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The index included at the beginning of this first issue referenced articles in all issues of Volume 10. Corrections to the actual published page numbers were made without comment, but published articles not included in the original index have been added, surrounded by [brackets].

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- Vol. 10, No. 4, October 1837—p. 273-368.
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**Yours Truly,
Henry Russell.**

ENGRAVED FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

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THE

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. X

JULY, 1837.

No. 1.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

[1]

NUMBER ONE.

'CHAOS of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar
light,
And say 'here *was*, or *is*,' where all is
doubly night?'

CHILDE HAROLD.

EVERY enlightened American regards whatever relates to his native land, with an affection as strong as it is ennobling. Conscious of its extent and resources, he looks abroad upon its variegated landscapes, its towering mountains, and its mighty rivers, with a glow of noble pride and enthusiasm. Unequaled in richness, fertility, or grandeur, each inspires him, in like manner, with feelings of joy and exultation. He reverts to the history of his countrymen, with emotions not less dear and animating. The early struggles of his ancestors, their ultimate triumph over the enemies of his country, and over obstacles well nigh insurmountable—their onward march in social and political happiness, the freedom and excellence of their institutions, and the high distinction now sustained by the republic among the governments of the earth—all dwell upon his tongue, in accents of lofty praise and patriotism.

Such sentiments are alike worthy and characteristic of an American; but while we thus cheerfully ascribe them to our countrymen, as a general and laudable peculiarity, we cannot avoid the reflection, that one prominent subject among those claiming their attention—one which should equally inspire them with pride and enthusiasm—is most singularly overlooked, or wholly neglected. We allude to *American Antiquities*. This subject, not immediately connected with our national prosperity, seems strangely to have escaped observation. Every thing else with us has been onward; but this has been left for the inquisitive admiration of strangers. With the fresh and animating incidents of our history we have alone been busied. Beyond these, there exists a deep and illimitable *hiatus*, into which Curiosity has yet but slightly peered.

Now that data are affixed to our brief historical period, and the occurrences of yesterday, in comparison with the actual history of our land, have settled down into a succession of well-known events, it becomes us to look back into those of long-lost time, and to inquire into the memorials of our country's antiquity; to glance at what it *was*, rather than what it *is*. Here the field opens into boundless extent, and the mind becomes bewildered by the strange and diversified objects which it presents. Unlike any other in the 'world's wide range,' it is seen to be crowded with

[2]

unique monumental relics, such as men of modern date had little dreamed of. No where else do the same curious and magnificent remnants of ancient art start into view. Britain has her antiquities, but her archæologists find them associated with a people to whom history had before introduced them. They are furnished with keys by which to gain access to the relics of by-gone times. The Druids and the Romans are known to them; but who were they who raised the tumuli of western America, or the Pyramids of Chollula and of Papantla? The antiquities of Egypt, wonderful as they are, point with an index well defined, to their origin; but who can decipher the hieroglyphics of Tultica?—who read the buried monuments of Anahuac? Egypt has her history told—if not distinctly upon her storied columns—in language which we are little disposed to doubt. The tablets of Rosetta have revealed to inquiring antiquarians a flood of light; and the secret volumes inscribed upon the huge and elaborate piles of her arts, have suddenly opened to the wondering gaze their richly-stored contents. They said, emphatically, 'Let there be light, and there was light!' But no revelation has burst from the tombs of our western valleys. No Champolion, Young, Rossellina, nor Wilkinson, has preached the mysteries of Copan, Mitlan, or Palenque. No! Thick darkness still hangs over the vast continent of America. No voice answers to the anxious inquiry, 'Who were the Tultiques?' no lettered tablet is found to reveal the authors of the noble vestiges of architecture and of sculpture at Mitlan, Papantla, Chollula, Otumba, Oaxaca, Tlascalala, Tescoca, Copan, or Palenque! The veil of oblivion shrouds, and may perhaps for ever shroud, these relics of an ancient and innumerable people in impenetrable obscurity. The researches of Del Rio, Cabrera, Dupaix, Waldrick, Neibel, Galinda, nor Corroy, are yet known to have developed the secrets of the buried cities of Central America, though they have labored for many years, 'silent and alone,' amid these massive fragments of ancient greatness.

'Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-flower grown,
 Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd
 On what were chambers, arch-crush'd columns
 strown
 In fragments, chok'd-up vaults and frescos
 steeped
 In subterranean damp, where the owl peeped,
 Deeming it midnight: temples, baths, or
 halls?
 Pronounce, who can; for all that Learning
 reaped
 From her research, hath been, that these are
 walls:
 * * * 'tis thus the mighty falls!'

The train of reflections which springs from a review of these magnificent specimens of skill, genius, and toil, is peculiarly exciting. If, in the vast field of observation which this continent presents, there is one subject that more than another claims attention—if there is one which is calculated to inspire an American with admiration and enthusiasm—it is the antiquities of his country. It may in truth be said, that were we to pronounce what are the great and peculiar charms of this 'new world,' we should say, at once, its antiquities—the antiquities of its buried cities—its long-lost relics of a great and ingenious people—the sublimity of ages that every where surrounds us, and the strange associations which, rush upon the mind, as we view ourselves in connection with an unknown and extinct species of men. Which way soever we turn our eyes, we behold the mighty remnants of their arts, and the wide waste of their mental and physical creations. We every where see the wonderful labors of those who, in times long gone by, gloried in these stupendous achievements, but whose might and inventions are told only in their far-spread destruction; a people, in short, of whom history has not left a solitary wreck behind! To describe the antique arts of such a people, strewed as they are over United and Central America, or buried for thousands of years beneath venerable forests, is a task which ages only can accomplish. An approach to this, therefore, is all our most ardent hopes can at present realize. Curiosity has indeed been awakened by the little which has lately been brought to light. The ambition of the learned has been excited, and the enthusiasm of the antiquarian enkindled; yet these are but the things of yesterday. The most industrious research, and the lapse of many years, are required, to develop the hidden treasures of art with which our continent abounds. For three hundred years have the most extraordinary of these slept in Central America, among strangers from another, not a *newer* world, as they had before slept for many thousands! Even now, comparatively little is known of their character. Sufficient, however, has recently been disclosed, to excite our wonder and admiration. In truth, had we fallen upon a new planet, crowded with strange memorials of a high order of genius, that for an indefinite time had survived their unknown authors, we should not be more amazed, than we are in gazing upon the anomalous relics of American antiquity.

[3]

America has been called '*the new world*,' and we still designate it by this really unmeaning title, when, in point of fact, it is cœval with the oldest. We are authorized, from its geological structure, to consider it the first great continent that sprang from 'the depths profound,' and are justified in believing, with Galinda, that it exhibits stronger proofs of senility, as the residence of man, than any other portion of our world. At another time, we shall speak more definitely of these facts, and present the evidence on which they are founded.

We have said that the subject of our antiquities has peculiar and important claims upon every American; but that these claims have been overlooked or disregarded. This will have appeared strikingly obvious to those who, in Central or United America, have had the satisfaction to

examine the unique specimens of remote antiquity which characterize our continent. While the homage of the world has so long been paid to the monumental piles of transatlantic antiquity, and while voyages and pilgrimages have been performed to far distant quarters of the earth, to obtain a glance at oriental magnificence, and the ruined arts of primitive nations, here we find ourselves surrounded by those of a still more remarkable character. The wondrous cities of Pompeii, Herculaneum, Elephanta, Thebes, and Petra, are not more the subjects of just admiration than are those of our own America. The former have acquired universal notoriety, from the enthusiastic descriptions of numerous travellers, while the latter are possessed of all the charms of novelty. The first are confined to well known localities, and are intimately connected with a distinctive people, with dynasties, events, customs, and ceremonies, familiar to all who are acquainted with antiquarian literature. In fact, they tell their own stories, so that he who runs may read. Not so with the antiquities of America. These stretch from the great lakes of the north and west, to Central America, and the southern parts of Peru, on the south; from the Alleghany Mountains, on the east, throughout the great valleys, to the Rocky Mountains, on the west; and from the Pacific ocean to the Atlantic, through all the wide transverse central range of our continent. How immense this field of observation, and how rich in objects of antiquarian research! With what associations does the scene inspire us! Standing at any point in this vast space, and looking back through the long lapse of ages, a thousand thrilling emotions crowd upon us. If this spot, perchance, be in the midst of the massive and almost illimitable ruins of Palenque, who so insensible as not to be aroused by the scene around him? Here, strewn in one indiscriminate mass, lie the wrecks of unknown ages of toil and of mind. Here dwelt millions of people, enjoying happiness more complete than that of any other, since man made a part of creation. Surrounded by the most luxuriant soil, the purest air, and, in fine, by every gift of nature that ever blessed our earth—politically and socially constituted by laws the most mild and effective that were ever devised—this city, unsurpassed in magnitude by any other of the eastern continent, may, in truth, be thought the great paradise of the western world. But the reflections arising from a glance at this part of our subject, though now seemingly irresistible, would follow, more appropriately, perhaps, the description; and so it may be with those arising from a view of the extraordinary relics of antiquity which every where meet the eye in the great western valleys of United America.

[4]

Trusting, by these preliminary observations—not, we hope, indulged at too much length—to have awakened attention to the importance of our subject, we shall pass to particulars, which seem to us to possess no common interest. It should be sufficient to induce popular research, when it is remembered, that these facts are connected with the most interesting portions of the history of man—with great and signal epocha of the world; that they involve the relative condition of the intellectual and moral state of our species, with their comparative local and general happiness, during all time.

Aside, however, from the associations which the subject of antiquities generally excites, our own antique arts will be seen to have peculiar and striking characteristics. They are not hackneyed, like others, but come to us with all the freshness of romance. They are singularly unique; and, what is not less important, they reveal to us a hitherto unknown people, which, amid the world's alarms, the wars and revolutions that have destroyed a great proportion of the human population, have quietly remained for thousands of years, if not from the origin of man, on this continent. Of these strange people, not a scrap of recorded truth is known to have been left us. Not a traditionary story, nor a symbol, is yet brought to light, that clearly tells us, as we have long anxiously hoped, of the manners and customs of this large division of our race. Their arts, it is true, develop extraordinary facts, and, in the very language of the people, reveal faint records of their character and origin; but to us they are a sealed book; and so they must remain, until some bold and gifted spirit, with untiring research, removes the veil. This lack of historical evidence, however, does not add essentially to the interest of this subject. It gives an additional spur to our inquiries; it incites us to an examination of the only testimonials which yet remain, of the numbers, character, and origin, of these lost nations.

[5]

Aside from the *historical* interest of American antiquities, the ingenuity and magnitude of those specimens of art already discovered, are well calculated to inspire national admiration. We need only turn, in proof of this position, to the extraordinary works on Paint Creek, and Licking River, in Ohio, Mount Joliet, in Illinois; the Great Mounds at St. Louis, in Missouri; the ruined walls and cities in Wisconsin and Arkansas; the three hundred tumuli of the Mississippi, or the stupendous pyramids of ancient Mexico and Tultica, some of which exceed in dimensions the largest of Egypt; and the vast ruins of immense Tultican cities. Surely, these are enough to convince us, that American antiquities are not less worthy of admiration, and of philosophical inquiry, than those of the eastern continent, the descriptions of which have so much astonished the learned world. A knowledge of the principal monuments of Egyptian antiquity is now deemed essential to a fashionable education, particularly to a liberal one; yet few Americans, professedly fashionable or literary, avow an acquaintance with the antiquities of our own country. This far-fetched knowledge, at the sacrifice of that which relates to ourselves, is ridiculous, and ought no longer to be imputed to our countrymen. That it is a just imputation, is sufficiently apparent, in the surprise manifested by distinguished strangers, who make inquiries of us respecting our antiquities, and who have made voyages across the Atlantic for the sole purpose of examining them. Of the recently discovered antiquities of Central America, little is known which has not come to us through a foreign channel. The ambition displayed by scientific men in Europe, in exploring these ruins, is worthy both of them and of the subject. Since the first voyages were undertaken, for the investigation of these relics, great anxiety has been manifested by the learned in France, England and Spain, to gain a knowledge of the facts which enthusiastic

explorers might disclose. These facts have now been before us for many years; and yet not an effort has been made either to explore them ourselves, or to procure the results of those ambitious inquirers, in this country. Of the three voyages of discovery by Dupaix, the twelve years' devotion among these antiquities by Waldrick, the archæology of Neibel, or the discoveries of Del Rio, little or nothing is here known. Few among us have ventured a league out of our way to obtain a sight of those relics which more immediately surround us, notwithstanding the great interest of the subject, the important facts which it involves, and the local feelings which, in this country, it might be supposed natural for us to manifest. Is not this indifference a national shame?

The first step in our inquiries is marked by peculiar developments; and each successive remove will be seen to advance in interest. The nature of the subject leads us first to investigate the history of the ancient Tultiques, the most recently discovered, though most remote, people of our continent. These are to be distinctly understood as independent, and more ancient than the arts and the population of Mexico. The half-buried cities, still extraordinary fabrics, existing among the wide-spread piles of huge architectural fragments, and the singular specimens of antique workmanship, to which our attention is at the outset attracted, are found on the eastern portion of Central America, and south of the Gulf of Mexico. Surprising as is the fact, these remained unexplored by the Spanish conquerors, until toward the close of the last century; or, if at all noticed, they excited little attention or curiosity among the invaders previous to that time. They were intent only on conquest and plunder; their minds were absorbed in the treasures with which the newly-conquered country was stored; and all inquiry was for the buried resources of nature, or the acquired riches of the people. Gold dazzled their eyes, bewildered their judgment, and inflamed their passions, at every point of their unrighteous conquests. The swarms of desperate and adventurous priests, battenning on the spoils of victory, were only content in the grossest luxuries, or in destroying, 'for the sake of *the* holy religion,' every vestige of antiquity which fell in their way. The manner in which this '*holy zeal*' was carried out, and to which we shall hereafter allude, is revolting to reason, and sickening to humanity. [6]

Thus in the early history of Spanish discovery, or aggression, every nobler purpose was sacrificed by the clergy and the soldiery to their base idols, and every Christian virtue made subservient to wanton indulgence, or cruel bigotry. In view of this, it is not surprising that the singular ruins of ancient Mexican and Tultican cities should have had little attraction for the selfish and barbarous victors, or that many curious and antique relics should have disappeared before the superstitious phrenzy of religious zealots. It is more than probable, that the monumental ruins of Chiapa, of Yucatan, and particularly those of the great Palenquan city, were, in fact, unknown to the European invaders, and to their descendants, until about the time we have mentioned.

From Vera Cruz, the first city they built in the reputed new world, at the head of the Mexican Gulf, they pursued their triumphant way around a south-easterly branch of the Cordillera Mountains, directly to the great valley and city of Mexico. Hence the antiquities spoken of were left far on their left. The subsequent conquest of Peru, under Pizarro, led them still farther from these scenes of ancient greatness. In the conquered territories themselves, crowded as they were with magnificent specimens of primitive genius and wealth, they may be supposed to have had a field sufficiently large, and objects numerous and valuable enough, for their cupidity, while the innumerable vassals—before, the proud and happy lords of the finest country under heaven—afforded them ample scope for robbery and tyranny. These ruins, then, being removed from the first settlements of the Spanish, is one reason why they were not made known to Europeans at an earlier date. The natives themselves, from a just reverence for the relics of their ancestors, and a religious regard for the objects of their worship, withheld all intelligence respecting them from their cruel tyrants, and the occupants of their favored soil. At length, however, the facts in relation to the Palenquan city were revealed by some Spaniards, who, having penetrated into the dreary solitudes of a high and distant desert, discovered, to their astonishment, that they were surrounded by the remains of a once large and splendid city, the probable capital of an unknown and immeasurably remote empire! These facts were communicated by them to one of the governors of a neighboring province, who, on ascertaining the truth of the representations from the natives, wrote to his royal master, the king of Spain, to induce him to command an exploration of these strange ruins. [7]

Another reason why the world was kept in ignorance of the antiquities of Tultica and Mexico, or, as the whole was anciently called, *Anahuæ*, is attributable to the gross misrepresentations of Robertson, the historian, who, as every one knows, wrote the history of the conquest of Mexico. This writer says but little of the Mexican arts that is calculated to excite astonishment; and what *is* said by him, plainly evinces the strangest ignorance of facts, or an unpardonable and wilful perversion of truth. He says, in fact, that 'there is not in all the extent of New Spain, any monument or vestige of building more ancient than the conquest.' 'The great Temple of Chollula,' he says, 'was nothing but a mound of solid earth, without any facing or steps, covered with grass and shrubs!' He also says, that 'the houses of the people of Mexico were but huts, built of turf, or branches of trees, like those of the rudest Indians!' Robertson, in these rank mistatements, could not, we think, have had the plea of ignorance; for the account of the conquerors themselves was a full contradiction of his assertions. From the facts before him, therefore, we are compelled to conclude that prejudice, incredulity, or a spirit of wilful perversion, dictated these erroneous statements. Our descriptions will hereafter show *how* wide from truth these statements are. The high reputation of Robertson as a historian will hardly atone for the errors here fixed upon him. It might be thought that prejudice or incredulity caused the Spanish inhabitants of the neighboring places to be so long silent on this subject, inasmuch as they can hardly be considered likely to have formed a correct opinion of the remoteness of the Tultican monuments, if they had noticed

them, or speculated at all upon their origin. Whatever cause contributed most toward our ignorance of the antiquities we are about to describe, nothing will appear half so strange as the inconsistency and otherwise singular conduct of the Spanish authorities on this subject.

Conformably to the information communicated by the Governor of Guatemala, the King of Spain, in 1786, thirty years subsequent to the discovery of the ruins, commissioned, under the direction of that functionary, Don Antonio Del Rio, captain in his majesty's cavalry service in that province, to proceed with despatch, and the requisite means, to the exploration of the great ruins of the city of Ciudad del Palenque—signifying the city of the desert, called *Otulum*, from the name of a river running near it, which we shall hereafter notice—situated in the province of Ciudad Real Chiapa. This city was three hundred and thirty leagues, or one thousand miles, distant from the city of Mexico, about two hundred and forty miles from Tabasco, south of Vera Cruz, north-east of Guatemala, and fifteen miles from the present town of St. Domingo Palenque. It was situated on an elevated plain, now covered by an ancient and umbrageous forest, extended for *thirty miles* along the plain, was *two miles wide at its terminating point*, upward of *sixty miles in circumference*, more than *ten times larger than the city of New-York*, and contained a population of probably near *three millions of inhabitants!*

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—'There is more
In such a survey, than the sating gaze
Of wonder pleased, or awe that would
adore,
* * * or the mere praise
Of art and its great masters.'

The approach to the magnificent ruins of this great and ancient city was made by Del Rio from the village of Palenque. This latter place, we are led to conclude from Don Domingo Juarros, was an ancient village of Tzendales, as it was within the kingdom of that people; but of the time of its settlement by the Spaniards, we are not informed. It has been ascertained, that the first settlement made in the province, was by Diégo Mazariegos, as early as 1528, when he established the village of Ciudad Real, the present capital city of the Intendency, with the view of keeping in subjection the inhabitants of the province, which he, with much difficulty, had recovered from the natives. In the province were numerous Indian villages, filled with the peaceful owners of the soil, when invaded by the more cruel and barbarous Spaniards. St. Domingo Palenque is on the borders of the Intendencies of Ciudad Real and Yucatan. It is now the head of a Catholic curacy, and enjoys a wild but salubrious air. It is distinguished from its having within its jurisdiction the vestiges of the great city to which we have alluded, which is now called by the Spaniards, in contradistinction to the name of the above village, 'Ciudad del Palenque,' from which it is distant but a few miles. This antique city is also called, by Juarros, *Colhuacan*, probably for better reasons than any that have been assigned by others in giving it a different appellation. Much difference of opinion still exists as to the ancient name of this wonderful city. Professor Rafinesque contends, with much assurance, that he has found, beside the name of the city, the true key to all the extraordinary hieroglyphics to be seen there. Its real name, according to this antiquarian, was *Otulum*, from the name of the river washing the borders of the city.

From Palenque, the last town northward in the province of Chiapa, says Del Rio, taking a southerly course, and ascending a ridge of high land that divides the kingdom of Guatemala from Yucatan or Campeachy, at the distance of six miles, is the little river *Micol*, the waters of which, flowing in an easterly direction, unite with the great Tulija, bending toward Tobasco. After passing the Micol, the ascent begins, and at one-and-a-half miles from them, the traveller crosses another stream, called by the natives, 'Otulum,' which discharges itself also into the Tulija. Immense heaps of ruins are here discovered, in every direction, which render the travelling very difficult for nearly two miles! At length you gain the height on which yet stand fourteen massive stone buildings, still indicating the condition in which they were left by the people who, at some remote age, dwelt within them. These, astonishing as it must seem, have withstood the ravages of time for thousands of years; and now present to the curious a character unlike that of any structures which have come down to the present period of the world. Some are more dilapidated than others; yet many of their apartments are in good condition. It was impossible for the enthusiastic explorer to proceed to an examination even of the exterior of these singular buildings, until the thick and heavy forest trees, the piles of crumbling fragments, and the superimposing earth, had been removed. Two hundred men were therefore obtained among the natives, who, with various implements, proceeded to the laborious work of removing the many obstructions upon, and immediately surrounding, the remaining buildings. All the means necessary to the execution of this difficult part of the enterprise could not be made available. In about twenty days, however, the task of felling the forest trees, and of consuming them by fire, was accomplished. Some of these trees, according to Waldrick, who has since distinctly counted their concentric circles, were more than *nine hundred years of age!* The workmen now breathed a freer air, and viewed the massive structures, disencumbered of the dense foliage which had enveloped them. From the summit of the mountain, forming a ridge to the plain, these buildings were presented at its base, in a rectangular area, three hundred yards in breadth, by four hundred and fifty in length, in the centre of which, on a mound sixty feet in height, stood the largest and most notable of these edifices. During a part of the time employed in prosecuting the work, a thick fog pervaded the plain. This may have arisen from the retention and condensation of vaporous clouds in this region, more than five thousand feet above the level of the sea. On the clearing away of the forest, however, a pure atmosphere existed, and the venerable relics stood

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boldly in view.

From the central temple, (for such it was,) was seen stupendous heaps of stone fragments, as far as the eye could reach; the distance to which they extended, being traversed, was more than eight leagues! They stretched along the base of the mountain in a continuous range. The other buildings, which so long resisted the devastating influence of time, were seen upon high and spacious mounds of earth, and all surrounding the principal *teoculi*, or temple, above-mentioned. There were five to the north; four at the south; three at the east, and one at the west; all built of hewn stone, in the most durable style of architecture. The river Micol winds around the base of the mountain, at this point of the ancient city, and was here nearly two miles in width. Into this descend small streams, which wash the foundations of the buildings. Were it not for the forest, a view would here present itself, calculated to excite the beholder with the profoundest emotions. Here and there might be seen the crumbling remnants of civil, sacred, and military works. Walls, columns, tablets, and curiously-sculptured blocks, fortifications, passes, dykes, viaducts, extensive excavations, and subterranean passages, broke upon the sight in all directions. Even now, the observer sees many of these specimens of art diversifying the scene before him. The bas-reliefs and hieroglyphics fill him with wonder and enthusiasm. The field of research and of speculation seems, indeed, unbounded, which way soever he turns his eye.

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The natural beauty of the scene is also unrivalled; the waters sweet and pure, the locality charming and picturesque; the soil rich and fertile, beyond any other portion of the globe; and the climate incomparably genial and healthful. Natural productions teem in wild and luxuriant profusion. Fruits and vegetables, which, under the hand of cultivation, undergo the happiest modifications, are every where seen in the greatest abundance. The rivers abound with numerous varieties of fish and molusca, and these streams being large, afford every facility for navigation, in almost every direction. The people are presumed to have maintained an active and peaceful commerce with their neighbors, whose ruined cities have recently been discovered in different directions, and which we shall hereafter have occasion more particularly to notice. The great Tulija opens a passage for trade to the province of Tabasco, on the sea-coast of Catasaja. The Chacamal, falling into the great Usumasinta, presents a direct route and easy passage to the kingdom of Yucatan, where it may be supposed was their principal depôt of commerce. The rivers afforded them short and uninterrupted communications east, north, and west. The primitive inhabitants of the province of Yucatan, from the similarity of the relics there found, and from the obvious analogy of their customs and religion to those of Palenque, were in the closest bonds of alliance with their Chiapian neighbors. Indeed, from all the evidence we are enabled to collect in relation to this people, they must have enjoyed a felicity more pure and substantial than that of any other nation on the face of the globe.

In the opening of our next number, we shall present a brief description of one of the principal structures to which we have alluded, as having so long outlived their Palencian founders; satisfied that these noble relics, which have come down to us through gray antiquity, must possess deep interest to all inquiring minds; connected as they are with a people, all records of whom are lost to the world.

AN ALBUM SONNET.

LADY! I thank thee that I here may wreath
My name with many whom thou lovest
well;
Though not in 'words that burn, or thoughts
that breathe,'
Can I the wishes of my bosom tell:
But there is nothing I need ask for thee,
Of aught to maiden's heart most deeply
dear;
Yet there is one thing I need wish for *me*—
It is, to keep my memory fadeless here.
This much I know thou wilt to me accord,
Although I give thy clustering hair no
flattering word,
Nor praise the flashing of thy clear, dark
eye,
(Though praise them as I might, I should not
lie;)
Here then I leave these wishes of my heart—
May I be unforgot, and thou just such as now
thou art!

G. P. T.

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THE HEIRESS.

'THE passion which concentrates its strength and beauty upon one object, is a rich and terrible stake, the end whereof is death. The living light of existence is burnt out in an hour, and what remains? The dust and the darkness!'

L. E. L.

ENDOW'D with all that heart could wish,
With all that wealth could bring,
I 'mov'd amid a glittering throng,
A vain and worshipped thing.
From myriads who beset my path,
My heart selected thee;
Though lips of love thy follies nam'd,
Those faults *I* could not see.

That wealth was mine, I heeded not,
And cared not to be told;
To one I deem'd of priceless worth,
How mean a gift was gold!
My beauty was a brighter dower,
And worthier far to be
The vain oblation of the hour
That saw me pledged to thee!

Thy bride—for thus was plighted faith,
And pledge and promise kept;
I smil'd deridingly on those
Who look'd on me, and wept:
I dar'd my doom; that reckless smile,
Its memory haunts me still,
Recurring 'mid each change to add
Intensity to ill!

Amid each change—and change to me
Has been with evil fraught,
Yet long I vainly sought to gild
The ruin thou hadst wrought;
Beneath the stern, unjust rebuke,
Love's holy silence kept,
And at a cold and thankless shrine,
I worship'd while I wept!

I learn'd to look upon the brow
Where stern indifference sat,
But love—the love a rival shared—
I could not witness that!
I saw thee on another smile,
I mark'd the mute caress,
And blush'd in agony to think
I could not love thee less!

The shaft has entered!—other hand
Had vainly aimed the blow;
With thee I had unshrinking met
A world of want or wo;
With thee I fearlessly had dar'd
Each form of earthly ill,
And 'mid the desert, bird and flower
Had gaily met me still.

The shaft has entered!—even thou
Wilt weep to learn my fate;
Oh, would that I could spare the pang
Which then will come too late!
Alas for life, which from the past
No closing light can borrow,
Whose story is a tale of sin,
Of suffering, and sorrow!

REBECCA.

NUMBER TWO.

LONDON!—in solid magnificence—in all that the most visionary dreams of wealth can imagine—where is her parallel! Paris may surpass her in grace; the never-ending sound of joy that echoes through the streets of the French metropolis, may pleasingly contrast with the commercial solemnity which pervades her; but she alone has achieved that imperial crown which cities like her only can wear, and which is only to be won by centuries of untiring enterprise.

Five thousand a year in London is no great things. A man may, to be sure, appear among the great world, by its aid; but it can only be in *forma pauperis*. If he seek to imitate those by whom he is tolerated, he is ruined. Thus fared it with our hero. A desire to appear even as a star amid the constellations by whom he was surrounded, led him to ape, still at an humble distance, their extravagances. But this was enough to destroy him. His house, his horses, and his chariot, in due time came to the hammer, and for the benefit of his creditors. But still Mitford had a thousand guineas left. Though reduced to poverty, he did not despair; but the source to which he looked was a delusive one. He turned to gaming, and invoked the spirit of chance.

Oh, Gaming!—of all vices thou art the most seductive, for thou assailest us through our avarice. What the merchant feels, when his ship is on the seas—what the broker feels, while the rise or fall of stocks is yet undecided—that delightful agony of suspense, which flattering Hope whispers may be decided in his favor—all this the gambler feels, while yet his stakes are on the table. From other vices a man may be divorced. The bottle he may relinquish—women he may forswear—but gambling, never!

Mitford was in the habit, since the decadence of his fortunes, of visiting those palaces of vice which, in defiance of the severest laws, rear their pernicious heads in the most public portions of the British metropolis; the more seductive, because they put forth all the blandishments of the most refined elegance—mirrors, Turkey carpets, the most exquisite wines, and last, though not least, a *cuisine* over which Ude himself might have presided without a blush.

It may be said, 'Why are not these houses put down?' It must be responded, that in a free country, abuses of liberty will always take place. No good is inseparable from its concomitant evil. The magistracy once upon a time determined to be firm. Some of the gaming houses were attacked; the iron doors were forced; the barred windows were escalated. Some of the proprietors, and twenty of the votaries, were captured, together with the guilty instruments of their occupation.

