, 'with an imperturbable and 'furtive' smile.'

'Don't be impertinent, fellow!' was the reply; 'I mean something to eat!'

'If you want to eat any thing in the *idiot* line,' replied the servant, aside, as his inquisitor fingered his moustache, 'I guess you'd better put some butter on your hair, and swaller *yourself*!' And here the sacrilegious usher of sauces and glasses indulged in a half-suppressed guffaw.

'Dar' say you consider that funny, my short *help*,' said the inquirer: 'but what I want is what *you* call *whipped-syllabub*. Heaven help your ignorance!'

The requisite was handed—the exquisite appeased. But his quiet was brief. Calling to him the same locomotive assistance, he inquired:

'Now, individual, I want some *sacrificed-threshed-indigent-williams*. Have you got any?'

'Not one, upon my soul, your honor; that is, if you mean turnips.'

'Turnips!—curse turnips!—you double-distilled Vandal—you Goth—you Visigoth! I mean, have you any roasted whippoorwills?'

'Holy Paul!' said a Hibernian 'help,' who had drawn a-nigh, attracted by the discussion; 'in the name of the Vargin, what is *them*?'

Just at this juncture, the eaves-dropping by-stander who furnishes the *mem.* of this, came away, leaving the emerald son—more verdant to look at than his native isle—staring as if in a fit of astronomy, in eclipse-time.

ONE of my autumnal recreations, good my reader, is hunting. I pull a most fatal trigger. Venerie delighteth me, when the day is good and the game abundant. I love, (heaven forgive me!) to bring down the squirrel, with the half-munched chestnut in his teeth, what time his bushy tail, (no longer waving in triumph over his back, as he bounds from limb to limb,) quivers in *articulo mortis*. I confess me none of your cockney venators. Some of these I have seen place the deadly [522]
muzzle of a double-barrel rifle at the unsuspecting tail of a wren, while the proximity of metal and feathers was less than an inch; and when they fired, they plunged back some several yards, overcome with horror, though the bird had flown without injury, save indeed some blackened down, in extremis—a trifle, with life safe, and the world before her.

The poetry of gunpowder is in making it *tell*. To go out when the woods are so beautiful that you deem a score of dying dolphins hang on every tree,

'When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
 though all the leaves are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters
 of the rill;'

to hear the delicate tread of the game on the leaves, rustling amid the murmur of solemn winds, as the westering sun scampers down the west, with a face as red as if he had disgraced the solar family by some misdemeanor; and then, in some thick recess of passing foliage, and innumerous boughs, then and there to bore wingéd fowl, and my gentleman quadrupeds of the sylvan fastness, with cold lead, is exhilarating. All kinds of volant things that wing the autumn air—all sorts of movers on four legs—to make these succumb to the behests of minerals, deadly salts, and a percussion cap to set them on, is a kind of great glory in a very small way. I miss in my excursions of this nature, the kind of sport which I fancy they who course the fields and glades of England must peculiarly enjoy; hare-hunting, namely. 'The ancients,' saith my choice 'Elia,' must have loved hares. Else why adopt the word *lepores*, (obviously from *lepus*,) but from some subtle analogy between the delicate flavor of the latter, and the finer relishes of wit in what we most poorly translate *pleasantries*. The fine madnesses of the poet are the very decoction of his diet. Thence is he hare-brained. Haram-scarum is a libellous, unfounded phrase, of modern usage. 'Tis true the hare is the most circumspect of animals, sleeping with her eyes open. Her ears, ever erect, keep them in that wholesome exercise, which conduces them to form the very tit-bit of the admirers of this noble animal. Noble will I call her, in spite of her detractors, who from occasional demonstrations of the principle of self-preservation (common to all animals,) infer in her a defect of heroism. Half a hundred horsemen, with thrice the number of dogs, scour the

country in pursuit of puss, across three counties; and because the well-flavored beast, weighing the odds, is *willing* to evade the hue and cry, *with her delicate ears shrinking perchance from discord*, comes the grave naturalist, Linnæus, perchance, or Buffon, and gravely sets down the hare as—a timid animal. Why, Achilles, or Bully Dawson, would have declined the preposterous combat!' This is speaking sooth, and vindicates the fame of that class of tremulous tenants of rural haunts, whose ears, most unhappily, are sometimes longer than their lives.

Sometimes I surmount my pony, and traverse for miles the banks of the Schuylkill; moving, now fast, now slow, as humor prompts, or clouds portend. The city fades behind me; the beautiful eminence of Fairmount, its spouting fountains, its statues in the many-colored shade; the sheen [523] of the river; the trellised pavilions that hang on its side; the hum of waters, or the cheerings of some regatta, mingle with far obscurity and airy nothing; and then, as I ride, I sing the song of Anacreon Little, laying every tone to my heart, like a treasure and a spell:

'Along by the Schuylkill a wanderer was roving,
And dear were its flowery banks to his eye;'
(I am bounding along—at a good rate am moving—
I have lost the last lines—unregained, if I try.)

Thus I murder the post-meridian hours, when the weather-office is propitious, and its clerks attentive.

By-the-way, how often have I pondered on the extreme surprise experienced by Balaam, of Old-Testament memory, when he rode out one day on business. His meditations were most unexpectedly interrupted by the beast he rode; and he was immensely astounded, when he found out the garrulity of the animal. True to her sex, (for she was of the tender gender,) she commenced a few sentences of small-talk, greatly to his dismay. And who could marvel? What man but would listen, *auribus erectis*, when he ascertained that his own ass was opening a conversation with him? 'Twas thus with Balaam. He was well nigh demented. He pommelled his beast with great vehemence; but she turned her head to him, and said in the Hebrew dialect—'*No Go!*'

Is it not wonderful, that those who are skilled in biblical history, who weigh evidence by the ounce, and inference by the pound, is it not a marvel, that they have never traced the obstinacy of this four-footed individual to the right motive? She was, in sooth, the great progenitress of *Animal Magnetism*; and she presented, in her own person, the first instance of *clairvoyance* on record, either in prose or rhyme. It was at her hinder feet that Mesmer sat, in thought, and caught the inspiration of his science. Balaam sat on her patient back, burdened her hallowed vertebras, nor knew how much wisdom he bestrode. Blinded mortal! He looked ahead for the cause of his detention. He saw no reason why he should not push on; and in the Egyptian obliquity of his heart, he 'whaled' his ass to a degree. It did no good; on the contrary, 'twas quite the reverse. The ass and the angel were looking steadfastly at each other; but Balaam saw but one of the parties. He noted not the glittering and glorious obstacle that stopped the narrow way. The loose and expressionless lips of his ass spoke like a book; the *clairvoyance* was established; but the effect was slow. Henceforth, when the magnetic science is discussed, honor its foundress. Render unto that ass the things which are asses.'

I have achieved a victory which should fire the heart of any tasteful bibliomaniac. *I stand seized of Lamb.* Understand me, reader, 'tis no juvenile mutton, whereof I am possessed; not adolescent merino, or embryo ram. By no manner of means; contrariwise, it is Talfourd's brief memoir, and a most succulent correspondence, by the author of 'Elia.' 'Tis a thing over which a father may [524] waken his boy, in the small hours of the morning, (being yet unmovéd bedward,) by a multitudinous guffaw. Rosy slumber, ruptured by obstreperous laughter; but ah! how decidedly unavoidable!

Yes; I write myself proprietor for the nonce of a London edition. My name is written in 'Lamb's Book of Life;' say rather, in a Book of the Life of Lamb. Most hugeously do I relish his quaint conceits, and those dainty sentences, the fashioning whereof came to him unbidden, from spirits of the olden time, bending from the clouds of fame. (By-the-by, what an unconscionable dog was Ossian! He always kept a score or two of heroes, sitting half-dressed on cold clouds, making speeches. 'Twas most unkind of him. But he lived in a rude age.) Lamb was one of those precious few of whom the world is not worthy. He wrote from the impulses of a noble heart, guided to new expression by a mind clear as the brook of Siloa, that flowed by the oracles of God. He was not one of your persons who are dignified by the phrase 'all heart,' for he had a prolific brain, which all-hearted people generally lack. Of course, he disciplined himself betwixt a desk at the India-

House, and his social hours, or studious; but what golden fruitage sprang therefrom! None of your crude sentences, half-formed, unlicked, unpolished; but full of meaning; succinct to the eye, and harmonious to the ear. There is a light from his pen, which can illumine the saddest hour. He went forth to amuse and enlighten, as the sun gets up in the morning to cheer the world, 'with all his fires and travelling glories round him.' Essayist incomparable! How would he have looked writing a prize-tale for the horror-mongers!

In respect of these latter things, how many double-distilled atrocities of that kind are now and then committed at this day! They must be filled with blood and murder; piracy, thieving, villany of all sorts, must be thrown in, to make the mixture 'slab and good.' This is the result of the ten thousand pages of trash, which the want of a copy-right law entails upon us from England. *Improbability* is the first ingredient, to which assassination, seduction, and all kinds of crime, must approximate. Let me give a specimen:

'THE FATAL VOW.'

'It was late in the fall of 18—, (convenient blank!) when, as the night had come on, on a stormy evening, a dreadful tempest arose in the west. The lightning flashed, the thunder faintly bellowed for a time; but soon the lightning discontinued, though the thunder moaned on. It was pitch dark—darkness Egyptian. The sight was palsied and checked within an inch of the eye. At this juncture, two men on horseback might have been seen, at the distance of half a mile from the river ——, riding through a thick wood. One of them was of sallow complexion, with huge black whiskers; he rode a horse of the color called by rural people 'pumpkin-and-milk,' or cream-color, rather. In his holster were two pistols. He wore a broad slouching hat, apparently unpaid for. A frown, blacker considerably than hell, darkened his brow. Turning to his companion, a weazen-faced man, with a red head, mounted on what is called a 'calico mare,' he said:

'Well, Jakarzil, shall we do the deed to-night?'

'It would ill befit the noble Count d'Urzilio de Belleville,' said the dependant, 'to shoot that ill-fated lady at the present time. It would not *look* well.'

'I care not for the looks!' replied the count, curling his lip, and placing in his sinister cheek a piece of tobacco, 'I must have vengeance! If the candle is not at the casement, I shall bu'st the door. I want revenge!'

'TO BE CONTINUED.'

This is like the modern tales. Meditated butchery, successful scoundrelism, and other delectables, make up their sum. As the fragment just read may never be concluded, I will mention the fate of the parties. The hero shot his grandmother out of *pique*, and was hung; Jakarzil, his man, is in the penitentiary for horse-stealing. [525]

Some of my unpoetical friends think I have underrated the Falls at Catskill. Heaven save the mark! They have never seen Niagara, and are therefore contented with a few grim rocks, the gate of a mill-dam, and grandeur by the gallon; for thus, in a manner, is it sold. No! Let these untravelled but clever fellows once hear the roar that shakes Goat-Island, and the region round about; see the river that pours its mile-wide breakers down, and mark the rainbow smile! Ever thereafter will they hold their peace.

One or two credulous persons have fancied that the sketch of 'Smith of Smithopolis' was designed as an imputation upon the name. The said imputation is disdained, by these presents. I have a decided regard for that style and title: companionship, familiarity, personal knowledge, (so grateful to the inquiring mind,) are its synonyms. Beside, I honor the name, for sundry associations. Who has never rode in a rail-car, a steam-boat, or a coach, with a person of the name of Smith? Or heard him speak at a public meeting? Or owed him a trifle? Or had a trifle due from him, the Smith aforesaid? *Nemo*—'I undertake to say'—(in fact I not only *undertake* this vocal enterprise, but I *accomplish* it.) Aside, reader, 'tis a criticism on the phrase; which whoso uses when he knows what he is about to set down in palpable chirography, is a *sumph* unqualified: *Anglice*, one of the flat 'uns, named of *Stulti*.

The Smiths are numerous, 'tis said. Grant it. Who pays more post-office revenue? Who more quickly resents a jeer upon the name? Tell me that. 'Not nobody.' Would you look for heroes? The Smiths could supply them. For female goodness and devotion? The same, from the same. For wit, genius, and elevated-talent? *Vide* Horace and James, of the Addresses, and Richard Penn; the studious scholar, good lawyer, quaint citizen, novelist, poet, dramatist—every thing clever.

I HAD many more things to say, courteous reader; but I fear, from what I have written, you may augur a bore. Heaven forfend! Consequently, thine in conclusion, I write myself, henceforth, now, and formerly,

OLLAPOD.

EXAMPLE.

HIS faults that in a private station sits,
Do mainly harm him only that commits:
Those placed on high a bright example
owe—
Much to themselves, more to the crowd
below.
A paltry watch, in private pocket borne,
Misleads but him alone by whom 'tis worn;
But the town-clock, that steeples oft
display,
By going wrong, leads half the town
astray.

THE COMING OF WINTER.

[526]

I.

THE wintry months are here again—
Around us are their snows and storms;
The tempest shrieks along the plain,
The forest heaves its giant forms.

II.

The drifting sleet flies from the hill,
Thick clouds deform the threat'ning sky;
While in the vale, the birds are still,
And chain'd by frosts, the waters lie.

III.

Ah! where is now the merry May,
The green banks, and the leafy bowers?
The cricket's chirp, the linnet's lay,
That gave such sweetness to the hours?

IV.

And where the sunny sky, that round
This world of glad and breathing things,
Came with its sweetness and its sound,
Its golden light and glancing wings?

V.

Alas! the eye falls now no more
On flowery field, or hill, or plain;
Nor for the ear the woodlands pour
One glad note of the summer's strain!

VI.

The green leaves stript have left the woods
Towering—their tall arms bleak and
bare;
And now they choke the sounding floods,
Or fill, in clouds, the rushing air!

VII.

Yet turn we here! The winter's fire,
Its crackling faggots blazing bright,
Hath joys that never, never tire,

And looks that fill us with delight.

VIII.

Home's joys! Ah yes, 'tis these are ours,
  Home's looks and hearts! 'tis these can
      bring
A something sweeter than the flowers,
  And purer than the airs of spring.

IX.

Then welcome be old Winter here!
  Ay! welcome be the stormy hour;
Our kindly looks and social cheer
  Shall cheat the monarch of his power!

X.

With mirth and joy the hours we'll crown—
  Love to our festival we'll bring!
And calm the sturdy blusterer down,
  And make him smiling as the spring!

New-Haven, November 13th, 1837. B. T. W.

OCEOLA'S CHALLENGE.

[527]

LATE accounts from St. Augustine state, that the recent capture of the Indian chiefs has by no means increased the friendly feelings of the red men toward the whites. 'There will yet be hard fighting, and they will be rendered more desperate than ever. Even the captives seem to doubt that they will be sent out of the country.'

COME on! O'er prairie, bluff, and swamp,
    By bush, and rock, and tree,
Where'er an Indian's foot may tramp,
Where'er ye march, where'er ye camp,
    My warrior band shall be!

Come on! My words are plain and few,
    My greeting brief and free
But if ye think it less than due,
With deadly aim, my rifle true
    Shall welcome speak for me.

Come on! And if ye miss the track
    Left by the red man's tread,
Well shall ye know the pathway back!
We'll strew it, lest a guide ye lack,
    With heaps of scalpless dead!

Come on! Our sires your fathers fought
    In these green wilds of old,
We ask ye, and we owe ye nought,
And know, these lands, that ne'er were
      bought,
    Can but for blood be sold!

November, 1837. H.

RANDOM PASSAGES

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

NUMBER EIGHT.

PRUSSIA—BELGIUM.

Cologne, September 14th.—On the arrival of the steam-boat, (*alias*, *dampschiffen*, or *le bateau à vapeur*,) the bells of the town were ringing, cannons firing, a band of music playing, and the *quais* were filled with at least five thousand people, who were kept in order by a party of soldiers. Some distinguished personage seemed to be expected in the boat, but there was none forthcoming. The military cleared a passage through the crowd, and we landed without any confusion, although it was dark, and there were three hundred passengers (picked up on the way,) to be supplied with porters and lodgings; and the place was known to be full. At the fourth hotel I applied to, alone, in the dark, in a strange place, I succeeded in securing an attic; but many others were even less fortunate.

After supper, I made a sally through the principal streets, which are well lighted with gas. It seems to be a busy and cheerful place, much like Paris; buildings irregular, streets crooked, and ill-paved. The far-famed *Eau-de-Cologne* forms a considerable article of its trade, and has [528] contributed not a little to familiarize its name all over the world. The four brothers Farina rival each other in the manufacture; but the most noted artist is Jean Maria Farina. I took a peep into his establishment; and were it not that His Majesty of England would make me pay for it over again, I should like to send you some of the 'genuine article.'