From Bow-street they were released on bail. The case came on to be tried at the Clerkenwell Sessions.

What an array! Three clergymen, two lords, sundry merchants and gentlemen, indicted for a misdemeanor, subjecting them to the discipline of the tread-mill! The usual forms were gone through; the prisoners pleaded not guilty. What sane culprit ever does otherwise? Counsellor Phillips closes for the defence, urging the usual clap-traps of 'Liberty of British subjects,' 'violation of private rights,' etc. 'Shall it be said, gentlemen,' continued he, 'that we shall not transact what business, or enjoy what amusement, we please, in our own houses, without being subject to the interference of the armed myrmidons of the police? Gentlemen, it is the duty of every citizen to resist such gross encroachments on his rights. For my part, were my house assailed, I would do what I have no doubt you would, defend my threshold to the last drop of my blood, and with a pistol in one hand, and a dagger in the other, deal merited death to the aggressors.'

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The jury were wonderfully tickled. Verdict, 'Not guilty!'

On the foundation of this verdict, rose Crackford's palace, at which in one night a million has changed hands, and the average never falls below three hundred thousand! Whoever doubts the lamentable, nay, hideous consequences often resulting from this fatal passion, should ponder well on the following, too well authenticated to admit of skepticism.

A lieutenant in the army, a most meritorious officer, strongly attached to play, found himself suddenly plunged by this addiction deeply in debt. His resources, save the scanty means derived from his commission, had long been swallowed up. Nothing was left, except to sell his commission, and then what fate awaited his lovely wife and three children! In the horror of the thought, an idea seized him, as guilty as it was desperate. A certain nobleman, of singular habits, he was informed, would traverse a little-frequented part of the country, on a stated night, bearing with him a large sum of money, the produce of his rents. The lieutenant determined to rob him.

Lord S— was rolling tranquilly along in his carriage, enjoying the most placid state of mind, and felicitating the country at large and himself in particular, on the very great security with which nightly journeys could be made on the high roads, and which his lordship, in no inconsiderable degree, attributed to the legislative wisdom of his ancestors. At this moment, a horseman, enveloped in a capacious cloak, and mounted on a heavy charger, rode against the leaders with such force as to bring them to an instantaneous stop. To fell the postillion and coachman, open the door of the carriage, and present a pistol at his lordship's head, was the work of a moment.

'Your money or your life!' cried the robber, in a tone of assumed roughness.

Lord S—, if he had all the dignity, had also inherited all the courage, of his ancestors. He

replied by pulling a trigger at the speaker's head. The weapon missed fire.

'Such another attempt will cost your lordship your life. Deliver instantly all the money your lordship has in your carriage.'

'On my word, young man, you are very peremptory; and though I cannot say I admire your proceeding, yet I suppose I must comply. Here is a purse containing fifty pounds, and here are two diamond rings, which I have just now disengaged from my fingers, to their very sensible inconvenience.'

'This, my lord, is not sufficient. I know you have a sum of three thousand pounds placed under the right seat of your carriage. Despair, my lord, has driven me to this desperate purpose. That sum you must deliver up, or I shall stop at nothing to obtain it.' [14]

'Really, Sir, your precise information as to my affairs is admirable. Here, then, is the box containing three thousand pounds—as I should be extremely sorry to embrace the alternative you insinuate.'

'Your lordship will excuse the inconvenience to which I have been forced to subject you, and be assured I only accept this as a loan.'

'My good nature is extreme, and I will even extend it so far, on one condition; which is, that you favor me with a meeting, this day three months, at the entrance of the Coliseum.'

'If your lordship will pledge me your honor not to adopt any unpleasant measures, and not to refer to this untoward event, I certainly will.'

'My honor is pledged,' said his lordship, his hand on his right breast.

'And I will comply,' replied the robber, riding off with his booty.

'Jasmin! Turquoise!' exclaimed his lordship to his discomfited coachman and postillion, 'if your brains are not knocked out, pray re-mount and proceed.'

The 'interlocked,' who happily happened not to be in the predicament suggested by his lordship, obeyed orders, and the carriage proceeded.

THE appointed time for meeting had nearly arrived. Lord S— was entertaining a distinguished colonel at his mansion in Belgrave Square. His lordship related to him the event, and the robber's promise. The colonel laughed at the idea of the meeting. 'Do you really think,' said he, 'your highwayman is so ambitious of the halter as to be punctual?'

'I am persuaded,' said Lord S—, 'that something extraordinary must have driven that young man to this perilous step. My idea is to reform him. You must come with me.' The colonel consented.

At the given day, they repaired to the entrance of the Coliseum. A young man, in a military undress, and whose exterior announced the gentleman, met them. Lord S— immediately recognised him as the interrupter of his midnight journey. They proceeded into the interior of the Coliseum. The stranger appeared visibly embarrassed by the presence of the colonel. In half an hour he took his leave.

'What think you of my highwayman?' said Lord S— to the colonel.

'Think!' said the latter; 'the fellow is a member of my own regiment. He must be apprehended and punished.'

'My dear colonel,' said Lord S—, 'you forget that I am bound to secrecy. No such thing shall be done.'

'But the interests of society'—said the colonel, who forthwith uttered a long chapter on that much-abused subject.

'Society, my dear colonel, will never suffer by the reformation rather than the punishment of a criminal. I am not one of those who think myself specially commissioned to avenge the wrongs of society. They who do, generally use the pretence as a cloak to their own ill nature.' [15]

The colonel finally permitted himself to be persuaded. But it was highly probable the young man, finding himself discovered, would be driven to phrenzy. He was probably then with his family. Lord S— obtained his address from the colonel, flew to his house, where he found the wretched man's wife distracted, his children in tears, and himself preparing to go—he knew not whither.

Lord S— dried up their tears, assured the lieutenant of his forgiveness, nay farther, of his assistance. The lieutenant resigned his commission, and accepted service in a foreign land, where, by a vigorous renouncement of play, and consequent attention to his profession, he finally rose to distinction.

Now I would by no means seriously advise any young man, however much inconvenienced for money, to take to the highway, for there are few persons in the world like Lord S—, and vast numbers disposed to avenge 'the interests of society.'

MITFORD had long deserted No. 10 St. James' Square, and No. 7 Pall-Mall, for the more humble

and smaller hazards of '5 Bury,' and '10 King-street;' and though at each of these tables he could see the spectres of ruined adventurers flitting round the scenes of their destruction, and who were rather tolerated by the proprietors from fear, than suffered from choice, yet example gave no lesson to our hero, who, like thousands of others who had preceded him, hoped he should be able to avoid the disasters which all others had found it impossible to shun.

One fatal evening, he carried the whole of his funds with him, determined to 'make or mar' his fortune. From five in the evening, with various alternations of chance, he hung over the bank of *rouge et noir*. Morning dawned, and saw him a beggar.

He quitted the pandemonium. Fevered, heart-sick, and agonized, he rapidly traversed Pall-Mall, and plunged into Hyde-Park. The broad and placid sheet of the Serpentine lay before him, reflecting the early rays of the sun, and projecting back the shadows of the thousand palaces which seemed to claim a fairy existence in its waters.

A sudden thought struck him. Perhaps it had directed him there. Might he not at once end all his troubles, and find quiet and a grave in the stream on whose banks he now wandered?

But whatever might have been Mitford's other faults, that reckless infidelity, which must always accompany the suicide, formed no portion of his character. From the instructions of an affectionate mother he had early imbibed those religious lessons, which, however silent they may have remained amid the glare and gayeties of the world, struck him with peculiar force in the midst of his desolation, and he shrunk aghast from the thought of rushing into the presence of his Creator, unabsolved by penitence, and bearing fresh on his soul the impress of a mortal crime.

He turned toward his humble residence, with a throbbing brain. The streets were already crowded, but Mitford heeded not the bustle which surrounded him. The absolute, irretrievable, hopeless ruin into which he had fallen, alone occupied his thoughts; and his eyes saw nothing but the future misery to which he was doomed. The crowds turned to gaze at him, as he rushed elbowing through them, and seemed to think him some fugitive from a mad-house. [16]

Arrived at home, he threw himself on his bed. The pent-up sorrows of his nature gushed out in torrents of tears, and his agony found a vent in audible sobs. But it has been wisely ordained that no sorrow, however acute, no grief, however overwhelming, should prey upon the mind with equal and continued fervency. The floodgates of sorrow once opened, the mind, relieved from the oppression, re-bounds from the cause in which its sorrows had their source; Pride comes to the relief of Despair, and the siren Hope has yet another delusive whisper to console.

Thus fared it with Mitford. Fatigued with the grievous outpouring of his soul, he slept.

WE have hitherto seen Mitford carried away by the frivolities of fashion, and even culpably straying from the strict path of morality; but it must not be imagined that his acquaintances consisted alone of those giddy moths, who cease to flutter round the candle the moment it ceases to blaze. Many of his father's friends, solid merchants with well-ballasted heads, he still continued to cultivate; and he formed some intimacies with families of sterling worth—whether we count it in virtue or in pounds—among retired traders.

Let us now turn to more domestic matters. Some months had elapsed, and Mitford had long ceased to be a desirable resident at any of the fashionable hotels. There is no place in the world where a man can live so long without money, as London; but it is necessary to have a little, sometimes. Tavern-keepers, in this civilized age, are audacious enough to expect payment for their mutton after it has been eaten. So much for the march of democracy!

Refugiated in a suburban lodging, verging on that truly English appellation, 'the shabby genteel,' he breakfasted at nine, and made his exit at ten, exactly, leaving his landlady in considerable doubt whether he was a moderate annuitant, a half-pay officer, a junior in a banking-house, or an attorney's clerk.

While absent on one of these morning excursions, his laundress called with his clothes. 'This makes five-and-thirty shillings as how Mr. Mitford owes me.'

'And as how,' says the landlady, peering from the top of the stairs, 'he owes me for five weeks rent.'

'Strange he doesn't pay!' echoed the woman of suds.

That morning Mitford's evil star predominated. His tailor, his wine-merchant, and his butcher, presented themselves together.

'We wants our money!' cries the trio in a breath.

On such occasions landladies are always curious. Ours adjusted her hair, and asked them into her parlor.

'How much does he owe you?' asked she of the man of port and champagne.

'Two hundred and eighty-six pounds, not to mention odd shillings and pence.'

'My eyes! what a lot of money!' echoes the laundress; 'and all for such outlandish stuff! I never drinks nothing but small beer, 'cept it's a quartern o' gin.'

'And my bill,' said the Schneider, 'is three hundred pounds.'

'And mine,' cried the man of beef, 'is two hundred.'

'I tell you what, gem'men,' says the landlady, 'in my opinion you'll never see a shiner; he owes me for five weeks rent.'

'I wish I could get my bottles back,' says the man of champagne.

'I'll never get my clothes,' says the man of measures.

'It's no use standing no nonsense,' says he of beef; 'a gem'man as has got no money, is no gem'man, and dash my wigs! if he don't pay me, I'll tell him so!'

'I'll seize his trunk!' says the landlady.

'And I'll keep his clothes!' said Suds, 'when I can get them again.'

'I'll have satisfaction!' says the man of beef, his hand reverting insensibly to his steel; for in the mind of a butcher, satisfaction is inseparable from slaughtering a sheep or lamb.

The trio finally agreed to call that evening, and not depart without the wherewithal.

Poor Mitford unsuspectingly came home to dinner. Scarce had he concluded, when the man of wine, of measures, and of beef, made a simultaneous attack.

Now even when a man has money, to be dunned immediately succeeding dinner, and forced to pay out a certain quantum of pounds, shillings, and pence, is horridly provoking. What then must it be to a man who has NO money? What must it have been to Mitford, who by no means boasted the mildest of tempers—who was still more soured by recent misfortune—and who had three of the noisiest of the genus 'dun' to deal with?

We must not then be surprised, if the man of beef found himself with a single leap from the drawing-room window at the street door; if the Schneider made but two steps down the stair-case; and if the prompt exit of the man of bottles was accelerated by an impetus to the Hotentonian portion of his unmentionables.

That night Mitford interrupted the charitable predilection of his landlady for his trunks, by discharging his 'liddle bill,' and the following morning found him on his way to France.

CALAIS is the grand resource of those English who live to eschew bailiffs. Sufficiently near to England to admit of a quick correspondence, it at the same time presents moderate charges.

At Desseins Mitford met the celebrated Brummel, whom he found, in dress and manners, nothing more than a gentleman should be. Oh, Bulwer! how could you travestie one of the most perfect gentlemen of modern times, by adopting, in 'Pelham,' that story of the 'Ruelles?'—'Do you call that thing a coat?' Brummel told Mitford he intended to write a book, entitled 'Characters in Calais,' who facetiously recommended him to prefix the substantive 'bad' to the title, being most descriptive of the English society generally met there.

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One day Brummel was seated at table with Colonel Haubrey, of the Grenadier Guards. He had a beautiful Mosaic music-box, which he exhibited to the latter. It presented some difficulty in opening. The colonel was about using his dessert-knife.

'I beg you to remark, colonel,' said Brummel, gently resuming his Mosaic, 'that my box is not an oyster!'

On this occasion, he related a curious anecdote of the tenacity of French duns.

'A literary friend of mine,' said he, 'making a temporary sojourn in Paris, and sadly in want of remittances, was one day beset by his boot-maker for a trifle of forty francs. He endeavored to soothe him, but in vain; and as a *pis aller*, told the man of sole to 'go to the devil!'

'Ah!' cried the enraged cobbler, 'you tell me to go to the diable! By gar, I will make de scandale—de *grande scandale*! You shall see vat I shall do!'

Straightway he posted himself at the foot of the stair-case, where he related to every passer-by the indebtedness of my friend for his boots. The man of intellect felt so indignant and annoyed at this conduct on the part of the *cordonnier*, that forthwith taking his last forty-franc piece from his escritoire, he threw it at the honest artizan's head, bidding him be gone—not in peace, but with his maledictions.

Brummel was a very fervent admirer of America, and descanted largely on what might be expected from the more extensive diffusion of British liberty through her means. 'It is only the illiberal and unwise,' said he, 'who apprehend that the power of America, transcendant as it must become, will injure Great Britain. On the contrary, as the one increases in prosperity, the other certainly must do so likewise. What would England be now, if America had never been discovered? At most, a second-rate power. Suppose such an operation to be possible, as that of cutting off Great Britain from all intercourse with the United States? How many thousands of her artizans must go without bread! How many of her commercial establishments decay! What destruction of wealth, ruin of palaces, and dock-yards! Such an event would occasion a scene of desolation to be paralleled only by that of Nineveh and Tyre of old.'

For a mere man of fashion, Brummel entertained some clear ideas on political subjects, by which ministers might have profited. Witness his opinions on Canada.

SUMMER EVENING.

[19]

WRITTEN AMONG THE BLUE-RIDGE MOUNTAINS.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

Lo! it is evening: down the mountain's side
The parting sun-beams slowly melt away:
But, ere they fade, a lingering lustre shed,
That loiters brilliant on the smiling peak.
See how the horizon blushes—as the last
Declining, lingering radiance of day
Skirts the faint eves of heaven—while adown
The desert mountain darkness glides apace,
And steals the cottage from the inquiring eye!

Hark! from the copse a plaintive murmur
sighs,
That seems to tell a tale of sympathy.
'Tis the lone rivulet, which lately saw
And felt the sun-beams dancing on its bosom:
Then o'er its gentle bed it stole in mirth,
And as it flowed, chimed to the lovely scene.

Ah! let me hie me to the twilight stream,
To muse the solemn, silent hour away!
But, as I move, upon the verge of heaven
The full broad moon, amid a host of clouds,
That stand like broken battlements afar,
Unveils her silvery face, and gives a beam
Resplendent, meek, and lovely as the hour.
Sometimes the shaggy clouds inter her form,
And leave me to myself and darkness—yet
Anon she bursts her prison, and looks down,
Like one that feels her consciousness and
pride.

Here, from this eminence that tops the rill,
My eye goes wandering to the village nigh,
Where many a taper glimmers: there,
methinks,
Contentment cheers the bosom—peace and
mirth
Entwine the heart, and give a charm to life.
Where now is that tall spire, which lately
gleamed
Amid the bright reflections of the day!
Ah! it hath vanished—shaded by the night,
It rises up unseen, and each fair mansion,
Save by the doubtful moon, is seen no more.

Hushed is the voice of nature: to her nest
The solitary bird hath gone—and naught
Save the dark whip-poor-will is heard abroad.
The meadow, but an hour ago alive
With grazing flocks and herds, and echoing
blithe
The gentle music of the ploughman's whistle,
Lies cheerless and asleep—a lonely waste!

Still resting on this mossy rock, 'round which
The night-winds moan, let me indulge my soul
—
For to my soul 'tis sweet to linger here.
Turn up thine eye to yon bright vaults of
heaven,
All studded o'er with gems of light serene,
That glimmer through the mistiness of night:

See how they travel—their unceasing round
Weaving harmonious—and rejoiced to do
The will of their Creator: 'Ah!' they say—
For, to the poet's ear they speak aloud—
They say: 'proud man is but a reptile thing,
Lowly and dark—and still with head erect,
Presumes to challenge his almighty Lord,
And dares disclaim allegiance to his will.
We, dressed in glory bright as heaven itself,
Supremely lifted from those humble walks,
To journey through interminable space,
Stoop with submission to the hand that traced
The pathway of our orbs, and love to twine
A wreath of gratitude and praise to Him.'

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Such is the language which those stars
address
To melancholy man, while from the heath
Accordant voices rise. Lo! it is night—
Extinguished is the brilliant orb of day,
And none is left, save those bright stars above,
To cheer the solitary world. So thou,
Unthinking man! shall one day see thy life
Extinguished by the chilly touch of death.
But still upon thy grave a light shall stream—
And 'tis the torch of *Hope* enkindled there
By meek Religion, to watch o'er thy dust,
Which life again shall animate and warm.

To-morrow, and the sun shall rise sublime,
Painting the face of nature; and each scene,
Tinged by its golden beams, shall glow and
laugh,
Fraught with new life: so thou shall lay thee
down
Within the midnight chambers of the tomb,
And darkness shall encompass thee awhile;
But then the light of Immortality,
Bursting into the cold recess, shall shine,
And wake thee from thy slumbers: thou shall
rise,
And, robed in never-fading glory, live,
And rest thee on the bosom of thy God.

RELIGIOUS CHARLATANRY.

NUMBER ONE.

EVERY age and every community have their peculiar moral and religious symptoms, under the action of the Christian system. So also every separate form of Christianity hath its own characteristic features. Doth not the Roman Catholic religion differ from the Protestant? Doth not Protestant religion in Germany differ from that which passes under the same name in Great Britain? Presbyterianism in Scotland from Episcopacy in England? English Episcopacy from Dissent? Christianity in Great Britain from Christianity in America? Congregationalism in New-England from the Presbyterianism of the middle and southern states? The two latter from Wesleyanism? The Baptists from all three? Unitarianism from the four? And American Episcopalianism from each of this tribe? We might descend to other specifications, were it needful. It is enough for our purpose, that they are suggested.

It is interesting as well as pleasant to suppose, that the actual experiment of the different and successive modes, or developments, of the divine economy of redemption, as they transpire in human society, operates as a sifting of their qualities as excellent or otherwise; and that the good gradually combine and become permanent, while the faulty, by the same gradual process, become obsolete. Human frailties have ever found their way into Christian institutions, and pervaded more or less all Christian enterprises; but the proof of time invariably determines their character before the public, and causes them to be severed from such connection—to be ejected from such society—and consequently, to lose their influence, while that which is excellent abides. Faults almost innumerable may be traced in the history of the Church; but the candid reviewer, occupying our present position, can separate the good from the bad. We are more immediately concerned, however, to observe the character of *American Christianity*—especially those parts of it which have been most prominent and influential, and which have generated what may be called the religious spirit of the age in our own quarter. It cannot be denied, that there is something peculiar in American religion. First, religion here has been uncommonly energetic. Next, it has

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assumed some striking peculiarities in its modes of operation. There has been a disposition to lay aside old forms, and to put on new ones; to make experiments; and the business of *experimenting* has been pushed so far as to bring the public mind to a pause. It may be profitable, therefore, in the temporary and comparative quiet of this hiatus, to interpose a little philosophical inquiry.

Not to detract at all from the highly meritorious character of our forefathers, it will be obvious to the observer of the past, that the religious spirit of those who have had most influence in forming the religious character of this country, was of the puritanical school. Thus far in this statement we are innocent, and hope that no ghost will start up before he is called. Nevertheless, we begin to imagine a stirring in the graves. But we intend not to disturb the dead. We revere and laud that high Providence, which transplanted so much conscience—so much fear of himself—into these wilderness realms, and whose spirit has made this former wild abode to bud and blossom like the rose, morally and physically. We have some respect even for puritanism in 'its straitest sect;' but in some of its forms, it was, in our opinion, rather *too* strait.

Doubtless the puritanism of England was well provoked. But it *was* provoked. The peculiarities of its mood were the legitimate product of oppression; and its natural offspring, Dissent, has been nourished by the same cause. The puritans were aggrieved, and they came here for comfort. They might have been blessed with a Cromwell for a king, if an order from government had not thrown a barrier in his path of emigration through the sea, and destined him for a higher and more sublime purpose, whether for good or for evil. Certainly it was not for good, in the estimation of those who had the ill luck to keep him back by their own measures. They dreamed not, they were favored with no prophecy, of the work assigned to him. The reign of puritanism in England stands forth on the page of history as a singular and instructive drama, not to say tragedy. Doubtless there was much virtue in it; but the sublime of its enactments was so closely allied to the ridiculous, that the reader who weeps must also be prepared to laugh.

America was a better field for puritanism. It was a congenial soil. And beyond all question, here it has earned an honorable distinction, and won laurels. Though it believed in witches, and hung them, (poor creatures!) it believed in God as well as in the devil. Though it banished Roger Williams, and interdicted the Quakers, it had this good reason: 'We came here to be by ourselves. Pray don't disturb us, when the land is so wide!' They who had experienced intolerance, might have some excuse for practising it—especially, as their theory and purpose was to have a community adhering to one catechism. They had taken and occupied vacant ground, (Indians are not counted,) for the sake of peace; and they thought the best way to maintain it, was to keep away dissentients from their opinions. Nevertheless, dissentients came in, and disputes have prevailed. But the spirit of the puritan fathers also prevailed. That spirit, with certain modifications of time and chance, has pervaded New-England society, and, to a great extent, our land. Like the Scotch, who are never at home till they get abroad, the sons of New-England have also been rather 'curious.' They have spread out to the north, to the east, to the west, and to the far west, and sent school-masters, as well as pedlars, to the south. They have subdued the wilderness in all directions; they have built and peopled our great cities and flourishing towns at the north and west; their bone and sinew have sustained our agriculture; their enterprise built our manufactories; and their love of gain has pushed our commerce to the ends of the earth. First in religion, especially in the commendable quality of zeal, and first in schools and colleges, they have been chief in influence throughout all our borders. Alas for the Presbyterian church! (for *their* sakes we say it,) the Congregationalism of New-England governs it. They must emancipate themselves as best they can. It is not for us to say which is the better of the two.

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Now be it known—such at least is our philosophy—the religious novelties of the age, on our side of the water, owe their being to the New-England spirit, and had their germ in puritanism. The straitness of this excellent sect was too strait to last always. Children, kept so close on Sunday as to run themselves out of breath when let loose at sun-down, were very likely to relax that kind of discipline when they came to be parents. The blue-laws of Connecticut, once thrown off, were naturally supplanted by a more generous code. The Saybrook Platform has been thrown into the garret, or buried beneath the wreck and dust of some other deposit of old rubbish. Who can find a copy? And as for the Westminster Catechism, what pastor of New-England now assembles the children of his parish in the old school-house once a quarter to hear them recite this elaborate and comprehensive body of divinity, from beginning to end, as was the universal custom of olden time? These blessed days of New-England have gone by. The fathers are dead. A new generation, new laws, new customs, and a different set of manners, have succeeded.

But how did this grow out of puritanism? Is it not rather an abandonment of that high character? There may be a little, and not a little, of truth in both. Puritanism was itself a novelty, and novelty begets novelty. We do not mean that it never had a type; but it was cast in an English mould—a mould that was formed at a particular juncture of English history, by the operation of special and peculiar agencies; and even on English ground, it could last in all its force only while the causes which produced it continued to take effect, and just in that proportion, allowing, indeed, a reasonable time for its natural subsidence. In America, the causes did not exist, and the subsidence was unavoidable. It was indeed a high and stern character, which would require a space for its abatement into milder forms; but it was not in man to maintain it without its original provocations.

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If we were called to give a philosophical account of its productions, we should say briefly, that the basis of this character, independent of religion, was that sturdy and indomitable love of liberty which has for so many centuries characterized the English. It was only necessary to graft religion, the strongest passion of man, on such a stock, to render it truly sublime in its capabilities for endurance, or daring under oppression. The natural consequence of the

annoyances and vexations of bad government with such minds, and of encroaching on the rights of conscience, was the production of a striking severity and determination of character—especially among the ruder and less cultivated classes of society. The fear of God, as every Christian is happy to record, rose above the fear of man; all sympathy between the two great parties was divorced; and neither could discern the virtues of the other. The indifferent customs of the oppressors were allied to their vices in the estimate of the oppressed, and the theory of perfection with the latter was to eschew, repudiate, and abhor that which was done or approved by the former. Some of the highest and most desirable attainments and attributes of civilization were counted as sins, and inconsistent with Christian character, simply because they were held dear by their opponents. Refinement of manners was reckoned a snare to the soul, and regarded as beneath the high aims of religion, because it was the study of courtiers, and of the higher conditions of life. To smile, was a mark of levity, or a proof of unbecoming thoughtlessness, because it might be a stage of progress toward a sinful mirth. All historical recollections of primitive self-denial, and sacrifice, and earthly painfulness, were set up as the permanent lot of Christians, and the measure of present duty. 'In the world ye shall have tribulation,' was accepted as equally applicable to all the conscientious, in all times and circumstances. In a word, the theory of Christian character was moulded by the accidents of a peculiar condition; and those accidents contributed eminently to the formation of a lofty and vigorous character, a character which combined the most essential elements of moral sublimity, and oppression matured and confirmed it. There might be some acerbity of temper under such provocations, and rusticity of manners in such a course of training. The germ of a terrible retribution might lurk and lower amid the loftier aspirations of a pure and heavenly piety; for how could a deep and abiding sense of perpetual wrong fail to have its influence over minds but partially sanctified?—and the period of the interregnum sufficiently developed this fearful ingredient. Nevertheless, it was, on the whole, a character to be respected, as well as to be feared. It was compounded of the best and of the worst elements.

But a transplantation beyond sea, in a wilderness, where all the causes of its production and the modifying circumstances of its growth were wanting, did not indeed at once reduce and new- [24] create it; for it had been too long in coming to such a maturity, to forget its former being; it had acquired too much vigor, to bend and become supple, even by a round of years, in a new world—in a field left to its own sole occupation, unsupported by the blasts and storms of its native regions. But it was morally impossible that the second generation in such circumstances should fully sustain the character of their fathers. The second was naturally destined to soften down yet more; the third to experience a farther modification; and so on, till this character should necessarily, and to a great extent, be remodelled by the altered circumstances of a new state of existence. That certain of the primitive features, enough for ever to identify the race, should remain, was as natural as that any should be effaced. And here we are, the children of our puritan fathers. Who could mistake us?

Again, we solemnly aver, that we mean not to speak disrespectfully. Far from it. Eternal shame on the recreant, who could libel such a parentage! Let the princes of the earth boast of their lineage; let the sons of a race emblazoned with the proudest heraldry, hang out the flag that displays their arms, and prove their worth and greatness, by deciphering the emblems of a piece of parchment, borrowed from the remotest antiquity. Ours be the glory of descending from a stock heaven-born by the imprint of the hand of God, who could dispute a right with kings, embarrass the wicked counsels of their ministers, measure weapons with their armies, and found and maintain an independent empire, to rival equally their wealth and power.

But this high claim affects not at all the matters of fact in our moral and religious history. For us to assert a title to perfection, would be as foolish as untrue. He is wise who knows himself; and so is that nation which understands its own history, and understanding, profits by it. Human society has no where yet attained the best possible condition. Nay, more: where is the community that has not in its bosom portentous elements of mischief? And who will deny that it is the part of wisdom to investigate and expose them, and if possible, to invent and apply a remedy? We have our virtues, doubtless, though it might be more becoming to allow the world to see and acknowledge them, than to laud ourselves. Our fathers had their virtues—enough for us to be proud of; and they and their children have had their faults. Neither is it dishonorable willingly to see and frankly to confess them. It is injudicious; it is a disease of the mind; it may lead to fatal error, to insist on bestowing and claiming praise for that in ourselves which is faulty.

While, therefore, we proceed to unfold yet more distinctly and minutely the religious blemishes of our national character, in their origin and successive modifications, we are prepared to assert our respect, and even our veneration, for the virtues of our ancestors. They who brought religion, and planted and nourished it here, were men of a high order. Nevertheless, it would be allowing more than belongs to man, in any stage of his history, or to any set of men, to write them down as perfect. We do conscientiously believe, that the puritanism of England, and that portion of it which has so extensively leavened the religion of this country, was gravely faulty, in some very [25] essential and influential particulars. We believe, moreover, that these faults have been, directly and indirectly, the occasion of evil—of disaster to our religious history.