Aix la Chapelle, September 15th.—My present date is from the city of Charlemagne. 'To begin where I left off.' While writing last evening in my *lofty* apartment, looking out upon the Rhine, the music on the quay suddenly re-commenced, and the enthusiastic shouts of the populace announced that the expected visitor had arrived. It proved to be the crown prince of Prussia, and his two brothers. Prussia now extends, as you are aware, this side of the Rhine as far as Aix. The present king and all his family are said to be exceedingly and deservedly popular with the people. The government, although in theory despotic, is evidently mild and liberal in practice. In education, I need not tell you, Prussia stands prëeminent; and if you are curious for information on this point, I would refer you to the recent report of Victor Cousin.[11] The regulations of the police, the public conveyances, etc., in the Prussian dominions are certainly excellent.

I was early awake this morning, in order to finish exploring Cologne before six, the starting hour for Aix. Escorted by a young cicerone, who 'politely volunteered his services,' I went first to the cathedral, one of the most celebrated on the continent. Five hundred years have elapsed since this edifice was commenced, and yet it is scarcely half finished! The choir only is quite completed, and this is very elaborately decorated within and without. The grass is actually growing on the towers, which have as yet attained but one third of their intended elevation, (five hundred feet,) and being connected with the choir merely by a temporary structure, they look like ruins of a separate edifice. Yet, even in its present state, the cathedral of Cologne is a wonderful specimen of human ingenuity and perseverance. I followed my cicerone to the head of the choir, behind the great altar, where he pointed to a richly-ornamented monument, as the tomb of the 'Three Kings of Cologne.' It is to be hoped you are versed in the veritable history of these same three kings, as well as that of the eleven thousand virgins before-mentioned, for neither memory nor time will permit me to edify you in 'legendary lore.'

Mass had already commenced, at this early hour, and the good people were kneeling reverently on the marble floor, saying their paternosters and counting their beads, or watching, with humble simplicity, the movements of the priest before the altar. I observed one of the boys employed to swing the censers of burning incense, turn round occasionally, with a piteous yawn. The painted windows in this cathedral are very elaborate and beautiful. I had time to 'drop in' to [529] several other churches during matins, where I saw much that was curious and dazzling, and heard some fine organ-music.

There were twenty-two passengers 'booked' for Aix, and according to law, they were obliged to send extras for as many as applied before the hour. This route to Brussels and Ostend is much travelled by the English, in preference to continuing on the Rhine to Rotterdam.

It was a bright morning again, and the ride proved rather pleasant, though somewhat monotonous. The country, for several miles out of Cologne, is nearly level, and almost quite treeless: near the city, it is laid out in one vast vegetable-garden, without any enclosure, as is often the case on the continent. Poaching does not seem to be dreamed of. The fortifications of Cologne, and those of Juliers, our first stopping-place, are of the most substantial kind. Juliers is surrounded by three distinct walls, each about twenty feet thick, and separated by broad deep ditches, or canals. And yet in the present *refined* state of the art of war, this fortress is far from being impregnable.

We arrived at Aix at 3 P. M., and having taken a place for an evening ride to Liege, and had my passport *vised* at the Hotel de Ville, the next thing was to visit the cathedral containing the bones of the great Charlemagne. His tomb is under the floor, in the centre of the church, and is covered by a plain marble slab, on which is inscribed in *lofty* simplicity,

'CAROLUS MAGNO.'

After looking at the throne of the 'grand monarque,' and at the immense windows of the choir, (remarkable for the lightness and elegance of their frames,) we were conducted by a priest to a closet, or *sanctum sanctorum*, to see the famous cabinet of precious relics.[12] I send you a printed account of these veritable relics, and as to their authenticity, it is to be hoped your bump of marvelousness is too large to permit you to doubt. Will you not look upon me with a 'thrilling

interest,' when I tell you that I have seen and touched them with my bodily hands? They gravely tell you how the 'sacred' articles were obtained, and how they were presented to Charlemagne by the patriarch of Jerusalem. I doubt not they really find them *precious* articles of speculation, and would be grieved to hear a suspicion of their being genuine. The linens worn by the virgin when Christ was born, are among those too sacred for common eyes, and are only shown in seven years, with much 'pomp and circumstance.'

By the way, I saw also the splendid crown of Isabella of Castile and Arragon, (the patron of Columbus,) of pure gold, covered with diamonds. And in London I forgot to tell you of Charlemagne's Bible, a magnificent folio MSS., on parchment, richly illuminated, etc. It had intrinsic and unquestioned evidence of being executed for the emperor by Eginhard, the historian of that period. It was 'bought in' at auction, for £1500, ($7,500,) but finally sold to the British Museum. But you must be tired of relics. [530]

Liege, September 16.—Last evening I reconnoitred the town of Aix la Chapelle, heard two acts of the 'Marriage of Figaro' admirably sung in the Grecian Opera-House, and then stepped into the 'Schnell-Post.' On the frontiers of Belgium, about midnight, we were stopped at a 'Bureau de Police,' our luggage was all taken off and searched, and our passports examined, during which operations we all 'kept our patience,' save a poor Frenchman, who had to pay duty on a couple of boxes of cologne, snugly stowed in his trunk. After rewarding the worthy gentlemen for their politeness, we were suffered to proceed.

Liege, you will recollect, beside being famous in history, was the scene of the tragedy so vividly pictured in 'Quentin Durward,' the murder of the bishop by the 'Wild Boar of Ardennes.' The bishop's palace was a short distance from the town, but no traces of it remain. His city palace, (noted for its eccentric architecture, each of the interior pillars being in a different style,) is now used as a market-house. Liege is built on both sides of the river Meuse. It is quite a manufacturing place, as well as lively and pleasant, and seems to be regaining its former importance. The shop-windows present a really brilliant display of merchandise, of every description. Two of the modern streets, strange to say, are well paved, and have sidewalks four feet wide; an unusual phenomenon on the continent. In the course of my ramble, I dropped into three or four churches, for the churches in these countries are open at all times; and they have abundant attraction, at least in painting, sculpture, architecture, and music; in short, they are museums of the fine arts. The prevalence of superstition among the good people seems strange in this 'enlightened age;' and yet on the whole, we cannot wonder at it, if the proverb be true that 'Ignorance is the mother of Devotion.' One of the printed notices of holy days, etc., in honor of the virgin and the saints, commences on this wise: '*Marie le Mère de Dieu, est dignes de notre homage*,' etc.

Namur, 16.—The ride from Liege to this place (forty miles,) along the banks of the Meuse, was delightful.[13] The scenery, if not *pittoresque*, in the Frenchman's sense, is at least beautiful. There was a very perceptible difference in the diligences on leaving the Prussian dominions; the Belgian vehicle being large, clumsy, heavy-loaded, and drawn by three miserable, creeping compounds of skin and bones. On leaving Liege, we passed several close-looking, high-walled convents and nunneries in the environs. There was little else to notice during the journey, except the boats on the Meuse, drawn up by horses; and the cathedral and walls of Huy, the half-way town. In approaching Namur, the road makes a broad circuit, and enters the gate on the Brussels side, giving the traveller an imposing view of the fortifications on the heights overlooking the town. It was late in the evening, when the diligence set us down near the Hotel de Hollande, in which I am now snugly disposed of, a solitary guest. [531]

Brussels, 17th.—I was on the top of the diligence this morning at six, for another ride of thirty-six miles to the capital of Belgium, over the field of Waterloo. The only village on the route worth mentioning is Genappe. At noon we came in sight of a large mound, in the form of a pyramid, surmounted by a figure of an animal. It proved to be the Belgic lion-monument, commemorating the great victory of the allies. We soon came up to, and passed over the centre of, the battle-field, our conducteur meanwhile pointing out the various localities which he doubtless has often had occasion to do before: 'Le Maison ou Napoleon logé.' 'Wellington et Blucher.' A tablet over the door of the cottage explained: '*La belle Alliance. Recontre des Generaux Wellington et Blucher dans la bataille memorable de Juin 18, 1815.*' On the right of the road, 'L'armie Prusse;' farther on, 'L'armie Anglais;' on the left, 'L'armie Française.' We had now come where the fight raged thickest, at present marked only by the monuments to the more distinguished victims. The field is smaller than I supposed. Those great armies must have been necessarily in close contact. This is the spot, then, where, at the expense of the lives of twenty thousand men, the mastership not only of France but of all Europe was decided.

'And here I stand upon the place of skulls,
The grave of France—the deadly

Waterloo!'

And here, where on that dreadful night, the groans of the wounded and dying went up to heaven, calling aloud for retribution on their ambitious fellow man, who sought, at whatever cost, to

'Get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone;'

here you now see only the peaceful labors of the peasant women, planting their flax and potatoes over the graves of the slaughtered, which scarcely have a 'stone to tell where they lie,' or to remind you of the stirring scenes of the night when the gayety of the ball at Brussels was changed to anxious terror, by the cry of 'The foe! they come!—they come!'

After leaving the field, we passed through the straggling village of Waterloo, (now the abode of cicerones and speculators in old swords, muskets, and sundry other relics of the 'grand bataille,' [532] most of which are doubtless manufactured for the special benefit of credulous tourists), we entered a thick and beautiful grove, two or three miles long, and soon came in sight of the capital, which is nine miles from Waterloo. The general view of Brussels, on this side, is not more imposing than that of several minor towns; and the quarter we entered was still less favorable for a 'first impression.' Instead of the fortified portal, usual in insignificant villages in Germany, the city is guarded at the 'Porte de Namur' by a wooden fence, scarcely fit for a cow-pasture. In the 'Rue Haute,' which we first traversed, the houses are neither high nor handsome; most of them with gable-ends to the street, in the primitive Dutch style. But when I arrived at the 'Hotel de Bellevue,' (chosen at random from the list,) the face of things was changed. This hotel is in a large and splendid square, next to the king's palace, and the public buildings, and directly opposite the park, one of the most beautiful in Europe. The Rues Royale, de Brabant and de Zoi, which enclose that charming promenade, are decidedly superior to Rivoli, the boast of Paris. The royal palace and that of the 'prince hereditary,' are near each other, in a corner of the square; and on the opposite side, extending the whole length of the park, is the immense palace of the States' General. These buildings are all of the light cream color, so prevalent in Paris and Frankfort. The park is adorned with several fine pieces of sculpture, including a series of the Roman emperors. The views from the various avenues through the trees are magnificent. In rambling through the fairy place, I heard, from a building in the corner,

——'A sound of revelry by night,
For Belgium's capitol had gathered *now*
Her beauty and her chivalry.'

It certainly has gathered a quantity of English visitors, for the hotels are full of them, and they are now listening to 'music with *its* voluptuous swell,' at the opera, where I doubt not

'Soft eyes look love to eyes which speak
again,
And all goes merry as a marriage bell.'

18TH.—Just finished lionizing. Firstly, churches; St. Jacques; Corinthian order; remarkably elegant and tasteful: Notre Dame des Victoires, Notre Dame de Chapelle, and St. Michael; cathedrals richly adorned with paintings and sculpture. The towers of St. Michael are massive and conspicuous objects in the panorama of the city; and the magnificence of the interior is really astonishing. High mass was here also in operation in more than usual splendor, but I need not detail the ceremonies, with which I am free to say I was more amused than edified. In these cathedrals, as you are aware, there are no such things as pews, or permanent seats. The multitude are content to kneel on the cold stone floor, or if perchance a few chairs are provided, the occupants are often interrupted in their 'Ave Marias' by a summons for the rent thereof. Much did some of them seem to marvel that my heretical self touched not the holy water. 'While I [533] stood wrapped in the wonder of it,' comes up a batallion of about one hundred young ladies, all dressed alike, in black silk frocks and straw bonnets, respectable and intelligent-looking girls, probably belonging to some large Catholic seminary. They were escorted by two ladies into the choir.

Close by Notre Dame, I passed a grog-shop with this sign, verbatim.

'À LA GRACE DE DIEU:

VALENTINE, MARCHAND D'EPICERIES ET LIQUEURS.'

In all these churches there are little chapels around the walls, dedicated to the different saints, with contribution-boxes at the entrance, labelled in French and Dutch, '*Ici on offre à St. Roch, patron contre maladies contagieuse*.' '*Ici on offre à St. Antoine patron contre*;' something else, I forget what. '*Ici on offre à Notre Dame des doleurs aux pieds de la croix*;' and so on.

The next curiosity is the Hotel de Ville, a very large and curious old building, with a tower after the model of that of Babel. It was in this edifice that the Emperor Charles V. signed his abdication.

The beautiful palace built for the Prince of Orange, was just completed and furnished, when the revolution of 1830 broke out. Leopold, it seems, is too honorable and conscientious to use it, so that it is kept as a show-place. The interior is superb. It is a small edifice, comparatively, but a perfect gem of its kind. Visitors are required to put on cloth slippers, and slide, not walk, over the floors of polished oak. In some of the rooms, the walls are of variegated marble; others are covered with the richest satin damask. There is a fine collection of choice paintings by Rubens, etc., in this palace. They showed me also, in the stable, the state-carriage of the Prince of Orange, which he had not time to save when he lost Belgium.

In the king's palace the furniture is rather plain, and somewhat the worse for wear. As their majesties are at present 'absent from home,' I was permitted to invade the sanctity even of the private apartments. Some of the halls are very large, particularly the 'Salle à Manger.'

ANTWERP, 18TH.—At two o'clock, or an hour and a half ago, I was in Brussels, twenty-four miles distant. The flight was not in a balloon, or in a 'bateau à vapeur,' but in the car of the '*Le Chemin de Fer*;' for be it known, the yankee notions are spreading so far, that there are two rail-roads, of twenty-four and sixty miles, actually in operation on the continent of Europe; and moreover, there are three or four more contemplated, or commenced, viz: From Frankfort, first to Ostend, the port of Belgium; second, to Hamburgh; third, to Berlin; fourth, to Basle, in Switzerland; and from Vienna to Trieste and Milan. Verily, the tour of Europe will be no such great affair, 'when such things be.' It will lose all its romance; and the book-making tourist's 'occupation' will be 'gone' for ever! It's lucky *I* came before a 'consummation so devoutly to be wished.' [534]

The low countries are, of course, well adapted for rail-roads and canals. There is scarcely an elevation of six feet on the whole course from Brussels to *Anvers*.[14] This rail-road is under excellent regulations. The train consisted of fifteen cars, part of which were open; and the fare was only about twenty-five cents. You may breakfast in Brussels, go to Antwerp to church, and return to Brussels before dinner, with the greatest ease. I had seen the opening ceremonies of a Catholic holy-day, at the church of St. Michael, in the capital, and now I have been to see them finished in the cathedral of Antwerp. I went into this grand temple just at sunset, when they were performing Te Deum on the immense organ, accompanied by a large vocal choir; and nearly thirty persons in gorgeous robes were officiating around the altar. This is one of the largest churches in the world. The spire is far-famed for its immense height and graceful design. Among the gems of art to be seen in the interior, is the celebrated chêf d'œuvre of Rubens, the Descent from the Cross.

I walked out this evening to the *citadelle* which sustained, under Gen. CHASSE, the terrible siege of the French, in 1832.[15] It is a mile in circumference, and is enclosed by five bastions. The walls and the houses in the vicinity yet bear sad traces of the bombardment. During the siege, which lasted a month, including ten days of incessant cannonading, sixty-three thousand cannon balls were fired by the French into the citadel, and often no less than a dozen bombs were seen in the air at once. The interior of the fortress, and several warehouses near by, were reduced to a heap of ruins, before the resolute Dutch general surrendered. Such an affair is more in keeping with the days of Louis XIV., than with our own.

The diplomatists have not yet settled matters amicably between Holland and Belgium. King William and several of the despotic powers refuse to recognise Belgium's independence, and there is little or no intercourse between the two countries. Travellers are not permitted to enter Holland from this side, without special permission from his Dutch majesty, for a Belgian passport is good for nothing. Leopold, *le premier*, may thank his stars if he continues secure on the throne he acquired so easily; for there is apparently much discontent among the people, especially the trading classes, who feel the loss of the market for their goods at the Dutch sea-ports. The Antwerpers, at least, are decidedly inclined towards Holland.