We have said, that puritanism was itself a novelty, in the form it assumed at the period to which we allude. It was the offspring of circumstances peculiar to the time. We have hinted that it was the parent of novelties in a series of changes that have come down to our own day. Certain it is, our eyes and ears have recently been forced to witness some strange, not to say alarming, exhibitions of religion and moral reform, in this land. They have assumed an aspect to challenge universal attention. Whoever feels an interest in Christianity, cannot fail to look upon those

extraordinary phenomena of the moral world, with some concern. They demand and must receive the most grave consideration. The press which sustains them must be the organ to discuss them. They must be viewed calmly and considerately, and treated philosophically as well as conscientiously. Beyond a question, they are novel developments, but not without cause; and as certain as there is a cause, we think it may be sufficiently palpable to be traced. For ourselves, we have presumed upon the essay, and will deliver our opinion.

We have intimated that the severity of the puritanical character could not endure in all its vigor, without the continued action of its producing causes. In correspondence with this theory, we observe, that the growth of this portion of American society has given birth to a gradual and uninterrupted modification. Not to speak of others, there are two attributes very essential to give permanency and controlling influence to any specific form of human society: antiquity and a proof commending itself to the good sense of the community. Puritanism, in the form now under consideration, could not claim antiquity. True there had been things like to it; but this particular type was well understood to have been of recent origin. It grew out of resistance to oppression, in part, within the memory of living witnesses. It was the product of an accident, and the resort of a temporary expediency. Circumstances being changed, and so far as it differed from the doom of necessity, that same discretion which adopted the expedient in one case might and would naturally accommodate itself to another. So far as necessity was the cause, it was equally impossible to oppose necessity in a change of circumstances. The force of antiquity was utterly nugatory.

As to the arbitrations of good sense, it hardly need be said, at this time, that there were many things in puritanism which could not long be tolerated under such an appeal. Hence almost the entire code of its more severe customs has long since become obsolete, even in the land of the pilgrim fathers. So far as they have not passed from memory, they are handed down, not as authority, but simply as an amusing, and in regard to some things, an incredible, tale. They who had rebelled against the established usages of society once, might do it again. They who had made a code, might amend it. Peculiar circumstances had formed the puritanical character in the mother country; and there was no good reason why peculiar circumstances should not modify, or re-model it in this. The authority of precedent in change was established. [26]

Here, if we mistake not, is developed a practical secret of stupendous influence over the religious destinies of our country. That there were good reasons for rebellion against the prelacy of England, and adequate causes for the production of a distaste for Episcopal usages on an extended scale, can hardly be denied.

Here was the beginning of an order of things, that has come down to us, and had more influence in this than in the parent country. Here it has taken the lead, for the reason that this land was made the refuge and asylum of those who felt themselves injured, and who were injured, by the operation of a system of oppression. It is an instructive lesson, and ought to stand up as a beacon, in all coming time, among other historical advices of the same class, to warn those who, clothed with legitimate authority, are tempted to abuse it, by lording it over God's heritage. To provoke and enforce schism in the Church of Christ, involves a most grave responsibility, and may lead to infinite mischief.

We have sufficiently recognised the fact of the ascendancy of puritanism in American society, and that its peculiar temperament was the soul of a system of dissent from an Episcopal organization. Again we say, we mean not to speak disrespectfully. Our aim is an exposé of facts, and, if possible, to present a philosophical view of their historical train. We respect the piety of the puritans, and desire to do justice to all their virtues; and if we have not already shown a satisfactory candor, we hope before we shall have done, abundantly to appease the most sensitive partiality for our puritan ancestry. We are not unwilling to believe, that the original elements of American society, in so far as this particular class predominated, were on the whole most happy, and will yet, in the long run, be overruled for the greatest good. Their virtues were stern and lofty, and their faults are subject to the corrective influence of time and events. It was as impossible that the latter should not have their race, as that the former should not come in with their balance of influence, and finally obtain a conservative shape and commanding position. And this end, as we opine, will the sooner be accomplished, as the public can be made to discriminate, by the instructive career of events between the good and the bad. Whenever society, or any portion of it, runs off in a wrong direction, it must ultimately find itself in a false position; and the discovery being made, there is the same certainty, if virtue enough remains, that it will aim at a recovery.

If we do not err in our discernment of the signs of the times, there is even now a conviction rapidly obtaining in the public mind of this country, that we have nearly if not quite arrived at a *ne plus ultra* of religious radicalism; and that a conservative and redeeming influence is being formed and growing into importance. The race of change, which has been a long time, even ages, in the course, has recently been so accelerated, as to set the axles of the machinery on fire, and run off the wheels. The chariot of religious radicalism, we think, is tumbling and falling.

In our opinion, this catastrophe is not the product of an hour, nor of an age. We go farther back for the primal cause. As a matter of history, we find that the leading and most influential religious machinery of this country was composed of the dislocated fragments of long-established European institutions, broken off by convulsions, not wanting virtue so much as order, symmetry, and consistency. The virtue was strong, and while its character of firmness was maintained, it could better dispense with a fixed and well-ordered machinery, sanctioned by time, and having a reasonable claim to apostolic origin. But the rapid growth and the fervid condition of our social organization, have put the new theory to a test too stern for a felicitous development. [27]

DEATH OF ROB ROY.

'WHEN this chieftain was on his death-bed, a gentleman whom he had reason to consider as an enemy, came to see him. On being requested to admit him to his bed-side, he said: 'Raise me up, buckle on my arms, then admit him!' The guest was received with cold civility, and in a short time departed. 'Now,' said Rob Roy, 'call in the piper.' The piper came, and he expired with the voice of war pealing around him.'

WITH heather pillowing his head,
The dying outlaw lay,
And plaided clansmen round his bed
Stood watching in dismay.
Wild throes of dissolution shook
His worn and wasted frame,
But native lordliness of look
Distemper could not tame.

The walls of his rude dwelling-place
Were hung with weapons bright—
With branching antlers of the chase,
And trophies won in fight.
His tall, gaunt hound, of proven
worth,
Acute of eye and ear,
Slept idly on the lighted hearth,
Forgetful of the deer.

Cold dew—that herald which
precedes
The winding-sheet, and wail
Of mourning ones—in clammy beads,
Stood on his forehead pale.
Faint grew the swell of his proud
breast,
And dim his falcon-eye,
But manfully his lip suppressed
The groan of agony.

While ran his blood with feebler
flow,
Strode in a clansman stout,
And told the chief, in accents low,
'A stranger waits without!'
Then syllabled the name—a word
Unwelcome to his ears,
Which darkly in his bosom stirred
The hoarded hate of years.

'No member of a hostile clan,
While heart or pulse can beat,
Shall see me,' said the dying man,
'In posture of defeat.
Array me in the spoils I took
From enemies laid low;
Clad thus, Macgregor cannot brook
The presence of a foe.'

'Bring forth the bonnet that I wore
When blood was on the heather,
Though in the mountain wind no
more
Will nod its eagle feather:
Gird on my sword, of temper tried,
Old beam of hope in danger,
To deeds of hardihood allied,
And then admit the stranger!'

Attendants clad the dying man
In garb that well became
The leader of a martial clan,
A warrior of fame;
Admitted then his guest, who met

Reception stern and cold;
The Highland Chief could not forget
The bloody feuds of old.

The stranger soon withdrew. 'Now
call
The harper in, to cheer
My passing spirit with the strain
Most welcome to my ear!'
The hoary minstrel brought his lyre,
To notes of battle strung,
And fingering its chords of fire,
In stormy concert, sung:

I.

'The plaid round his shoulders our leader hath
thrown,
And a gathering blast on his bugle hath blown;
He calls on the dauntless and ready of hand
To gather around him with bonnet and brand;
Like hounds scenting out the retreat of the
stag,
We quit, for the Lowlands, our home on the
crag.

II.

'The dirk of our fathers in gore we must dye!
Will the falcon forbear, when the quarry is
nigh?
The Saxon dreams not, in his flowery vale,
That our pennon is flung to the welcoming
gale;
That we come from the mountains to scourge
and destroy,
And the chieftain we follow is dreaded Rob
Roy.

III.

'On the head of Macgregor a price hath been
set,
With the blood of our clan Lowland sabres are
wet;
Elated by triumph, red wine freely flows,
And loud is the song in the camp of our foes;
But to shrieking will change their demoniac
joy,
When sound our glad pipers the charge of Rob
Roy!'

Ere died the battle-song away,
Rose up the voice of wail,
While motionless the chieftain lay,
With face like marble pale.
No kindly word from him repaid
The harper for his strain;
The hushing hand of Death was laid
On heart, and pulse, and brain!

Avon, May, 1837.

W. H. C. H.

A TALE OF TIGHT BOOTS.

[29]

AN AUTHENTIC FRAGMENT FROM AN UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

'WHAT! How's this! I told you to make one of my boots *larger* than t' other; 'stead o' that, I'm blow'd if you haven't made one *smaller* than t' other! What a hass you must be, to be sure!'

THE INCENSED COCKNEY.

THE great Homer did not think it unworthy his muse to sing of boots; why then should not I write of them?—especially as I have a tale to tell, which, if carefully perused, will, ('though I say it, who ought not to say it, still I *do* say it,') tend to the edification of the reader. I have called my story 'A Tale of Tight Boots,' hoping that when he should see that it concerned his understanding, he would understand the necessity of regarding it attentively.

The scene of my story is the goodly city of Boston; the time, May, 1836, 'being bisextile, or leap-year.' Business and pleasure had led me to town—alas! I made it a 'bad business,' and my pleasure ended in pain. I established myself at the Tremont, and began to look around for adventures.

Rap—tap—tap!

'Come in!'

'A note, Sir.'

'Mr. H— requests the pleasure of Mr.—'s company at dinner to-day, at two o'clock, precisely.'

Mr. H— was an old and much-loved friend; of course I accepted. I learned that there was to be a large company, and what was of more consequence to me, that Miss L—, whom I had addressed for the last six months, was to be there. No one will think it strange, then, if I devoted more than usual attention to my toilet. Finding that the style of my boots was a little *passée*, I resolved to treat myself to new ones. The shop of the artizan who kept the 'crack article' was not far off, and thither I betook myself. Having selected a pair which came near the *beau idéal* of a boot, in my mind's eye, I proceeded to try them on.

'A little too tight on the instep,' said I, after I had fairly succeeded in drawing them on.

"Bout right, Sir," said the man of boots, rubbing his hand over the place indicated; 'they'll give a little; fashionable cut, Sir; make 'em all so, now; fine foot, Sir, yours, to fit a boot to; high in the instep—hollow here. They look well, Sir.'

The last part of the man's argument, or rather *gab*, had the desired effect. He had assailed me in a tender point—almost the only one, I believe, in which it was possible for him or any other person to flatter me. My better judgment and understanding were overcome. I kept the boots.

HAVING made my toilet, and put on my future tormentors, I set out for the residence of my friend. The arrival, salutations, announcement of dinner, etc., are matters of course—so I let them pass. In due time, I found myself walking into the *salon de manger*, with Miss L— on my arm. A moment more, and I was seated at the table beside her. I did the duties that fell to me; said to my companion every pretty thing I could think of; sent her plate for some turkey; carved a chicken that stood before me, and offered the wing to the lady opposite; drank wine with my hostess, and procured some tongue for a lady on my left, who had no gentleman to take care of her. By the way, I wish she had eaten her own, considering the use she afterward made of it. In fine, my mind was so completely occupied by the pleasures of my situation, the few good things I said to my companion, and the many she said to me, that I was unconscious of the curse that from the first had been developing itself.

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Soon, however, I became aware that something prevented my being perfectly happy. I felt as one who, in the midst of a delightful dream, is assailed by a bed-bug—made conscious, merely, that there is some draw-back to his pleasure—something that prevents his giving himself entirely up to that perfect bliss which seems to beckon him to its embrace. A few moments more, and I was fully aroused. I found the instep of my right foot in a state of open rebellion against the strictures that had been laid upon it, and particularly against the act of close confinement. In truth, there was good reason; for the instep was the seat of intense pain. I drew it under my chair; but no rest for it was there. I thrust it back to its first place; still its anguish was unabated. In spite of myself, I became silent, and a shade passed over my face. The quick eye of my companion detected it, and fearing she had said something that had wounded me, began, with a kindness peculiar to herself, to apply a healing balsam. She had been speaking of an article in a late number of the *Knickerbocker*, and, in fact, commenting upon it with much severity. The thought seemed to flash on her mind that I was in some way interested—the author, perhaps, or a friend to the author. She passed to commendation. 'There were, notwithstanding, fine traits in the piece; redeeming qualities in spite of its imperfections. There was evidence of much talent—talent not all put forth,' etc. Dear girl! she mistook my disease. It was not my vanity that was wounded. My vanity was wounding me.^[1] To gratify it, I had put on the tight boots; and now, like an undisciplined urchin, it had become the tormentor of its too indulgent parent.

At this moment, my Newfoundland dog, which, it seems, had followed my steps, and waited patiently at the door, amusing himself by calculating, from the doctrine of chances, the probability of his being admitted, took advantage of an opening made by the egress of one of the servants, and walked into the room. Remembering that he had not been regularly invited, and a little doubtful as to his reception, he came slowly forward, with his tail rather under the horizontal, his nose thrust forward to catch the first intimation of my presence, and eyes upturned, glancing from one to another of the company, to see how he was to be received. He made a slight smelling halt at each guest, until he came to my chair. Finding that he had reached

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the object of his search, he without farther ceremony seated himself on his haunches beside me, wagged his tail back and forward on the carpet, and looked up in my face with an expression of much dignity, mingled with a slight twinkle of self-congratulation, which seemed to say: 'So, then, I have got along in the right time?'

I was so much occupied with my own sufferings, that I could scarcely be civil to the fair creature at my side; it is not surprising, therefore, that I gave little heed to the dumb beast at my feet, however expressively he might invite me with his eyes. Poor Rover! had he known my situation, he would never have 'done the deed' he did. I knew the kindness of his disposition—but the truth must be told. After waiting several minutes, and eliciting no glance from his master, he raised his heavy foot, and placed it impressively on mine. It rested on *the* very spot! It was not in human nature to bear this unmoved. I withdrew the distressed member, with a convulsive twitch, which brought my knee in contact with the table, with so much violence, that the attention of the whole company was drawn on me, just in time to see the contents of my wine-glass emptied into my plate, and that of my companion into her lap. Kind girl! She exhibited no emotion, but slightly and unseen by the company, shook off the wine, and continued her conversation, as if nothing unpleasant had taken place.

Overwhelmed with mortification, I found it impossible, with all the efforts I could make, to recover my self-possession. I could only reply in monosyllables to her remarks; and, save when she addressed me, I was silent in spite of myself. She touched on various subjects which had usually interested me, in the hope of withdrawing me from the remembrance of the accident; but finding her efforts vain, she adopted another course, and asked me, in a counterfeited tone of censure, when she was to have the lap-dog I had promised to procure for her several days before. The word 'dog' was all that traversed the passage to my mind, so thickly was that passage crowded with keen remembrances. Thinking of my own Newfoundland, I replied, fiercely: 'He dies to-morrow!' Startled at the unusual tone, my fairest companion cast on me a glance of surprise, almost of fear. A tear shone in her eye, and she was silent.

At last the time of leaving the table came—oh, moment to me most welcome! It seemed to me that we had sat an age at the board; but at the last, my corporeal had been forgotten in my mental pain.

If the reader has any bowels of compassion, he is now hoping that my troubles are over; that I shall go quietly home, take off the offending boot, enclose my foot in an easy slipper, and then, in the evening, with an old boot well polished, pay my respects to my mistress—explain all—receive her forgiveness, and be again happy. Would it were so! But let me not anticipate.

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Before we sat down to dinner, it had been arranged, that we—that is, my friend, wife, and sister, myself and Miss L—, should go to the theatre in the evening, to hear, or rather see, a celebrated little French actress, whose star was then in the ascendant. I had no time to make new arrangements; for when we rose from the table, it was even then time to set forth. The fresh air and the lively conversation of my friends nearly restored me to myself; so that when we took possession of our box, I was comfortable both in body and mind. But for my foot there was no permanent peace. There was but a temporary truce with pain. I had not been seated ten minutes, before the enemy returned, reinforced. I soon felt that to endure until the play was over, would be utterly beyond my power. There was but one course to pursue. I silently slipped my foot from the boot, and sitting close to my companion, succeeded—thanks to the ample folds of her cloak!—in securing my white stocking from observation. The acting was superb—my foot was at ease—my companion agreeable—and I quite forgot that I was bootless.

THE last act was closed, and the curtain fell. My friends immediately left the box. Mr. H— offered an arm each to his wife and sister, and—you would not expect a lady to wait for her beau!—Miss L— walked with them, but not without 'a lingering look behind.' The instant they were out of the box, I seized my boot, and attempted to thrust my foot into it; but it had swollen, and the first effort cost me excruciating pain; yet this I did not regard. But all my efforts were vain. I could as easily have thrust an alderman through a key-hole. I seized my pen-knife, and split the offending boot nearly from top to toe. Then planting my foot on the sole, I tied the string of my drawers tightly around the leg, and rushed through the crowd. In my haste, I well-nigh overturned a fat old lady, who was leaning on her son's arm. The old woman cried, 'Oh Lord!' and the youth, in ire, muttered an oath, and raised his cane; but I was two quick for him. I reached the door, amid the screams of the ladies, the deep, though for the most part unspoken, curses of the men, and the cry of 'Seize him!' from the police officers. But my friends and my betrothed, where were they? Lost in the crowd, or shut up in some of the carriages that were pressing around the door? I saw at once that all search was useless. I waited until nearly all had left the house, and then slowly and sadly took my way to my hotel. I went to bed; but the visions of the day were present to my waking thoughts, or haunted my short and troubled slumbers. How often, between sleep and awake, did I long for the boots, and envy the comfortable estate of their free-and-easy wearer, so felicitously described by the author of '*Boots, a Slipshodical Lyric*,' in an early number of this Magazine.

—'What sprawling heels!

And holes are cut anigh the spreading toes,
As if the ponderous feet in that wide space
Had still been 'cabined, cribbed,' and wanted
room,—

Or else, that doleful crops of pedal maize,
Called by the vulgar corns, had flourished
there.

I see the wearer plainly. In public haunts
He of his self deportment takes no heed,
And spitteth evermore. His lips are sealed
And juicy, like wind-beparchéd mouth
Of ichthyophagous Kamschatkadale; and oft,
With three sheets in the wind, in upper tier
Midst mirthful Cyprians, he puts his feet
Over the box's front, and leaning back,
Guffaws and swears, like privateer at sea,
Until the pitlings from beneath, exclaim,
'Boots!' 'Trollope!' and he straightway draws
them in.'

When I rang in the morning, the waiter brought a note. The address was 'pleasingly familiar' to me. I broke the seal, and read:

'Miss L—— will be excused from her engagement to ride with Mr. D—— to-day. Mr. D—— may spare himself the trouble of calling to inquire the reason.'

And he did!

D.

THE POET.

* * * 'LE poète est homme par les
sens
Homme par la douleur! * * *
L'argile périssable où tant d'âme palpite,
Se façonne plus belle, et se brise plus
vite;
Le nectar est divin, mais le vase est
mortel;
C'est un Dieu dont le poids doit écraser
l'autel;
C'est un souffle trop plein du soin ou de
l'aurore,
Qui fait chanter le vent dans un roseau
sonore,
Mais, qui brisé de son, le jette au bord
de l'eau,
Comme un chaume séché battu sous le
fléau!'

LAMARTINE.

THOU dark-eyed, pensive, passionate child of
song!
Enthusiast! dreamer! worshipper of things
By the world's crowd unnoticed, 'mid the
throng
Of beautiful creations, Nature flings
The sunlight of existence o'er!

The wings
Of the rude tempest are not half so strong
As thy proud hopes—thy wild imaginings:
Stop! ere their bold and sacrilegious flight
Reach a too-dazzling height!
Venturing sunward, till the flashing eye
Of reason, grown deliriously bright,
Kindle to madness, and to idiocy;
And, from excessive light
To hideous blindness fall, and tenfold night!

Stop! melancholy youth!
 Though bright and sparkling be the tide of
 song,
 And many a sunbeam o'er its waters dance
 Meanderingly along—
 Though it be heaven to quaff of—yet, in truth,
 A deadlier venom taints its gay expanse,
 More deep, more strong,
 Than to the subtlest poison doth belong!
 A very demon haunts its fœtid air,
 Infatuating with its serpent glance
 The wanderer there;
 And, with a sad but most bewitching smile,
 Luring the credulous one to its desire:
 Stirring new feelings, passions, hopes awhile,
 And burning thoughts, whose mad, unholy fire,
 With its own strength illumines its own funereal
 pyre!

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Stop, if thou'dst live!—or hath life left for thee
 No charms, that thou its last terrific scene
 Shouldst with such passion worship? Can it be,
 That the world nothing hath thou'dst care to
 win?
 No gem, no flower, no loveliness, unseen?
 No wonder unexplored? no mystery,
 Still undeveloped to the eagle eye
 Of Genius, or of Poësy?

Where are the depths of the dark, billowy sea?
 Its peopling millions—its gigantic chain
 Of gorgeous, glittering waters—wild as free?
 Where the big-orbéd sun—the blue-veiled sky?
 And its magnificent, diamond-glittering mine
 Of ever-burning stars? Oh! can it be,
 (Thou fond idolater at every shrine
 Where beauty lingers,) can it be that thou
 Hast treasured up earth's glorious things, till
 now
 Thou deem'st it uselessness to turn.
 Some unfamiliar object to discern,
 And so
 Her loveliest features unregarded go?

Away, vain thought! such phrenzy ne'er were
 thine!
 Since, in the humblest, homeliest flower that
 grows—
 Thy very life-breath, as it comes and goes—
 There are a thousand things, whose origin,
 Whose secret springs, and impulses divine,
 No human art nor wisdom can disclose!

Stop, then, sad youth! for life is not *all* care,
 But, hath its hours of rosy-lipped delight;
 While the cold grave hath little save despair,
 The weary, world-worn spirit to invite.
 Stop! I conjure thee! bid the muse away!
 Her fatal gifts relinquish or resign;
 Her haughty mandates heed not nor obey:
 E'en *now* thy brow hath sorrow's pallid sign—
 Thine eye, though bright, is like the flickering
 ray
 Of a 'stray sunbeam, o'er some ruin'd shrine,'
 Lighting up vestiges almost divine,
 In sad, yet, dimly-beautiful decay!
 Thy cheek is sunken, and the fickle play
 Of the faint smile that curls thy parted lip
 Hath something fearful in it, though so gay!
 A something treacherously calm, and deep,
 Such as on sunny waters seems to sleep,
 When hid beneath some passing shadows gray,
 The subtle storm-fiend watches for his prey.

Stop! ere thine hour of dalliance be over;

Ere Health abandon thee, and quench her light
In the dark stream of death, (the faithless
rover!)
Ere Hope herself take flight
Down to the depths of that dark-flowing river,
Whose sombre shores are clothed in endless
night;
Ere thou be wrested from us—and for ever!
Blotted, like some loved planet, from our sight!
And, save the ties
That not e'en Destiny itself can sever,
A feeble reminiscence or a name
Be all thou leav'st us of thee 'neath the skies—
Or some rude stone, perchance, to greet our
eyes,
And, with its speechless eloquence proclaim:
'Here lies
Another victim to thy love, O Fame!'

Philadelphia, 1837.

J. S. D. S.

WHO WOULD BE A SCHOLAR?

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'A STRANGE question!' says one: let such a reader turn to the next article. 'And a pretty foolish one,' mutters a second: let him do likewise. *Who would be a scholar?* 'Sure enough!' whispers one, in whom the question finds an echo, (and we know there are such;) him, and all of like sympathy, we invite to meditate a moment with us on the trials of the scholar.

Let it not be feared that we are about to disparage learning; although it should not be forgotten, that we have the highest authority on our side, when we venture to speak of evil and hardship in connection with that which is pronounced 'a weariness to the flesh;' and the classic muse is with us, when we claim it as a universal fact, that 'no one is satisfied with his lot, but each one sighs for change.' The tired soldier exclaims, 'happy tradesman!' and the tradesman, 'happy soldier!' The bard who vies with Homer, both in antiquity and honor, places the beggar and the poet in the same category; for it is the object of one of his noble hexameters to say, that

'Beggars envy beggars, and bards envy bards.'

Does not our question appear to some to border on profanity? There are those who are wont to feel that Mind and all its achievements are more sacred than the things of sense. And this is in some measure true. But why is not the toil and plodding of the scholar as earthly as any other? We must insist that it is; and we claim that an unfounded presumption in favor of mental effort, as such, be not suffered to face us on the threshold of our argument.

Go with us then—for our appeal shall be to actual examination—to the chamber of the philologist. A cadaverous being dwells there; his sepulchral voice bids us enter, and his sepulchral look—shall we say welcomes us? No! The heart, the social principle, has perished in this atmosphere of dusty lore. You enter. Before a table piled with books, sits the *genius loci*. On either side of him stands a chair, loaded with huge volumes, and others stand on end upon the floor around. As you place your hat upon a dust-covered volume which lies in the window, you catch the title, '— on the Digamma.' As you take your seat, you have in view the worn titles of other venerable tomes; 'Scholia in Homerum,' 'De Metris Choricis,' 'De Dialecto Ionicâ,' 'Tenebræ Lycophrontis,' etc., etc. Shall we record a portion of the conversation? After the usual salutation, and the partial return of the student's mind to present realities, we begin:

'Well, Sir, we find you deeply engaged in study: are you laboring upon your edition of Æschylus?'

'I am; but for two or three days past, I have been more particularly occupied with the investigation of some collateral topics of considerable interest. I have been examining the accentuation of an obsolete form used by this poet, in order to determine whether the accent should be the *acute* or the *circumflex*. I have read the ancient grammarians on this point, and the invaluable discussion of Blomfield on the accent of this particular word, which occupies four pages in his elaborate commentary.'

'Are not the dramas of Æschylus quite obscure and difficult?'

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'They are so regarded, but they are rich in the treasures of the Greek language, and open a wide and inviting field for investigation. I have often been richly repaid for spending a week upon a single sentence.'

'Do you suppose that the text is generally as Æschylus left it?'

'It had become much corrupted and interpolated; but the labors of our great critics have probably nearly restored it to its original purity. Many of the manuscript copies were evidently erroneous. The great German scholars have made many conjectural emendations, of unspeakable value. Indeed, hardly any department of philological criticism has been cultivated with more zeal, and more astonishing results, than that of *conjectural emendation*.'

'But do you not suppose that Æschylus would object to some of the improved readings, if he could see them?'

'Oh! you now call to mind a dream which I had last night. If I were a believer in dreams, it would make me quite discouraged; and as it is, my mind has been rather gloomy this morning. I dreamed that as I was studying the 'Prometheus,' all at once Æschylus himself made his appearance. How, or whence, I did not seem to inquire; but in some way, (for you know dreams are incoherent and unaccountable,) I knew it to be Æschylus. His appearance was noble and imposing. He was past the middle age; his hair was 'of a sable-silver,' about midway in its progress toward the whiteness of old age, and fell carelessly over his elevated and strongly-marked forehead. His features were strong and almost severe, and his complexion brown and hardy. His whole appearance was not that of the pale scholar, nor of the well-fed nobleman, but of the man of action and exposure—strongly constituted, and sternly disciplined in the world. I told him I was studying his dramas. He seemed astonished. 'I supposed,' said he, 'they had perished long ago, or had been laid aside as specimens of the early and untrained efforts of the mind. I wrote them with labor indeed, but I wrote them for my own age, and did not dream that they would occupy the attention of posterity. You certainly must have those which are much better.' I then told him of our labors in the perusal of his writings, and our delight in them. In order to convince him of the reality of such efforts, and of their success, I opened before him the commentaries of our first scholars. He seemed amazed. 'Can it be,' he replied, 'that so much explanation is necessary?' My hearers never complained of obscurity.' 'But,' replied I, 'we live in a distant age, and speak a different language; in order, therefore, to see and feel the beauties of your writings, much explanation is necessary.'

'As to beauties,' said he, 'I wrote as well as I could, and aimed at securing the attention and gratification of my auditors, and at nothing more. But allow me to see what you regard as *my beauties*.' I then read to him one of those rich and masterly notes, in which B— has so finely brought out the hidden sense of the poet. He thought a moment, and then, with a smile, replied: 'Well, that is helping me out finely! I am sure I never thought of such a construction as possible, but it is very good.' To my utter astonishment, he treated several of those ingenious elucidations in the same manner. I then pointed him to one of the important conjectural emendations of the text, as a specimen of modern scholarship. 'What!' said the wondering dramatist, 'you have mistaken: surely, this is not in my writings; whose is it? I hardly see what the passage itself can mean.' I then showed him that it was a part of 'Prometheus Vincetus.' 'Oh!' he exclaimed, 'I now understand; you have copied it wrong.'

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'My astonishment interrupted my dream, and awoke me. Dreams are nothing, to be sure; but how could my mind run into such a fiction?'

'You are right in saying that dreams are not to guide our conduct: but may it not be, that some of your nocturnal suppositions come close upon the truth?'

'Oh no! I should as soon expect to catch Wolf tripping in Homer, as to find any such suppositions correct. I can easily account for my discouraging dream. I had been laboring the whole day upon a passage, of which the original was not indeed controverted, but the sense is given by two learned commentators in direct opposition to each other. One of them, after giving his rendering, says: '*Sensus cuique obvius est.*' The other says of this interpretation: '*A genio linguæ Græcæ prorsus abhorret.*' But this difference between scholars shows only how wide is the field for investigation.'

Let us now leave the philologist to his studies; to pore over difficulties which time has created, and scholar-like blunders magnified; to extort sense from passages which never contained it; to perplex himself with the attempt to form an opinion where the greatest differ, and where evidence is wanting to the human mind; to solve questions which are of no conceivable importance to human knowledge, and to labor life away upon that which can at best only serve as a monument of patient effort, like the achievement of the monk with his scissors or pen-knife, which represents only the expenditure of years. We would clearly recognise the value of the study of ancient languages in youth, when mind is in its forming state; when discipline is secured by close attention, and systematic action of the faculties by the study of system; but we deem it quite another thing to make the means the end; to pursue the lessons of boyhood, when the time of them is past, and all their benefits secured; to narrow the mind down to the perpetual investigation of minutiae which have no bearing on human happiness, except as they may create a fictitious fame; to live among trifles, and for them.

Shall we be pronounced traitors to the cause of learning? Is it the object of learning to be learned? Is it not rather to make man a being of higher resources, and nobler action? We confess we are giving utterance to thoughts which have forced themselves upon us, when called to take a survey of the field of learning, to examine its divisions, to become acquainted with its laborers, and to labor ourselves upon its margin. If these thoughts should be derided as proceeding from an indolent or even an ignorant view of the case, we would reply, by asking two questions: *First*, Is there a limit to study, of the members pursuing it, and the extent of its pursuit? and, *second*, Where is that limit? Let it not be replied: 'We should fix no limit to the cultivation of the mind.' We are speaking of *study*, in its common acceptance, and in this acceptance we offer these questions. If this be a strange course of inquiry, is it an unreasonable one?

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But let us not be too serious. The mistakes of men may sometimes be laughed at; and if any are found to spend their lives in seeking unprofitable knowledge—if any one delves all his days over learned trifles,

'And prizes Bentley's, Brunck's or
Porson's note,
More than the verse on which the critic
wrote,
This much at least we may presume to
say,
The premium can't exceed the price they
pay.'

Such men might certainly be worse employed, and if time is *wasted*, it is not mischievously abused.

A young friend came lately, in great dejection and discouragement, to ask some advice respecting the obstacles which he had encountered in reading the Iliad. 'I am now studying,' said he, 'the catalogue of the Grecian fleet; and I am exceedingly puzzled to find out the exact situation of all the places which Homer mentions, and to trace all the nations and tribes to which the Grecian army is referred. I have studied carefully all the notes of Heyne and Clarke, but these are not full enough.'

'And why do you wish to trace them?'

The young student was mute with surprise: 'This is a strange question,' muttered he to himself, 'to come from a teacher, and an admirer of Homer!' 'What, Sir, must I not *study out* all the proper names? I supposed I could not be a good scholar without it.'

'*Why should you?* If you will think of this question, and give me a satisfactory answer, I will set myself at once to helping you.'

'But why did the commentators study so much upon these things?'

'That is another question for you to think of; and instead of answering it myself, I will wait for you to give me your best conjecture on the subject.'

The poor fellow was amazed. Never had he been more entirely confounded: 'My teacher asks me, why should I learn it! How strange!' Such were his thoughts, as he returned to his studies. In a few days he called again. He seemed not to know how to begin the conversation.

'Well, have you made out an answer to the questions which startled you so much?'

'Why, Sir; I cannot say that I am able to give any satisfactory answer.'

'Well then, my young friend, I charge you not to spend time and strength in searching for the situation of Homer's Nisyros, Crapathus, and Casus, until you give some valid reason for so doing. As to the commentators, what will not men do for fame? How many labors have men performed with this motive, which were not only useless, but pernicious?'

Such a reply was indeed unexpected. The young pupil seemed at once bewildered, and relieved from anxiety, by such a *paradoxical* sentiment. His mind had imbibed the common feeling that, *mental* labor never constitutes an abuse of time. The maxim, 'No item of knowledge is contemptible,' had misled his mind, and he had been accustomed to feel that *learning* must be great and good.

There is a sense, in which it may be truly said that nothing in the universe of God is despicable, except moral evil. The most minute portion of matter—the slightest organization—the obscurest fact in nature—is worthy of the notice of Mind. But are there not choices to be made? Is EVERY man justified in spending his life in the comparing of the blades of grass, or the pebbles of the sand? No work of human skill is to be despised; and yet who may sit down to cut paper, or tie knots, as the business of his life? [39]

We once called at the study of a fine young man, who had set out to do his best, and to make a scholar. He was pale with long and severe study, and seemed to labor under some special dejection. On inquiring into his course of study, he made the following statement.

'I have lately begun to read Cicero de Oratore. I have always been accustomed to hear Cicero spoken of as the prince of Latin writers, and I resolved to make myself master of one at least of his treatises, and to *realize* the whole benefit of a thorough and scholar-like acquaintance with this author. I commenced with the commentaries of Ernesti, Pearce, Proust, Harlessius, etc., etc., and resolved to know the whole. I soon came upon a passage which was obscure. I resorted to the Notes. Here I found six different readings proposed, and long comments on each. I read all the remarks of my commentators, which occupied me an hour. The conclusion to be derived from them was, that the original language of the sentence was not to be decided upon, and that the meaning of the author was left to conjecture. I then undertook to investigate the meaning of a legal term used by Cicero. After reading several pages of notes, and consulting half a dozen books of reference, I made myself master of the suppositions of the learned on the subject. I next took up the name of a Roman orator whom Cicero mentions. I read at great length, and discovered that his name had been found in several instances in the Latin writers, and that critics supposed that two persons of the same name had been alluded to in these instances. I had commenced the study with resolution, and had determined not to come short of the advantages of the thorough scholar. But, for an hour before you come in, I had been thinking, 'What am I doing, and what end am I securing? What if I should know a thousand things of this kind? *Cui Bono?* I do not intend to be indolent or fickle, but these thoughts have, I confess, made me dejected.'

The young man's honest and heart-felt account of himself was calculated to make one pause.

Here was a high-toned and vigorous mind wearing away its energies, and narrowing its scope of vision, under the bondage of that public opinion respecting true learning, which took its rise and its form in the cells of the monastery, where the mind will seize upon any aliment rather than prey upon itself, and expend itself upon trifles, because it is shut away from the *great* realities of life. A mind which was made to display its energies in the highest track of thought, and on the widest field of action, is imprisoned to count its beads, and mutter its task, in the temple of monastic lore. Public opinion must be subjected to frequent revision—let us not be pronounced radical—or errors will cling to the community, with the tendency of a mill-stone about the neck. An error, hallowed by strong and widely-connected associations, is not easily exterminated. It passes on unharmed by those agitations which overwhelm the errors of a lower grade and humbler origin; and while the generation living in its shadow have never known the light which it intercepts, they regard it as a part of the system of things, and one of the conditions of their being. Thus has the high regard which mankind accord to mental efforts, as distinguished from physical, had the effect to hallow even the follies of intellect, and to prolong the existence of those errors respecting the cultivation of the mind, which lead us to regard it rather as a receptacle of hoarded knowledge, than as a thing of active powers; to seek the acquisitions of the scholar as valuable in themselves, rather than as giving scope and expansion to the energies of a noble existence, and in the high estimation which Education has properly imparted to the *means* of education, to make that mistake which comprehends so many others; to make the means the end.

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JUNE.

THE violet peeps from its emerald bed,
And rivals the azure in hue overhead;
To the breeze, sweeping by on invisible wings,
Its gift of rich odor the young lily flings,
And the silvery brook in the greenwood is
 heard
Sweetly blending its tones with the song of the
 bird.

The swallow is dipping his wing in the tide,
And the aspect of earth is to grief unallied;
Ripe fruit blushes now on the strawberry vine,
And the trees of the woodland their arms
 intertwine;
Forming shields which the sun pierceth not
 with his ray—
Screening delicate plants from the broad eye
 of day.

Oft forsaking the haunts and the dwellings of
 men,
I have sought out the depths of the forest and
 glen;
And the presence of June, making vocal each
 bough,
Would drive the dark shadow of care from my
 brow:
The rustling of leaves, the blithe hum of the
 bee,
Than the music of viols is sweeter to me.

When the rose bends with dew on her emerald
 throne,
And the wren to her perch in the forest hath
 flown;
When the musical thrush is asleep on its nest,
And the red-bird is in her light hammock at
 rest;
When sunlight no longer gilds streamlet and
 hill,
Is heard thy sad anthem, oh sad whip-poor-
 will!

The Indian, as twilight was fading away,
Would start when his ear caught thy sorrowful
 lay,
And deeming thy note the precursor of wo,
Would arm for the sudden approach of the foe;
But I list to thy wild, fitful hymn with delight,

While the pale stars are winking, lone minstrel
of night!

Brightest month of the year! when thy chaplet
grows pale,
I shall mourn, for the bearer of health is thy
gale:
The pearl that young Beauty weaves in her
dark hair,
In clearness can ne'er with thy waters
compare;
Nor yet can the ruby or amethyst vie
With the tint of thy rose, or the hue of thy sky!

H.

RANDOM PASSAGES

[41]

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

NUMBER THREE.

THE HIGHLANDS—PERTH, STIRLING, ETC.

TUESDAY, JUNE 15.—At 7 o'clock, on a fine morning, I left Edinburgh for the lakes and highlands. My route for the day was the same as that of the Antiquary and Lovel. The coach, however, was much more prompt than in the days of Mrs. Macleuchar, and started off while the clock of St. Giles was striking, from Waterloo-place instead of High-street. Arrived at Queensferry, seven miles, after a beautiful ride, modern improvements were again visible; for, instead of having to wait for the tide, as did Oldbuck and his friend, we drove down a stone pier, at the end of which the water is always deep enough, and transferring our luggage and ourselves to a sail-boat just sufficiently large to contain the coach's company, guard, and coachee included, the canvass was spread, and in a few minutes we were at North Queensferry, on the other side of the Frith of Forth. Here we breakfasted; the landlord, who could produce a dinner 'peremptorie,' has been succeeded by one who has it already on the table at the moment the coach drives up.

The ride from this place to Kinross is not particularly interesting; neither is the scenery about Loch Leven. I stopped, however, of course, at the village, and walking down to the lake, over some marshy flats, made a bargain with a couple of fellows to row me over to the castle, on the same side from which Queen Mary escaped. There is a boat, it seems, kept by the cicerone of the place, who charges five shillings sterling to each visitor—a great imposition. My men had to keep out of sight, lest they should be fined for trespass! The whole lake is owned by one person—Lord Somebody, who leases the privilege of angling in it, for £500 per annum, and the lessee charges a guinea per day for sub-privileges! It abounds with fine trout. The castle, which is quite a ruin, only one tower remaining entire, looks more like a prison than a place of residence.

'No more its arches echo to the noise
Of joy and festive mirth; no more the
glance
Of blazing taper through its window
beams,
And quivers on the undulating wave:
But naked stand the melancholy walls,
Lashed by the wintry tempests, cold and
bleak,
Which whistle mournfully through the
empty halls,
And piecemeal crumble down the tower
to dust.'

The entrance to the chamber pointed out as Queen Mary's is not more than four feet high, so that you have to stoop in entering it. The gate through which she escaped, with Douglas, is on the opposite side of the castle from her apartments, and not the usual place for leaving the island. The spot where she landed is yet called Queen Mary's Knoll.

After leaving Kinross, there is some fine scenery, particularly near Perth, where I arrived about half past two. It is a large and handsome town, on the banks of the Tay. In my first walk through it, I noticed, as rather singular, a number of 'fair maids.' There is one, however, an inn-keeper's daughter, who seems to bear the palm, and is distinguished, I was told, *par excellence*, as 'The Fair Maid of Perth.' I saw several vessels, coaches, etc., thus named; and yet I could not find in the whole town a single copy of Scott's novel! Wandering down to the river, I saw a steam-boat just starting for Dundee,^[2] twenty-two miles' sail on the beautiful river and Frith of Tay, and the fare nine-pence! So, not being very particular in my destination, I jumped on board, and was off in a trice, without my dinner, which I had ordered at the hotel. The trip was very pleasant, for it

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was a lovely day; and at six o'clock I dined in the best style, on 'three courses and a dessert,' in a handsome parlor, at the Royal Hotel, Dundee, for two shillings—the cheapest dinner and trip I have had in his Majesty's dominions. Dundee is a very large and flourishing place, and carries on more trade and commerce than any other town in Scotland, Glasgow perhaps excepted. It is admirably situated, and has quite a city-like appearance. The docks would be an honor to New-York. After dinner, I walked out to Broughty Ferry, four miles, along the banks of the Frith, to call on Dr. DICK, the author of the *Christian Philosopher*, and several other very able and popular works. He has a little of the pedagogue in his appearance and conversation, but seems to be a very plain, kind-hearted man. He is very much interested in our country and its literature, and had many questions to ask respecting his correspondents here. He thinks we are far before Great Britain on the score of education; and says that such a work as Burritt's *Astronomy* would be quite too deep and scientific to be used in schools there. Of course, he touched upon slavery. He did not understand why the blacks should not be admitted into society, and considered as equals in intellect with the whites! In the little attic room, are a variety of scientific instruments, such as telescopes, orreries, etc. Among the books were his last one, 'The Mental Illumination and Moral Improvement of Mankind,' English and American editions. After tea, it being ten o'clock, and yet light enough in this northern latitude to read without a candle, the doctor kindly escorted me nearly three miles on my way back to Dundee.

THURSDAY MORNING, at six o'clock, I mounted a coach returning to Perth, with a fine clear sky, and the warmest day I have experienced in Britain. The road is along the banks of the Forth, and is very quiet and pleasant, passing several splendid seats; among them Kinfauns Castle, (Lord Gray,) in the bosom of the hills, fronting the water. Near this, on the banks, are found fine onyxes, cornelians, and agates. There is a handsome stone bridge over the Tay at Perth. This is a lovely river, the current being very swift, and the water deep, clear, and dark. After breakfast, I walked two miles along the banks north to the palace of Scone, where the Scottish kings were formerly crowned. I saw the celebrated *stone* on which they were crowned, in Westminster Abbey, whither it has been removed. The present palace, is a modern and very splendid edifice, the finest I have seen of the kind, situated in an extensive park or lawn sloping to the banks of the river. It is occupied by the Earl of Mansfield, grand-son of the famous Lord Mansfield. The apartments on the ground-floor are very magnificent, particularly the drawing-room, which I imagine is the *ne plus ultra* of modern elegance, and a fine specimen of a wealthy nobleman's apartment. The tables and cabinets are inlaid with brass, the ceiling carved with great taste, and the walls covered with superb silk furniture, furnished in the richest manner. It is as large as four or five good sized parlors. The library is of the same size. This, and some other rooms, contain paintings by Lady Mansfield herself, which are vastly creditable to her ladyship, and would be to a professed artist. The gallery is one hundred and fifty feet long, and contains a large organ. In the chambers, are bed-curtains, etc., wrought by Mary, Queen of Scots, when at Loch Leven.

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Rode in the afternoon to Dunkeld, fifteen miles. Near this town, we enter the grand pass to the highlands, which here commence in all their beauty and grandeur. On the road; we passed Birnam Wood, (which it seems has not all 'moved to Dunsinane,') a mountain twelve miles distant, and seen from the top of Birnam. Dunkeld is beautifully situated, in a vale on the banks of the Tay, which is here even fairer than at Perth, surrounded by lofty and picturesque mountains, which closely overlook the town. The scenery here exceeds any thing I have seen; yet this is but the mere gate to the highlands; and I may as well reserve my enthusiasm.

The principal landed proprietor in this region, is the Duke of Athol, whose pleasure-grounds alone are said to extend fifty miles in a strait line. We walked through the charming garden on the banks of the river, to the half-finished palace which had been commenced by the present duke, but now remains in *statu quo*; for the 'poor rich man' became insane, and is now confined in a mad-house, near London. Crossing the rapid current of the river, in a boat, we climbed up to 'Ossian's Hall,' a pretty bower on the brink of a deep precipice, and in front of a beautiful waterfall, which comes tumbling down a rocky ravine from an immense height, and is enchantingly reflected in the mirrors of the bower. From this height, is a fine view of the Grampians, where

'My father feeds his flocks.'

STIRLING, JUNE 17, P. M.—The Abbey of Dunblane and the battle-field of Sheriff-Muir were the only objects of interest during the ride from Perth: and there is little to excite curiosity in the old and irregular town of Stirling, except its noble castle, scarcely second to that of Edinburgh in fame and importance. Entering the esplanade, I happened to meet the commanding officer, who inquired if I was a stranger, and politely escorted me to every part of the extensive fortification. 'In *that* room,' said he, 'James VI. was born;' *this* palace was built by James V., (the 'Knight of Snowdon, James Fitz James,') who often travelled alone in various disguises, etc. The views from the ramparts of the castle are very extensive, and in many respects have been pronounced unrivalled. They reach from Arthur's Seat, on one side, to the highlands of Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond on the other, a distance of sixty-five miles. Eleven counties, comprising most of the places celebrated in Scottish history, may be seen from these battlements. On the south, two miles distant, is the memorable field of Bannockburn, where thirty thousand Scotchmen under

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Bruce routed the English army of one hundred thousand men, thirty thousand of whom were killed. During the battle, when victory was yet doubtful, the boys ('*killies*') who had charge of the Scotch luggage, curious to know the result of the contest, came with their carts to the top of the hill near by, and the English, supposing them to be a fresh army, took fright and scampered. So the place is called 'Killies' Hill,' to this day.

At five P. M., set off for Callender, fifteen miles, crossing the Forth, and passing 'the Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doune,' (but not Burns',) and the ruins of Doune Castle, a strong fortress, where Waverley was confined. A little farther, we ride along the Teith, pass the seat of Buchanan, where Scott spent much of his boyhood, and had his taste for the sublime and beautiful in nature inflamed into a noble passion, by contemplating the scenery spread before him.

Callender is a retired and quite a rude little village, at the south-west entrance to the highlands, and is the usual stopping place for tourists. The people here generally speak Gælic, and the children wear the highland kilt. The inn is the only decent house in the place. Joined an agreeable party from Edinburgh, and walked out to Bracklinn Bridge, and a beautifully-romantic waterfall. For eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, at this place, at present, (June) it is light enough to read without a candle; and at eleven P. M., it is as light as our twilight.

STEWART'S INN, LOCH ACHRAY, FRIDAY EVE.—This has been a most delightful day. It was a soft and brilliant morning, and we walked eight miles before breakfast to the celebrated Pass of Leven, one of the grandest in the highlands. Ben Ledi, 'the Hill of God,' (where the natives are said to have worshipped the sun,) lifts its lofty summit on one side, and at its base are two lovely little lakes, their glassy surface reflecting clearly the splendid picture around.

After an excellent breakfast, M'Gregor, our host, furnished us with the 'Rob Roy' car, and we were soon ushered into the classic and romantic region of the 'Lady of the Lake;' Ben Ledi being on our right, Ben An and Ben Venue frowning upon us in front. Riding along the banks of Loch Vennachar, on our left, we see Coilantogle Ford, where was the 'Combat', in which Fitz James mastered Roderick Dhu:

'By thicket green and mountain grey,
A wildering path! they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky.'

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Our course was the same as that of the Knight of Snowdon, reversed; and every turn of the road brought new beauties to view, in the splendid landscape. On the opposite shore of Loch Vennachar, we saw the 'Gathering Place of Clan Alpine,' where, at the shrill whistle of Roderick Dhu, and to the surprise of Fitz James:

'Instant through copse and heath arose
Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprang up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles grey their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart;
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand;
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior, armed for strife.'

Every visitor here must remark the singular *accuracy* of the pictures of scenery throughout this poem. We can find the original of every passage of local description, and I cannot help quoting some of them.

The 'plaided warriors' are now scarcely to be seen this side of the Braes of Balquiddar. How similar is their case to that of our American Indians! Like them, they were the original possessors of the soil, and roved in lawless freedom:

'Far to the south and east, where lay
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between:
These fertile plains, *that* softened vale,
Were once the birth-right of the *Gæli*;
The *stranger* came, with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.'

And as Roderick continues, addressing the king:

'Thinkst thou we will not sally forth

To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?'

A short distance beyond Loch Vennachar, we came to Loch Achray, about a half mile long, and so placid and beautiful, that an Englishman took it for a work of art, and remarked that it was 'very well got up!' On the banks of this lovely lake, surrounded by the grand and lofty *Trosachs*, is the rustic little inn of *Ardchinchrocan*, where we stopped for the day. It 'takes' a Scott to do justice to this charming spot, and the wild but majestic scenery around. It seems far removed from the noise and trouble of the 'work-day world.'

After dinner, we took a walk to *Loch Katrine*, through the most sublime and difficult of all the passes through the Grampians—that formed by the *Trosachs*, or 'bristled territory.' All that is wild and stupendous in mountain scenery here unites:

'High on the south, huge Ben Venue,
Down to the lake its masses threw;
Crag, knolls, and mounds, confusedly
hurl'd
The fragments of an earlier world.'

Not a shrub nor a plant can be seen on these heights. Their rough, gloomy sides form a strange contrast to the green vales below. The *echo* from them is remarkably distinct. We passed through the shady ravine, where the green knights' gallant grey fell, exhausted after 'the chase.' A few steps from this, the charming Loch Katrine suddenly appears. The upper part only is visible at first, 'the Island' obstructing the view, so that new and varied beauties are discovered at every step. The scene is calculated to inspire and elevate the nobler feelings of the visitor. Passing along the banks, we came to 'the beach of pebbles white as snow,' opposite 'the Island,' where Fitz James first saw Ellen: [46]

'I well believe,' the maid replied,
As her light skiff approached the side,
'I well believe that ne'er before
Your foot hath trod Loch Katrine's
shore.'

The 'promontory,' 'the bay,' 'the brake,' 'the pebbles,' are all here; and to enliven the scene, there was an old man who might have been Allan Bane, playing wildly on a flute; and he gave us some fine old Scotch airs, which were quite a treat. We had a thunder-shower, too, and taking shelter in a cave, we heard 'heaven's artillery' echoed through these mighty mountains, with most impressive grandeur. On our return, with much exertion, I at length achieved the summit of one of the minor heights, and was amply repaid by the prospect therefrom. It was at sunset; and the whole of the three Lochs Katrine, Achray, and Vennachar, with the snow-capped Grampians on the north, and the distant ocean on the west, were distinctly seen. The cattle on the nearest mountains appeared not larger than cats.

INVERARY, HEAD OF LOCH FINE, SATURDAY, 11 P. M.—With the moon-lit lake under my window, I resume my disjointed narrative. Yesterday we had seen the *Trosachs* in the clearest atmosphere, but to-day they were encircled with the mists which rolled majestically along their sides, while their summits were 'bright with the beams of the morning sun.' Our hostess at Loch Achray provided us with a boat and oarsmen, and we proceeded through the pass from which

'Loch Katrine lay beneath us roll'd—
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light;
And mountains that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land.'

How accurate and graphic the picture! This lake is about seven miles long, and perhaps half a mile wide. We sailed over its smooth and brilliantly-dark, transparent surface, and touched the banks of Ellen's Isle:

'The stranger view'd the shore around,
'Twas all so close with copse-wood
bound,
Nor track, nor path-way might declare
That human foot frequented there.'

Our boatmen here gave us a specimen of the wonderful echoes.^[3] His shrill call was answered *three times*, with perfect distinctness, and apparently from a great distance. He had a pithy way of talking, this rower. 'Do the sun's rays,' I asked, 'ever reach that glen under Ben An?' who here [47]
'Lifts high his forehead bare.'

'Yes,' he said; 'they just give it a peep, to say 'How-dye-do?' and are off again.'

'Is it five *English* miles across the next pass?'

'English miles, but a *Scotch* road.'

We passed the goblin cave, and enjoyed all at which 'the stranger' was enraptured and amazed; 'that soft vale,' and 'this bold brow,' and 'yonder meadow far away.' On landing, our boat-party found ponies in waiting to take us over the rough and dreary pass to Loch Lomond. Our cavalcade, with the guides, straggling along between these wild hills and precipices, was a subject for the pencil. There were some odd geniuses among us, too, who contributed much to our amusement. Arrived at Loch Lomond, we descended a rocky steep, to the banks where the steam-boat from Glasgow was to call for us. The place is called Inversnaid; but the only habitation in sight was a little hut, at the foot of a pretty cascade, where Wordsworth wrote:

'And I, methinks, 'till I grow old,
As fair a maid shall ne'er behold,
As I do now—the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the water-fall,
And thou the spirit of them all.'

The boat took us to the head of the loch to see *Rob Roy's Cave*, (which also once gave shelter to Robert Bruce,) and then reversed her course toward Glasgow. As we proposed to see Inverary, and some of the Western Islands, we landed at Tarbet, opposite Ben Lomond. The sky looked too black to warrant an ascent; but with glasses we could see several persons on the sugar-loaf summit. A tourist wrote on the window of the inn here, in 1777, a chapter of metrical advice to those

'Whose taste for grandeur and the dread
sublime
Prompt them Ben Lomond's dreadful height to
climb.'

From Tarbet, we took a car and rode through the grand but dreary pass of Glencroe, Ben Arthur frowning upon us for six miles, and went round the head of Loch Long to Cairndow, on Loch Fine, where we again took boat for Inverary, and had a charming moonlight sail. This is a very neat and pretty little village, belonging almost entirely to the Duke of Argyle. The houses are mostly white, and evidently arranged for effect, being clearly reflected in the quiet lake, like Isola Bella, in Italy. The duke's castle, near the village, is an elegant modern edifice, of blue granite, with a circular tower at each corner. We had a ride through the extensive parks and pleasure-grounds, which are filled with every variety of valuable exotic trees. The owner of this fine estate has not been here for fifteen years—no great argument for his grace's good taste, or justice to his tenants. Some of the most eminent British artists have found ample employment for their pencils in this neighborhood. The loch is celebrated for its fine herrings, which is the chief article of trade of Inverary. [48]

MONDAY MORNING.—At three o'clock we were awakened for the steam-boat, and were not more than half dressed, when the steam ceased from growling, and the bell from tolling; nevertheless, we caught up what garments remained, leaving a few as wind-falls to the chamber-maid, and fled to the dock. The steamer was off, sure enough, but came to, and sent a boat for us, on seeing our signals. It is now broad day-light, and was, indeed, at two o'clock! The sail down Loch Fine is rather tedious. It is a salt-water lake, from thirty to forty miles in length, and the shores are low and barren as the sea-coast.

We stopped at several places for passengers, and passing between the isles of Bute and Arran, (celebrated in 'The Lord of the Isles,') we entered the Kyles of Bute, where the shores are verdant and interesting.

At the town of Rothsay, on the Isle of Bute, we saw the ruins of the famous Rothsay Castle; and a few miles farther, we passed the Castle of Dunoon, and several pretty summer-villas on the banks of the water. Entering the Frith of Clyde, we stopped at the flourishing ports of Greenock and Port Glasgow, and the strong fortress of Dumbarton, built on a lofty and picturesque rock, at the mouth of the river Clyde. From here, is a fine view of the Vale of Leven, and the whole outline of Ben Lomond, about fifteen miles distant. The pretty vale in the fore-ground is the scene of Smollet's beautiful ode:

'On Leven's banks when free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love.'

In sailing up the Clyde, the most remarkable sight was the immense number of steam-boats which passed us in rapid succession. We met no less than *twenty-one*, of a large class, on the river, all bound out; and I was told that upward of eighty are owned in Glasgow alone. We landed at Glasgow, after a voyage of twelve hours, during which we had stopped at as many different places. I was surprised at the extent and elegance of Glasgow, as much as at its evident importance as a manufacturing and commercial city. It seems to be scarcely second to Liverpool, and is certainly the third city in Great Britain on the score of population and trade.

It is too far up the river for a seaport, so that Greenock is a sharer in its prosperity. The buildings, like those of the *new* town of Edinburgh, are nearly all of a handsome free-stone, which is found in great abundance near the city, and is the cheapest as well as the best material they can use. Loss by fire is especially rare. Some of the private residences would do honor to the west end of London. The streets fronting the Clyde, on both sides, are very imposing, and are connected by four handsome stone bridges, while the banks of the river are substantially walled with granite, surmounted with iron railings. There is a public park, pleasure-ground, and gymnasium, near the river. The streets, particularly the Broadway of the town, Trongate-street, were literally thronged, quite as much so as Cheap-side and Fleet-street in the Metropolis. In this street I saw the remaining tower of the Tolbooth, where Rob Roy conducted Frank, and met Baillie Nichol Jarvie. From thence I walked up High-street to the venerable University, of which Campbell, the poet, who is a native of Glasgow, was lately principal.^[4] The structure is very antique, and encloses three squares. I passed through college after college, looking as learned as possible, and graduated in the 'green,' where Frank Osbaldistone encountered Rashleigh. Farther up the street, I arrived at the old *cathedral*, one of the largest in Britain. It is now divided into three churches for Presbyterians. The pillars which support the great tower are immense. I measured my umbrella twice on *one side* of a single square pillar. The *crypt* (basement) where Frank Osbaldistone attended church, and was warned by Rob Roy, extends the whole length of the cathedral, and is the most curious part of it. In the grave-yard I noticed monuments to John and McGavin, author of the Protestant.