Antwerp, which in the sixteenth century was one of the most important commercial places in the world, has long been on the decline. It once contained more than two hundred thousand inhabitants—now, scarcely sixty thousand; and it is said there are no less than eight hundred houses at present tenantless. Its docks, once crowded with vessels, laden with the wealth of the Indies, are now almost deserted; and the streets are strangely quiet, for a place even of its present size. [535]

The chief curiosities are the churches, for which Antwerp is renowned. But I have already inflicted enough of this topic upon you, and the Antwerp churches are much like those I have written about, save that they are yet more rich and profuse in their decorations. Those of St. Jacques, St. Paul, and the Jesuits, are the principal. Superb altars, and pillars of the finest marble, statues and paintings, in every variety, are to be seen in them. In St. Jacques, I stood on the tomb of Rubens, who was a native of Antwerp, and of a patrician family. Over his monument is a fine picture, by himself, of his wife and children. In the church-yard of St. Paul's is a fearfully vivid representation of Mount Calvary, the crucifixion and entombment of Christ, and of purgatory! While gazing at the lofty tower of the Cathedral, I was accosted by a cicerone: 'Voulez vous mounter?' 'Combien demandez vous?' 'Deux francs.' 'Trop beaucoup?' 'Oui, Monsieur; mais tres belle vue; magnifique; vous pouver voir Bruxelles.' 'Eh bien, je veux mounter.' This is the way they get one's francs away; for, as the book says, the Belgian lions must be fed as well as others. The view is certainly very extensive, though Brussels, I must say, was rather indistinct. But the Tower of Malines, or Mechlin, (that famous place for lace,) was very conspicuous, though twelve

miles off. The prospects over such a country as Belgium are more extensive than varied. Antwerp is situated near the mouth of the Scheld, and the windings of the river may be seen for several miles toward Ghent and the sea-board. The tops of the houses in the city are mostly covered with red tiles.

In the tower, I saw a chime of no less than forty-six bells, and was shown the operation of winding the clock, with a weight of one thousand pounds attached. The large bell, meanwhile, struck eleven, and all the rest followed like dutiful children. Somewhat of a sound they made, sure enough! Chimes originated in this country, and all the churches have them, playing at concert every half hour. This tower is ascended by six hundred and twenty-six steps. I went to the very top, thinking of some one's exclamation at the cathedral of Cologne, 'What will not man achieve!'

From thence, made a call at Ruben's house, which still remains, and then looked in at the Museum, where are three hundred 'tableaux,' comprising eighteen pictures by Rubens, and six by Van Dyck. In the garden adjoining, is a bronze statue of Mary of Burgundy, on her tomb.

GHENT, (or GAND,) Sept 19.—His majesty of Holland not seeing fit to admit me into his dominions, from his late rebellious territory of Belgium, the alternative was to cross over Flanders, by Ghent [536] and Bruges, to Ostend, and there embark, instead of at Rotterdam, for London. A ferry-boat took passengers over the Scheld to the 'Tête de Flandre,' where the diligence was in waiting. We 'niggled' over a flat, fertile country, at the five-mile pace, seeing nothing very strange until nine P. M., when we passed through a long village of one-story houses, rattled over an excellent stone-bridge, and found ourselves in the worthy old town of Ghent, or rather Gand; but if the people *are* ganders, they have shown some wisdom, nevertheless, in making so many nice, large, open squares, in their respectable city.

OSTEND, 20TH.—This morning was to be my last on the continent. I rose at six from my last *coucher*, in the fifth story, took my last breakfast in the *salle à manger*, made my last visit to cathedrals, paid my bill at the Hotel de Vienne, and took my diligence seat for the last time. The last trunk was placed on the top, the last passenger took his place, the three lazy horses were affixed, the postillion mounted, the diligence rumbled forward, crossed two or three spacious squares, and as many bridges, (for the river or canals pass in several places through the town,) entered the great archway under the ramparts, and proceeded with slow and stately step toward Bruges. The whole of the road is broad, well paved, lined with rows of elms and poplars, and for several miles keeps along the banks of the broad canal connecting Ghent with Bruges; and so level is the soil, that the towers of Ghent were in full view for six miles.

Bruges, or Brugge, is a beautiful town, replete with reminiscences of the Counts of Flanders; yet it is far from being what it once was, in wealth and importance. Like Antwerp, there is an unnatural stillness in the streets; you would almost think an epidemic had depopulated them. And yet there are many handsome private dwellings, and many wealthy people in Bruges. It has also a considerable number of English residents.

Ostend is dull enough. The harbor is bad, not admitting large vessels, except at high tide; otherwise, this place would improve rapidly; for, save Antwerp and Dunkirk, it is the only sea-port of Belgium. When the rail-road to Brussels is finished, Ostend will begin to look up. The Belgians have always been a manufacturing rather than a commercial people; but now they are cut off from exporting their goods from the ports of Holland, they must necessarily build up a commerce of their own. They are now engaged in improving the harbor, etc., of Ostend.

As an evidence of the discontent caused by the depression of trade since the revolution, it is said Leopold was grossly insulted by the people of Ghent, about a year since. He was on a visit there, and was going to the theatre; but the Ganders hired all the best boxes, and locked them up! The Ostenders, however, are more loyal. The king and queen were greeted at the theatre here, a few evenings since, with a poetical address. The queen is here now; but her consort has gone to England to negotiate, as the papers say, for the Princess Victoria, in behalf of his nephew. Whether he or his *beloved* cousin of Orange will succeed, yet remains a problem.

Well—Bologne was the Alpha, and now, after travelling two thousand miles, the Omega of my [537] continental tour. To imitate the lofty style of Chateaubriand's preface to his memoirs: I have been solitary in crowded cities, and in the recesses of the Highlands of Scotland, and the Alps of Switzerland; I have promenaded the Regent-street of London, and the Boulevards of Paris; the parks of Brussels, the Canongate of Edinburgh, the ramparts of Stirling and Geneva; sailed on Loch Katrine and Lake Leman, on Loch Lomond and 'fair Zurich's waters;' slept on the Great St. Bernard, and by the side of Lock Achray. I have gazed on magnificent panoramas of cities, mountains, lakes, valleys, from the summits of the Trosachs and the Rhigi, from St. Paul's and Notre Dame, from the towers of Antwerp, and Edinburgh, of Stirling and Windsor. I have sailed on the Tay and the Rhine, the Clyde, the Thames, the Rhone, the Seine; scaled rocky heights on the Swiss mule and the Highland pony; climbed to the sources of glaciers, water-falls, and the Frozen Sea. I have been in the princely halls of Windsor and Versailles, of Warwick, Scone, and Holyrood; the Louvre, Tuilleries, and Luxembourg; rambled amidst the ruins of Melrose and Kenilworth; of Dryburgh and the Drachenfels. I have heard the 'loud anthem' in the splendid

temples of York and Antwerp, Westminster and Notre Dame, St. Paul's and Cologne. I have stood over the ashes of Shakspeare and of Scott; of the poets and heroes of England and France. I have gazed on the Works of Raphael and Angelo, of Reynolds and Rubens, of Flaxman and Canova. My hand has been in Rob Roy's purse, and on the skull of Charlemagne; on Bonaparte's pistols, and Hofer's blunderbuss; on the needle-work of the Queen of Scots, and the school compositions of the great Elizabeth; on the crown of the Spanish Isabella, and the spear of Guy, Earl of Warwick! I have traversed the battle fields of Bannockburn and of Morat, of Leipsic and of Waterloo. I have seen men and women of all grades, from the monarch to the chimney-sweep; kings, queens, princes, heirs apparent, nobles and duchesses; and I have seen Daniel O'Connell! I have been preached to by the plain presbyters of Scotland, and the portly bishops of England; and heard mass in the convent in sight of Italy, and in the gorgeous cathedrals of Belgium. I have seen wretchedness and magnificence in the widest extremes. I have been dazzled by the splendors of royalty, and have shuddered at the misery of royalty's subjects. In short, (for I am giving you a pretty specimen of egotism,) I have seen much, very much, to admire; much that we of the 'New World' might imitate with advantage, and more still to make me better satisfied than ever that we are, on the whole, or ought to be, the happiest people in the world. Let us but pay a little more attention to our *manners*, (for they certainly *may* be much improved,) and let us check the spirit of lawless and fanatical agrarianism, which has shown itself to be already dangerous to our liberties and prosperity, and we may with conscious pride take our station first among the nations of the earth. Yes, my dear ——, I now feel more than ever, that

'Midst pleasures and palaces though I may
roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
home!'

LITERARY NOTICES.

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ERNEST MALTRAVERS. By the author of 'Pelham,' 'Eugene Aram,' 'Rienzi,' etc. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 411. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS novel is but half finished. At the conclusion of the second volume, Mr. Bulwer remarks: 'Here ends the first portion of this work; it ends with what, though rare in novels, is common in human life; the affliction of the good, the triumph of the unprincipled. Ernest Maltravers, a lonely wanderer, disgusted with the world, blighted prematurely in a useful and glorious ambition; 'remote, unfriendly, melancholy;' Lumley Ferrers, prosperous and elated; life smiling before him; rising in the councils of the proudest and perhaps the wisest of the European nations, and wrapped in a hardy stoicism of levity and selfishness, that not only defied grief, but silenced conscience. If the reader be interested in what remains—if he desire to know more of the various characters which have breathed and moved throughout this history—he soon will be enabled to gratify his curiosity, and complete what the author believes to be a faithful survey of the Philosophy of Human Life.'

Such is the author's apology for one of the most dangerous and seductive books which it has ever been our fortune to read. Let us examine its plan. Alice Darvil, a beautiful child of nature, wholly uneducated and perfectly innocent, saves the life of Ernest Maltravers, an English graduate of a German university, who had sought shelter at her father's cottage. The murderous and revengeful barbarity of the father compels the daughter to desert him, and she is immediately thrown in the way of the student. Impelled by gratitude and pity, Maltravers shelters the destitute beauty, takes her to a country-seat, which he purchases on purpose, teaches her music, elevates her benighted and earthward mind to heaven, falls in love with, and seduces her! The father of Alice goes on from crime to crime, till his burglaries extend to the cottage of Maltravers' mistress, and his own child, who, in the temporary absence of her lover, is carried away beyond his protection. Maltravers returns, misses his Alice, grows melancholy, visits Paris in company with an impertinent and selfish acquaintance, Lumley Ferrers, falls in love with another man's wife, is rejected by her, quits Paris in disgust, goes to Italy, forms an affectionate, platonic attachment for another married lady, and then returns to London. In the meanwhile, Alice flies from her father a second time, with Maltravers' child at her breast. She seeks the cottage-scene of her early and unsophisticated enjoyments, finds it occupied by other tenants, and is finally thrown on the fostering protection of a saint-like banker, who makes her Mrs. Templeton.

While the foregoing events are taking place, Maltravers falls in love again, and as he is on his knees, kissing the hand of his mistress, Alice, who happens to be in the next room, enters, is heart broken, goes away and gets married, as aforesaid. Among other important characters now introduced, is the Lady Florence Lascelles, a great beauty, and a greater fortune, who scorns all the fascinations of rank, and falls so in love with Maltravers, that she writes to him ardently and anonymously. But as other beauties sometimes are, this one, though her whole soul is filled with [539]
Maltravers, is also a coquette, and she gains the affections of poor Cæsarini, who is on a visit to London, in the desperate adventure of getting fame for poetry. Maltravers is flattered into a pseudo attachment for Lady Florence, which ripens into love. This excites the madness of Cæsarini, and the hatred of Lumley Ferrers, who, as cousin of the lady, had been led to believe that his own pretensions might be advanced in that quarter. Lumley now copies Iago, and makes use of Cæsarini as his Cassio, who becomes instrumental in effecting a break in the love-chain of

Maltravers and Lady Florence. The latter sickens, and dies of a broken heart. Alice is made a widow, after having been made a lady, and Lumley Ferrers inherits her husband's title. The daughter of Maltravers and Alice is betrothed to his worst enemy, while the Cassio of the drama goes mad. Such is the state of things at the conclusion of the second volume, which suggests the explanation by the author, already quoted.

In reviewing this novel, we are struck with the consummate power of the writer. To an imagination raised to the very focal-point of burning, Mr. Bulwer unites the most penetrating intuition of those psychological relations, which are comprehended by master-spirits alone. The conceptions of his mind are invested by a transparent robe of spirituality, through which they are mellowed and disguised, like the beautiful time-stricken edifices in the gold-dust atmosphere of Italy. A manifestation of this power is one of the strongest characteristics of genius; but it serves to veil deformities and disarm criticism. We are spell-bound while gazing on his creations. We are so fascinated by the enchantment, that we cannot be fastidious if we would. The true and the false are mysteriously blended together; and, as in every distortion of the natural, we are led, by a sort of metaphysical mirage, to be captivated more by misrepresentation than by truth. Ernest Maltravers is certainly a brilliant production. No other than Mr. Bulwer could have written it. It is full of passionate beauty; it is glowing with ardent aspirations for the beau ideal. It contains many just reflections on human conduct, and many valuable hints on education. We are willing to concede all this, and more. But its faults are too glaring to be passed over, for they are the premeditated faults of a skilful designer, who with an insincere spirit, would have the reader imagine them to be out-shadowings of his own nature, the very portraiture of his humanity.

We are not disposed to be hypercritical with Mr. Bulwer's writings; but we can no longer concede that which we have heretofore claimed for him, a purpose to hold up to the world the rewards of virtue and the consequences of vice. On the contrary, the tendency of his morality seems to be, that we are the victims of destiny, and that circumstances alone determine the phases of character, and prescribe the paths of virtue and vice. He attacks the sanctity of marriage with unholy zeal. In 'Ernest Maltravers' he inculcates the principle that illicit love may in certain cases be innocent, and that where true affection is, the bond of matrimony is unavailing. His morality has sometimes the coldness of moonlight, but seldom the radiance and the warmth of the sun; and it is owing to the separation of the affections from the understanding, the disunion of Love and Truth in his nature, that Mr. Bulwer delights in the hollow and unsatisfactory fascinations of his intellect, and is led astray by his self-hood to despise the religion of the heart. With all his genius, he is wide from the path of greatness. The deep well of German metaphysics, at which he has drunk so largely, may invigorate the mind and mystify the imagination; but the logical acumen which it imparts, does not direct to usefulness, nor lead to truth; and the discursive powers which range through its suggested labyrinths, come back at last to the goal they started from, weary and disgusted with unavailing efforts after good.

It is a truth, inseparable from the relative condition of man, that he could not possibly have had an idea of God, unless it had been revealed to him. After a revelation, we find in nature concurrent proof of his existence; but by a law of mental action, we transfer the truth derived from the revelation to the evidence which is around us, and flatter ourselves that we reason *à priori* from this source. Mr. Bulwer has a glimpse of this great truth, and only a glimpse; for in [540] the work under notice, he inculcates the sophism that the idea of the Creator could not arise in an uneducated mind. He does not perceive, that under the divine dispensations manifested in the Word, a revelation has already taken place, which is reflected from the face of nature; and that it is impossible for one, in this advanced state of man, not to read the record of the divine creation —not to mention the extreme improbability, that a child of fifteen should never have heard the name of God, when it is oftener on the lips of the uneducated than on those of the refined, though abused and taken in vain.

Our limits will enable us to glance at only one more of the prominent faults of this book. We refer to Mr. Bulwer's ideas on duelling. What do our readers think of such sophistry as this: 'There are some cases in which human nature and its deep wrongs will be ever stronger than the world and its philosophy. Duels and wars belong to the same principle; both are sinful on light grounds and poor pretexts. But it is not sinful for a soldier to defend his country from invasion, nor for a man, with a man's heart, to vindicate truth and honor with his life. The robber that asks me for money, I am allowed to shoot. Is the robber that tears from me treasures never to be replaced, to go free?' Again: 'As in revolutions all law is suspended, so are there stormy events and mighty injuries in life, which are as revolutions to individuals.' It follows, of course, that a revolution may take place 'in the little kingdom man,' whenever his majesty sees fit. It is unnecessary to show up the monstrosity of such politics, and of that morality which, guided alone by worldly philosophy, makes it sometimes sinful, and sometimes not, to take the life of a fellow being. There are men enough in the world who will fight as they judge expedient; but Mr. Bulwer is the only one who has had the hardihood to defend the practice, as sometimes under the sanction of omnipotence.

We had some remarks to make on the sudden transitions of character, as delineated by our author, which strike us as exceedingly unnatural. But we have already transcended our space, and only record an impression here, which must be apparent to every reader. On the appearance of the sequel to Ernest Maltravers, we may examine this fault at leisure.

MEMOIRS OF AARON BURR. With Miscellaneous Selections from his Correspondence. By MATTHEW L. DAVIS. In two volumes. Volume Two. pp. 449. New-York: HARPER AND

Brothers.

This volume will prove even more generally interesting than its attractive predecessor, heretofore noticed in this Magazine. The early pages are devoted to an account of Col. Burr's habits and character, as a man and a lawyer; a history of the rise of political parties in this state, with copious extracts from various letters written during the war of the revolution; an account of the Clinton and Schuyler parties; Burr's political position on being elected Vice-President, and his course in that office; and a report of false entries made by Jefferson in his 'Ana,' of conversations said to have been held with Burr. Farther than this, we have not found leisure to read attentively; but on glancing hurriedly over the remaining pages, we perceive that they are devoted to a detail of the most prominent and interesting events in the life of the *notorious* subject, interspersed with letters from various eminent Americans, and including a correspondence with his daughter Theodosia, a full account of the premeditated and disgraceful duel with General Hamilton, his departure for England, the 'incidents of travel' in Great Britain, France, Germany, and Sweden, and his return to New-York, in 1811. We shall take another occasion to refer more in detail to the work, and in the mean time commend it to the attention of our readers, with the single remark, that we see nothing in its pages to change our opinion that the murderer of Alexander Hamilton can only pass without censure while he passes without observation; and that the less his friends or apologists meddle with his memory, the kinder they will be to his reputation.