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* * * The Merchants' Exchange is a splendid Corinthian edifice, and contains a noble public hall, and an extensive reading-room, where I was glad to find the *Knickerbocker*. I was surprised at the extraordinary cheapness of rents, both here and in Edinburgh, compared with those in our good city of Gotham. The very best finished three-story houses, of stone, of the largest class, and in desirable situations, may be had for four hundred and fifty dollars per annum. Our New-York landlords would demand for a similar residence, at least twelve hundred dollars. In Edinburgh, as it is not a commercial place, rents are still lower. Very superior houses, with large gardens, etc., are let for eighty pounds per year.

After seeing Langside, about two miles from Glasgow, where the cause of the ill-fated Queen of Scots was finally overthrown, I rode to Linlithgow, for the sake of a glance at her birth-place; the palace once so famous and 'fair.'

'Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
Above the rest, beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excelling.'

The walls remain nearly entire, but the interior was totally destroyed by fire, during one of the civil feuds. The town, as well as that of Falkirk, a few miles beyond, is dull and gloomy. Some of the old houses in Falkirk were once occupied by the knights of St. John, who had a preceptory near the place. The field where the great battle was fought, in which Wallace was defeated, is a short distance from the town. I reached Edinburgh at ten P. M., in the canal-boat from Glasgow, which goes at the rate of nine miles an hour, and landed under the batteries of the castle; having passed the most of a week, of delightful weather, among the most interesting parts of Scotland. I have been agreeably surprised at the evident marks of industry and prosperity which are almost every where apparent. The Scotch are notoriously shrewd, industrious, and thriving; but we yankees, like other nations, are apt to think ourselves far before the rest of the world in 'inventions and improvements;' and though a foreigner would sneer at my presumption, I have really felt pleased when I have seen any thing abroad 'pretty nearly' as good as *we* can show at home. It is folly, at the same time, for us to flatter ourselves that we can in no wise take profitable example from our father-land!

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SONNETS: BY 'QUINCE.'

ADVERSITY.

WE sometimes strike the madman to the earth,
And mercy deals the pain-inflicting blow,
That body's suffering may give reason birth,
And with slight anguish mitigate much wo.
When 'neath the surgeon's hand the patient
lies,
Whose mortifying limb requires the knife,
With fortitude he bears his agonies,
Nor heeds the torture that will save his life.
Thus heaven doth strike us with adversity,
Thus should we bow to its omniscient will;
Then through dark clouds bright sunshine we
should see
And sweetest comfort draw from direst ill.
All is not sad, that to us seems to be,

Nor all adverse, we call adversity.

AGES.

AGES! to trace thy path, my curious eye
Pierces the vista of forgotten time:
Ye awe me with your vast sublimity,
Ye moving mysteries, that will consign
The breathing form that wonders at your
might,
Like unto myriads o'er whom ye have swept,
To the dark lethe of impris'ning night;
Where I must sleep, and where they long
have slept.
Like the majestic ocean's waves ye roll,
Which o'er the sweetest, fondest memories
ride,
Slow journeying toward your destined goal,
With all of earth mysteriously allied.
Sweep on, Time's chroniclers! yourselves shall
be
Engulphed at last in vast eternity!

ANGELS.

THE infant sleeping on its mother's breast,
Or seeking in her eye a sunny smile—
The heart that boasts as calm and pure a rest,
As spotless, and as free from earthly guile;
The eye that weeps calamity to see,
The hand that opens in its might to give;
The crushed and sinking heart, that yearns to
be
Bathed in His blood who died that it might
live;
The pure out-gushings of the fervent soul,
The God-like thoughts that raise our hearts
to heaven,
Have each an Angel's spirit; and control
The sordid clay, to shrine our spirits given.
This is all felt—but Nature bids us trace
The Angel in earth's glory—woman's face.

WILSON CONWORTH.

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CHAPTER XII.

I HAVE said, that owing to the aimless, reckless course of life which I pursued, after leaving college, I lost my place in society, and found myself without friends, and a marked man. This began my education. I began to look about me, and to think. What! my acquaintance slight me as unworthy their notice! What could be the cause of this? Could I live under such a ban? I resolved to reform. The effect upon me of this rule in society proves its excellence. I was at first staggered. I knew not that ruin was so near at hand. I was awakened from the trance of years. I determined to make a desperate effort. I collected the amount of my debts, and gave them in to my father, telling him, as coolly as I could, that I had determined to leave the city—to retire upon the smallest sum possible for the most secluded life. He paid my debts, enormous as they were. Without bidding adieu to any one, for I did not think myself of consequence enough to take leave formally, I, in a few days after my determination, was on my way to N—.

I took with me a few books, and they were well chosen. I had Scott and Byron, Mackenzie's works, the British Essayists, Sterne, Shenstone's Essays, Bacon's Essays, Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, and Shakspeare. Yes! I took, too, Burns's poems and letters. His letters more than his poems I admired, or loved too read, for we feel more sympathy for Burns, on account of his hard struggles, than because he wrote 'Tam O'Shanter,' or the 'Twa Dogs.' These were all the books I took with me. I mention them with a feeling of pride, that my taste was so pure at so early a day, and in spite of my idleness and dissipated habits. If I were to select now from the whole field of literature—throwing in the old English prose writers by Young—I would not give up one of these books, supposing I could have no more in number.

The pleasure I received in reading these works—the tears I always shed over the Man of Feeling—prove to me that I was not so abandoned as I thought myself at this time, or at least, that we all have some good about us, however low we may stand in the estimation of the world. I think there is a double lesson to be learned from this: first, that all impressions, however trite and

unimportant they may appear at the time they are being made, never should be deemed of small weight, because their effects are not seen immediately: and second, that we should be careful lest we do the greatest injustice to our fellow men, by looking on the surface of character only, which, from some accidental cause, may appear rough and disgusting, while the seeds of good feeling and honorable exertion lie hid from our sight, and only want opportunity to command our applause.

With these few silent, voiceless friends, I took up my residence in the village of N—, a village of New-England. The pleasantness of the situation determined my location, for the advantages of study can be had in any place. There was a quiet air about this village, which enchanted me. It lay several miles from any other, on the banks of a river, upon a table-land. One long street extended through it, in a straight line. This street was very wide. The houses were not crowded upon the dusty path, but placed several rods back, with a green lawn in front, and painted white. It did not look like a business place—this was another good point—but it seemed like the residence of old and respectable families. There was fine scenery about it, too; high hills, and deep valleys, watered by swift and clear brooks. There was, and is, and ever will be, an air of easy comfort about this place, to strike strangers and foreigners. There is wealth without ostentation; hospitality without the appearance of obligation; and kindness and benevolence, ever to be remembered. Virtue is natural to a refined mind.

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I entered my name in the office of a gentleman of rather retired habits. He had an excellent library, both of law books and miscellaneous reading, and read much himself; but he was considered by the people as rather an oddity, and a book-worm. He rarely appeared in court, and clients never came to his office; yet he had made a fortune by his profession. I will venture to swear that he made his money with clean hands and a quiet conscience. He was rarely seen off of his own territory, and never attended a public meeting in his life, except to hear a sermon. His history is somewhat singular. He was a shoe-maker, until thirty years of age, and then studied law, and supported himself, for the first years of his practice, by making shoes in his garret, as it is said. A man of few words, he never spoke first to any one, but always listened more than he talked, even in the company of a fool. With the coarsest features and roughest skin I ever saw, and the ugliest face, he had the most benevolent smile in the world. He never killed a fly, or trod upon a worm, though a lawyer. He was much respected by the older and better sort of people, and by those of his profession, who were glad to find their opinions supported by his.

Himself and wife constituted his family, and they lived as quietly as two mice. Every thing was kept as neat as wax. The house, and office contiguous, stood upon a slight elevation, opposite the village church and tavern, shaded by umbrageous trees. A stray stick or stone never remained long within ten rods of the place. He was the pattern of order, and neatness, and regularity, in every thing he did or possessed. I never saw an unpleasing expression upon the face of this gentleman, except when some one of the choir got out of key in church; and then his countenance would suddenly be drawn up into knots, that, it would seem, could never be unravelled; for with a coarse body, he possessed the most susceptible soul, and refined tastes in the arts. Retirement and self-examination had made him appear diffident; yet it was far from being an ungraceful kind of bashfulness, but rather that drawing back, as if he mistrusted your power fully to enter into his feelings. But to return.

I commenced the task of study, and stuck to it for a short time; but the feeling that follows the discharge of a duty soon became no novelty, and I began to be quite sick of being so very good. Every thing was too smooth. I always loved contrast; and here are some verses that I wrote, the first week I spent in the country:

Tears are like showers, that wet the sun-
burnt soil,
And freshen quick its verdure. After toil,
Sweet is the laborer's rest.
Affliction gives a zest
To joy, and tears are blest.
For tears, if not by guilty conscience
shed,
Clear the dull channels of the brain and
head;
Our smiles are brighter,
Our hearts are lighter;
For memory loves to contrast joy with
sorrow;
We weep to-day, that we may laugh to-
morrow.

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This is the doctrine that has always swayed me; and if life at times becomes too quiet, I set the imagination to work to conjure up some wrong or injustice I suppose myself to have suffered, and work myself into a state of superior wretchedness. The freak passes away, and I am very pleased, and much excited, by what would be but sources of common enjoyment to the equable and reasonable.

Beside, there was another obstacle to studious habits—woman. I was among a new race of beings. Women in the country and in the city are as different as the barn-door fowl is from the bright-plumaged bird of the untrodden wild. In the first place, city girls are not so handsome as those living in the country. The former excel in dress, and the wavy lines of grace; they

understand the art of showing off their feet and ankles to better advantage; but they lack the one thing needful—the nature. They walk upon the paved street, not the grassy lawn, where every foot-step is in a line of poetry. They have grown up surrounded by artificial refinements; in the sickly glare of lamps, and a smoky atmosphere; their minds have not been tutored by the goddess of nature. They do not so often see the setting sun, the burnished clouds, the bright artillery of heaven. They feel not the balmy air, the dewy freshness of the morning. They do not hear the songs of birds; neither do they see the sparkling rivulet. How then is it possible they can be equal to those in affections, tastes, health, and beauty, who see, and hear, and feel all these things?

The daughters of people in moderate circumstances in the country are well educated. They usually spend a winter in town, and acquire all that can be learned of dress, although they depend little upon the 'aid of ornament.' They usually understand music and drawing. They read a great deal. The society they meet is pure; not varnished rottenness. Their habits are simple, and their tastes elegant.

They are without doubt the most fascinating women in the world; and are sought in matrimony by city merchants and lawyers, who have amassed fortunes, and begin to look about for some domestic comfort, while the city miss, who is never in public without being absorbed in her appearance, and dress, and walk, and who is always under the restraint of some forced prettiness, as she thinks it, is suffered to dash the years away in idleness and folly, till her nerves are worn out, and her health and beauty gone, beyond the arts of paint; or she marries very young, and soon fades, and is laid on the shelf; or she devotes herself to living her life over again in her daughter, her counterpart.

I soon found myself, in the society of this village, visiting every day. I could not withstand the temptation. It was all novelty. Such fine healthy countenances, open air, engaging conversation, offered in every house, that from law I turned to love. Blessed exchange!—from baron and femme, and contingent remainders, to ponder over the unwritten poetry of beauty, and the silver-tongued voices of young, imaginative maids, who treat you as if you were their brother, the moment their parents show, by their deportment, that they have confidence that you are a gentleman.

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How seldom is this confidence abused by an American? Who ever heard a case of seduction, in one of our country villages, among the better classes of society—among equals? These accidents, which our city-calendars register in the city, are mostly the handiwork of foreigners. Gallantry, conjugal infidelity, is not a vice of good society here, as in France or England. Men and women can be elegant, and happy, and contented, without the excitement of intrigue, to give a dash of romance to the career of a fine Lady Anybody, or bewitching Sir Nobody.

I defy the nicest art to circumvent one of our American girls, brought up as young ladies are brought up in our opulent country villages. Her very innocence protects her. She will not understand your passion, if it verges to freedom; think you drunk or crazy; any thing, but serious in your wild words and looks, and escape from you as soon as she can, and probably go and tell her mother, who will take care you do not see her very often. And this shall all be done, and brought about, and no fuss be made, either.

I happened to make the acquaintance here of a fine intelligent girl of my own age—twenty. She had found out a good deal about the world in books, and somewhat by observation in society. Her reading had been of a peculiar cast. She had read Byron from top to bottom, Tom Moore, all the novels and poetry she could get hold of; and, without any method or direction, she had studied philosophy, moral and natural, skimmed metaphysics and logic, and knew a little Latin, and some French. When quite young, she was called a 'smart girl;' every body prophesied she would be a wonder of intelligence and beauty; and she was. Her person was as remarkable as her mind. Of the medium stature in woman, with a form finely proportioned and graceful, you forgot every thing else about her, when you encountered her large black eyes, of uncommon depth of expression. This kind of eye is rare, though we sometimes find it among the inhabitants of the South. It seems as if it reached far back into the head, and contained the means of looking into your own heart, while the beholder is at a loss to fix its own expression. There is passion, love, self-possession, indifference, anger, scorn, dwelling in it; either to be called out in an instant, as the mind varies. Her complexion was a dark brunette; her nose and lips were nicely formed, and her teeth even and regular; her forehead very high and broad, set off majestically by a profusion of hair as black as the raven's wing.

The first time I ever saw her, was one evening when I called at her father's. In the movement that followed my entrance into the room, her hair by accident or design fell and enveloped her whole bust. Her dark eyes gleamed through its folds, and all her striking charms were the more enhanced, when half concealed by such rich drapery. I was taken by surprise. I had never seen such a woman. She reminded me of something I had read of in eastern tales—houris of paradise—something very lovely, and passionate, and devoted.

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My imagination was inflamed, and I loved her upon the instant, and did for years after; and now I cannot say but I feel some regrets that fate should have parted us. But we never could have been happy together as man and wife. She had no system of thinking or acting, and I certainly had none, and never shall have. We were then, both, the creatures of impulse, and perhaps it is better as it is. She was much my superior in self-control. Equally acted on by impulse, I yielded to the whim of the moment in conduct; she felt the desire, but sustained herself, and her feelings preyed upon her happiness.

I very soon after this first meeting saw her at a ball. We danced and walked together. She had the reputation of being a coquette, in the village, and I was marked as the next victim to be offered,

in the minds of all present.

Indeed I was a fit subject. I knew nothing then of the faults of women. I had sisters, and thought all women pure and saint-like, like my dear cousin. I never could attach an improper sentiment to any of the sex. I cannot now think them mean and deceitful, though I have strong proof of their being so. I am willing to be deceived in this respect. I hope I always may be. I make it a principle to think myself mistaken, when a woman of respectable standing in society appears to be in fault.

I suspected nothing wrong in this case. I was excited and happy, and I did not look to mar my own enjoyment. I was fascinated, although Miss Clair did not appear so well in a ball-room as in a simple dress at home—I mean not so loveable. Dressed in rich ornaments, she looked too unapproachable, too like a queen, an Indian queen, if you will; her high and commanding forehead, her glancing eye, her unshrinking gaze. And then she did not dance well. She often told me she hated the trouble. I think she was too intellectual to care much for dancing, or her ear was in fault. She never sang; though I believe she loved the music of the drum and fife. Do not infer, kind reader, that she was masculine—far from it. I have seen the tears roll out from her open eyes, when she was strongly affected by some pathetic tale, or some choice poetry; and when in our walks and rides we stopped to gaze upon some beautiful or grand scene of nature, she would weep from the very excess of her delight—perhaps from some association she did not confide to me. When at home, in a natural state of mind, surrounded by her family, and engaged in her duties, she was all delicate attention to the wants of others.

I had hardly become acquainted with her, when she suddenly left the village for an absence of three months. I cannot describe the pain I underwent during that time. I could not study or read, even novels. She promised to correspond with me, and all I did was to write letters to her. I wrote every day, and at night threw them into the fire. They did not suit me. Sometimes they were too warm. What I had written in the morning, seemed a different thing in the afternoon. I was now angry, now penitent, and in that conflicting state of mind which lovers, particularly young ones, know so well; and which I will venture to say they all agree is the most unenviable state of feeling in the world.

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At last she returned. She would not see me for a week, for some cause or other—I never could discover what. When I did see her, at last, she received me with stately coldness. I did not know what to make of it. It made me feel very unhappy, and I recollect I did not think of blaming her, but supposed the fault lay in myself.

This fickleness of hers did not cool my passion, but rather inflamed it. During these formal visits, there was always a look given, or a flower, or some appeal to me in a matter of literature, from which I drew encouragement that she was not indifferent to me—something I always carried away to dwell upon with pleasure; that kept her in my thoughts, and kept me from giving up the pursuit of such a charming object.

Things went on in this way for weeks. At last, if my calls were not frequent, she would ridicule my apathy to society; if I walked with another lady, I could see her eyes flash with indignation when she met me. She evidently considered me as her property, and I was doomed to submit patiently to all her caprices.

I now understand her. She did love me, as the sequel will show; but she dared hardly confess it to herself. She had seen very few young men from cities, or of much rank. Her idea of young men of fortune was drawn chiefly from novels. She feared I was fickle, and only bent upon a little amusement. She acted on the defensive. She only wished to be assured of my true affection for her, to pour out upon me all the repressed tenderness of her nature. Her coldness was assumed to conceal her feelings; for she was a creature of extremes. Her only safety, she thought, was to shield herself in frowns. Easy politeness would have been torture to her. Before I left her, she usually gave me one kind word, enough, if I loved her, she thought, to anchor my heart to hers. She knew the nature of the passion. Her absence was to try me. She has told me that she loved me at first sight, as I certainly did her.

Her father was an open-hearted man, of profuse hospitality. He liked me, and invited me to his house whenever we met. He was an easy man, who had married, himself, from prudent motives; he could not imagine how there could be any romance in his family, if he understood the true meaning of the word. I rode, walked, and sat with his daughter a good deal of the time. We were happy; he saw we were, and supposed it was the happiness of youth and prosperity.

He had been gay himself, when young, and loved the girls. He had no Byron to read—no Moore to ponder over—no stories of Petrarch and Laura to inflame his imagination. He did not see our danger. And this, by-the-by, is a fault of no small magnitude in the education of the young; that parents do not enough know the reading of their children. Books change with time. The novel of the present day is no more the novel of our father's day, than the fashion of a dandy now-a-days is the fashion of the exquisite of the last century.

Parents do not know the minds of their children, or the effects of their reading. Not knowing their books, how can they judge? Children are always reserved before their parents; and as a general remark, applicable to children, we may say, that parents know less of their own children than they do of their neighbors'. They, good easy souls! suppose all is right. Like geese, who hide their heads, and think (if geese do think) their bodies are safe, so parents shut their eyes, and hope for the best. 'Well,' they say, 'we can't tell what is to become of him,' looking at the child some one is praising to his face; 'he may make a man: heaven, I hope, will take care of him.' And so this pious, conscientious father attends to his business, and the child is left to the chance of being ruined.

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The effect of the books young ladies read is immense, upon their principles. They are so much alone; taking and plausible sentiments sink so deep into their hearts; they have so little to disturb or counteract the impressions of injudicious books. Nay, society oftentimes rivets the chains of a bad impression around their very necks, and custom gives it a place in their hearts. Educate young ladies as you will; that is, send them to what school you please; give them the advantages of accomplishments in the arts and society, and at the same time let them have the range of a circulating library, and they will inevitably very often imbibe matter and notions for severe struggles, and heart-burnings, and shame, if not of crime. The books young people of both sexes read, is not considered a matter of sufficient consequence. It is left to chance—to superficial advice—to fashionable cant.

In those oil-fed hours we steal from sleep to pore over the exciting tale, or tragic story, we do more to fix our characters, to plant the seeds of some kind of principle, either good or bad, in our hearts, than in all our school hours, trebly counted.

The character of this high and impetuous young lady was the effect of books acting upon a very susceptible temperament. My own character was quite as impetuous as her own, though not so high and disinterested. Having been, as I thought, in love before, I had a certain familiarity of acquaintance with emotion. "Twas love I loved." She loved me. She acted from strong feeling, and so did I; but I am ashamed to record, that my movements were tempered with a vein of calculation, that detracted from my enjoyment.

But how much we did enjoy! Here for the first time did I fold a woman in my arms, and impress upon her lips—giving all that lips can give—burning kisses! I played with the rich black hair upon her forehead. I kissed her white hand, and encircled her waist. I laid my head upon her bosom, and felt, the heavings of her heart.

Oh God! what scenes of agonizing bliss! I never can know you again! Age, care, and want, have come upon me, and I am dying in a foreign land, without one tear to water my grave!

When Alice Clair first confessed her love for me, it was with weeping, and an excess of emotion, which alarmed me. Her whole frame was shaken, as if by an ague. I had endeavored, for a long time, to wring the secret from her. I wished her to say the words, '*I do love you!*' I wished her promise. I now can easily see her hesitation. She knew me better than I did myself. She saw I was capable of any thing, and yet insensible to every thing, but pleasure. She was ambitious. She wished her lover—her serious and true lover—the man she expected to marry—to possess strength. Perhaps she felt her own weakness, and saw her need of some strong staff to lean upon. She saw that I had not much determination in any course that interfered with my pleasure. Hence her unwillingness to acknowledge me as her lover, to the world. She wished to keep me in her chains—to hold me from others—and, although she loved me, I am convinced, still at times there was a taint of coquetry in her manner to me in public, that made me appear ridiculous. I could not, would not, bear this, and I determined to offer myself to her, and in case of refusal to go—I knew not where.

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I know of nothing so laughable as feigned passion. It must put people to a world of trouble, to play extatics, to weep tears, to kiss passionately, to embrace, while the heart is ice, and the temper clouded; to be playing lover, while one is thinking how long it is before dinner.

I had worked myself up into quite a passion. I thought my whole soul was absorbed in this affair. I wished to be married forthwith. I could not think of delay; and in these moods used to press my suit with a mad earnestness, and ask her acknowledged love, with all my heart, and with a temporary sincerity.

One night, we were walking late on the banks of a river, in a beautiful meadow. The town was far above us. Every sound of labor was hushed, and we were alone, in the stillness of a moonlight night, with no witnesses except the stars, and the long shadows of our figures, as we alternately walked and sat by the way. The scene was a bewitching one; the river was calm, and reflected the heavens; the night was balmy with new-mown hay. We were alive with health, and youth, and love. I had been singing low, plaintive airs to her, expressive of ill-requited affection, as we walked along. She said but little. Her face looked pale and thoughtful, as ever and anon she turned her large eyes full upon me, as if to search my very inmost soul. She was deliberating upon my proposal. I was unsuspecting, but free and open to tell her all. Suddenly she threw her arms about my neck, and seemed fainting, by the weight that pressed upon me. I seated her upon the bank of the river, and still she wept, and spoke not a word, while her tears flowed, and her frame trembled. I cried out for help, but she stopped me; and as no one came, I waited till she recovered herself. That night we sat long by the bank of the river, and she gave me her heart, and the compact was sealed by the first kiss I had ever given to pure lips. She then confessed to me all her doubts, and in a dignified manner, which confused while it charmed me, told me the risks she incurred in yielding to her feelings. I had nothing to boast of in the conquest, for while it displayed to me the weakness and tenderness of woman, it told me how weak and inferior I was, in all the essentials of a useful man. It certainly was the most singular confession and compact that ever took place between man and woman, since the time Adam took Eve to wife, in the garden of Paradise.

After this, her manner changed toward me entirely. There was no reserve. She pointed out my faults; she endeavored to excite me to honorable exertion. Often has she ran away from me, to force me to go and study; and if, when I returned, I bore the marks of mental fatigue, how happy it used to make her! She was aware that I might rise to respectability in my profession; but she did not know the cruel negligence of my early life; she did not know the long-riveted habits of idleness I had indulged; she did not know how hopeless and blank my prospects really were.

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If I appear indifferent and cold-blooded to the reader, he knows nothing of human nature. There is a point to which a man sometimes arrives, which to all intents amounts to a kind of fatality. Does the drunkard lose his moral agency? Yes! when his faculties are deadened. Is there a man who could resist food, if placed before his eyes just as he was dying of starvation? Is there not a moral deadness of the faculties, produced by habits of idleness and pleasure, equally binding, equally calling for indulgence? Nothing is impossible to God; but man's powers, even in his own favor, are limited; and I am disposed to think, that the vicious man is punished, partly, in this world. He sees, by the examples around him, his certain destiny. He is ever, in his solitary moments, looking over the abyss into which he knows he must fall. He makes effort after effort to escape. It is all fruitless, unless the power of God assist him, as it sometimes does. He is like the sailor standing upon the shattered wreck of his good ship, and looking at the mountain wave approaching, that he knows will engulf him in the deep. Added to this, there are the stings of an upbraiding conscience, and the fear of everlasting punishment.

But there were times when we forgot all unpleasant reflections; when we talked of our prospects of happiness. I was to inherit a fortune—to distinguish myself at the bar. We were to travel over Europe together; perhaps find some delightful retreat in the classic south, and there (I loving only her) we were to spend a life of love and blessedness.

I can hardly believe that she yielded as implicitly to these illusions as I did. I had got myself worked up into a perfect madman; and though at times I knew how false and fleeting were all these plans, yet in her presence, and after talking upon such subjects, my imagination took the reins of my reason, and I made these fanciful excursions with sincerity, and took a pleasure in the anticipation more than equal, I am convinced, to any they could have afforded in reality. I do not think she felt with me here. As I remember her, with her strong sense, her conception of the ridiculous, and exaggeration in others, her keen wit and cutting sarcasm, it seems impossible that she should. Nevertheless, every one is conscious of strange inconsistencies of feeling. A scene strikes us to-day with awe and pathetic effect, which to-morrow we pass coldly by. Every thing depends upon the state of the nervous temperament, the attending circumstances, our previous reading, the chain of events. And by the way, this is the chief use of philosophy, that it enables us to look at every thing with an investigating eye, and never to yield to impulse. The mind is taken up in sound reflection, and it has no time to lose itself in the mazes of the imagination. Age, necessity, torpor of the blood, experience, produce the same effects; while youth, and romantic ardor, and the poetical parts of life, run wild, solely from a want of habits of reflection.

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It seems, no doubt, a strange inconsistency, that I did not exert myself, if I so loved this noble girl. We must distinguish between passion and affection. The very nature of the first admits of no reflection. The last is all reflection, and quiet yielding of its own convenience for the happiness of the loved object. Passion is the lava of the volcano, which covers up and ruins all things under it; affection is the refreshing shower, the gentle dew, making the pastures green, and the earth glad. A good, well-regulated mind would have done otherwise than I did, but it would likewise have loved otherwise than I did.

I yielded to nature and my temperament. I had not two wills, one to oppose the other; there was not in my nature any thing to oppose my nature. I have all along described myself as a foolish creature of impulse; and I was, and am, and never shall be any thing else.

One night, after some irregularity caused by lovers' quarrel, and the consequent restlessness, which sought relief in pleasure, she was representing to me the consequences of such habits of dissipation, as tenderly as she could, and I was moved by her earnestness to tears. She followed up her advantage, and throwing herself upon her knees before me, she wept, herself, in sobs, for some moments. Then raising her tearful eyes, she begged, she implored, she entreated me, to change my course of life; not to bring ruin upon us both; not to blight our prospects, by such cruel neglect of every honorable pursuit. She seemed to feel that every thing depended upon me; she saw me on the brink of a precipice; she exerted eloquence that might have drawn tears from a statue; and I was earnest, that night, in my resolutions, as I laid my head upon my pillow. But I did not ask assistance from God; and herein lay my error.

I have since found, that all resolutions are futile and useless, unless we confirm and strengthen them by prayer. The very exercise of prayer is its own answer. Prostration of ourselves before God produces a calm and dispassionate frame of mind, and a sense of our accountability. As our thoughts, in such seasons, dwell upon the truth of an eternal existence, the world and its vanities recede, and appear in their true insignificance. We then are prepared to take the first steps in goodness. Who that has passed out of a life of vice into a life of virtue, ever turns back? The first step is the important one. Let that be taken, in good faith, and each succeeding one opens wider and wider the peace of the path of virtue.

THE BLUE BIRD.

SWEET bird! how gladly thy cerulean wing
Opens o'er all the loveliness of spring;
As thy slow shadow, sailing far on high,
Tells me the 'time of birds' is drawing
nigh.

Perchance the down of that pure azure
breast
On trees of Italy was lately prest;
Or mid the ivy of the crumbled fane,
Thy nest was sheltered from the
sparkling rain:
Till to thy heart a whisper, as from
home,
Told thee of melting snows, and bade
thee 'come!'

G. H.

DUCHESS DE LA VALLIERE.

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"T were best that I should wed! Thou said'st it,
Louis;
Say it once more!

LOUIS.

In honesty I think so.

DUCHESS.

My choice is made, then—I obey the fiat,
And will become a bride!

BULWER.

"T WERE best that I should wed! 'Tis Louis'
voice
Has sped Fate's summons to this breaking
heart;
The vassal of his will, I make my choice,
And bid my love for earth and him depart!
No! not my love for *him*! I will resign
The court's gay mockery, and the courtiers'
praise—
The incense offered on a baseless shrine,
Which truth and honor gild not with their
rays.