[541]

An Address delivered before the Members of the American Institute. By the Rev. Orville Dewey. Published at the request of the Institute.

It was our good fortune to form one of the dense auditory before whom this excellent Address was delivered; and although we are unable to convey to the reader an adequate idea of the effect its verbal publication produced, we may nevertheless afford a 'taste of its quality,' by a few choice extracts. We were pleased, at the very opening, to perceive that the Address was not to embrace political questions, connected with the arts of industry, nor to be a compendium of minute statistics, relating to the Institute, and manufactures in general—a course so common on such occasions. 'Figures cannot *lie*,' perhaps, but they can do things quite as disagreeable. Mere statistics are dismal bores to great masses, oftentimes, in the hands of matter-of-fact, hum-drum speakers, oppressively full of information; reminding the hearer of Swift's elixir, 'which being drank, presently dilates itself about the brain of the orator, whence instantly proceed an infinite number of abstracts, summaries, compendiums,' etc., all reducible upon paper, and fruitful of the most potent oscitant qualities. How many new members of Congress, who felt it their duty to attend to the public weal, in gratitude to their constituents, have been wakened by the watchful sergeant-at-arms, after the house had adjourned, from a deep sleep which had fallen upon them, as they 'by parcels something heard, but not attentively,' of 'figure-works and statistics,' from some arithmetical debater! 'In 1834, Sir, before the passage of the law creating the 'North American Window-Glass and Putty Company,' owing to the high price of putty in the United States, there were in ten counties in the state of Mississippi, nine hundred and sixty-two windows and a half, utterly destitute of glass; and it is worth stating, as a remarkable fact, that of the three hundred and twenty-seven panes which were fastened with a cheap adhesive substitute, the large number of two hundred and eighty-three were utterly useless. That putty—I say *that* putty, Mr. Speaker—would not stick!' And thus proceeds the bore statistical,[16] in a speech 'thin sown with profit or delight.' But we are keeping the reader from 'metal more attractive.'

After a felicitous exordium, descriptive of the scene which the Fair presented to the eye of the spectator, the writer proceeds to consider the connection between the arts of industry, and especially the mechanic arts, and the intellectual and moral improvement of society. He shows [542] that the mechanic, laboring at his work-bench, is toiling for the general improvement; that the man who designs and erects a noble structure, speaks to passing multitudes, who may never read a book, and helps to refine and humanize the ages that come after him; that 'even he who makes a musical instrument, is laying up, in those hidden chambers of melody, the sweet influences that shall amuse, and soften, and refine many a domestic circle through life; and he, yet more, who can place upon our walls the canvass glowing with life, becomes the household teacher of successive generations.' The orator next repudiates the idea, that labor-saving machinery has ever been the cause of permanently injuring the working-classes; and this position he clearly establishes, by a variety of well-chosen illustrations. A few remarks succeed, in relation to improvements in matters of comfort and economy, of which advantage might be taken by American house-keepers. The French bed, consisting of two thin matresses of wool, upon a foot deep of hay or straw, is pronounced to be four times as cheap as ours, and twice as comfortable. One half of the fuel, too, which is burnt in this country, the writer avers, is literally thrown away, the heat passing into the dead wall of the chimney. This is doubtless true. The excellent stoves of Dr. Nott, however, now so generally demanded in all parts of the country, from his capable successors, Messrs. Stratton and Seymour, of this city, have done much toward awakening attention to the great economy of heat and fuel, which they exemplify and inculcate.

Labor, the writer justly contends, exercises and tasks the intellect; and he repels, with proper earnestness and force, the too common error, that the mind never labors, save over the written page or the abstract proposition. 'The merchant, the manufacturer, the mechanic, is often a harder thinker than the student. The machinist and the engineer are employed in some of the finest schools of intellect.' The tasks for which no such consideration can be pleaded, such as the

dull, heavy labors of the hod, the writer humanely hopes some method may yet be found to relieve.

Could any thing be more admirably reasoned, or more beautifully set forth, than the arguments in favor of the true nobility of labor, contained in the annexed paragraphs:

> "How many natural ties are there between even the humblest scene of labor, and the noblest affections of humanity! In this view, the employment of mere muscular strength is ennobled. There is a central point in every man's life, around which all his toils and cares revolve. It is that spot which is consecrated by the names of wife, and children, and home. A secret and almost imperceptible influence from that spot, which is like no other on earth, steals into the breast of the virtuous laboring man, and strengthens every weary step of his toil. Every blow that is struck in the work-shop and the field, finds an echo in that holy shrine of his affections. If he who fights to protect his home, rises to the point of heroic virtue, no less may he who labors, his life long, to provide for that home. Peace be within those domestic walls, and prosperity beneath those humble roofs! But should it ever be otherwise; should the time ever come when the invader's step approaches to touch those sacred thresholds, I see in the labors that are taken for them, that wounds will be taken for them too; I see in every honest workman around me, a hero.
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> "So material do I deem this point—the true nobility of labor, I mean—that I would dwell upon it a moment longer, and in a larger view. Why, then, in the great scale of things, is labor ordained for us? Easily, had it so pleased the great Ordainer, might it have been dispensed with. The world itself might have been a mighty machinery for the production of all that man wants. The motion of the globe upon its axis might have been the power, to move that world of machinery. Ten thousand wheels within wheels might have been at work; ten thousand processes, more curious and complicated than man can devise, might have been going forward without man's aid; houses might have risen like an exhalation,
>
> ——'with the sound
> Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
> Built like a temple;'
>
> gorgeous furniture might have been placed in them, and soft couches and luxurious banquets spread, by hands unseen; and man, clothed with fabrics of nature's weaving, richer than imperial purple, might have been sent to disport himself in these Elysian palaces. 'Fair scene!' I imagine you are saying; 'fortunate for us, had it been the scene ordained for human life!' But where then, tell me, had been human energy, perseverance, patience, virtue, heroism? Cut off with one blow from the world; and mankind had sunk to a crowd, nay, far beneath a crowd of Asiatic voluptuaries. No, it had *not* been fortunate. Better that the earth be given to man as a dark mass whereon to labor. Better that rude and unsightly materials be provided in the ore-bed and the forest, for him to fashion into splendor and beauty. Better, I say, not because of that splendor and beauty, but because the act creating them is better than the things themselves; because exertion is nobler than enjoyment; because the laborer is greater and more worthy of honor than the idler. I call upon those whom I address, to stand up for that nobility of labor. It is heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and it *has been* [543]
> broken down for ages. Let it then be built up again; here if any where, on these shores of a new world, of a new civilization. 'But how,' I may be asked, 'is it broken down?' 'Do not men toil?' it may be said. They do indeed toil, but they too generally do it because they must. Many submit to it as, in some sort, a degrading necessity, and they desire nothing so much on earth, as escape from it." * * * "This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system; under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy work-shop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which mother Nature has embroidered, midst sun and rain, midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to nature; it is impiety to heaven; it is breaking heaven's great ordinance. TOIL, I repeat—TOIL, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility!"

The orator next passes to the policy and necessity of extending a fostering care to the domestic industry of families, on their own property, and laments the want of employment, oftentimes, for the female members, who are in this country generally unwilling to seek it beyond the paternal roof. Manufactures, as of woollen cloths, stockings, etc. the culture of the mulberry, and the making of silk, are recommended as purely domestic occupations. The suggestions in regard to the disposition of our ample supply of water, when the Croton shall roll its refreshing stores into the metropolis, are conceived in a far-seeing and liberal spirit, and deserve earnest heed. We need not ask the reader to admire with us the subjoined extract, illustrating the advantages and comforts which have followed in the train of mechanical improvements:

"Our steam-boats and rail-roads are tending constantly to make us a more homogeneous, sympathizing, and humane people. A visit to one's distant friends, every body knows, is a very pleasant thing; but are its uses in the great family of society often considered? Intercourse, in such circumstances, is usually an interchange of all the thoughts, views, and improvements that prevail in different parts of the country. 'Their talk is of oxen,' if you please, or it is of soils and grains, or it is of manufactures and trade, or it is of books and philosophers; but it is all good—good for somebody at least—good in the main for every body. Thus, our steam-boats are like floating saloons, and our rail-roads like the air-pipes of a mighty whispering gallery; and men are conversing with one another, and communicating and blending their daily thoughts, throughout the whole length and breadth of the land. These means of communication are thus constantly interchanging, not only different views, but the advantages of different kinds of residence. They are imparting rural tastes to the citizen, and city polish to the countryman. I cannot help thinking, that in time, they will produce a decided effect upon city residence; relieving us, somewhat, of our crowded and overgrown population; sending out many from these pent-up abodes in town, to the green and pleasant dwelling places of the country.

"The progress of communication during the last twenty years, leaves us almost nothing to wish, and yet entitles us to expect every thing. Many of you remember what a passage up the Hudson was, thirty years ago. You remember the uncertain packet, lingering for a wind at the wharf, till patience was almost exhausted; and then, at length, pursuing its zigzag course, now waving in the breeze, now halting in the calm, like a crazy traveller, doubtful of his way, or whether to proceed at all. And now, when you set your foot on the deck of one of our newly invented fire-ships, you feel as if the pawings of some reined courser were beneath you, impatient to start from the goal; anon, it seems to you as if the strength and stride of a giant were bearing you onward; till at length, when the evening shadow falls, and hides its rougher features from your sight, you might imagine it the queenly genius of the noble river, as it moves on between the silent shores, and flings its spangled robe upon the waters."

Scarcely less beautiful, are the following reflections upon the moral tendencies of the mechanic arts, in leading the mind to the infinite wisdom of Nature and of the Author of Nature:

"If an intelligent manufacturer or mechanic would carefully note down in a book all the instances of adaptation that presented themselves to his attention, he would in time have a large volume; and it would be a volume of philosophy—a volume of indisputable facts in defence of a Providence. I could not help remarking lately, when I saw a furnace upon the stream of the valley, and the cartman bringing down ore from the mountains, how inconvenient it would have been if this order of nature had been reversed; if the ore-bed had been in the valley, and the stream had been so constituted as to rise, and to make its channel upon the tops of the ridges. Nay, more; treasures are slowly prepared and carefully laid up in the great store-houses of nature, against the time when man shall want them. When the wood is cut off from the plains and the hills, and fuel begins to fail, and man looks about him with alarm at the prospect, lo! beneath his feet are found, in mines of bitumen and mountains of anthracite, the long hid treasures of Providence—the treasure-houses of that care and kindness, which at every new step of human improvement, instead of appearing to be superseded, seems doubly entitled to the name of *Providence*." * * * "All nature is not only a world of mechanism, but it is the work of infinite art; and the mechanic-inventor and toiler is but a student, an apprentice in that school. And when he has done all, what can he do to equal the skill of the great original he copies; to equal the wisdom of Him who 'has stretched out the heavens like a curtain, who has laid the beams of his chambers in the waters!' What engines can he form, like those which raise up through the dark labyrinths of the mountains, the streams that gush forth in fountains from their summits? What pillars, [544] and what architecture can he lift up on high, like the mighty forest trunks, and their architrave and frieze of glorious foliage? What dyes can he invent, like those which spread their ever-changing and many-colored robe over the earth? What pictures can he cause to glow, like those which are painted on the dome of heaven?

"It is the glory of art, that it penetrates and develops the wonders and bounties of nature. It draws their richness from the valleys, and their secret stores from the mountains. It leads forth every year fairer flocks and herds upon the hills; it yokes the ox to the plough, and trains the fiery steed to its car. It plants the unsightly germ, and rears it into vegetable beauty; it takes the dull ore and transfuses it into splendour, or gives it the edge of the tool or the lancet; it gathers the filaments which nature has curiously made, and weaves them into soft and compact fabrics. It sends out its ships to discover unknown seas and shores; or it plunges into its work-shops at home, to detect the secret, that is locked up in mineral, or is flowing in liquid matter. It scans the spheres and systems of heaven with its far sight; or turns with microscopic eye, and finds in the drops that sparkle in the sun, other worlds crowded with life. Yet more is mechanic art the handmaid of society. It has made man its special favourite. It clothes him with fine linen and soft raiment. It builds him houses, it kindles the cheerful fire, it lights the evening lamp, it spreads before him the manifold page of wisdom; it delights his eye with gracefulness, it charms his ear with music; it multiplies the facilities of communication and ties of brotherhood; it is the softener of all domestic charities—it is

the bond of nations."

The Address is neatly executed, and will appear, as we learn, in the 'Journal of the American Institute.' It cannot fail to command a wide perusal and general admiration.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART. By J. G. LOCKHART. Part Fifth. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

EACH succeeding volume of this work impresses us more thoroughly with the belief, that it is one of the most delightful biographies which the present century has produced. This may seem extravagant praise, to those who have not read the several 'Parts,' as they have appeared; yet it will be deemed but simply just, by all who have been so fortunate as to share with us in the pleasure of their perusal. The work has been a God-send in these 'juice-drained' literary times; and in the way of bright and eminent example, is now working its gentle triumphs upon the hearts of thousands in this country. We are more and more struck, as we read, with the great goodness, as well as intellectual greatness, of the illustrious subject; with the simplicity, truth, and sincerity ever in *alto-relievo* in his character; the beauty of his daily life, adorned with integrity and honor; a course, public, literary, and domestic, replete with the noblest traits, born of good and generous impulses, ingrained and innate. The leading chapter in the 'Part' before us, describes Scott's hospitality and urbanity, as host at Abbottsford. When at the acmé of his fame, honored by kings and admired by the world, he would cheerfully devote his precious hours to intruding lion-hunters, and submit with patience and politeness to be over-poeted with small browsers on Parnassus, bored with the solemn applauses of learned dullness, the self-exalting harangues of the 'hugely literate,' the pompous simpers of condescending magnates, the vapid raptures of bepainted and periwigged dowagers, and questions urged with 'horse-leech avidity by under-bred foreigners.' Byron says of himself that 'none did love him.' How different from his great contemporary! Those who knew Scott, loved him not less than they admired his genius. Without pretence or self-esteem at home, he was equally so abroad. 'I am heartily tired,' he writes to his son from London, where literary menageries for the reception of 'lions' were constantly opened wide to him, 'I am heartily tired of fine company, and fine living, from dukes and duchesses, down to turbot and plover's eggs. It is very well for a while; but to be kept at it, makes one feel like a poodle-dog compelled to stand for ever on his hind-legs.' The spirit herein breathed, he preserved throughout his life, which was spent in delighting the literary world, and in the exercise of those qualities of the heart which 'assimilate men to angels, and make of earth a heaven.'