"T were best that I should wed! how strangely
cold
These few yet bitter words fall on my brain!
The sum of life's brief day-dream has been
told,
By one who cares not what may be the pain;
But I submit—yea, hail the sacrifice;
And like some sleeper startled from a trance,
I of my saddened spirit take advice—
Asking the meaning of this strange romance.

For Hope's the food of life, and Love its dream,
To cheat our fancy o'er Time's rugged way:
'Tis man's false text. 'Tis woman's holiest
theme,
And in her bosom holds supremest sway.
She lives to love—her soul, sustained thereby,
Makes to itself a 'green spot' on Life's sea—
Where every feeling for repose may fly,
And sorrow, penury, *guilt*, forgotten be.

But man's affection's like the sun-born flower
That gaily flaunts, to woo and to be won,
And quickens, blossoms, ripens in an hour,
Yet fades before the sun his race has run;
So with man's love, a strange and wayward
thing,
Its opening, flashing in the rays of Truth;
But oh! how brief the time, ere change will

fling,
 The locks of age upon its brow of youth!
 Oh, Louis! thou art throned in majesty—
 Thy sway as boundless as thy realms are
 wide;
 And millions hail thee from the boundless sea,
 To where the Rhine pours down its sounding
 tide.
 But mighty as thou art, thou canst not scan
 That one frail thing, a woman's trusting
 heart;
 Thou may'st search out the purposes of man,
 But woman's truth defies thy potent art!

 Thou wert not worthy, Louis, of the love
 Which in my breast for thee hath garnered
 been;
 Thou wert the pole-star gleaming from above,
 Swathing my feelings in its radiant sheen:
 Thou wert my all! a mother's broken heart,
 A noble soldier's fortunes, paled by me,
 Attest too well that I have read my part
 In Misery's calends—*written there by thee!*

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

COMFORT MAKEPEACE.

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A NEW-ENGLAND SKETCH: BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MASSANIELLO, A TALE OF NAPLES.'

'A man severe he was, and stern to view.'—GOLDSMITH.

THERE IS NO employment more pleasant or profitable to the reflective mind, than that of scanning the various characters that come within the scope of one's acquaintance. Even though that acquaintance be limited to the precincts of a retired village, there will be found the same variety of character, though perhaps less strongly developed than in the great city of the world. In its business transactions and social relations, the same passions are found to agitate, that in a wider sphere of action convulse entire continents, and fill the world with wonder. Many an obscure person would have been a hero, in time and place of heroic actions.

COMFORT MAKEPEACE was a lineal descendant from one of the original puritans. The name of his ancestor stood recorded with those of Carver, Winslow, Brewster, and Standish; and no lordly stem of a noble stock ever prided himself more on the score of descent. His father, and his grandfather, and every other descendant of the primitive settler, that went before them, were as decided puritans as ever trod the turf. The name, as he himself bore it, had been transmitted from father to son, as far back as could be traced the genealogical tree of the family. The old homestead on which he lived had been cleared and settled by a grandson of the first Comfort that crossed the Atlantic; it had descended regularly from thence through every first son to the worthy owner in the time of my childhood, and there stood, ready to take the noble patrimony, at his father's death, a Comfort, junior, in every way worthy to connect the stout chain with remotest posterity. Of course Comfort made proud show of the strongly-marked characteristics for which his ancestors and their compeers were distinguished. A follower of Old Noll himself never walked more zealously in the rigid puritanical path, nor could any one have kept more faithfully every observance that had been handed down from the passengers in the good bark that first anchored off Plymouth-rock. While in his family, one might readily imagine himself transported back to that of some Roundhead Captain Fight-and-Praise-God, or Colonel Smite-'em-Hip-and-Thigh, in the service of the Great Protector.

COMFORT MAKEPEACE had married early in life, and he displayed no ordinary depth of judgment in the selection of one, scarce if any less than himself attached to the devotional customs of his puritanical ancestry. Faithful was an obedient wife and managed the household concerns with a prudence and care that would have done credit to the noblest. She rivalled the emblematic bee in industry, and helped her husband to make some substantial additions to the ample means that had descended to them. She bore him sons and daughters, in no stinted number; and under her maternal oversight, they grew up strong and comely, the pride of both. Comfort often spoke of her as a crown to her husband, and no one ever repeated with more sincerity the saying of the wise man of old.

YET FAITHFUL would have been wanting in the common attributes of her sex, not to have displayed some qualities less suited to the rigid temper and habits of her spouse. She had not escaped censure for some indications of worldly-mindedness, such as every good puritan was in duty bound to set his heart and face against. But all the sober teachings of a score of five-hour discourses could not eradicate from the breast of woman the unfailing distinctions of her sex.

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Faithful was in early youth, despite her rigid education, fond of what her husband was wont to denominate worldly show. The cut of her dress was apt to depart from some of the plain features of that of her grand-mother, and accord itself with some of the later and more gaudy fashions, worn by the less puritanical matrons of the village; and Comfort was often fain to think there were more lively colors in the ribbon with which she decked her bonnet, than comported with the strictness of the principles which they had inherited. So, too, he sometimes imagined his natural discernment had not failed him in detecting a lack of heart in some of the services which were maintained. Faithful had indeed professed her belief, that fatiguing exertions, continued early and late during six days of the week, formed ample excuse for nodding irregular measure to the drowsy god during some of the services on the Sabbath.

But the good puritan was most alarmed at a foreboding that the tinge of worldliness which affected the moral character of his wife, might interfere with the course he should pursue to train up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Perchance all these might have passed unheeded in the presence of more striking fallings-off within the limits that confined the earthly pilgrimage of the puritan; but he was a restless being, and for want of others more important, the trivial backslidings of his help-meet furnished ample incentive to the wailing of spirit in which he so often indulged.

Eleven children—six sons and five daughters—blessed the union of Comfort and Faithful Makepeace, and the expressive appellations which they received, denoted well the vocabulary from which the names were selected. Comfort, junior, Ezekiel, Hezekiah, Micah, Habakkuk, and Preserved, told the males of the family, and those of the other sex were distinguished by names of equal import; Patience, Hope, Faith, Peace, and Charity. One after another, in regular succession, they grew up, and with the labor of older days sought to repay the care expended in their training. Their parents had entailed upon them no feeble constitutions, and the rigid rules by which they were reared, permitted of no such fashion of dress as should endanger the proper harmony of the system. Though a connoisseur might have applied to the features of the girls some more expressive epithet than that of mere plainness, they boasted of ruddy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, and healthful forms, that many a pale-looking belle might have envied. Comfort had little faith in the teachings of later sages, who waged war with the precepts of Solomon, and he felt no inclination to spoil the child by spare use of the correcting rod. Many a puritanical principle, that illy accorded with the free spirit of childhood, was drummed into the characters of his progeny; and the same effective engine was often put in requisition to check them from the commission of some worldly action. One could not look upon that staid household, from the iron-

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framed father down to the little tottering urchin who, ex-officio, as youngest, claimed all the privileges of pet, without comprehending at a glance the grave and rigid creed by which its concerns were regulated.

The puritanism of Comfort Makepeace was not confined to the mere matters of household regulations, or religious worship. It extended to all his business transactions, and marked all the social relations into which he was led. In the former, the most scrupulous honesty was at all times professed, though there were those, such as had little respect for the severity of his creed, who were ready to assert that he had a conscience so nice as to distinguish between telling a truth with intent to deceive, and absolute falsehood. A notorious stickler for what he termed the right, he was always found ready to drive a good bargain; and if report spoke truly, to overreach his neighbor, where it might be done without a palpable infringement of the rules of trade. In his neighborly intercourse, he ever preserved the same sober demeanor, using no unnecessary language, rarely indulging in a smile, and never in a decided laugh. Comfort could not be called unneighborly, nor did he ever acquire the credit of liberality. The poor went not away empty-handed, if copious meeds of advice and exhortation counted or availed aught; and sometimes they might rejoice in the gift of more substantial worldly aid. All may have heard of the person who excused dry eyes at an affecting charity discourse, by professing to belong to another parish; and it might not have unfrequently happened, that those who appealed to the benevolence of Comfort Makepeace, found him in a situation not widely dissimilar. Certainly, the rigidity of his principles did not permit him to associate with those who were denominated unsaintly, any farther than was necessary in the transaction of his worldly affairs. Yet Comfort lived too late in the world, to be wholly devoid of generous feeling. Apparent distress seldom failed to moisten his cheek with the tear of sympathy, or to touch him in that generally less sensitive spot—the purse.

There was probably no point in his creed, upon which Comfort insisted with more stubborn zeal, than that which poised the lance against amusements. I have said that he was seldom seen to smile, and never to indulge in a laugh outright. Every thing that was not included in the stern duties laid down in his laws of morality, was deemed frivolous and worldly, and meet to be discountenanced by all straight-walking servants of the Lord. Of course, the ebullitions of wit or humor were too strongly tinctured with the same unsaintly character, to find favor in his eyes. The theatre was a sink of pollution, and its extirpation he deemed an object worthy the prayers of every good man; and as for the drama—if perchance it was alluded to—he was wont to term it the distilled product of the devil's brain. But of all, most resolutely had Comfort set his face against dancing. It is doubtful if he esteemed the worship of the crucifix itself, or any other heathenish form of prelatical reverence, a more decided sin than the practice of promiscuous dancing. Despite his reverence for his puritan ancestry, Comfort was apt to be in many things a little peculiar, and in nothing more so than in his manner of reasoning. All representations of witches and goblins, he said, were agreed in their frisking and dancing; and it was certainly a mild expression to say, that no good might arise from an exercise in which the imps of devilry were, from their very nature, accustomed to indulge. But I will not attempt to follow the worthy old man through all the reasonings of the prolix discourse which he used so often to rehearse against

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the utter abomination of promiscuous dancing.

Comfort Makepeace was not insensible to the rapid progress of opinions and principles less rigid than those which he had inherited from his pilgrim fathers. He mourned often and deeply over the degeneracy of modern times, and grew more and more morose, as all the world about him waxed more frivolous and worldly-minded. His neighbors relaxed in the severity of the governing principles which had been handed down to them, and the rising generation were still more widely departing from the faith of their fathers. The land where puritanism had bid fair to hold permanent sway, was fast relapsing into grossest heresy, and the very evils, to escape from which his revered ancestor fled from the land of his birth, were swallowing up the whole people. Old men laughed and chatted, in familiar strains, and the young obeyed the impulse of a buoyant spirit, in revelling unchecked in the delights of social intercourse. Amusements the most frivolous, nay impious, feasting, theatre-going, and dancing, were creeping in apace, and leading frail human nature from her moorings. Even his old and favorite expounder of the faith, who had led his flock for half a century through the green pastures of righteousness, was forced to retire before the alarming spirit of innovation and worldliness. He had been superseded by a young man of airy habits, who had studied the frivolous rules of empty declamation, and who shortened, to a fearful degree, the length of his discourses; while every other exercise of the holy Sabbath became impregnated with the same spirit that was infecting the manners of the whole people. There was no limit to the terrible doctrines that were destroying the land.

Comfort Makepeace groaned often and audibly, as he witnessed the changes that had been for years going on around him. His neighbors, despite the zealous appeals he made, were fast falling off from the path of the faithful, and numbering themselves among the worldly sects. Morning prayer no longer sent them forth to labor, and their incoming from the field at night was no longer accompanied by the same devotional exercise. Exhortations, those heavenly weapons, were become less frequent; and even grace at meals was by very many dispensed with altogether. One had gone so far as to treat slightly, if not with absolute worldly ridicule, his respect for the holy scriptures. 'Mr. Makepeace, why give your son so outlandish a name as Habakkuk?' 'Outlandish! Why, neighbor, it is a name from scripture!' 'Pooh!' replied the worlding, 'and so is Beelzebub!' The old man groaned from his inmost breast, but was silent.

But there were symptoms of falling off within the very household of the faithful, that still more afflicted the worthy puritan. In face of the solemn precepts that had been inculcated in long and frequent lectures, his own children gave indications of imbibing the dangerous sentiments which were abroad in the land. They were remiss in the performance of their duties, and had even advanced to the commission of deeds absolutely worldly. I have mentioned the conscientious scruples of the old man on the subject of dancing. Comfort had been accustomed to consider it as the quintessence of wickedness. What then was his surprise, when three of his sons, in a single breath, demanded of him his consent to their attendance upon a new-comer in the village, who promised to instruct its youth in the very art which he had so often had occasion to pronounce an utter abomination! Comfort could scarce trust the evidence of his senses, until two daughters appeared, and joined in the earnest petition. He then clasped his hands, and sank back with a groan of intense agony, as if yielding up his spirit. His children were alarmed at the strength of his emotion; and though they could not give over entirely the project which had produced it, the subject was not soon again mentioned in his presence. But exhortations, made with all the sincerity and fervor of a Luther or a Knox, were not sufficient to restrain his progeny within the rigid bounds which he had established. He had not been entirely mistaken in his forebodings of the worldliness with which the temper and habits of his wife would taint the education of his children. The five daughters grew up comely and fair to look upon, and less than maternal feeling would have prompted to pride in their healthful forms and handsome features. Nor was it womanly to hold to faith in the maxim, that beauty unadorned is most adorned. The father had often occasion to sigh over some newly-bought finery, with which the Sunday dresses of the daughters would be set off; and there were not unfrequently other decided indications of vanity and fondness for show, meet for earnest exhortation and reproof. It were an endless task to follow through half the mortifications which Comfort experienced, from the turn which affairs were taking throughout the land.

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Comfort Makepeace was naturally gloomy, from his birth, and his temperament had by no means grown lighter in his old age. He grew daily more unhappy and austere, until the cloud on his brow became settled and irremovable. The spirit of irreligion that was abroad, and particularly the advances it had made within the circle of his own family, were fast wearing upon his strength, and the iron constitution which had resisted a thousand shocks, gave way to the force of mental affliction.

Comfort Makepeace died lamented, and, as in a thousand other cases, the deceased acquired more honor than the living had gained respect. One, of his strongly-marked character, could hardly expect to pass through life without experiencing the bitterness of enmity. Yet his uncompromising independence and stern integrity won for him a reverence among his fellow men, which few, devoid of those qualities, ever receive. The confirmed austerity of his manners did not permit him to enjoy the delights of friendship, or to appreciate its value. The bigoted illiberality with which his religious sentiments were marked, suited not the character of so late an age; but the unimpeachable honesty of his faith insured it from obvious disrespect. Long and loud were his dying lamentations over the faults of the age, and not less particularly over the best hope that the rites and observances of the puritans would be perpetuated in his own family.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

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'If e'er the blest to earth descend,
O come, my mother and my friend,
And God by thee will comfort send,
To cheer this gloom!

EPITAPH IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

My Mother! o'er thy lowly grave
The stormy winds may blow,
And spreading branches rudely wave,
Nor break thy rest below.
The bird that mounts on joyous wing,
To hail the rising day,
Though sweet the careless warbler sing,
Pours not for thee his lay!

The stranger, as with pensive eye,
He scans thy burial-stone,
May heave, perchance, a transient sigh
For sorrows of his own;
But few of all the friendly band
Who smiled thy face to see,
Untouched by the Destroyer's hand,
Remain to think of thee!

Yet often, mingling with the crowd
Who thronged yon house of prayer,
In humble posture thou hast bowed,
And loved to worship there.
The solemn notes of sacred lays
Which through those arches rung,
Once filled thy heart with grateful
praise,
And trembled on thy tongue!

And oft thy sympathizing breast
The passing tribute gave,
As lightly on the turf thou pressed,
Which covers now thy grave!
I stood beside the hallowed ground,
That marks thy resting-place,
When rolling years had soothed the
wound
Which Time can ne'er efface.

And scenes a mother's kindness wove,
When life and hope were new,
Bearing the record of her love,
Came rising to my view:
I thought on all thy tender care,
Thy nature sweet and mild,
Which used my little griefs to share,
And blessed me when a child.

Long, long within the silent tomb
Thy cherished form has laid,
And other woes have chased the gloom
That dark bereavement made;
Yet bright to Memory's fond survey
Each lineament appears,
As when it shed its living ray
On eyes undimmed by tears!

No more the buoyant hopes of youth
Their wonted joy impart,
And childhood's dream of changeless
truth
Has ceased to warm my heart;
But while its languid pulses move,
Life's crimson tide to bear,
The sweet remembrance of thy love

LITERARY NOTICES.

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LETTERS OF LUCIUS M. PISO, from Palmyra, to his Friend MARCUS CURTIUS, at Rome. Now first Translated and Published. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 498. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS. Boston: JOSEPH H. FRANCIS.

WE shall offer no apology, nor will our readers deem one necessary, for devoting so large a portion of the review department of the present number of this Magazine to an extended notice of the work before us. The letters contained in the first volume have already appeared in our pages; and the great and deserved popularity which they have acquired, will insure eager readers for the remainder, (the issue of which public opinion has hastened,) which advance in interest to the very close of the work. The conception of the plan is most felicitous—the execution masterly, beyond modern example. The author seems, primarily, to have *saturated* his mind with the very spirit of the past. He has rolled back the tide of time, and placed us in Palmyra, the magnificent capital of the East, and caused all her glories to pass palpably before us, as if we were gazing upon a moving panorama. Commencing with the first faint dawn of the Christian faith, he infuses into the reader 'a soul of old religion.' His characters are marked with great force; while a nice verisimilitude of individual nature is combined with elegance of fancy, and a richness of ideal coloring, wholly unsurpassed by any kindred writer. The plot—if a succession of events converging to a final point may be so denominated—is natural and unperplexed; while the minor descriptive scenes, which are often interwoven, and the inferior characters, are equally well sketched. Though fluctuating between history and romance, the work no where fails to disguise the presence of the latter. The reader is *with* the characters and *of* them, from first to last, such is the author's happy freedom of delineation, and the harmony and ease both of incident and style.

We proceed to justify our encomiums by liberal extracts, commencing with a stirring picture, which our readers would readily recognise, without consulting the *quis sculptis*.

"I am just returned from a singular adventure. My hand trembles as I write. I had laid down my pen, and gone forth upon my Arab, accompanied by Milo, to refresh and invigorate my frame after our late carousal—shall I term it?—at the palace. I took my way, as I often do, to the Long Portico, that I might again look upon its faultless beauty, and watch the changing crowds. Turning from that, I then amused my vacant mind by posting myself where I could overlook, as if I were indeed the builder or superintendent, the laborers upon the column of Aurelian. I became at length particularly interested in the efforts of a huge elephant, who was employed in dragging up to the foundations of the column, so that they might be fastened to machines, to be then hoisted to their place, enormous blocks of marble. He was a noble animal, and, as it seemed to me, of far more than common size and strength. Yet did not his utmost endeavor appear to satisfy the demands of those who drove him, and who plied without mercy the barbed scourges which they bore. His temper at length gave way. He was chained to a mass of rock, which it was evidently beyond his power to move. It required the united strength of two, at least. But this was nothing to his inhuman masters. They ceased not to urge him with cries and blows. One of them, at length, transported by that insane fury which seizes the vulgar when their will is not done by the brute creation, laid hold upon a long lance, terminated with a sharp iron goad, long as my sword, and rushing upon the beast, drove it into his hinder part. At that very moment, the chariot of the Queen, containing Zenobia herself, Julia, and the other princesses, came suddenly against the column, on its way to the palace. I made every possible sign to the charioteer to turn and fly. But it was too late. The infuriated monster snapped the chains that held him to the stone at a single bound, as the iron entered him, and trampling to death one of his drivers, dashed forward to wreak his vengeance upon the first object that should come in his way. That, to the universal terror and distraction of the gathered, but now scattered and flying crowds, was the chariot of the Queen. Her mounted guards, at the first onset of the maddened animal, put spurs to their horses, and by quick leaps escaped. The horses attached to the chariot, springing forward to do the same, urged by the lash of the charioteer, were met by the elephant with straightened trunk and tail, who, in the twinkling of an eye, wreathed his proboscis around the neck of the first he encountered, and wrenching him from his harness, whirled him aloft, and dashed him to the ground. This I saw was the moment to save the life of the Queen, if it was indeed to be saved. Snatching from a flying soldier his long spear, and knowing well the temper of my horse, I put him to his speed, and running upon the monster as he disengaged his trunk from the crushed and dying Arabian for a new assault, I drove it with unerring aim into his eye, and through that opening on into the brain. He fell as if a bolt from heaven had struck him. The terrified and struggling horses of the chariot were secured by the now returning crowds, and the Queen with the princesses relieved from the peril which was so imminent, and had blanched with terror every cheek but Zenobia's. She had stood the while—I was told—

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there being no exertion which she could make—watching with eager and intense gaze my movements, upon which she felt that their safety, perhaps their lives, depended.

"It all passed in a moment. Soon as I drew out my spear from the dying animal, the air was rent with the shouts of the surrounding populace. Surely, at that moment I was the greatest, at least the most unfortunate, man in Palmyra. These approving shouts, but still more the few words uttered by Zenobia and Julia, were more than recompense enough for the small service I had performed; especially, however, the invitation of the Queen:

"But come, noble Piso, leave not the work half done: we need now a protector for the remainder of the way. Ascend, if you will do us such pleasure, and join us to the palace."

"I needed no repeated urging, but taking the offered seat—whereupon new acclamations went up from the now augmented throngs—I was driven, as I conceived, in a sort of triumph to the palace, where passing an hour, which, it seems to me, held more than all the rest of my life, I have now returned to my apartment, and relate what has happened for your entertainment. You will not wonder that for many reasons my hand trembles, and my letters are not formed with their accustomed exactness."

The reader would scarcely pardon an omission to record the return of Calpurnius, the captive brother of the noble Piso, in whose fate he must have become deeply interested. While at the palace, soon after the adventure above recorded, the writer is interrupted by a confused noise of running to and fro. Presently, some one with a quick, light foot approaches:

"The quick, light foot by which I was disturbed, was Fausta's. I knew it, and sprang to the door. She met me with her bright and glowing countenance bursting with expression: 'Calpurnius!' said she, 'your brother, is here'—and seizing my hand drew me to the apartment, where he sat by the side of Gracchus—Isaac, with his inseparable pack, standing near.

"I need not, as I cannot, describe our meeting. It was the meeting of brothers—yet, of strangers, and a confusion of wonder, curiosity, vague expectation, and doubt, possessed the soul of each. I trust and believe, that notwithstanding the different political bias which sways each, the ancient ties which bound us together as brothers will again unite us. The countenance of Calpurnius, though dark and almost stern in its general expression, yet unbends and relaxes frequently and suddenly, in a manner that impresses you forcibly with an inward humanity as the presiding though often concealed quality of his nature. I can trace faintly the features which have been stamped upon my memory—and the form too—chiefly by the recollected scene of that bright morning, when he with our elder brother and venerable parent, gave us each a last embrace, as they started for the tents of Valerian. A warmer climate has deepened the olive of his complexion, and at the same time added brilliancy to an eye, by nature soft as a woman's. His Persian dress increases greatly the effect of his rare beauty, yet I heartily wish it off, as it contributes more, I believe, than the lapse of so many years, to separate us. He will not seem and feel as a brother, till he returns to the costume of his native land. How great this power of mere dress is upon our affections and our regard, you can yourself bear witness, when those who parted from you to travel in foreign countries have returned metamorphosed into Greeks, Egyptians, or Persians, according to the fashions that have struck their foolish fancies. The assumed and foreign air: chills the untravelled heart as it greets them. They are no longer the same. However the reason may strive to overcome what seems the mere prejudice of a wayward nature, we strive in vain: nature will be uppermost—and many, many times have I seen the former friendships break away and perish.

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"I could not be alive to the general justness of the comparison instituted by Isaac, between Calpurnius and Julia. There are many points of resemblance. The very same likeness in kind that we so often observe between a brother and sister—such as we have often remarked in your nephew and niece, Drusus and Lavinia—whose dress being changed, and they are changed.

"No sooner had I greeted and welcomed my brother, than I turned to Isaac and saluted him, I am persuaded with scarcely less cordiality.

"I sincerely bless the gods,' said I, 'that you have escaped the perils of two such passages through the desert, and are safe in Palmyra. May every wish of your heart, concerning your beloved Jerusalem, be accomplished. In the keeping of Demetrius will you find not only the single talent agreed upon, in case you returned, but the two which were to be paid had you perished. One such tempest upon the desert, escaped, is more and worse than death itself, met softly upon one's bed.

"Now, Jehovah be praised,' ejaculated Isaac, 'who himself has moved thy heart to this grace. Israel will feel this bounty through every limb: it will be to her as the oil of life.'

"And my debt,' said Calpurnius, 'is greater yet, and should in reason be more largely paid. Through the hands of Demetrius I will discharge it.'

"We are all bound to you,' said Fausta, 'more than words or money pay.'

"You owe more than you are perhaps aware of, to the rhetoric of Isaac,' added Calpurnius. 'Had it not been for the faithful zeal and cunning of your messenger, in his

arguments not less than his contrivances, I had hardly now been sitting within the walls of Palmyra."

Isaac, after narrating the particulars of an affray in which he became involved in the streets of Ecbatana, by disputing the sincerity of a Persian false prophet, who was 'speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after him,' closes with the following beautiful and pathetic defence of the 'ancient covenant people:'

"One word, if it please you,' said Isaac, 'before I depart. The gentile despises the Jew. He charges upon him usury and extortion. He accuses him of avarice. He believes him to subsist upon the very life-blood of whomsoever he can draw into his meshes. I have known those who have firm faith that the Jew feeds but upon the flesh and blood of Pagan and Christian infants, whom, by necromantic power, he beguiles from their homes. He is held as the common enemy of man—a universal robber—whom all are bound to hate and oppress. Reward me now with your belief, better than even the two gold talents I have earned, that all are not such. This is the charity, and all that I would beg; and I beg it of you—for that I love you all, and would have your esteem. Believe that in the Jew there is a heart of flesh as well as in a dog. Believe that some noble ambition visits his mind as well as yours. Credit it not—it is against nature—that any tribe of man is what you make the Jew. Look upon me, and behold the emblem of my tribe. What do you see? A man bent with years and toil—this ragged tunic his richest garb—his face worn with the storms of all climates—a wanderer over the earth; my home—Piso, thou hast seen it—a single room, with my good dromedary's furniture for my bed at night, and my seat by day; this pack—my only apparent wealth. Yet here have I now received two gold talents of Jerusalem!—what most would say were wealth enough, and this is not the tythe of that which I possess. What then? Is it for that I love obscurity, slavery, and a beggar's raiment, that I live and labor thus, when my wealth would raise me to a prince's state? Or is it that I love to sit and count my hoarded gains? Good friends, for such you are, believe it not. You have found me faithful and true to my engagements; believe my word also. You have heard of Jerusalem, once the chief city of the East, where stood the great temple of our faith, and which was the very heart of our nation, and you know how it was beleaguered by the Romans, and its very foundations rooted up, and her inhabitants driven abroad as outcasts, to wander over the face of the earth, with every where a country, but no where a home. And does the Jew, think you, sit down quietly under these wrongs? Trajan's reign may answer that. Is there no patriotism yet alive in the bosom of a Jew? Will every other toil and die for his country, and not the Jew? Believe me again, the prayers which go up morning, noon, and night, for the restoration of Jerusalem, are not fewer than those which go up for Rome or Palmyra. And their deeds are not less—for every prayer there are two acts. It is for Jerusalem, that you behold me thus in rags, and yet rich. It is for her glory, that I am the servant of all, and the scorn of all; that I am now pinched by the winters of Byzantium, now scorched by the heats of Asia, and buried beneath the sands of the desert. All that I have and am is for Jerusalem. And in telling you of myself, I have told you of my tribe. What we do and are, is not for ourselves, but for our country. Friends, the hour of redemption draweth nigh!"

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Soon after Calpurnius's return—who has imbibed a hatred of Rome during his long captivity, and who espouses Zenobia's cause with great zeal—the Roman ambassadors leave Palmyra, bearing with them, from the Queen to Aurelian, a virtual declaration of war. The busy note of preparation for contest resounds through the city, the whole aspect of which is changed. Even Fausta makes ready for battle, and dons her armor. Of the latter, and how it became the noble Palmyrene maiden, the annexed extracts speak:

"As I descended to the apartment where we take together our morning meal, and which we were now for the last time to partake in each other's company, I found Fausta already there, and surveying with sparkling eyes and a flushed cheek, a suit of the most brilliant armor, which, having been made by the Queen's workmen, and by her order, had just now been brought and delivered to her.

"I asked the honor,' said the person with whom she was conversing, 'to bring it myself, who have made it with the same care as the Queen's, of the same materials, and after the same fashion. So it was her order to do. It will set, lady, believe me, as easy as a riding dress, though it will be all of the most impenetrable steel. The polish too, is such, that neither arrow nor javelin need be feared; they can but touch and glance. Hercules could not indent this surface. Let me reveal to you diverse secret and perfect springs and clasps, the use of which you should be well acquainted with. Yet it differs not so much from that in which you have performed your exercises, but what you will readily comprehend the manner of its adjustment."

"She was now a beautiful vision to behold as ever lighted upon the earth. Her armor revealed with exactness the perfection of her form, and to her uncommon beauty added its own, being of the most brilliant steel, and frequently studded with jewels of dazzling lustre. Her sex was revealed only by her hair, which parting over her forehead, fell toward either eye, and then was drawn up and buried in her helmet. The ease with which she moved, showed how well she had accustomed herself, by frequent exercises,

to the cumbrous load she bore. I could hardly believe, as she paced the apartment, issuing her final orders to her slaves and attendants, who pressed around, that I was looking upon a woman reared in all the luxury of the East. Much as I had been accustomed to the sight of Zenobia performing the part of an emperor, I found it difficult to persuade myself, that when I looked upon Fausta, changing so completely her sex, it was any thing more than an illusion."

We make the following striking extract, for the purpose of contrasting it with a kindred picture, though reversed:

"The city itself was all pouring forth upon the plains in its vicinity. The crowds choked the streets as they passed out, so that our progress was slow. Arriving at length, we turned toward the pavilion of the Queen, pitched over against the centre of the army. There we stood, joined by others, awaiting her arrival—for she had not yet left the palace. We had not stood long, before the braying of trumpets and other warlike instruments announced her approach. We turned, and looking toward the gate of the city, through which we had but now passed, saw Zenobia, having on either side Longinus and Zabdas, and preceded and followed by a select troop of horse, advancing at her usual speed toward the pavilion. She was mounted upon her far-famed white Numidian, for power an elephant, for endurance a dromedary, for fleetness a very Nicæan, and who had been her companion in all the battles by which she had gained her renown and her empire.

"Calpurnius was beside himself: he had not before seen her when assuming all her state. 'Did eye ever look upon aught so like a celestial apparition? It is a descent from other regions; I can swear 'tis no mortal—still less a woman. Fausta—this puts to shame your eulogies, swollen as I termed them.'

"I did not wonder at his amazement, for I myself shared it, though I had seen her so often. The object that approached us, truly seemed rather a moving blaze of light than an armed woman, which the eye and the reason declared it to be, with such gorgeous magnificence was she arrayed. The whole art of the armorer had been exhausted in her appointments. The caparison of her steed, sheathed with burnished gold, and thick studded with precious stones of every various hue, reflected an almost intolerable splendor, as the rays of a hot morning sun fell upon it. She too, herself, being clothed in armor of polished steel, whose own fiery brightness was doubled by the diamonds—that was the only jewel she wore—sown with profusion all over its more prominent parts, could be gazed upon scarcely with more ease than the sun himself, whose beams were given back from it with undiminished glory. In her right hand, she held the long, slender lance of the cavalry; over her shoulders hung a quiver, well loaded with arrows; while at her side depended a heavy Damascus blade. Her head was surmounted by a steel helmet, which left her face wholly uncovered, and showed her forehead like Fausta's, shaded by the dark hair, which, while it was the only circumstance that revealed the woman, added to the effect of a countenance unequalled for marvellous union of feminine beauty, queenly dignity, and masculine power. Sometimes it has been her usage, upon such occasions, to appear with arms bare, and gloved hands; they were now cased, like the rest of the body, in plates of steel.

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"'Calpurnius,' said Fausta, 'saw you ever in Persia such horsemanship? See now, as she draws nearer, with what grace and power she moves? Blame you the enthusiasm of this people?'

"'I more than share it,' he replied; 'it is reward enough for my long captivity, at last to follow such a leader. Many a time, as Zenobia has in years past visited my dreams, and I almost fancied myself in her train, I little thought that the happiness I now experience, was to become a reality. But, hark! how the shout of welcome goes up from this innumerable host.'

"No sooner was the Queen arrived where we stood, and the whole extended lines became aware of her presence, than the air was rilled with the clang of trumpets, and the enthusiastic cries of the soldiery, who waved aloft their arms, and made a thousand expressive signs of most joyful greeting. When this hearty salutation, commencing at the centre, had died away along the wings, stretching one way to the walls of the city, and the other toward the desert, Zenobia rode up nearer the lines, and being there surrounded by the ranks which were in front, and by a crowd of the great officers of the army, spoke to them, in accordance with her custom. Stretching out her hand, as if she would ask the attention of the multitude, a deep silence ensued, and in a voice clear and strong, she thus addressed them: 'Men and soldiers of Palmyra! Is this the last time that you are to gather together in this glittering array, and go forth as lords of the whole East? Conquerors in so many wars, are you now about to make an offering of yourselves and your homes to the Emperor of Rome? Am I, who have twice led you to the gates of Ctesiphon, now to be your leader to the footstool of Aurelian? Are you thinking of any thing but victory? Is there one in all these ranks who doubts whether the same fate that once befel Probus shall now befall Aurelian? If there be, let him stand forth! Let him go and intrench himself within the walls of Palmyra. We want him not. (The soldiers brandished and clashed their arms.) Victory, soldiers, belongs to those who believe. Believe that you can do so, and we will return with a Roman army captive at our chariot wheels. Who should put trust in themselves, if not the men and

soldiers of Palmyra? Whose memory is long enough to reach backward to a defeat? What was the reign of Odenatus, but an unbroken triumph? Are you now, for the first time, to fly or fall before an enemy? And who the enemy? Forget it not—Rome! and Aurelian! the greatest empire and the greatest soldier of the world. Never before was so large a prize within your reach. Never before fought you on a stage with the whole world for spectators. Forget not, too, that defeat will be not only defeat, but ruin! The loss of a battle will be not only so many dead and wounded, but the loss of empire! For Rome resolves upon our subjugation. We must conquer, or we must perish; and forever lose our city, our throne, and our name. Are you ready to write yourselves subjects and slaves of Rome!—citizens of a Roman province?—and forfeit the proud name of Palmyrene? (Loud and indignant cries rose from the surrounding ranks.) If not, you have only to remember the plains of Egypt and of Persia, and the spirit that burned within your bosoms then, will save you now, and bring you back to these walls, your brows bound about with the garlands of victory. Soldiers! strike your tents! and away to the desert!

"Shouts long and loud, mingled with the clash of arms, followed these few words of the Queen. Her own name was heard above all. 'Long live the great Zenobia!' ran along the ranks, from the centre to the extremes, and from the extremes back again to the centre. It seemed as if, when her name had once been uttered, they could not cease—through the operation of some charm—to repeat it again and again, coupled, too, with a thousand phrases of loyalty and affection."

The Queen takes farewell of her sorrowing friends, and departs at the head of her armed ranks, while the Princess Julia and Piso ascend the walls of the city, and from the towers of the gate observe the progress of the army:

"We returned to the city, and from the highest part of the walls, watched the departing glories of the most magnificent military array I had ever beheld. It was long after noon, before the last of the train of loaded elephants sank below the horizon. I have seen larger armies upon the Danube, and in Gaul. But never have I seen one that in all its appointments presented so imposing a spectacle. This was partly owing to the greater proportion of cavalry, and to the admixture of the long lines of elephants, with their burdens, their towers, and litters—but more, perhaps, to the perfectness with which each individual, be he on horse or foot, be he servant, slave, or master, is furnished, respecting both arms, armor, and apparel. Julia beheld it, if with sorrow, with pride also.

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"'Between an army like this,' she said, 'so appointed, and so led and inflamed, and another like that of Rome, coming up under a leader like Aurelian, how sharp and deadly must be the encounter! What a multitude of this and that living host, now glorious in the blaze of arms, and burning with desires of conquest, will fall and perish, pierced by weapons, or crushed by elephants, nor ever hear the shout of victory! A horrid death, winding up a feverish dream. And of that number, how likely to be Fausta and Zenobia.'"

After some delay, during which time all Palmyra is vibrating between hope and fear, intelligence is brought of a battle before Antioch, between the forces of Zenobia and Aurelian, in which the army of the former is completely routed, and compelled to retreat upon Emesa. These events are thus narrated:

"Upon the approach of Aurelian, the several provinces of Asia Minor, which by negotiation and conquest had by Zenobia been connected with her kingdom, immediately returned to their former allegiance. The cities opened their gates, and admitted the armies of the conqueror. Tyana alone, of all the Queen's dominions in that quarter, opposed the progress of the Emperor, and this strong-hold was soon by treachery delivered into his power. Thence he pressed on without pause to Antioch, where he found the Queen awaiting him. A battle immediately ensued. At first, the Queen's forces obtained decided advantages, and victory seemed ready to declare for her, as always before, when the gods decreed otherwise, and the day was lost—but lost in the indignant language of the Queen, 'not in fair and honorable fight, but through the baseness of a stratagem rather to have been expected from a Carthaginian than the great Aurelian.' 'Our troops,' she writes, 'had driven the enemy from his ground at every point. Notwithstanding the presence of Aurelian, and the prodigies of valor by which he distinguished himself anew, and animated his soldiers, our cavalry, led by the incomparable Zabdas, bore him and his legions backward till apparently discomfited by the violence of the onset, the Roman horse gave way and fled in all directions. The shout of victory arose from our ranks, which now dissolved, and in the disorder of a flushed and conquering army, scattered in hot pursuit of the flying foe. Now, when too late, we saw the treachery of the enemy. Our horse, heavy-armed, as you know—were led on by the retreating Romans into a broken and marshy ground, where their movements were in every way impeded, and thousands were suddenly fixed immovable in the deep morass. At this moment, the enemy, by preconcerted signals, with inconceivable rapidity—being light-armed—formed; and, returning upon our now scattered and broken forces, made horrible slaughter of all who had pushed farthest from the main body of the army. Dismay seized our soldiers—the panic spread—

increased by the belief that a fresh army had come up and was entering the field, and our whole duty centered upon forming and covering our retreat. This, chiefly through the conduct of Calpurnius Piso, was safely effected; the Romans being kept at bay while we drew together, and then under cover of the approaching night, fell back to a new and strong position.

"I attempt not, Longinus, to make that better which is bad. I reveal the whole truth, not softening or withholding a single feature of it, that your mind may be possessed of the exact state of our affairs, and know how to form its judgments. Make that which I write public, to the extent and in the manner that shall seem best to you.

"After mature deliberation, we have determined to retreat farther yet, and take up our position under the walls of Emesa. Here, I trust in the gods we shall redeem that which we have lost.'

"In a letter to Julia, the Queen says, 'Fausta has escaped the dangers of the battle; selfishly, perhaps, dividing her from Piso, she has shared my tent and my fortunes, and has proved herself worthy of every confidence that has been reposed in her. She is my inseparable companion in the tent, in the field, and on the road, by night and by day. Give not way to despondency, dear Julia. Fortune, which has so long smiled upon me, is not now about to forsake me. There is no day so long and bright, that clouds do not sail by and cast their little shadows. But the sun is behind them. Our army is still great and in good heart. The soldiers receive me, whenever I appear, with their customary acclamations. Fausta shares this enthusiasm. Wait without anxiety or fear for news from Emesa.'"

But Zenobia is again destined to defeat, and soon after writes from Emesa: 'Our cavalry were at first victorious, as before at Antioch. The Roman horse were routed. But the infantry of Aurelian, in number greatly superior to ours, falling upon our ranks when deprived of the support of the cavalry, obtained an easy victory; while their horse, rallying and increased by reinforcements from Antioch, drove us in turn at all points, penetrating even to our camp, and completed the disaster of the day. I have now no power with which to cope with Aurelian. It remains but to retreat upon Palmyra, there placing our reliance upon the strength of our walls, and upon our Armenian, Saracen, and Persian allies. I do not despair, although the favor of the gods seems withdrawn.'

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Great consternation now pervades the city, and the people, clustering together in knots, seem paralyzed or struck dumb, finding little joy save in again beholding their Queen, now anxiously expected, with the remnant of her gallant army. At length, 'far off their coming shone:'

"As I sit writing at my open window, overlooking the street and spacious courts of the Temple of Justice, I am conscious of an unusual disturbance—the people at a distance are running in one direction—the clamor approaches—and now I hear the cries of the multitude, 'The Queen, the Queen!'

"I fly to the walls.

"I resume my pen. The alarm was a true one. Upon gaining the streets, I found the populace all pouring toward the gate of the desert, in which direction, it was affirmed, the Queen was making her approach. Upon reaching it, and ascending one of its lofty towers, I beheld from the verge of the horizon to within a mile of the walls, the whole plain filled with the scattered forces of Zenobia, a cloud of dust resting over the whole, and marking out the extent of ground they covered. As the advanced detachments drew near, how different a spectacle did they present from that bright morning, when, glittering in steel, and full of the fire of expected victory, they proudly took their way toward the places from which they now were returning, a conquered, spoiled, and dispirited remnant, covered with the dust of a long march, and wearily dragging their limbs beneath the rays of a burning sun. Yet was there order and military discipline preserved, even under circumstances so depressing, and which usually are an excuse for their total relaxation. It was the silent, dismal march of a funeral train, rather than the hurried flight of a routed and discomfited army. There was the stiff and formal military array, but the life and spirit of an elevated and proud soldiery were gone. They moved with method to the sound of clanging instruments and the long, shrill blast of the trumpet, but they moved as mourners. They seemed as if they came to bury their Queen.

"Yet the scene changed to a brighter aspect, as the army drew nearer and nearer to the walls, and the city throwing open her gates, the populace burst forth, and with loud and prolonged shouts, welcomed them home. These shouts sent new life into the hearts of the desponding ranks, and with brightened faces and a changed air, they waved their arms and banners, and returned shout for shout. As they passed through the gates to the ample quarters provided within the walls, a thousand phrases of hearty greeting were showered down upon them, from those who lined the walls, the towers, and the way-side, which seemed from the effects produced in those on whom they fell, a more quickening restorative than could have been any medicine or food that had ministered only to the body.

"The impatience of the multitude to behold and receive the Queen, was hardly to be restrained from breaking forth in some violent way. They were ready to rush upon the

great avenue, bearing aside the troops, that they might the sooner greet her. When, at length, the centre of the army approached, and the armed chariot appeared in which Zenobia sat, the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. They broke through all restraint, and with cries that filled the heavens, pressed toward her—the soldiers catching the frenzy and joining them—and quickly detaching the horses from her carriage, themselves drew her into the city just as if she had returned victor with Aurelian in her train. There was no language of devotion and loyalty that did not meet her ear, nor any sign of affection that could be made from any distance, from the plains, the walls, the gates, the higher buildings of the city, the roofs of which were thronged, that did not meet her eye. It was a testimony of love so spontaneous and universal, a demonstration of confidence and unshaken attachment so hearty and sincere, that Zenobia was more than moved by it, she was subdued—and she, who, by her people had never before been seen to weep, bent her head and buried her face in her hands.

"With what an agony of expectation, while this scene was passing, did I await the appearance of Fausta, and Gracchus, and Calpurnius—if, indeed, I were destined ever to see them again. I waited long, and with pain, but the gods be praised, not in vain, nor to meet with disappointment only. Not far in the rear of Zenobia, at the head of a squadron of cavalry, rode, as my eye distinctly informed me, those whom I sought. No sooner did they in turn approach the gates, than almost the same welcome that had been lavished upon Zenobia, was repeated for Fausta, Gracchus, and Calpurnius. The names of Calpurnius and Fausta—of Calpurnius, as he who had saved the army at Antioch, of Fausta as the intrepid and fast friend of the Queen, were especially heard from a thousand lips, joined with every title of honor. My voice was not wanting in the loud acclaim. It reached the ears of Fausta, who, starting and looking upward, caught my eye just as she passed beneath the arch of the vast gateway. I then descended from my tower of observation, and joined the crowds who thronged the close ranks, as they filed along the streets of the city. I pressed upon the steps of my friends, never being able to keep my eyes from the forms of those I loved so well, whom I had so feared to lose, and so rejoiced to behold returned alive and unhurt.

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"All day the army has continued pouring into the city, and beside the army greater crowds still of the inhabitants of the suburbs, who, knowing that before another day shall end, the Romans may encamp before the walls, are scattering in all directions—multitudes taking refuge in the city, but greater numbers still mounted upon elephants, camels, dromedaries and horses, flying into the country to the north. The whole region as far as the eye can reach, seems in commotion, as if society were dissolved, and breaking up from its foundations. The noble and the rich, whose means are ample, gather together their valuables, and with their children and friends, seek the nearest parts of Mesopotamia, where they will remain in safety till the siege shall be raised. The poor, and such as cannot reach the Euphrates, flock into the city, bringing with them what little of provisions or money they may possess, and are quartered upon the inhabitants, or take up a temporary abode in the open squares, or in the courts and porticos of palaces and temples—the softness and serenity of the climate rendering even so much as the shelter of a tent superfluous. But by this vast influx the population of the city cannot be less than doubled, and I should tremble for the means of subsistence for so large a multitude, did I not know the inexhaustible magazines of corn, laid up by the prudent foresight of the Queen, in anticipation of the possible occurrence of the emergency which has now arrived. A long time—longer than he himself would be able to subsist his army, must Aurelian lie before Palmyra, ere he can hope to reduce it by famine. What impression his engines may be able to make upon the walls, remains to be seen."

The arrival of the Palmyrene army is soon followed by that of Aurelian, which presently surround the city, and under cover of shields, attempt to undermine and scale the walls. But they are foiled:

"It is incredible the variety and ingenuity of the contrivances by which the Queen's forces beat off and rendered ineffectual all the successive movements of the enemy, in their attempts to surmount the walls. Not only from every part of the wall were showers of arrows discharged from the bows of experienced archers, but from engines also, by which they were driven to a much greater distance, and with great increase of force.

"This soon rendered every attack of this nature useless and worse, and their efforts were then concentrated upon the several gates which simultaneously were attempted to be broken in, fired, or undermined. But here again, as often as these attempts were renewed, were they defeated, and great destruction made of those engaged in them. The troops approached, as is usual, covered completely, or buried rather, beneath their shields. They were suffered to form directly under the walls, and actually commence their work of destruction, when suddenly from the towers of the gates, and through channels constructed for the purpose in every part of the masonry, torrents of liquid fire were poured upon the iron roof, beneath which the soldiers worked. This at first they endured. The melted substances ran off from the polished surface of the shields, and the stones which were dashed upon them from engines, after rattling and bounding over their heads, rolled harmless to the ground. But there was in reserve a foe which they could not encounter. When it was found that the fiery streams flowed down the slanting sides of the shell, penetrating scarcely at all through the crevices of the well-

joined shields, it was suggested by the ingenious Periander, that there should first be thrown down a quantity of pitch, in a half melted state, by which the whole surface of the roof should be completely covered, and which should then, by a fresh discharge of fire, be set in a blaze, the effect of which must be to heat the shields to such a degree, that they could neither be held, nor the heat beneath endured by the miners. This was immediately resorted to at all the gates, and the success was complete. For no sooner was the cold pitch set on fire and constantly fed by fresh quantities from above, than the heat became insupportable to those below, who suddenly letting go their hold, and breaking away from their compacted form, in hope to escape from the stifling heat, the burning substance then poured in upon them, and vast numbers perished miserably upon the spot, or ran burning, and howling with pain, toward the camp. The slaughter made was very great, and very terrible to behold."

Aurelian next encompasses the city with a double ditch and rampart, in the construction of which he is often interrupted by the frequent sallies of the Palmyrenes from the gates. These preparations and their success are thus described:

"The Roman works are at length completed. Every lofty palm tree, every cedar every terebinth, has disappeared from the surrounding plains, to be converted into battering rams, or wrought into immense towers, planted upon wheels, by which the walls are to be approached and surmounted. Houses and palaces have been demolished, that the ready hewed timber might be detached and applied to various warlike purposes. The once beautiful environs already begin to put on the appearance of desolation and ruin.

"The citizens have awaited these preparations with watchful anxiety. The Queen has expressed every where and to all, her conviction that all these vast and various preparations are futile—that the bravery of her soldiers and the completeness of her counter provisions, will be sufficient for the protection and deliverance of the city.

"Another day of fierce and bloody war. At four different points have the vast towers been pushed to the walls, filled with soldiers, and defended against the fires of the besieged by a casing of skins and every incombustible substance, and provided with a store of water to quench whatever part might by chance kindle. It was fearful to behold these huge structures urged along by a concealed force, partly of men and partly of animals, and drawing nigh the walls. If they should once approach so near that they could be fastened to the walls, and so made secure, then could the enemy pour their legions upon the ramparts, and the battle would be transferred to the city itself. But in this case, as in the assaults upon the gates, the fire of the besieged has proved irresistible.

"It was the direction of Periander, to whose unequalled sagacity this part of the defence was intrusted, that so soon as the towers should approach within reach of the most powerful engines, they should be fired, if possible, by means of well-barbed arrows and javelins, to which were attached sacs and balls of inflammable and explosive substances. These fastening themselves upon every part of the tower could not fail to set fire to them while yet at some distance, and in extinguishing which the water and other means provided for that purpose would be nearly or quite exhausted, before they had reached the walls. Then as they came within easier reach, the engines were to belch forth those rivers of oil, fire, and burning pitch, which he was sure no structure, unless of solid iron, could withstand.

"These directions were carefully observed, and their success at every point such as Periander had predicted. At the gate of the desert the most formidable preparations were made, under the directions of the Emperor himself, who, at a distance, could plainly be discerned directing the work and encouraging the soldiers. Two towers of enormous size were here constructed, and driven toward the walls. Upon both, as they came within the play of the engines, were showered the fiery javelins and arrows, which it required all the activity of the occupants to ward off or extinguish, where they had succeeded in fastening themselves. One was soon in flames. The other, owing either to its being of a better construction, or to a less vigorous discharge of fire on the part of the defenders of the walls, not only escaped the more distant storm of blazing missiles, but succeeded in quenching the floods of burning pitch and oil, which, as it drew nearer and nearer, were poured upon it in fiery streams. On it moved, propelled by its invisible and protected power, and had now reached the wall—the bridge was in the very act of being thrown and grappled to the ramparts—Aurelian was seen pressing forward the legions, who, as soon as it should be fastened, were to pour up its flights of steps and out upon the walls—when, to the horror of all, not less of the besiegers than of the besieged, its foundations upon one side—being laid over the moat—suddenly gave way, and the towering and enormous mass, with all its living burden, fell thundering to the plain. A shout, as of a delivered and conquering army, went up from the walls, while upon the legions below—such as had not been crushed by the tumbling ruin—and who endeavored to save themselves by flight, a sudden storm of stones, rocks, burning pitch, and missiles of a thousand kinds was directed, that left few to escape to tell the tale of death to their comrades. Aurelian, in his fury, or his desire to aid the fallen, approaching too near the walls, was himself struck by a well-directed shaft—wounded, and borne from the field.

"At the other gates, where similar assaults had been made, the same success attended

the Palmyrenes. The towers were in each instance set on fire and destroyed.

"The city has greatly exulted at the issue of these repeated contests. Every sound and sign of triumph has been made upon the walls. Banners have been waved to and fro, trumpets have been blown, and, in bold defiance of their power, parties of horse have sallied out from the gates, and after careering in sight of the enemy, have returned again within the walls. The enemy are evidently dispirited, and already weary of the work they have undertaken."

While the Palmyrenes are indulging the hope that Aurelian, finding his army diminishing, will propose terms which they can accept with honor, he despatches a herald, enjoining and commanding an immediate surrender of the city. Zenobia refuses the terms. Aurelian renews his attacks:

"In a few days the vast preparations of the Romans being complete, a general assault was made by the whole army upon every part of the walls. Every engine known to our modern methods of attacking walled cities, was brought to bear. Towers constructed in the former manner were wheeled up to the walls. Battering rams of enormous size, those who worked them being protected by sheds of hide, thundered on all sides at the gates and walls. Language fails to convey an idea of the energy, the fury, the madness of the onset. The Roman army seemed as if but one being, with such equal courage and contempt of danger and of death, was the dreadful work performed. But the Queen's defences have again proved superior to all the power of Aurelian. Her engines have dealt death and ruin in awful measure among the assailants. The moat and the surrounding plain are filled and covered with the bodies of the slain. As night came on after a long day of uninterrupted conflict, the troops of Aurelian, baffled and defeated at every point, withdrew to their tents, and left the city to repose.

"The temples of the gods have resounded with songs of thanksgiving for this new deliverance, garlands have been hung around their images, and gifts laid upon their altars. Jews and Christians, Persians and Egyptians, after the manner of their worship, have added their voices to the general chorus.

"Again there has been a pause. The Romans have rested after the late fierce assault to recover strength, and the city has breathed free. Many are filled with new courage and hope, and the discontented spirits are silenced. The praises of Zenobia, next to those of the gods, fill every mouth. The streets ring with songs composed in her honor."

The Persian army is next day seen by Fausta and Piso, from the towers, whence the eye commanded the whole plain, to be approaching to the relief of Zenobia. They encounter the Roman army, and terrible slaughter ensues; while, at a signal from the Queen, who with half the population of Palmyra are on the walls, Zabdas, at the head of all the flower of the Palmyra cavalry, pours forth from the gates, followed closely by the infantry, the battle meanwhile raging fiercely between the walls and the Roman entrenchments, as well as beyond. But the Palmyrenes are repulsed with great slaughter; the routed army press back into the city, and the gates are closed upon the pursuers. In the evening, at the house of Gracchus, where the events of the day are discussed, Calpurnius, who had been in the thickest of the fight, but had escaped unhurt, relates the fate of Zabdas. The scene is one for the pencil:

"Calpurnius had been in the thickest of the fight, but had escaped unhurt. He was near Zabdas when he fell, and revenged his death by hewing down the soldier who had pierced him with his lance.

"Zabdas," said Calpurnius, when in the evening we recalled the sad events of the day, 'was not instantly killed by the thrust of the spear, but falling backward from his horse, found strength and life enough remaining to raise himself upon his knee, and cheer me on, as I flew to revenge his death upon the retreating Roman. As I returned to him, having completed my task, he had sunk upon the ground, but was still living, and his eye bright with its wonted fire. I raised him in my arms, and lifting him upon my horse, moved toward the gate, intending to bring him within the walls. But he presently entreated me to desist.

"I die," said he, 'it is all in vain, noble Piso. Lay me at the root of this tree, and that shall be my bed, and its shaft my monument.'

"I took him from the horse as he desired.

"Place me," said he, 'with my back against the tree, and my face toward the entrenchments, that while I live I may see the battle—Piso, tell the Queen that to the last hour I am true to her. It has been my glory in life to live but for her, and my death is a happiness, dying for her. Her image swims before me now, and over her hovers a winged victory. The Romans fly—I knew it would be so—the dogs cannot stand before the cavalry of Palmyra—they never could—they fled at Antioch. Hark! there are the shouts of triumph—bring me my horse—Zenobia! live and reign for ever!'

"With these words his head fell upon his bosom, and he died. I returned to the conflict; but it had become a rout, and I was borne along with the rushing throng toward the gates."

Subsequently, an Armenian army, which had come to relieve Zenobia, are seen from the towers

to strike their tents, throw down their allegiance to the Queen, and join the army of Aurelian. The following picture of the besieged city affords a striking contrast to the brilliant metropolis which our readers have seen described in the former letters:

"This last has proved a heavier blow to Palmyra than the former. It shows that their cause is regarded by the neighboring powers as a losing one, or already lost, and that hope, so far as it rested upon their friendly interposition, must be abandoned. The city is silent and sad. Almost all the forms of industry having ceased, the inhabitants are doubly wretched through their necessary idleness; they can do little but sit and brood over their present deprivations, and utter their dark bodings touching the future. All sounds of gayety have ceased. They who obtained their subsistence by ministering to the pleasures of others, are now the first to suffer—for there are none to employ their services. Streets, which but a little while ago resounded with notes of music and the loud laughter of those who lived to pleasure, are now dull and deserted. The brilliant shops are closed, the fountains forsaken, the Portico solitary—or they are frequented by a few who resort to them chiefly to while away some of the melancholy hours that hang upon their hands. And those who are abroad seem not like the same people. Their step is now measured and slow, the head bent, no salutation greets the passing stranger or acquaintance, or only a few cold words of inquiry, which pass from cold lips into ears as cold. Apathy—lethargy—stupor—seem fast settling over all."

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The next movement of the Queen, is to go in person to the court of Persia, to obtain the aid of Sapor and the Prince Hormisdas, who has sought in marriage the Princess Julia, her daughter, who, though devoted to Calpurnius, offers herself as a victim on the altar of her country. The Queen, with attendants, leaves Palmyra, by a subterranean aqueduct, leading beyond the Roman camp, but is betrayed by a female slave, who is bribed to treachery by the Palmyrene traitor, Antiochus, and carried to the camp of Aurelian. The interview between Zenobia and the Roman general, with the account of an attempt by the enraged army, so long foiled by a woman, to destroy her, cannot be curtailed, and is yet too long to extract. It is in fine unity and the strictest keeping with the whole narrative. Antiochus, the traitor, is scourged beyond the camp of the Romans, by Aurelius' order. Terms of capitulation are now offered and accepted, and Palmyra, as a nation, ceases to exist. Aurelian enters the city; the Roman army is converted into a body of laborers and artizans, who are employed in constructing wains, of every form and size, to transport the treasures of the rifled city, by the aid of multitudes of elephants and camels, across the desert to the sea, to adorn the triumph of Aurelian, and add to the splendors of Rome; while the senators and councillors of Palmyra, among whom are Longinus and Gracchus, are led guarded from the city, amid the vehement grief of the people, to the camp of the Roman conqueror, and finally conveyed to the Roman prisons, at Emesa, a Syrian town, to await death at his hands.