In reading the volume under notice, we experienced an 'excess of participation' in the richness of its stores. Hence it is full of dog's-ears, and pencilled passages, which we find it impossible to [545] extract, and yet can scarcely consent to omit. For the present, however, we yield to necessity, promising our readers and ourselves the pleasure of an early renewal of this notice, after the volumes shall have been completed. We make a single extract, representing Scott as escaping from Abbotsford, upon which an avalanche of bores had descended, and taking refuge in the summer-cottage of his son-in-law, a mile or two distant. The touching allusion of the biographer to his recent loss, will not escape the notice of the reader:

> "The clatter of Sybil Grey's hoofs, the yelping of Mustard and Spice, and his own joyous shout of *reveillée* under our windows, were the signal that he had burst his toils, and meant for that day to 'take his ease in his inn.' On descending, he was to be found seated with all his dogs and ours about him, under a spreading ash that overshadowed half the bank between the cottage and the brook, pointing the edge of his woodman's axe for himself, and listening to Tom Purdie's lecture touching the plantation that most needed thinning. After breakfast, he would take possession of a dressing-room up stairs, and write a chapter of *The Pirate*; and then, having made up and despatched his packet for Mr. Ballantyne, away to join Purdie wherever the foresters were at work—and sometimes to labor among them as strenuously as John Swanston himself—until it was time either to rejoin his own party at Abbotsford or the quiet circle of the cottage. When his guests were few and friendly, he often made them come over and meet him at Chiefswood in a body toward evening; and surely he never appeared to more amiable advantage than when helping his young people with their little arrangements upon such occasions. He was ready with all sorts of devices to supply the wants of a narrow establishment; he used to delight particularly in sinking the wine in a well under the *brae* ere he went out, and hauling up the basket just before dinner was announced; this primitive process being, he said, what he had always practised when a young housekeeper, and in his opinion far superior in its results to any application of ice; and in the same spirit, whenever the weather was sufficiently genial, he voted for dining out of doors altogether, which at once got rid of the inconvenience of very small rooms, and made it natural and easy for the gentlemen to help the ladies, so that the paucity of servants went for nothing. Mr. Rose used to amuse himself with likening the scene and the party to the closing act of one of those little French dramas, where 'Monsieur le Compte,' and 'Madame la Comtesse,' appear feasting at a village bridal under the trees; but in truth, our 'M. le Comte' was only trying to live over again for a few simple hours his own old life of Lasswade.
>
> "When circumstances permitted, he usually spent one evening at least in the week at

our little cottage; and almost as frequently he did the like with the Fergusons, to whose table he could bring chance visitors, when he pleased, with equal freedom as to his daughter's. Indeed it seemed to be much a matter of chance, any fine day when there had been no alarming invasion of the Southron, whether the three families (which, in fact, made but one) should dine at Abbotsford, at Huntly Burn, or at Chiefswood; and at none of them was the party considered quite complete, unless it included also Mr. Laidlaw. Death has laid a heavy hand upon that circle—as happy a circle I believe as ever met. Bright eyes now closed in dust, gay voices for ever silenced, seem to haunt me as I write. With three exceptions, they are all gone. Even since the last of these volumes was finished, she whom I may now sadly record as, next to Sir Walter himself, the chief ornament and delight of all those simple meetings—she to whose love I owed my own place in them—Scott's eldest daughter, the one of all his children who in countenance, mind, and manners, most resembled himself, and who indeed was as like him in all things as a gentle innocent woman can ever be to a great man deeply tried and skilled in the struggles and perplexities of active life—she, too, is no more. And in the very hour that saw her laid in her grave, the only other female survivor, her dearest friend Margaret Ferguson, breathed her last also. But enough—and more than I intended."

A spirited portrait by Raeburn, pronounced the most faithful of the early likenesses taken of Scott, prefaces the present volume, which presents its usual excellence of paper and typography.

Rory O'More. A National Romance. By Samuel Lover, Esq. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 429.

Old Dan Tantalus himself was not more sadly bothered, than is a reviewer, tied to certain limits of space, and feeling the impossibility of dividing with his readers the pleasure of perusing a work of rare spirit and humor. Such emotions are ours, and such a work is 'Rory O'More.' Mr. Lover has no superior in depicting—with the nicest perception of character and the keenest eye for fun—the peculiarities of the Irish people. We can give the reader no better idea of his ability and manner, than by saying, that he effects all with his pen which Power achieves in his admirable personations of his countrymen. There is a life, a vraisemblance in his pictures, which will win for them enduring applause. This is our verdict; and we ask the reader to confirm it, as sure we are they will, by a perusal of the volume whose title stands at the head of this brief and inadequate notice.

EDITORS' TABLE.

A Glance at By-gone Times.—Commend us to an old newspaper! Well does Cowper term it a 'happy work,' that 'folio of four pages.' In what a faithful and striking spirit of delineation are the features of the hallowed years behind the mountains called up, as one pores desultorily over a file of time-worn gazettes! It is exploring a Herculaneum of history, and ferretting out the minuter fragments which lie buried beneath the rubbish of old days, and which are fertile in materials for reflection, instruction, and amusement. A kind female friend (God bless the women! they are always devising some good or kind action,) has sent us an old volume of the Boston Centinel, the most ancient newspaper of which the Union can boast. Greatly have we fructified by the contents thereof; and at the risk, perhaps, of beguiling some reader, who may prefer neoterics before ancients, of a hearty yawn or two, we propose to devote a couple of pages, or more, to a notice of the dingy folio-tome in question.

After all, Solomon was right, when he said, 'The thing that hath been, is that which shall be, and that which is done, is that which shall be done;' there are few 'new things under the sun.' In glancing over these abstract and brief chronicles of the olden time, we find many points of resemblance between the past and the present. Then, as now, metaphysical adepts imagined they were invigorating their intellects, in the same manner as archers strengthen their arms, by shooting into the air; political wranglers were 'blowing the bellows of party, until the whole furnace of politics was red-hot with sparks and cinders;' popular fallacies were flourishing, and wonderful seemed the vigor of their constitutions; commentators were elucidating old authors into obscurity, quite after the manner of the present era; many of the *religii* seem to have had religion enough to make them hate, but not enough to love, their brethren; officious meddlers were looking over other people's affairs, and overlooking their own; tragedians were strutting on public boards, 'with tin pots on their heads, for so much a night;' and small comedians, with brass enough to set up a dozen braziers, were quarrelling among themselves, and parading their importance and grievances before a public who cared nothing for either; there were public fêtes, frequent clamors of rejoicing communities, and occasional violent effervescence of popular transport. In short, to draw a long summary to a close, we have come to the conclusion, that notwithstanding the gradual desuetude of many old customs and observances, we have a great deal, at this much-boasted epoch, in common with the vanished generation. But gone are their eternally repeated sorrows and joys, the vain delusions, and transient struggles. Time has thrown his all-concealing veil over them. The bigotted polemic has found that men may journey heavenward by different roads, and that charity covereth many sins; ultra metaphysicians have

learned, that there are realities enough to be sought after in life, and that a morbid yearning for the shadowy and intangible cannot come to good; and the actor, a forked shade, stripped of his regalities, and 'ferried over in a crazy Stygian wherry,' has entered upon a new theatre of action, where, unlike the one he has left behind him, the scenes and actors know no change. But let us turn over the ancient daily budgets to which we have alluded, and from which we are keeping the reader, who we will suppose looking over our shoulder, quite familiarly, and asking a great many questions.

'What is that long 'by authority' article, on the first page?' It is a congressional enactment, 'That a [547]
District of Territory, not exceeding ten miles square, to be located, as hereafter directed, on the river *Potomack*, at some place between the mouths of the Eastern branch and *Conogocheque*, be, and the same is hereby accepted for the Permanent Seat of the Government of the United States.' What a thriving town the 'City of Washington' must have been at this period! Here is an important postscript. It contains intelligence received at Boston from Philadelphia, in the short space of *seven days*—(they travel the distance now in eighteen hours!)—that a French frigate had arrived in the Delaware, supposed to have been despatched by the National Convention. Close beside this paragraph, is a very reasonable complaint, that those Americans who, despising to be copyists, call for 'Yankee-Doodle' at the play-house, can't be accommodated with their old favorite, because of the uproarious opposition of a tory faction. ''Most Horrid!' What is that under your thumb?' 'A son of Mr. Cox, the celebrated architect, in viewing a wild *Panther*, which a shew-man had in his possession, in *Medford*, was suddenly seized by the voracious animal, and his head and face torn in so shocking a manner, that his death would be a consolation to his desponding relatives. The strength of the animal was so great, that five persons could hardly disengage its teeth and claws from the unhappy victim of its rage. It is hoped the Legislature will provide by law for the security of the lives of people, that if persons will endeavor to obtain money, by the shew of wild beasts, that they be properly confined in cages.' '*Shew!*' This corruption is still extant in New-England. 'He *shew* me a book he had purchased,' etc.

'We find a great deal said about 'Mr. Priestly' here. He has fled to the United States 'for freedom from the rod of lawless power, and the arm of violence.' He is every where received with marked honor, his whereabout regularly recorded, and eminent individuals and public institutions are emulous to make their attentions acceptable to him. In juxtaposition with this, is one of the bloody Robespierre's plausible reports, just promulgated. We will not pause to read that. 'Stay! Let us see what all this theatrical display is about, before you turn the leaf.' The manager is going to give a 'Benefit' for the suffering Americans in the prisons of Algiers. Good! 'I wonder if that Jefferson, who is to be one of the attractions, was the father of our Philadelphia favorite, whylear?' This interrogation lights up Memory, with the suddenness of a 'loco-foco' match. The image is evoked; and that prince of comedians is before us. A very clever theatrical performance is now going on in the 'Dome of Thought.' Ah, 'Old Jefferson!' When shall we look upon *his* like again? For years, we could never meet him, in ever so retired a lane of the city, without being presently seated in the play-house, devouring, with lively gusto, his inimitable comicalities. We had spirited performance going on, with nothing to pay. 'Where he walked, sate, or stood still, there was the theatre. He carried about with him pit, boxes, and galleries, and set up his portable play-house at corners of streets, and in the market-places. Upon flintiest pavement, he trod the boards still.' ''Well, vot of it?' Turn over.'

That long original poem is by Peter Pindar. He is ridiculing the monarchical notions of the opposition, and the folly of paying court to mere outward form and show. His illustration is homely, but forcible. 'Who,' says he,

'Who would not laugh to see a Taylor bow
Submissive to a pair of satin breeches?
Saying, 'O Breeches, all men must allow
There's something in your aspect that
betwitches!

'Let me admire you, Breeches, crown'd
with glory;
And though *I made* you, let me still *adore*
ye;'
Who would not quick exclaim, 'The Taylor's
mad?'
Yet Tyrant-adoration is as bad.'

In reading Pindar, as has been observed of some other obsolete author, you may find fault with [548]
the antique setting, but intellectual jewels of truth are there, which can never grow out of date.

'Melancholy Event!' Skip that. A laugh is worth a hundred groans, in any state of the market. Read the 'Anecdote,' if it be good, under the song, 'God save great Washington,' at your right hand, third column: 'Anecdote—Recent.—A certain newly-created Justice of the Peace, rather too much elated with the dignity of his office, riding out one day with his attendant, met a clergyman, finely mounted on a handsome gelding, richly caparisoned. When he first saw him, he desired his attendant to take notice how he would smoak the Parson. He accordingly rode up to him, and accosted him as follows: 'Sir your servant: I think, Sir, you are mounted on a very handsome horse.' 'Yes, Sir, I thank you, tolerably fleshy.' 'But what is the reason,' says the Justice, 'you do not follow the example of your worthy Master, who was humble enough to ride to Jerusalem on an Ass?' 'Why, to tell you the truth,' says the Clergyman, 'Government have made so many Asses

Justices, lately, that an honest Clergyman can't find one to ride on.'

'Well said of the Dominie! There must have been more of Sterne than Sternhold about him. He evidently loved a joke, as well as old Pater Abraham à Sancta Clara.'

''Blanchard's Balloon.' An ascension, I suppose.' No; it is a political squib. Mr. Blanchard has given out, that his gas, owing to an unfortunate accident, has *also* 'given out,' and that on account of the great expense, he is compelled to forego a second ascension. A wag advises him, as a cheap and expeditious method of obtaining an ample supply of gas, to place his balloon over the chimney of a house in which the 'Democratic Society' are to meet, in the evening, the members of which are expected to be highly inflated with a kind of light, combustible air, which will escape into his vessel, and answer his purpose admirably!

In these days of 'wars and rumors of wars' between the whites and Florida Indians, these twin poetical epistles will be apropos. The writer says, under date of Pittsburgh, 10th June,

'Since Friday last the news we've had,
Has been, dear Sir, extremely bad:
An Indian of the Senecas,
A white who swears to all he says,
Have brought a most alarming story,
The substance I shall set before ye:
Six nations of the Indians, set on
By Satan and the imps of Britain,
Have join'd the Indians to the westward,
By which we soon shall be quite prest
hard;
They now are crossing o'er the lake,
Fort Franklin to surprise and take;
That Fort will certainly be taken,
And scarce a settler save his bacon.'

Two days after, he adds the following, by way of postscript:

'The news I wrote three days ago,
This day I learn is all untrue;
The British have not gain'd their ends,
The Senecas are still our friends:
Fort Franklin is in statu quo,
Nor dreads a white or yellow foe;
For Capt. DENNY finds he can go,
And I suppose is at Venango.

'Although t' extract the naked truth,
We put these traders on their oath;
Yet while they swear to what they say,
We find we're humm'd from day to day;
Hence, when I write to you again,
A second letter shall the first explain.'

In Animal Magnetism parlance, we 'will' the reader from off our shoulder, and close the book. It is matter-full, however, and peradventure we may open it yet again, anon.

[549]

MUSIC—MR. RUSSELL.—Our theatrical reporters have left us but brief space wherein to reply to a correspondent of the Philadelphia '*National Gazette*,' who, in a long communication bearing the signature of 'HONESTUS,' censures the tone of our remarks in relation to Mr. HENRY RUSSELL, the popular vocalist, and the peculiar style of his performances. Both the writer alluded to, and the editor who publishes and endorses his strictures, 'trust that the KNICKERBOCKER will not maintain a dignified silence' under their remarks, since, originating in a work supposed to be influential in leading public opinion, the observations complained of 'have inflicted deep injury on the profession of music, taking away incentive to honest professional toil, close study, and real science,' by elevating a false standard of musical excellence. The writer denies, in so many words, that Mr. RUSSELL ever received the honors in Italy, to which he lays claim; doubts his having been 'a pupil for three years under ROSSINI,' or that he studied under GENERALI, MAYERBEER, and other masters; affirms that 'The Brave Old Oak' is transposed, without acknowledgment, from LODER, save a few trifling alterations for the worse; that 'Some Love to Roam' does not bear the real composer's name; and that five-sixths of the 'Treatise on Singing,' recently issued, with Mr. RUSSELL's name as author, are plagiarized from a work on singing by Rodolph, who has been dead these thirty years.

We depart for once from our uniform practice of silence, in relation to newspaper comments upon articles which appear in the KNICKERBOCKER, to correct one or two errors of the correspondent in question. In regard to the honors received, and the studies pursued by Mr. RUSSELL, 'Honestus' will perceive, by reference to the article in our last number, that the entire paragraph touching his personal and musical history, is quoted from an article in the 'New-York Mirror,' far more laudatory and elaborate than the one which embodied it, as an extract. The *onus*, therefore, in so far as these statements and the remarks which they elicited are concerned,

rests not with this Magazine. As to the remaining charges of 'Honestus,' *if established*, we shall be found not less ready than himself to counsel one capable of such deception, to lose no time in bringing down his pretensions to the level of his talents; and farther, commend him to a serious reflex upon the folly of a course so unworthy of his reputation. In the mean time, however, let it not be forgotten, that there are *two sides* to this matter, and that Mr. Russell is extant, to reply for himself to these anonymous accusations.[17]

The opinions we expressed of Mr. Russell's singing, are entertained by the great majority of those who have heard him; and our remarks in regard to the musical *affectations* of the day were not lightly hazarded, nor did they fail, as we have good reason to know, to strike an answering chord in the hearts of our readers. Italian effeminacy, elaborate ornament, (often known in musical parlance by the term 'difficult execution,') interpolated upon the simplest airs, demanded reprehension. It was ridiculous *imitation*, pressed by Fashion into the service, and was lamentably infectious, from the *prima donna*, down to the tawdry damsels who flirt at the tail of a chorus, and the piano-strumming miss, redolent of bread-and-butter. It would have irked even Aristophanes, the quintessential, to have heard, as we have heard, some such melody as 'John Anderson my Joe' garnished with attenuated and circumfused skeletons or shades of notes, in endless progression and recurrence, by your 'difficult execution'-er, bent on wreaking all the tones of his voice upon a single word. Bells jangled out of tune, and harsh, or 'the spheres touched by a raw angel,' would have the advantage, in comparative execrability, over such refined tinkerings of simple melody. It was this misplaced ornament, (rendered for a period *fashionable*, by the affected ecstasies of 'genteel' young men without brains, and small travelled amateurs, who voted it 'the thing,') that we condemned, and *not* music, cultivated and improved by the great masters of the art.

[550]

Letters and Life of Charles Lamb.—There is at the 'Merchants' Exchange' in this city, the model of a machine for re-pressing cotton-bales. Would that some ingenious person would invent a similar process, by which much of the matter of such a work as Talfourd's 'Letters of Charles Lamb, with a Sketch of his Life'—now lying damp before us, in all the luxury of London typography—could be re-pressed into these pages, for the gratification of our readers! In the absence, howbeit, of so desirable a power, we may present such condensed portions as can be subdued 'by hand,' withal. The letters in these volumes are connected by a 'thread of narrative,' which evinces a kindred spirit between Lamb and his biographer. The author of 'Ion' was an old and familiar friend of 'Elia's; hence he every where exhibits a thorough knowledge of his character, not less than a perfect appreciation of his originality of thought, the delicacy and refinement of his taste, and the fascination of his language. These familiar epistles set before us *the man*, as he lived, moved, and acted. We have here, too, the first germs of those delicate children of his brain, which have rarely been equalled, and never surpassed. We see the sources whence sprang the dainty thought, the charming image; and we may mark the daily creation and circumfusion of those felicitous conceits with which the name of 'Elia' is inseparably associated. What a reader was he; and how the ferreted beauties of the old worthies 'slid into his soul!' Upon the fertile suggestions of a creative, observant spirit, were inoculated and grafted the rich treasures of the elder intellects. But as our associate, in 'Brotherly Love,' (in a double sense,) has, since the above was penned, spoken elsewhere in this Magazine of these distinctive endowments and graces, we forbear farther comment. '*Revenons à Mouton.*' Return we to Lamb:

As the volumes will hereafter be issued from the press of the Brothers Harper, we shall postpone a 'prepared report' upon them, until another number; contenting ourselves, in the mean time, with a few selections, in the perusal of which we have had especial delight. The annexed—to plunge at once, *in medias res*, into the work—was addressed to a friend who was about to depart for the East, being haunted with the idea of oriental adventure:

> "My dear friend, think what a sad pity it would be to bury such *parts* in heathen countries, among nasty, unconversable, horse-belching, Tartar people! Some say, they are Cannibals; and then, conceive a Tartar-fellow *eating* my friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar! * * * The Tartars, really, are a cold, insipid, smouchey set. You'll be sadly moped (if you are not eaten) among them. Pray *try*, and cure yourself. Take hellebore (the counsel is Horace's, 'twas none of my thought *originally*.) Shave yourself oftener. Eat no saffron, for saffron-eaters contract a terrible Tartar-like yellow. Pray, to avoid the fiend. Eat nothing that gives the heart-burn. *Shave the upper lip.* Go about like an European. Read no books of voyages (they are nothing but lies,) only now and then a romance, to keep the fancy under. Above all, don't go to any sights of *wild beasts*. *That has been your ruin.* Accustom yourself to write familiar letters, on common subjects, to your friends in England, such as are of a moderate understanding. And think about common things more. I supped last night with Rickman, and met a merry *natural* captain, who pleases himself vastly with once having made a pun at Otaheite in the O. language. 'Tis the same man who said Shakspeare he liked, because he was *so much of the gentleman*. Rickman is a man 'absolute in all numbers.' I think I may one day bring you acquainted, if you do not go to Tartary first; for you'll never come back. Have a care, my dear friend, of Anthropophagi! their stomachs are always craving. 'Tis terrible to be weighed out at five-pence a-pound. To sit at table (the reverse of fishes in Holland,) not as a guest, but as a meat."

The attractions which a New-York 'May Day' would have had for one whose horror of 'moving' is thus naturally accounted for, may be readily conceived:

"What a dislocation of comfort is comprised in that word moving! Such a heap of little nasty things, after you think all is got into the cart; old dredging-boxes, worn-out brushes, gallipots, vials, things that it is impossible the most necessitous person can ever want, but which the women, who preside on these occasions, will not leave behind, if it was to save your soul; they'd keep the cart ten minutes to stow in dirty pipes and broken matches, to show their economy. Then you can find nothing you want for many days after you get into your new lodgings. You must comb your hair with your fingers, wash your hands without soap, go about in dirty gaiters. Was I Diogenes, I would not move out of a kilderkin into a hogshead, though the first had nothing but small beer in it, and the second reeked claret. Our place of final destination—I don't mean the grave, but No. 4, Inner Temple-lane—looks out upon a gloomy church yard-like court, called Hare-court, with three trees and a pump in it. Do you know it? I was born near it, and used to drink at that pump when I was a Rechabite of six years old."

A clever artist might readily transfer the following picture to the canvass, though his imagination were naught. It describes the misfortune of a 'cisled' fellow-clerk in the East India House, akin to one whom he elsewhere mentions, as 'pouring down goblet after goblet, the second to see where the first is gone, the third to see no harm happens to the second, a fourth to say there is another coming, and a fifth to say he is not sure he is the last:' [551]

"The E. I. H. has been thrown into a quandary by the strange phenomenon of poor —— —— whom I have known man and madman twenty-seven years, he being elder here than myself by nine years and more. He was always a pleasant, gossiping, half-headed, muzzy, dozing, dreaming, walk-about, inoffensive chap; a little too fond of the creature; who isn't at times? but —— had not brains to work off an over-night's surfeit by ten o'clock next morning, and, unfortunately, in he wandered the other morning, drunk with last night, and with a superfœtation of drink taken in since he set out from bed. He came staggering under his double burthen, like trees in Java, bearing at once blossom, fruit, and falling fruit, as I have heard you or some other traveller tell, with his face literally as blue as the bluest firmament; some wretched calico that he had moped his poor oozy front with had rendered up its native dye, and the devil a bit would he consent to wash it, but swore it was characteristic, for he was going to the sale of indigo, and set up a laugh which I did not think the lungs of mortal man were competent to. It was like a thousand people laughing, or the Goblin Page. He imagined afterward that the whole office had been laughing at him, so strange did his own sounds strike upon his *non*sensorium. But —— has laugh'd his last laugh, and awoke the next day to find himself reduced from an abused income of £600 per annum to one-sixth of the sum, after thirty-six years' tolerably good service. The quality of mercy was not strained in his behalf; the gentle dews dropped not on him from heaven."

Lamb was a creature of ardent sympathies. His social affections were as fresh and tender as those of childhood; and in the subjoined extract from a letter to Wordsworth, these characteristics are admirably portrayed:

"Deaths overset one, and put one out long after the recent grief. Two or three have died within this last two twelvemonths, and so many parts of me have been numbed. One sees a picture, reads an anecdote, starts a casual fancy, and thinks to tell of it to this person in preference to every other: the person is gone whom it would have peculiarly suited. It won't do for another. Every departure destroys a class of sympathies. There's Capt. Burney gone! What fun has whist now?—what matters it what you lead, if you can not fancy him looking over you? One never hears any thing, but the image of the particular person occurs with whom alone almost you would care to share the intelligence: thus one distributes oneself about—and now for so many parts of me I have lost the market. Common natures do not suffice me. Good people, as they are called, won't serve. I want individuals. I am made up of queer points, and I want so many answering needles. The going away of friend does not make the remainder more precious. It takes so much from them as there was a common link. A. B. and C. make a party. A. dies. B. not only loses A., but all A.'s part in C. C. loses A.'s part in B., and so the alphabet sickens by subtraction of interchangeables."

But gentle-spirited as he was, Lamb knew how to use the polished weapon of satire. Witness his 'Letter to Southey,' and the following keen sonnet upon the editor of the Quarterly Review. It is a revenge for the severely-expressed 'distaste of a small though acute mind, for an original power which it could not appreciate, and which disturbed the conventional associations of which it was master.' Gifford was originally a shoe-maker. The sonnet is entitled, 'Saint Crispin to Mr. Gifford,' and dated 'Saint Crispin's Eve':

"All unadvised, and in an evil hour,
Lured by aspiring thoughts, my son, you
daft
The lowly labors of the 'Gentle Craft'
For learned toils, which blood and spirit
sour.
All things, dear pledge, are not in all men's
power;
The wiser sort of shrub affects the ground:

And sweet content of mind is oftener found
In cobbler's parlor, than in critic's bower.
The sorest work is what doth cross the
grain;
And better to this hour you had been
plying
Tho obsequious awl, with well-waxed
finger flying,
Than ceaseless thus to till a thankless
vein:
Still teasing muses, which are still
denying;
Making a stretching-leather of your brain."

The annexed ludicrous account of a temporary indisposition, was addressed to Bernard Barton, the well-known Quaker poet. It breathes the very spirit of 'Elia:'

> "Do you know what it is to succumb under an insurmountable day-mare—'a whoreson lethargy,' Falstaff call it—an indisposition to do any thing—a total deadness and distaste—a suspension of vitality—an indifference to locality—a numb, soporifical, good-for-nothingness—an ossification all over—an oyster-like insensibility to the passing events—a mind stupor—a brawny defiance to the needles of a thrusting-in conscience? [552]
> Did you ever have a very bad cold, with a total irresolution to submit to water-gruel processes? This has been for many weeks my lot, and my excuse; my fingers drag heavily over this paper, and to my thinking it's three-and-twenty furlongs from hence to the end of this demi-sheet. I have not a thing to say; nothing is of more importance than another; I am flatter than a denial or a pancake; emptier than Judge ——'s wig when the head is in it; duller than a country stage when the actors are off it; a cipher, an 0! I acknowledge life at all, only by an occasional convulsional cough, and a permanent phlegmatic pain in the chest. I am weary of the world, and the world is weary of me. My day is gone into twilight, and I don't think it worth the expense of candles. My wick hath a thief in it, but I can't muster courage to snuff it. I inhale suffocation; I can't distinguish veal from mutton; nothing interests me. 'Tis twelve o'clock, and Thurtell is just now coming out upon the New Drop, Jack Ketch alertly tucking up his greasy sleeves to do the last office of mortality, yet cannot I elicit a groan or a moral reflection. If you told me the world will be at an end to-morrow, I should just say, 'will it?' I have not volition enough left to dot my i's, much less to comb my eyebrows; my eyes are set in my head; my brains are gone out to see a poor relation in Moorfields, and they did not say when they'd come back again; my skull is a Grub-street attic to let—not so much as a joint-stool left in it; my hand writes, not I; just as chickens run about a little, when their heads are off. O for a vigorous fit of gout, of cholic, tooth-ache—an earwig in my auditory, a fly in my visual organs; pain is life—the sharper, the more evidence of life; but this apathy, this death! Did you ever have an obstinate cold—a six or seven weeks' unintermitting chill, and suspension of hope, fear, conscience, and every thing? Yet do I try all I can to cure it; I try wine, and spirits, and smoking, and snuff in unsparing quantities, but they all only seem to make me worse instead of better. I sleep in a damp room, but it does me no good; I come home late o' nights, but do not find any visible amendment!
>
> "It is just fifteen minutes after twelve; Thurtell is by this time a good way on his journey, baiting at Scorpion perhaps; Ketch is bargaining for his cast coat and waistcoat; the Jew demurs at first at three half-crowns, but, on consideration that he may get somewhat by showing 'em in the town, finally closes."

In the same vein is the following, written under similar circumstances:

> "I have had my head and ears stuffed up with the east winds. A continual ringing in my brain of bells jangled, or the spheres touched by some raw angel. Is it not George the Third tuning the Hundredth Psalm? I get my music for nothing. But the weather seems to be softening, and will thaw my stunnings. Coleridge, writing to me a week or two since, began his note: '*Summer has set in with his usual severity.*' A cold summer is all I know disagreeable in cold. I do not mind the utmost rigour of real winter, but these smiling hypocritical Mays wither me to death. My head has been ringing chaos, like the day the winds were made, before they submitted to the discipline of a weather-cock, before the quarters were made. In the street, with the blended noises of life about me, I hear, and my head is lightened; but in a room, the hubbub comes back, and I am deaf as a sinner. Did I tell you of a pleasant sketch Hood has done, which he calls, '*Very deaf indeed?*' It is of a good-natured, stupid-looking old gentleman, whom a foot-pad has stopped, but for his extreme deafness cannot make him understand what he wants. The unconscious old gentleman is extending his ear-trumpet very complacently, and the fellow is firing a pistol into it to make him hear, but the ball will pierce his skull sooner than the report reach his sensorium. I choose a very little bit of paper, for my ear hisses when I bend down to write. I can hardly read a book, for *I miss that small soft voice which the idea of articulated words raises* (almost imperceptibly to you) *in a silent reader*. *I seem too deaf to see what I read.* But with a touch of returning zephyr, my head will melt."

It is in a letter to the same staid correspondent, that we find the following reflections on the fate of Fauntleroy, who was executed many years since in London. It is 'a strange mingling of humor and solemn truth:'

> "And now, my dear Sir, trifling apart, the gloomy catastrophe of yesterday morning prompts a sadder vein. The fate of the unfortunate Fauntleroy makes me, whether I will or no, to cast reflecting eyes around on such of my friends as, by a parity of situation, are exposed to a similarity of temptation. My very style seems to myself to become more impressive than usual, with the charge of them. Who that standeth, knoweth but he may yet fall? Your hands as yet, I am most willing to believe, have never deviated into other's property. You think it impossible that you could ever commit so heinous an offence; but so thought Fauntleroy once; so have thought many beside him, who at last have expiated as he hath done. You are as yet upright; but you are a banker, or at least the next thing to it. I feel the delicacy of the subject; but cash must pass through your hands, sometimes to a great amount. If in an unguarded hour——but I will hope better. Consider the scandal it will bring upon those of your persuasion. Thousands would go to see a Quaker hanged, that would be indifferent to the fate of a Presbyterian or an Anabaptist. Think of the effect it would have on the sale of your poems alone, not to mention higher considerations! I tremble, I am sure, at myself, when I think that so many poor victims of the law, at one time of their life, made as sure of never being hanged, as I, in my own presumption, am ready, too ready, to do myself. What are we better than they? Do we come into the world with different necks? Is there any distinctive mark under our left ears? Are we unstrangulable, I ask you? Think on these things. I am shocked sometimes at the shape of my own fingers, not for their resemblance to the ape tribe, (which is something,) but for the exquisite adaptation of them to the purposes of picking, fingering, etc."

Here is a capital programme for those losel scouts whose 'tales of the crusades' which are waged against the canine species, generally fill our newspapers in the dog-days. We have no doubt that similar suggestions to those here thrown out, have been acted upon by many a dog-hater, in the fervid summer solstice, what time a worse virus than the hydrophobic was raging in his brain. [553] Lamb is inquiring after his adopted dog, 'Dash:'

> "Goes he muzzled, or *aperto ore*? Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in *his* conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke's with him. All the dogs here are going mad, if you believe the overseers; but I protest they seem to me very rational and collected. But nothing is so deceitful as mad people, to those who are not used to them. Try him with hot water: if he won't lick it up, it is a sign—he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally, or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean when he is pleased—for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep *him* for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia. They say all our army in India had it at one time; but that was in *Hyder*-Ally's time. Do you get paunch for him? Take care the sheep was sane. You might pull out his teeth, (if he would let you,) and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a bedlamite."

There is an adroit satire upon epitaphs—certificates of good character given to persons on going to a new place, who oftentimes had none in the places they left—in the annexed fragment from a letter enclosing an acrostic:

> "I am afraid I shall sicken you of acrostics, but this last was written *to order*. I beg you to have inserted in your country paper, something like this advertisement: 'To the nobility, gentry, and others about Bury:—C. Lamb respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he is leaving off business in the acrostic line, as he is going into an entirely new line. Rebuses and charades done as usual, and upon the old terms. Also, epitaphs to suit the memory of any person deceased.'"

A few original anecdotes of Lamb must close our notice for the present. The first dry specimen was doubtless suggested by the closing couplet of a London street-ballad, wherein is set forth the ultra fickleness of a female 'lovyer:'

> 'And there I spied that faithless she,
> A fryin' sassengers for he!'

> "One day, at the exhibition of the Royal Academy, I was sitting on a form, looking at the catalogue, and answering some young people about me who had none, or spared themselves the trouble of consulting it. There was a large picture of Prospero and Miranda; and I had just said, 'It is by *Shee*;' when a voice near me said, 'Would it not be more grammatical to say by *her*?' I looked, it was Mr. Lamb.
>
> "He went with a party down to my brother Charles's ship, in which the officers gave a ball to their friends. My brother hired a vessel to take us down to it, and some one of the company asked its name. On hearing it was the *Antelope*, Mr. Lamb cried out, 'Don't name it; I have such a respect for my aunt, I cannot bear to think of her doing such a foolish action!'

"A widow-friend of Lamb having opened a preparatory school for children at Camden Town, said to him, 'I live so far from town I must have a sign, I think you call it, to show that I teach children.' 'Well,' he replied, 'you can have nothing better than '*The Murder of the Innocents*!'

"A constable in Salisbury Cathedral was telling him that eight people dined at the top of the spire of that edifice; upon which he remarked, that they must be very '*sharp set*!'

"An old woman, on a cold, bleak day, begged of him for charity: 'Ah! Sir,' said she, 'I have seen better days.' 'So have I,' said Lamb; meaning literally one not so rainy and overcast as the one on which she begged.

"Mrs. H—— was sitting on a sofa one day, between Mr. Montague and Mr. Lamb. The latter spoke to her, but all her attention was given to the other party. At last they ceased talking, and turning round to Mr. Lamb, she asked what it was he had been saying? He replied, 'Ask Mr. Montague, for it went in at one ear and out at another.'

"Coleridge one day said to him: 'Charles, did you ever hear me *preach*?' 'I never heard you do any thing else,' said Lamb."

We shall discuss anew these teeming volumes, when the American edition (which it is to be hoped will possess the portraits of the English) shall have appeared.

Bristol Academy, Taunton, (Mass.)—A catalogue of the officers, teachers, and pupils of this institution, now before us, affords very favorable evidence of the prosperity which it enjoys, under the supervision of its able preceptor, J. N. Bellows, Esq. It already numbers nearly an hundred pupils, in the male and female departments, embracing residents in various quarters of the country. The plan of instruction, set forth in the appendix, is an excellent one; 'uniting, as far as practicable, pleasure with study, yet not to the neglect of strictness of discipline, and thoroughness in the business of instruction,' in which the art of teaching, as a profession, is included, in a separate department.

THE DRAMA.

[554]

Park Theatre—Mr. Forrest.—Two succeeding engagements of Mr. Forrest, have given us an opportunity of witnessing his efforts in all of his old, and in some (to him) new characters. Othello, Damon, Richard III., Metamora, Spartacus, Lear, Carwin, in the 'Orphan of Geneva,' and even Hamlet, have in turn been presented, through the impersonations of Mr. Forrest. Among these, there are some characters which long ago he made his own, and which have not since found any other representative. Such are Metamora, Spartacus, and perhaps Damon; Othello and Lear, too, had been previously attempted by Mr. Forrest, and found among his many friends enthusiastic admirers. This last engagement, however, has presented this gentleman in two new characters, Richard and Hamlet. Of the first of these, it shall be our province to speak in this paper.

Mr. Forrest has challenged criticism upon his conception of the character of the Duke of Gloster, by his remarks contained in a published letter to a friend, written during his English visit. In this letter he boldly affirms, that the ideas which Edmund Kean always held of the personage which he represented as the Duke of Gloster, were erroneous, in one great particular, and that therefore *he* should portray the crook-backed tyrant in a light quite different from that in which Kean presented him. This error of Kean consisted, it seems, in supposing the royal cut-throat to have been a too *serious* villain; in presenting the early part of his career in a shade too sombre. According to Mr. Forrest, the wily duke was rather inclined to be jocose in his butcheries; and he should therefore, in his personation of the character, make the jester a sort of *basso-relievo* to the hard, black surface of his marble heart.

Now we admire originality, whether it be displayed on the stage, at the bar, in the pulpit, on the canvass, or in books. Whether the original be a cobbler, or an architect, we hail his advent with joy and gratulation. That clever artist, who first conceived the interesting metamorphosis whereby a sliver of wood could be converted into a pumpkin-seed, deserves, indeed, more praise for his singular ingenuity, than for any lasting blessing thereby conferred upon mankind. Nor can we affirm, that the kindred hand which first transposed the same material into those cherished condiments of eastern Ind, y'clept nutmegs, has claim to any higher reward; yet were both these worthies original thinkers, and thereby entitled to the respect due to genius. To endeavor to trace back some great original thought to the impulse which first opened the way to its creation; to search for the early germ, no bigger perhaps than a grain of mustard-seed, out of which the towering tree sprang up in all its original greatness, is a subject which must always engage the attention, and employ the research, of the admirers of genius. We have therefore endeavored, by the most patient and diligent study, both of Shakspeare and his commentators, to discover the ground upon which Mr. Forrest formed his original reading of the Duke of Gloster, or the hint, if possible, from which he snatched his conception of the murdering duke's jocular disposition. The only peg which we can possibly discover, whereon we suppose Mr. Forrest might hang his wonderful originality, is comprised in that line wherein the crafty Gloster, gloating over that devilish hypocrisy with which he is enabled to cloak his monstrous villanies, exclaims:

'For I can smile, and murder while I smile.'

Mr. Forrest was no doubt struck with this passage. It seemed to him to contain the germ of a mighty thought, and in his aspirations for immortality, he has given a liberal meaning to the passage, and rendered it thus:

'For I can laugh, and murder while I
laugh!'

The spirit of originality seized upon his desires and his faculties at the same moment; and with a determination to wither at a blast the laurels of Kean, Cook, John Kemble, Booth, and a host of less distinguished worthies, he has, in the magnitude of his wisdom, declared them 'sumphs' in their ignorance of Shakspeare, and himself the only true representative of the most powerful of the bard's creations!

'Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
'What power,' he cries, 'what power these
wonders wrought!'
Soul! what thou seek'st is in thee; look and
find,
Thy monster meets his likeness in thy
mind.'

We were truly inclined to give Mr. Forrest credit for too much good sense, to be tempted into any such absurd extravagance as he has been guilty of, in attempting to foist his new reading of Richard upon an intelligent public. He must have discarded all authority, and taken it upon himself to settle this question with the world; and he *has* settled it, in a way most lamentable for his judgment. The first three acts of Richard were really pitiable. There was a lack of every thing which we had long supposed belonged to the character. His sarcasms—those biting sentences which Kean made so withering—were turned to absolute jests—regular Joe Millers in blank verse! Gloster murdered in joke, and all his villanies became, as Mr. Forrest presented them, no [555] more than the peccadilloes of Punch. The scene with Queen Anne had no propriety whatever. It was not the wily Gloster, whose tongue could 'wheedle with the devil,' but the gay, slashing Corinthian, paying his devoirs to a moonlight Cyprian. The Duke of Gloster was a gentleman, bloody-minded enough, truly, but with the polish of a court about him, and an air of nobility as inseparable as his hump; both of which Mr. Forrest discarded long before the Duke of Gloster gave up the ghost. The last two acts, and especially the very last, were powerful, so far as physical effort could render them powerful. The tent-scene was terrific in this respect; it was like the 'tic doloureux,' deafening and dull. It was heavy physical force, with very little of genius to thrill or to startle; a sort of artificial thunder, without the lightning. Strange that any can be found to uphold such extravagance; but rant and fustian seem the order of the day; and he whose lungs are the stoutest, seems the victor among modern tragedians.

'The rabble knows not where our dramas
shine,
But when the actor roars, 'By Jove! that's
fine!'

Ellen Tree.—The finest comedies in the language, presented to us, in their principal characters, through the acting of Miss Ellen Tree, have proved, during the last engagement of this lady, that a true taste for the legitimate drama yet exists in full force in America, however it may have degenerated on the other side of the water. 'Rosalind,' 'Beatrice,' 'Lady Teazle,' 'Viola,' as well as 'Ion,' 'Jane Shore,' 'Clarisse,' in the *Barrack-Room*, 'Christine,' and a multitude of other characters, as varied in their kind as these, have offered a rich intellectual treat to all who can appreciate the chaste, ungarnished beauties of the drama. It would be superfluous to speak of Miss Tree's merit in these characters. To us, at least, she has become identified with them all; and in speaking of her performances, we must say that the task can only be a repetition of that even strain of unadulterated praise, which, justly awarded, belongs only to perfection. We look in vain for some fault, some discrepancy, some point which might be improved upon. All is so near the *beau ideal* of her art, that we must, in omitting all censure, either confess ourselves wanting in judgment, or at once acknowledge Miss Ellen Tree a being more perfect on the stage, than any we know or can conceive of, off of it. Perhaps the greatest of her many merits is the remarkable purity of her utterance, and the true sound and meaning with which she clothes the language of the author. In the classic phrases of 'Ion,' this beauty is prominent; the choice words which form the finished sentences of this gem of English literature, are sounded full in every letter. Vowels and consonants receive their measured justice, and every line is meted out with its just cadence, imparting to our much-abused English a quality as free from blemish as it is capable of sustaining. In common or less classical compositions, the words are endued with a strength and beauty, which are borrowed from her perfection of utterance. There is a roundness and a rich purity in her pronunciation, which gives a finish and fullness to the sound, that is really musical. She is a worthy mistress of the Queen's English.

Madame Caradori Allan.—A new star in *our* musical world has shone upon us during the past month; not the less dazzlingly, perhaps, from its foreign lustre. Mde. Allan possesses a *soprano* voice, of a light quality. She sings with great apparent ease, and there is a finish to every note, worthy of the highest praise. Her execution is graceful in the extreme. The most rapid notes glide as distinctly through her voice as the most slow and measured. There is neither hesitation in the one, nor hurry in the other. All are in exact time, and evince in their execution a degree of study seldom effected, and a taste fully competent to seize upon and display the most exquisite beauties of the art. Her manner is evidently that of one unaccustomed to the stage; that of a sensitive and delicate gentlewoman, suddenly placed in a situation new to her, but embarrassing only from its novelty. If, as has been asserted, Mde. Allan's first appearance here was really her *début* in an opera made up of English words, she certainly has great reason to congratulate herself on the success which attended even her acting of the part of 'Rosina.' The execution of the opening song, the 'Unâ Voce,' first in English, and then, in obedience to an *encore*, in Italian, was truly as beautiful as we can fancy it in the power of her peculiar voice to make it. It was certainly sufficient to merit one of the most rapturous bursts of applause that was ever listened to. The other music of her part was equally well executed, if we except those pieces where low contralto notes were to be sounded. Here, of course, the artiste could do nothing; and she showed her good sense by attempting nothing. We particularly noticed this peculiarity in the concerted piece at the close of the first act. Having no contralto notes in her voice, it was impossible for her to express the music belonging to this scene. A repetition of 'The Barber,' on the next night, gave us an opportunity of witnessing the same beauties, and the same slight defects. There was, as might have been expected, less embarrassment than on the previous [556] evening; while the acting, and the stage-business altogether, was more easy and natural. 'Love in a Village' displayed the high faculties of Mde. Allan to still greater advantage, and certainly, with one glorious exception, we never heard the melodies which belong to 'Rosetta' more exquisitely given. There were two simple ballads introduced, which, in her way of expressing them, made perfect gems of the hacknied 'Coming through the Rye,' and 'I'm Over Young to Marry.' It is the peculiar province of genius to hallow all it breathes upon; and surely, in a musical way, this truth was never more clearly exemplified. We are sorry to say, however, that with the exception of Mr. Placide, Mde. Allan has been most wretchedly supported. Mr. Jones sang worse than ever, and acted no better. Mr. Richings is not equal to the parts which we honestly believe he is *obliged* to sustain in opera. His exertions, however, as 'Hawthorn,' would, on this particular evening, have been entitled to less censure, if he had taken the trouble to learn his part. The minor characters in opera are shamefully executed at this house. They were bad enough when the Woods and Brough were to be supported, but infinitely worse now. There are singers enough in the country to make up this deficiency. Why are they not engaged? There is Mr. Brough for the 'Basils,' Mr. Latham for the 'Figaros;' there is Mr. Horn, who *can sing*, if he cannot *act* the 'Elvinos'; and surely an 'Almaviva' and a 'Hawthorn' might be found, to fill the places of those who now disgrace these characters at the Park. With two or three exceptions, (and among them, in justice, we must name Mr. Hayden,) the most exquisite music is played by an admirable orchestra to no better purpose than to show the sad deficiency of the singers. Of Mde. Caradori Allan's performance of the 'Somnambulist,' we are not prepared to speak fully; as, in consequence of the early hour at which this Magazine is put to press, we have, 'at this present writing,' only seen her first appearance in the character; when, from over-exertion, perhaps, in the second act, she was unable to go through with the third as satisfactorily as we may hope practice will enable her to do hereafter.

The National Theatre, under its present management, is second to none in the United States in the varied talent and efficiency of its acting company, in scenic effect, general good order, the attraction and excellence of its entertainments, and the number and respectability of its audiences. It has uncommon materials for either tragedy, comedy, or opera. 'Macbeth' and 'Othello,' for example, the 'School for Scandal,' 'Cure for the Heart-ache,' etc., could not probably be produced more effectively in any particular, even at Drury Lane. Othello, especially, with J. W. Wallack, Vandenhoff, Browne, Abbott, Miss Wheatley, and Mrs. Sefton, in the principal characters, is really a rare treat. It is so much like Shakspeare's Othello, that we think even the great bard himself would recognise it; which is more than can be said of most portraitures of his splendid creations. In 'Macbeth,' too, we opine that Mr. Vandenhoff is scarcely excelled, even by Macready —still less by any other living tragedian; and at neither of the two great London theatres, where we saw Macready in this character about a year since, was the play otherwise better done than at the National. In his personations of Hamlet, Iago, and Cato, Mr. Vandenhoff is also preeminently great, if not unequalled. He has strongly confirmed his reputation as an artist of the first order in his profession, and he is, moreover, as we are assured by those who know him, a gentleman of sterling acquirements, and unassuming worth. In person, he is of medium height, with an intellectual and expressive face, and a voice at once pleasing and powerful. An emphasis sometimes rather too *drawling*, is the only exception we can make to his usually chaste and judicious elocution.

A review of the performances at the 'Woodworth Benefit,' some wholesome advice to Mr. Gann, for over-action, a notice at large of 'The English Gentleman,' (a most sterling play,) together with a report upon the laughable and admirably-acted piece, 'Gulliver in Liliput,' although in type, are reluctantly, yet unavoidably, omitted.

The American Theatre, Bowery, has presented to large audiences, since our last notice, a melodramatic piece called the 'Bronze Horse,' the scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations of which are said to have been unequalled by any thing hitherto seen at this establishment. Its great and continued popularity must be taken as substantial evidence of its merit as a spectacle.

The Olympic continues, in an unpretending way, to increase its reputation as a quiet and well-conducted theatre, where one may find the lighter attractions of the drama admirably presented, by actors who understand their business, supervised by managers who know theirs, and attend to it. It is a capital place wherein to pass a leisure hour agreeably.

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Mr. Simmons' Lectures on Elocution.—We have had the gratification, since our last number, of attending a course of lectures upon elocution, given at the 'Stuyvesant Institute,' by William H. Simmons, Esq., of Boston; and we are confident we speak the unanimous opinion of his auditory, among whom were many of our most distinguished citizens, when we say, that for sound reasoning, felicitous manner, and richness of voice, Mr. Simmons' equal has not been heard in this meridian for many a long year. He expounded clearly and analytically the natural laws of vocal expression, according to the method pursued by Dr. Rush, in his 'Philosophy of the Human Voice;' exemplifying, at the same time, the practical effect and application of all the important tones, inflexions, and modes of emphasis, by a variety of readings and recitations, which were invariably received with the liveliest demonstrations of admiration, on the part of his hearers. We sincerely hope that the capable and accomplished lecturer, and we must add orator, also, may find sufficient inducement to deliver a second course; and as there is abundant room for improvement, both in our public and colloquial elocution, we trust, moreover, that the private lessons in his useful and delightful art will be liberally attended. We are glad to learn that he is giving a course of lectures and lessons at the Episcopal Theological Seminary; and that he is about to gratify a large body of young men, engaged in professional studies and mercantile pursuits, by the repetition of his course, at Clinton Hall. Mr. Simmons' address is the Astor-House.

LITERARY RECORD.

Tokens of the Holidays.—We feel paternal yearnings, when we sit down, as now, by our round-table, to draw around us our great family of readers, that they may admire with us the various gems of art with which it is literally overloaded. Before us, gleaming in gold, crimson, and purple, rich blue and velvet green, and affluent in the finest engravings, are the English Annuals, for 1838, which, with their American brotherhood, will very soon, we venture to predict, collect some of the superfluities of this 'money-voiding town.' Love-tokens are they, for the tasteful swain, and remembrancers from the generous-hearted, to those who stand on the top-scale of their friendship's ladder. Annuals, both foreign and domestic, are every year improving. From 'combinations of show and emptiness,' they have come to be the medium of the highest efforts of art; while green-sick sonnetteers and small tale-writers are succeeded by minds more capable of entertaining the public. We can do little more than *catalogue* the rich stores before us.

Finden's Tableaux, in imperial quarto, may be placed first in the list, since it is superb, beyond all former precedent. It is intended to represent the peculiar female beauty of different countries, or provinces, with a characteristic back-ground of scenery, and adjuncts in keeping. 'England,' 'Andalusia,' 'Florence,' 'Egypt,' 'Ceylon,' 'America,' 'Georgia,' 'Scotland,' and 'Castile,' have each their representatives; and what a galaxy of beauty would that court present, which should combine in one assembly these ambassadors of loveliness! The letter-press illustrations, in prose and verse, mainly by Miss Mitford, we need not say, are worthy the pictorial department, and the reputation of the author of 'Our Village.' The 'Flowers of Loveliness', edited by Miss Landon, also in the imperial quarto form, is a very pretty volume, but less beautiful, as it strikes us, than its predecessor. It is dedicated to the Queen, in a clever acrostic upon her name, in four-line stanzas, each verse of which is introduced by an ornamental letter, representing a flower; a pretty and feminine device. Female beauty is made to represent the Clematis, Hyacinth, Water-Lily, Night-blooming Convolvulus, Poppy, Canterbury Cathedral, Pansy, 'Marvel of Peru,' the Laurel, Iris, etc. Heath's Book of Beauty contains thirteen engravings, portraits of several women of nobility, and fancy pictures. Its externals are gorgeous. The binding is of cerulean satin, richly embroidered with thread of changeful golden tissue. It has a few stories, and some good poetry. Lady [558]
Blessington does the editorial honors. 'Children of the Nobility' is a work in the large quarto. The engravings are by Heath, from drawings by Chalon. One or two of them are exquisite—the portrait of Lady Mary Howard, for example. There are some pretty children, too, and 'extraordinary ordinary'-looking othersome, with legs like upright nine-pins, and shod hoofs. Edited by Mrs. Fairlie. 'Beauties of Costume'—Heath again. This is a series of female figures, in the dresses of ancient times—Egyptian, Scottish, Court of Louis XII., Bernese, Milanese, Russian, English Peasant, Swiss, Court of Charles VII., Persian, Scottish Highland, etc. Descriptions by Leitch Ritchie. We can say little for the English Annual. Old plates, which have been served up to the British public in the 'Court Journal,' if we do not mistake, are scarcely worthy of being

ushered forth as original embellishments. The 'Oriental' has twenty-two spirited engravings of 'Scenes in India,' many of which are very superior. The name of Rev. Hobart Caunter is a guarantee for the character of the letter-press portion of the work. The London '*Christian Keepsake*' is worthy of all praise, both as to matter and embellishments. A portrait of Mrs. Stewart, (wife of Rev. C. S. Stewart, of the American Navy,) late missionary to the Sandwich Islands, from a painting by Ingraham, of this city, is one of the gems of the volume. Heath's 'Picturesque Annual' is devoted to 'Scenes in Ireland.' They are well selected, and the engravings are exceedingly soft and clear. The descriptive matter is from the pen of Leitch Ritchie. Beside these, there are 'Italy, France, and Switzerland,' in two large quarto volumes, the plates by Prout and Harding, and the illustrations by Thomas Roscoe; Fisher's 'Drawing-Room Scrap-Book,' with its usual quality and quantity of engravings, edited by Miss Landon; 'Midland Counties Tourist,' illustrating hoary ruins, romantic castles, and picturesque towns and landscapes, in the counties of Chester, Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, Rutland, and Lincoln, with descriptions historical and topographical, 'Illustrations of Scotland and the Waverly Novels, etc. Wiley and Putnam, Broadway.

Good out of Evil.—'Selections from the Court Reports, originally published in the Boston Morning Post, from 1834 to 1837. Arranged and Revised by the Reporter of the Post.'—The writer of this work is surely chief of the *adepti* in his art, for art it is. He is a prëeminent 'dab' at his business; uniting grace of composition with a keen sense of the humorous, and the reflections of a heart open to the influence of generous emotions, and full of sympathy for the unfortunates, whose abandonment to temptation he records. As contrasting examples of pathos and fun, we would instance the picture of maternal affection, in the story of the three juvenile book-thieves, and the cool knavery of the *omnium-gatherum* varlet, whose systematic pilferings were directed by a written programme, as: 'Visit Bailey's Female High School—*scrutinize*;' 'Get books from library —*valuable*;' 'Go to the theatre—*once*;' 'Go to the Museum, night and day; *criticise, and get every thing I can*;' 'Visit Horticultural Rooms—*and get things*;' 'Get some pocket-handkerchiefs—*gratis*,' etc. These 'Selections' will amuse a dull hour passing well. The reader will find the book fruitful of fun or instruction, open it wheresoever he may. Boston: Otis, Broaders and Company.

'The Arethusa.'—Such is the title of a naval story, in two volumes, by Captain Chamier, R. N., author of 'Ben Brace,' 'Life of a Sailor,' etc. In our judgment, it is his best work. If not as a whole, certainly in particular scenes it has not been surpassed by any previous effort of the author. The wreck of the Tribune, the naval warfare, the pestilence at Jamaica, and many other detached scenes, which might be mentioned, are most vividly portrayed. We would counsel Captain Chamier, however, not to meddle with character of which he knows nothing more than may be conveyed in the terms, 'I reckon,' 'I guess,' and 'I calculate,' in endless iteration. His 'Corncob' is an imaginary anomaly, and has no counterpart in America. Philadelphia; E. L. Carey and A. Hart. New-York: Wiley and Putnam.

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'Reviewers Reviewed:'—by the Author of 'Pelayo.'—This is a little volume of seventy-two pages—dedication, introduction, argument, text, notes, and appendix, all counted—and is facetiously denominated by the young lady-author a 'Satire.' The editors of the 'Courier,' 'Gazette,' 'Commercial,' and 'Mirror' journals, together with the Knickerbocker, are the victims—because they could not admire 'Pelayo.' For our own poor part, the force of the attack has stunned us. We know not what to say. Also, we wist not what to do. 'Where,' (to adopt the kindred language of our fair satirist's illustrious archetype, 'Rosa Matilda,')

> 'Where is Cupid's crimson motion?
> Billowy ecstacy of wo!
> Bear us safe, meandering ocean,
> Where the stagnant torrents flow!'

Missionary Enterprises.—Messrs. D. Appleton and Company have published a handsome volume, of some five hundred pages, entitled 'A Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands; with Remarks upon the Natural History of the Islands, Origin, Languages, Traditions, and Usages of the Inhabitants. By John Williams, of the London Missionary Society.' We regret that we are compelled to advert so briefly to this excellent work, in gathering the materials for which, the author travelled one hundred thousand miles, and expended upward of eighteen years. The book is full upon all the heads mentioned in its title, and is illustrated by numerous engravings on wood. The style is simple and flowing, and the details invariably interesting, not less to the general than the Christian reader. We were struck with a fact recorded toward the close of the volume, illustrative of that divine purpose in nature of which a correspondent elsewhere speaks, in the present number. In many of the coral islands of the South Sea, there are neither streams nor springs; and were it not for the cocoa-nut, the inhabitants would perish. On a sultry day, when the very ground burns with heat, the natives climb this fruit-tree, and in each unripe nut find a pint or more of a grateful lemonade-like water, as refreshing as if taken from a spring.

'Science Made Easy:'—'Being a Familiar Introduction to the Principles of Chemistry, Mechanics,

Hydrostatics, and Pneumatics.'—We took up this corpulent dictionary-quarto, under the impression that it was one of those scanty and superficial '*made-easy*' books, good-naturedly intended to instil dull truths into unwary understandings, by alternate layers of *utile* and *dulce*, but capable in reality of very little good. Its perusal has agreeably disappointed us. The author has not alone skirmished on the frontier of a few of the sciences, but he has drawn a small array of them into close order, in such wise that they may be surveyed with ease and expedition, and made to fructify without a world of unnecessary trouble. The volume is illustrated by numerous wood-cuts.

Miss Leslie's 'Pencil Sketches.'—This volume contains all of Miss Leslie's fugitive pieces which have appeared since the publication of her second series of 'Pencil Sketches.' Every article has been carefully revised by the author, and improved, as she believes, by numerous alterations and additions. The following are the contents: 'The Red Box, or Scenes at the General Wayne;' 'Constance Allerton, or the Mourning Suits;' 'The Officers, a Story of the Last War;' 'The Serenades, and Dream of Songs:' 'The Old Farm-House;' 'That Gentleman, or Pencillings on Ship-board;' 'Charles Loring, a Tale of the Revolution;' and 'Alphonsine.' Aside from the natural ease and conversational ability, peculiar to all Miss Leslie's productions, the reader may always rely upon a main object of intellectual or moral good.

'The Hawk Chief.'—This 'Tale of the Indian Country,' by John T. Irving, Jr., author of 'Indian Sketches,' is too clever a production to be despatched in a few lines; but we are compelled to postpone a more enlarged notice of the work, until some future occasion. In the matter of literary provender, it seems latterly to be either 'a feast or a famine.' Our hands are now full, which but recently were quite empty, of intellectual wares. We shall discuss them in order, when space and leisure serve.

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Eleventh Volume of the Knickerbocker.—We cannot permit the closing number of the present volume of this Magazine to go forth to our readers, without holding a brief and familiar tête-à-tête with them, in relation to its prospects, literary and otherwise. For the past, let it speak for itself. We have accomplished all we could, and our friends are kind enough to admit that it has been beyond what was promised, and more than satisfactory. For the future, we have rich stores of valuable and entertaining matter, not only from our present unequalled corps of contributors, but from several writers, akin to the best of them, whose acquaintance our readers have not hitherto made. We can promise, that the more solid articles which the next volume will contain, will neither be too voluminous to be read, nor too dull to be useful; that they will be varied and novel in subject, and attractive in manner. Eschewing politics and polemics, our readers will escape the long-winded discussions to which they so frequently give rise; and they may rely, moreover, upon a faithful discharge of our critical responsibilities, uninfluenced by partizan or sectarian feeling. With articles of a lighter description, we shall, as heretofore, be well supplied. By 'light articles,' we do not mean silly love-stories, and inflated, finical rhapsodies, nor the aimless efforts of writers mounted on airy stilts of abstraction, but matter capable of improving while it amuses; that shall 'fortify like a cordial,' and be productive of sweet blood and generous spirits; reviving and animating the dead calm of idle life, entertaining the leisure of the active, and relieving the toil of the laborious; now beguiling, perchance, pain of body, or diverting anxiety of mind; and happily again, it may be, filling the place of bad thoughts, or suggesting better. We do not anticipate that every paper will please every reader. Our articles are so many dishes, our readers guests; that which one admires, perhaps another rejects; but we shall take especial care, that none may be without something to enlighten his understanding, and gratify his fancy or taste. The pericraniums are not disfurnished, good reader, from which so many good things have heretofore been evoked for your edification and profit; nor will they be, by some score or two, the only sources of your future intellectual gratification. You will believe us, when we hold out to you these tokens of good, since we have never deceived you. Judge ye, if we have not 'fought our way to your good graces valiantly, and showed our passport at every barrier.'

Our success is abundantly satisfactory, so far as reputation and an increasing subscription-list are concerned. 'The pressure,' however, which has borne so heavily upon all business, and all professions, has not been without its influence upon the pecuniary interests of this Magazine. Many of our *unthinking* readers—we will harbor no worse opinion of them—unwilling to curtail their expenses, by stopping their subscriptions, have been quite ready to lessen them by not *paying* for a work which they could not bring themselves to forego. To such we have only to say, they cannot be fully aware of the injustice of which they are guilty, nor of the unmitigated exertions which they so illy requite. The 'never-ending, still beginning' labor which is going on for their benefit and amusement, long after their heads are upon their pillows, or while they are indulging in the relaxations from toil which are denied to the less fortunate laborer in the literary vineyard, should be promptly rewarded; and we cannot but hope that each delinquent under whose eye this paragraph may fall, will yield tardy justice to those who have wrought long and faithfully for him. Having said thus much, explanatory, denunciatory, and expostulatory, we enter upon a new volume with an enhanced patronage, enlarged hopes, and a settled determination to lose no opportunity, and to spare no labor nor expense, which may increase the reputation of this Magazine, and widen the already far-reaching boundary of its circulation and influence.

ERRATA.—In the poem 'Floral Astrology,' page 498, the word *us* should follow the final '*under*,' in the third line of the third stanza. In the Lay of the Madman,' p. 518, the seventh line from the close should read, 'They *tremble* and dart through my every vein.'

FOOTNOTES:

[1] We have no doubt, that in presenting this inimitable sketch of the lamented SANDS, we are conferring an *original* favor upon a large majority of our readers; while the few to whom it will not be wholly new, will thank us for reviving it in their recollection. It was first published in 'The Talisman,' a New-York annual for the year 1829, at which time this costly species of 'butterfly literature' had attained but very limited circulation. When we remember that it was while writing an article for the KNICKERBOCKER, to which he was to have been a regular contributor, that the right hand of our departed friend suddenly forgot its cunning, and his well-stored mind its rich and varied resources, something of selfish sorrow mingles with our regret, that he was so early called away.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

[2] The Floral Games of the Middle Ages.

[3] See 'KNICKERBOCKER,' Volume V., for an able series of articles on '*Life*,' by Dr. SAMUEL L. METCALF.

[4] 'Half-drawing down.' From the control of the sleeper's mind over his muscles, this most expressive gesture of the Æsculapian fraternity was but an 'opus infectum.'

[5] The stronger the exercise of the will, the more perfect is the effect produced.

[6] This experiment every urchin has repeatedly made, to his own edification and the annoyance of his family.

[7] Those in a somnambulistic state communicate with, and can receive impressions from, the operator alone.

[8] No better confirmation could be had of the fact, than the patient's own asseveration.

[9] ALL who have ever visited the 'ward of the incurables,' in any of the insane asylums of our Atlantic cities, will be forcibly struck with the graphic picture presented in this spirited sketch.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

[10] Apropos of this 'supererogatory and adscititious' prohibition. The small steamers which ply on the beautiful Connecticut, above the ancient fortification of 'Göed Höop,' renowned in KNICKERBOCKER's veracious history, and now known as 'Dutch Point,' have but one paddle-wheel, which is placed some six or eight feet astern. The voyager in these pretty craft is forcibly struck with the necessity of obeying a printed order, conspicuously posted: *No smoking abaft the wheel!*" And those who watch from the shore the locomotive column of spray, (like the 'pillar of cloud by day' that concealed the Israelites,) which hides the boat from view, in its upward passage, must also be of opinion that his 'pipe' would be soon 'put-out,' who should attempt to smoke in so moist a region.

[11] Report on the State of Public Education in Prussia, etc. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

[12] Among them are, the point of the nail with which Christ was pierced on the cross; a piece of the identical cross; the leathern girdle, and a piece of the winding-sheet of Christ; morceaux of the hair of John the Baptist; of the chain with which St. Peter was bound; of the sponge on which they gave vinegar to Christ; a tooth of St. Thomas; the winding-sheet of the Virgin; beside relics of Saints innumerable. These are all printed in a book, and of course they must be true! But the Charlemagne relics you will not question. There are his hunting-horn, (an elephant's tusk,) a piece of his arm, and his leg; his coronation-sword; and to *crown* all, the skull of the emperor himself, taken from the tomb, and preserved in a brazen casque. And so I have actually handled the skull of this redoutable hero and warrior, the ruler of Europe one thousand years ago!

[13] Classic ground, again. 'Quentin Durward' escorted the ladies of Croye on the same side of the river.

[14] The French and German names of several places are puzzling—as for instance: Aix la Chapelle, *Aachen*; Liege, *Lutchen*; Mayence, *Mentz*; Ghent, *Gand*; Munich, *Munchen*; Antwerp, *Anvers*. The coins, too, of the various states, are a great annoyance. None but French and English gold, and five-franc pieces, are universally current. The Swiss *batzen* will not pass in Germany, nor the Prussian *kreutzers*, *groschen*, *florins* or *thalers*, in Belgium. Each state, duchy, and canton, has a different currency.

[15] See KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE for February, 1833, for a full account of this memorable siege, and a spirited portrait of its brave hero, one of the race of those from whom sprang the genuine KNICKERBOCKERS.

[16] Since the above was in type, we have met, in the scientific deliberations of the 'Mudfog Association,' reported by the humorous 'Boz,' in the last number of 'Bentley's Miscellany,' with the remarks of two members greatly prone to these '*figures* of speech.' They are too characteristic to be omitted here. The one stated, that he 'had found that the total number of small carts and barrows engaged in dispensing provisions to cats and dogs in the metropolis, was one thousand seven hundred and forty-three. The average number of skewers delivered daily with the provender, by each cart or barrow, was thirty-six. Now multiplying the number of skewers so delivered, by the number of barrows, a total of sixty-two thousand seven hundred and forty-eight skewers daily, would be obtained. Allowing that, of these sixty-two thousand seven hundred and forty-eight skewers, the odd two thousand seven hundred and forty-eight were accidentally devoured with the meat, by the most voracious of the animals supplied, it followed that

sixty thousand skewers per day, or the enormous number of twenty-one millions nine hundred thousand skewers annually, were wasted in the kennels and dust-holes of London, which, if collected and warehoused, would in ten years' time afford a mass of timber more than sufficient for the construction of a first-rate vessel of war for the use of Her Majesty's Navy, to be called the 'Royal Skewer,' and to become, under that name, the terror of all the enemies of England!' This speaker was followed by an amateur philanthropist, of kindred parts, who had ascertained, from authentic data, 'that the total number of legs belonging to the manufacturing population of a town in Yorkshire, was, in round numbers, forty thousand, while the total number of chair and stool legs in their houses was only a fraction over thirty thousand, which, upon the very favorable average of three legs to a seat, yielded only ten thousand seats in all. From this calculation, it would appear—not taking wooden or cork legs into the account, but allowing two legs to every person—that ten thousand individuals, (one half of the whole population,) were either destitute of legs at all, or passed the whole of their leisure time in sitting upon boxes!'

[17] The tone and manner of a second communication from 'HONESTUS,' (perused, it is proper to add, since this article was placed in type,) induce the opinion, that something of personal feeling and private pique is mingled with his 'enlarged regard for the progress of musical science in this country.'

Transcriber's Note

Obvious typographical errors were repaired. Valid archaic spellings (e.g. redoutable, matresses) were retained.

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