The chapter which follows, details the efforts made by Piso to obtain pardon for Gracchus; his visit to Longinus and Gracchus in their prisons; their noble bearing in view of the near approach of death, and their reasoning on the principles of their philosophy, upon that event. Longinus is executed, Gracchus pardoned, and Calpurnius leaves the captive city, by the same subterranean aqueduct through which the Queen had escaped.

Sandarian, a Roman general under Aurelian, is appointed Governor of Palmyra, and the city seems tranquil. Gracchus, Piso, and Fausta, now the wife of Calpurnius, (who has at length returned, under a general pardon from the Emperor,) are induced, by a revolt in the city, headed by the traitor Antiochus, who had also returned under the general amnesty, to withdraw privately to one of the noble Palmyrene's estates on an eminence four Roman miles from the walls, commanding a view of the city. It was a square tower of stone, originally built for war and defence. Aurelian, on his march to Rome, with his army, gains tidings of the revolt of Antiochus, and returns again to punish the traitor, who had caused all the Romans left in Palmyra to be butchered. The result is thus given:

"As we came forth upon the battlements of the tower, not a doubt remained that it was indeed the Romans pouring in again like a flood upon the plains of the now devoted city. Far as the eye could reach to the west, clouds of dust indicated the line of the Roman march, while the van was already within a mile of the very gates. The roads leading to the capital, in every direction, seemed covered with those, who, at the last moment, ere the gates were shut, had fled and were flying to escape the impending desolation. All bore the appearance of a city taken by surprise and utterly unprepared—as we doubted not was the case from what we had observed of its actual state, and from the suddenness of Aurelian's return and approach."

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"After one day of preparation and one of assault the city has fallen, and Aurelian again entered in triumph. This time in the spirit of revenge and retaliation. It is evident, as we look on horror-struck, that no quarter is given, but that a general massacre has been ordered both of soldier and citizen. We can behold whole herds of the defenceless populace escaping from the gates or over the walls, only to be pursued—hunted—and slaughtered by the remorseless soldiers. And thousands upon thousands have we seen driven over the walls, or hurled from the battlements of the lofty towers to perish, dashed upon the rocks below. Fausta cannot endure these sights of horror, but retires and hides herself in her apartments.

"No sooner had the evening of this fatal day set in, than a new scene of terrific sublimity opened before us, as we beheld flames beginning to ascend from every part of the city. They grew and spread till they presently appeared to wrap all objects alike in one vast sheet of fire. Towers, pinnacles, and domes, after glittering awhile in the fierce blaze, one after another fell and disappeared in the general ruin. The Temple of the Sun stood long untouched, shining almost with the brightness of the sun itself, its polished shafts and sides reflecting the surrounding fire with an intense brilliancy. We hoped that it might escape, and were certain that it would, unless fired from within—as from its insulated position the flames from the neighboring buildings could not reach it. But we watched not long ere from its western extremity the fire broke forth, and warned us that that peerless monument of human genius, like all else, would soon crumble to the ground. To our amazement, however, and joy, the flames, after having made great progress, were suddenly arrested, and by some cause extinguished—and the vast pile stood towering in the centre of the desolation, of double size, as it seemed, from the fall and disappearance of so many of the surrounding structures.

"'This,' said Fausta, 'is the act of a rash and passionate man. Aurelian, before tomorrow's sun has set, will himself repent it. What a single night has destroyed, a century could not restore. This blighted and ruined capital, as long as its crumbling remains shall attract the gaze of the traveller, will utter a blasting malediction upon the name and memory of Aurelian. Hereafter he will be known, not as conqueror of the East, and the restorer of the Roman Empire, but as the executioner of Longinus and the ruthless destroyer of Palmyra.'"

After Aurelian has again departed with his army for Rome, the noble Piso and Fausta re-visit the devoted capital. How horribly graphic the description of its desolation:

"For more than a mile before we reached the gates, the roads, and the fields on either hand, were strewed with the bodies of those who, in their attempts to escape, had been overtaken by the enemy and slain. Many a group of bodies did we notice, evidently those of a family, the parents and the children, who, hoping to reach in company some place of security, had all—and without resistance apparently—fallen a sacrifice to the relentless fury of their pursuers. Immediately in the vicinity of the walls and under them, the earth was concealed from the eye by the multitudes of the slain, and all objects were stained with the one hue of blood. Upon passing the gates and entering within those walls which I had been accustomed to regard as embracing in their wide and graceful sweep, the most beautiful city of the world, my eye met naught but black and smoking ruins, fallen houses and temples, the streets choked with piles of still blazing timbers and the half-burned bodies of the dead. As I penetrated farther into the heart of the city, and to its better built and more spacious quarters, I found the destruction to be less—that the principal streets were standing, and many of the more distinguished structures. But every where—in the streets—upon the porticos of private and public dwellings—upon the steps and within the very walls of the temples of every faith—in all places, the most sacred as well as the most common, lay the mangled carcasses of the wretched inhabitants. None, apparently, had been spared. The aged were there, with their bald or silvered heads—little children and infants—women, the young, the beautiful, the good—all were there, slaughtered in every imaginable way, and presenting to the eye spectacles of horror and of grief enough to break the heart and craze the brain. For one could not but go back to the day and the hour when they died, and suffer with these innocent thousands, a part of what they suffered when the gates of the city giving way, the infuriated soldiery poured in, and with death written in their faces and clamoring on their tongues, their quiet houses were invaded, and resisting or unresisting, they all fell together beneath the murderous knives of the savage foe. What shrieks then rent and filled the air—what prayers of agony went up to the gods for life to those whose ears on mercy's side were adders'—what piercing supplications that life might be taken and honor spared. The apartments of the rich and the noble presented the most harrowing spectacles, where the inmates, delicately nurtured and knowing of danger, evil, and wrong only by name and report, had first endured all that nature most abhors, and then there where their souls had died, were slain by their brutal violators with every circumstance of most demoniac cruelty. Happy for those who, like Gracchus, foresaw the tempest and fled. These calamities have fallen chiefly upon the adherents of Antiochus; but among them, alas! were some of the noblest and most honored families of the capital. Their bodies now lie blackened and bloated upon their door-stones—their own halls have become their tombs."

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The next letter is from Piso, at Rome, to Fausta, at Palmyra, descriptive of Aurelian's triumphant entry into Rome. We cannot resist the inclination to place this magnificent picture before our readers:

"The sun of Italy never poured a flood of more golden light upon the great capital and its surrounding plains than on the day of Aurelian's triumph. The airs of Palmyra were never more soft. The whole city was early abroad, and added to our own overgrown population, there were the inhabitants of all the neighboring towns and cities, and strangers from all parts of the empire, so that it was with difficulty and labor only, and no little danger too, that the spectacle could be seen. I obtained a position opposite the capitol, from which I could observe the whole of this proud display of the power and

greatness of Rome.

"A long train of elephants opened the show, their huge sides and limbs hung with cloth of gold and scarlet, some having upon their backs military towers or other fanciful structures, which were filled with the natives of Asia or Africa, all arrayed in the richest costumes of their countries. These were followed by wild animals, and those remarkable for their beauty, from every part of the world, either led, as in the case of lions, tigers, leopards, by those who from long management of them, possessed the same power over them as the groom over his horse, or else drawn along upon low platforms, upon which they were made to perform a thousand antic tricks for the amusement of the gaping and wondering crowds. Then came not many fewer than two thousand gladiators in pairs, all arranged in such a manner as to display to the greatest advantage their well knit joints, and projecting and swollen muscles. Of these a great number have already perished on the arena of the Flavian, and in the sea fights in Domitian's theatre. Next upon gilded wagons, and arrayed so as to produce the most dazzling effect, came the spoils of the wars of Aurelian—treasures of art, rich cloths and embroideries, utensils of gold and silver, pictures, statues, and works in brass, from the cities of Gaul, from Asia and from Egypt. Conspicuous here over all were the rich and gorgeous contents of the palace of Zenobia. The huge wains groaned under the weight of vessels of gold and silver, of ivory, and the most precious woods of India. The jewelled wine cups, vases, and golden statuary of Demetrius attracted the gaze and excited the admiration of every beholder. Immediately after these came a crowd of youths richly habited in the costumes of a thousand different tribes, bearing in their hands upon cushions of silk, crowns of gold and precious stones, the offerings of the cities and kingdoms of all the world, as it were, to the power and fame of Aurelian. Following these, came the ambassadors of all nations, sumptuously arrayed in the habits of their respective countries. Then an innumerable train of captives, showing plainly in their downcast eyes, in their fixed and melancholy gaze, that hope had taken its departure from their breasts. Among these were many women from the shores of the Danube, taken in arms fighting for their country, of enormous stature, and clothed in the warlike costume of their tribes.

"But why do I detain you with these things, when it is of one only that you wish to hear. I cannot tell you with what impatience I waited for that part of the procession to approach where were Zenobia and Julia. I thought its line would stretch on for ever. And it was the ninth hour before the alternate shouts and deep silence of the multitudes announced that the conqueror was drawing near the capitol. As the first shout arose, I turned toward the quarter whence it came, and beheld, not Aurelian as I expected, but the Gallic Emperor Tetricus—yet slave of his army and of Victoria—accompanied by the prince his son, and followed by other illustrious captives from Gaul. All eyes were turned with pity upon him, and with indignation too that Aurelian should thus treat a Roman and once—a Senator. But sympathy for him was instantly lost in a stronger feeling of the same kind for Zenobia, who came immediately after. You can imagine, Fausta, better than I describe them, my sensations, when I saw our beloved friend—her whom I had seen treated never otherwise than as a sovereign Queen, and with all the imposing pomp of the Persian ceremonial—now on foot, and exposed to the rude gaze of the Roman populace—toiling beneath the rays of a hot sun, and the weight of jewels, such as both for richness and beauty, were never before seen in Rome—and of chains of gold, which first passing around her neck and arms, were then borne up by attendant slaves. I could have wept to see her so—yes and did. My impulse was to break through the crowd and support her almost fainting form—but I well knew that my life would answer for the rashness on the spot. I could only, therefore, like the rest, wonder and gaze. And never did she seem to me, not even in the midst of her own court, to blaze forth with such transcendent beauty—yet touched with grief. Her look was not that of dejection—of one who was broken and crushed by misfortune—there was no blush of shame. It was rather one of profound, heart-breaking melancholy. Her full eyes looked as if privacy only was wanted for them to overflow with floods of tears. But they fell not. Her gaze was fixed on vacancy, or else cast toward the ground. She seemed like one unobservant of all around her, and buried in thoughts to which all else were strangers, and had nothing in common with. They were in Palmyra, and with her slaughtered multitudes. Yet though she wept not, others did; and one could see all along, wherever she moved, the Roman hardness yielding to pity, and melting down before the all-subduing presence of this wonderful woman. The most touching phrases of compassion fell constantly upon my ear. And ever and anon as in the road there would happen some rough or damp place, the kind souls would throw down upon it whatever of their garments they could quickest divest themselves of, that those feet little used to such encounters, might receive no harm. And as when other parts of the procession were passing by, shouts of triumph and vulgar joy frequently arose from the motley crowds, yet when Zenobia appeared, a death-like silence prevailed, or it was interrupted only by exclamations of admiration or pity, or of indignation at Aurelian for so using her. But this happened not long. For when the Emperor's pride had been sufficiently gratified, and just there where he came over against the steps of the capitol, he himself, crowned as he was with the diadem of universal empire, descended from his chariot, and unlocking the chains of gold that bound the limbs of the Queen, led and placed her in her own chariot—that chariot in which she had hoped herself to enter Rome in triumph—between Julia and Livia. Upon

this the air was rent with the grateful acclamations of the countless multitudes. The Queen's countenance brightened for a moment, as if with the expressive sentiment, 'The gods bless you!' and was then buried in the folds of her robe. And when, after the lapse of many minutes, it was again raised and turned toward the people, every one might see that tears burning hot had coursed her cheeks, and relieved a heart which else might well have burst with its restrained emotion. Soon as the chariot which held her had disappeared upon the other side of the capitol, I extricated myself from the crowd, and returned home. It was not till the shades of evening had fallen, that the last of the procession had passed the front of the capitol, and the Emperor reposed within the walls of his palace. The evening was devoted to the shows of the theatres."

In the letter which closes the volumes, Piso, who is now married to the noble Fausta, describes a visit to Zenobia, at a magnificent villa on the Tiber, to which Aurelian has humanely caused to be brought and arranged every article of use or luxury found in the palace at Palmyra, which was capable of transportation. The exiled Queen, however, dwells sadly 'upon glories that are departed for ever; and is able to anticipate no other, or greater, in this world:

"She is silent and solitary. Her thoughts are evidently never with the present, but far back among the scenes of her former life. To converse is an effort. The lines of grief have fixed themselves upon her countenance; her very form and manner are expressive of a soul bowed and subdued by misfortune. Her pride seems no longer, as on the day of the triumph, to bear her up. It is Zenobia before me, but—like her own beautiful capital—it is Zenobia in ruins. That she suffers, too, from the reproaches of a mind now conscious of its errors, I cannot doubt. She blames Aurelian, but I am persuaded, she blames with no less severity herself. It is, I doubt not, the image of her desolated country rising before her, that causes her so often, in the midst of discourse with us, or when she has been sitting long silent, suddenly to start and clasp her hands, and withdraw weeping to her apartments, or the seclusion of the garden."

Let no reader be tempted, from the copiousness of our extracts, to forego the pleasure of perusing these volumes in their entire form. We have given but the outline, merely, of that portion which has not appeared at large in our pages; preserving, indeed, the main events, but leaving untouched the delightful under-current of tributary incidents, and that vein of calm philosophical and moral reasoning, which every where pervade the work.

In conclusion, we cordially and confidently commend these volumes to our readers, with the hope soon again to find the writer gleaning in the great vineyard of the past; for surely, his mind is not of so light a soil as to be exhausted by one crop, how rich soever that product may be.

NATIONAL STANDARD OF COSTUME.—A Lecture on the Changes of Fashion. Delivered before the Portsmouth (N. H.) Lyceum, By CHARLES W. BREWSTER.

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OUR thanks are due to the Portsmouth Lyceum for a copy of this very entertaining and instructive pamphlet, in which an important topic is ably discussed. The writer came to his task well prepared, by a great number of facts, pertinent illustrative incidents, and anecdotes, to do it full justice; and he has amply succeeded. Although we have little hope that the crying evil which he exposes will ever cease to be injuriously operative on all classes in America, we cannot refrain from yielding our tribute of praise and admiration to the good sense and sound reasoning of the first pioneer in a cause so commendable.

After showing that in the early days of the Jews, the fashion of garments was fixed, and that the costumes of the Chinese, the Turks, and the Moors, are the same now that they have been for centuries, the writer observes:

"How would a Chinese be surprised, on a visit to the Republic, who had formed his ideas of our costume from a picture drawn from life only half a century since! He contemplates the picture, and in his imagination he sees the American beaux with their tri-cornered hats, flowing wigs, broad-skirted coats, leather small clothes, pointed shoes, and broad bright buckles; and the beautiful belles by their side, with the long waists of their dresses, sleeves closely attached to their arms, the ample skirts distended by a butt hoop, and their heels elevated in such shoes as the fair heroines wore in '76, when they slept up bravely in the world, by adding four inches to their heel-taps! With this picture full before him, the Chinese arrives on our shore, and in vain seeks for a single article of dress the picture represented. He fancies the treacherous ship has borne him to a wrong country, or becomes distrustful of the painter's veracity. When told, that the *fashions change* among us, the Chinese hears with wonder, and in admiration of the stability of his own celestial empire, exclaims: Is this the effect of your liberal government? If the fickle nature of your customs has been interwoven into your political institutions, while China will live for ever, the *Republic* itself will ere long be laid aside as a thing *out of fashion*."

The following anecdote is given, as illustrative of the supremacy of fashion:

"In 1813, Sir Humphrey Davy was permitted by Napoleon to visit Paris. At that time it

will be recollected, that every movement of citizens was carefully watched, and that every assemblage of people in public places was speedily dispersed by military power, to prevent riots and revolutionary proceedings. While the distinguished philosopher was attending the meeting of the Institute, Lady Davy, attended by her maid, walked in the public garden. She wore a very small hat, of a simple cockleshell form, such as was fashionable in London at the time; while the Parisian ladies wore bonnets of most voluminous dimensions. It happened to be a saint's day, on which, the shops being closed, the citizens repaired in crowds to the garden. On seeing the diminutive bonnet of Lady Davy, the Parisians felt little less surprise than did the inhabitants of Brobdignag on beholding the hat of Gulliver; and a crowd of persons soon assembled around the unknown exotic; in consequence of which, one of the Inspectors of the Garden immediately presented himself and informed her ladyship that no cause for assemblage could be suffered, and therefore requested her to retire. Some officers of the Imperial Guard, to whom she appealed, replied, that however much they might regret the circumstance, they were unable to afford her any redress, as the order was peremptory. She then requested to be conducted to her carriage; an officer immediately offered his arm; but the crowd had by this time so greatly increased, that it became necessary to send for a corporal's guard; and the party quitted the garden, surrounded by fixed bayonets!"

To the justice of the subjoined, all reflecting minds will yield ready assent. We would make a reservation, however, in the article of *stocks*—a truly excellent and most comfortable invention:

"Paris is the fantastical seat of the fashions. The models there formed are followed in England, where they are sometimes improved upon—and are transferred, as regularly as articles of merchandise, across the Atlantic. From the principal cities, plates of the latest fashions, regulated by those prevailing in the foreign courts, are transmitted at regular intervals, by mail, to the principal towns throughout the United States, and from these towns all the neighboring villages take their newest fashions.

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"The immediate adoption of the French fashions by other nations, is not unfrequently a source of much merriment to the inventors of them, and is a standing topic of amusement and ridicule to the ladies of Paris; for it is not unfrequently the case, that while the prints of costume, as they are prepared by the French milliners and dress-makers, of the most absurd and fantastical models, are seized upon and imitated in the dresses of the English and Americans—these very prints are subjects of sport to the Parisian ladies for their fantastical absurdity. They regard them in the same light that we do the beads and baubles which are sent to savage nations. With such worthless trinkets we obtain from the savages their valuable furs, and with trinkets of no greater real value, do the French extract the hard earnings from the pockets of the American citizens.

"Had we the capacity of vision at one view to look throughout the Union, and trace the course of fashion and its metamorphosing effects upon society, the view would be ludicrous indeed, and the changes no less unmeaning than ridiculous. At one time we should see thousands of tri-cornered hats thrown off, and as many heads covered with round ones—and their places supplied in turn with the cap maker's fabric: at another season, we should see a million half-worn coats laid aside for moths to feed upon, to give place to some fashion which has no higher merit than the sanction of some foreign court: with another breeze across the Atlantic, another slight commotion is seen throughout the land; and millions of cravats are removed from their wonted location, that the willing necks of American freemen, may be bound in the foreign *stocks*!

"We will, however, give you one fact, which has no imagination about it. It is illustrative of what has been previously stated, that the villages look for their fashions to the principal towns in their neighborhoods, and that, however independent they may feel of foreign political sway, few Americans have ever yet had the bravery to declare independence of foreign fashions, but meekly submit to what is *said* to be the *latest fashions* in the place to which they look as their emporium—whether such fashions indeed exist, or are imposed upon them by cunning individuals, who 'by such craft do get their wealth.'

"A few years since, a country trader in New-Hampshire, in making purchases of a little of every thing for his store, was offered, at a very low rate, a lot of coat buttons of the fashion of half a century since, about the size of a dollar. The keen-sighted trader, by the tailor's assistance, soon had his own coat decorated with them. At home the lads needed no better evidence of its being the latest fashion, than that the trader had just come from the metropolis. The old buttons went off at a great advance, and the village soon shone in Revolutionary splendor! If the shining beaux *thought* they were dressed in the latest Parisian style, did they not feel as well as though they really were so? And did the supercilious eye with which they regarded the poor fellows who could not afford buttons larger than a cent, beam less with aristocracy than the exalted courtier's?

"One other illustrative anecdote occurs to us, which we cannot forbear giving. A few years since, two young milliners, located in a town in the interior of New-Hampshire, found it necessary for their reputation to follow the example of almost every milliner within fifty miles of the metropolis, and to go once a year to Boston for the latest fashions. Among the thrown-aside articles in a dry goods store, worthless from being

out of date, were about one hundred and fifty bonnets. The calculating damsels, who had seen enough of the world to know that any fashion would go with a proper introduction, and knowing no good reason why they should remain useless in Boston, kindly took them off the merchant's hands for *six cents* per bonnet. Arrived at home with their large stock of the '*latest fashions*,' they were careful to finish and decorate a couple in good style, and the next Sunday, (the day on which new fashions are generally displayed,) the 'Boston fashion' was whispered through the village—and not in vain; for it was not long, before the whole stock was disposed of, at from nine shillings to two dollars apiece! The distressing epidemic of a *new fashion* thus speedily swept off nearly every bonnet in the village, of one year old and upwards—although many were in good health, and showed no signs of decay, till the pestilence began to rage."

Mr. Brewster cites numerous instances of ridiculous aping of foreign fashions, by Americans, such as wearing in winter the summer hats of Paris, because they were the '*latest fashion*,' and, while laughing at the folly of a hump-backed court around Richard the Third, donning the '*bustle*,' and appearing as if broken-backed! Our author talks of the large sleeves sipping libations from tea-cups, and revelling in sauces at the table. Bless his simple heart! Does he not know that there are no large sleeves now? Would that he could see, of a windy day, in Broadway, a tall and lank but *fashionable* 'olden maiden,'

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'With form full lean and sum dele pyned away,
And eke with arms consuméd to the bone!'

He would find another evidence, that adaptation of dress to person and figure is of slight moment to the follower of fashion, in comparison with being in the mode.

In reply to the objection that permanency in fashion would tend to throw thousands of *artistes* and artizans out of employment, our author observes:

"Is not the same objection raised to the introduction of labor-saving machinery for manufacturing purposes? Yet we find that although one man now, by the assistance of machinery, can do the work which twenty performed a few years since, yet we do not learn that any more are out of employment, or that they have any less profitable business than formerly. If permanent fashions should be established, some would, no doubt, feel their influence at first: but would they be affected any more injuriously than some branches of business are in every few years, by *changes* in the *fashions*? Take the business of wig-maker, for instance. When the full-bottomed wig was worn by a Dauphin of France, to hide an imperfection in his shoulder, wigs became fashionable, and were worn by all ages and classes in society, not only in France but also in England and America—and their manufacture must have given employment to many thousands. But somehow or other, the people of the present age, not being able to discern why the imperfections of a foreign prince should for ever rest upon their heads, have with one consent thrown them off. They did not, however, wait till all the wig-makers were dead before the change was made, and of course many of them must have felt the effects of the change in fashion upon their business. Look too at the broad shoe-buckles of our revolutionary ancestors, and the bright buckles at their knees. Did the buckle-makers starve to death, when, as independent freemen, our sires resolved to wear pantaloons and shoe-strings? No! Nor would the interest of any class of the community be any more seriously affected by establishing permanent models of fashion, than were those of the wig or buckle-maker, who were compelled to seek some other employment for a livelihood.

"If a careful examination is made, it will be found that a much larger number are annually ruined in business by attempting to follow the vagaries of fashion, than possibly could be injured by establishing fashion upon a permanent basis."

We think all will agree with the writer in this position, on another ground, namely: that when the novelty of fashion shall be dispensed with in society, the female circle will at once forego much useless intercourse on the subject, and introduce in its place more rational and profitable topics.

We close, by recommending this Lecture to readers of every class, as containing much that is instructive, and that may be made profitable, to all.

WILD FLOWERS, CULLED FOR EARLY YOUTH. BY A LADY. In one volume, pp. 257. New-York: JOHN S. TAYLOR.

WE are glad to perceive the public favor bestowed upon such works for the moral and religious improvement of the young, as the one now under notice. Stories, naturally related, and blended with good advice implied, and valuable lessons adroitly disguised, or robbed of didactic dullness, are capable of extensive good. They are well calculated to gain those passes of the heart which are often guarded by prejudice or indifference against the direct force of truth. We can heartily commend both the execution and tendency of each of the eight sketches in the volume before us. They are thus entitled: The Young Mechanics; Anselmo, Gardener of Lyons; Adela De Coven; My Uncle's Wand; The Friend of Olden Times; Stanmore; Glimpses of New-England Mountaineers,

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from a Traveller's Memoranda; and After the Party. As a specimen of the agreeable, unaffected style of the book, we make the following extract from the 'New-England Mountaineers:'

"One clear sun-shiny morning, in the month of February, some three or four years since, as I was travelling in New-England, not far from the Green Mountains, I left the stage-sleigh, as it drew up to the door of a village post-office, and ran forward to put my blood into quicker circulation.

"A crust had been formed upon the new-fallen snow, by the freezing of a little rain that had followed the snow-storm, so that a pretty decided step was requisite to break the crust, so far as to walk securely, it being extremely slippery.

"Every tree and shrub was likewise encrusted with ice, the bare boughs and slender twigs all standing out in full relief, under a sky of purest blue, glittered in the sun-beams, as if covered with rubies and diamonds.

"Those who have never experienced a northern winter, can form no idea of the effect of sun-rise over such a scene as this.

"The day was severe enough to require all the aids of lion skin, buffalo robes, and fine furs, to preserve the vital fluid from stagnation. I had gone about a quarter of a mile ahead when I met a little urchin of four or five years, carrying a small pail of milk.

"'Why, my little fellow,' said I, 'where are your stockings this cold morning?'

"'Aunt Nelly's ironing on 'em.'

"'What's your name, my boy?'

"'George Washington La Fayette Keeny.'

"'The deuce it is!' Why, my man, your name is very like a jelly-bag, larger at the top than it is at the bottom.'

"'I never seed a jelly-bag,' said the youngster, 'but that is exactly the shape of our Tom's kite; it's proper big at the top, and tapers off at the end in a *leetle* peak.'

"'Well, you're a smart boy for a simile. Run home and get your stockings, quick step, and here is a shilling toward another pair.'

"On I ran, but was soon compelled to leave the faint traces of a road to avoid a cutter that came hurrying on at the heels of a frightened market-horse. One thing after another came bouncing out, strewing the path, and, last of all, apparently much against his will, out popped the driver himself, heels over head, his capes flying about his ears, his cap tossed into a gully, and his temper not a little discomposed. He sprang upon his feet.

"'Now, that 'are skittish colt of our Dick's—what on 'arth can a fellow do to stop the trollup—she goes like a jack-o'-lantern. Hullo there! Stop that 'are mare, will ye? My stars—what 'ill our Nab say?'

"But the strong and lively perception of the ludicrous, that characterizes the New-Englander, even of the roughest mould, seemed to overpower his vexation. Springing up from the hollow, into which his fur-cap had rolled, he swung it round his head, and burst out into a fit of obstreperous laughter.

"How the adventure ended, history does not record; the coach came up, and we were soon beyond the region of buttered roads."

A New-England country-wedding is admirably depicted in the subjoined paragraphs:

"We reined up to an old-fashioned, solitary farm-house, flanked by a range of barns and stables of more modern date, and their capaciousness spoke well for the thrift of the owner.

"The farmer himself answered our summons at the door.

"'Can you give us a lodging to-night, my friend? The roads are perilous in the dark, the storm is increasing every moment, and 'tis fifteen miles to the nearest public house. You will really do us a Christian office, if you will but afford us a shelter until day-light to-morrow.' The old gentleman hesitated, as he stood with the door half open to shield himself from the rain and hail.

"'Why, gentlemen, ye see, it is not quite convenient *to-night*. We've got a *wedden* here. I can't tell what our folks would do with so many people. We shall have to keep all the weddeners, like enough—'tis a savage night, out, I guess.' At this crisis the son of 'mine host,' and heir-apparent of house and homestead, came forward.

"'Father, I guess we can accommodate the gentlemen somehow. The young men can sit up—there will be no difficulty. We can give them a shelter and a warm supper at any rate.'

"All was settled, and in we went; and after due stamping, shaking over-coats, and brushing up, with suitable ablutions, we were ushered into the presence of the bride. She was an interesting girl of eighteen, with a countenance bright with health, intelligence, and happiness, dressed with marked simplicity, and in charming taste. On

one side she was sustained by her lover—I beg pardon, her husband; the knot had been tied a few minutes before our untimely intrusion—on the other by two fair girls, their white favors, I took to be bride's-maids.

"The ceremony of congratulating, or saluting, the new-married lady, now commenced; but I perceived the young lady grew pale, and showed symptoms of great reluctance at receiving the salutations of this promiscuous company. The pretty bride's-maids too, were considered fair game, and after resisting, with very becoming shyness, they escaped from the room, till the odious ceremony, as they called it, was over.

"This odd custom duly complied with, a custom now quite obsolete in our cities, cake and metheglin were handed about. An apology was made to the strangers for the absence of wine, on the plea of '*total abstinence*.' A question was made at once, whether metheglin did not come under the ban.

"Well, well, my friends,' said the old gentleman, 'if it goes agin your consciences, ye need not partake; but one thing I can tell ye, 'tis better than any wine. When I was a young man, I read a book called the Vicar of Wakefield, and I remember how the minister used to praise madam's gooseberry wine; now I don't believe it was a grain better than my wife's metheglin, and I don't think there's any sin in drinking on't either—at a *wedden*.'

"The company seemed very well pleased with the old gentleman's logic, and still better satisfied with his lady's excellent metheglin; and the two hours that intervened between cake and supper were passed in cheerful conversation and music. * * * Supper was now announced, not by bell or gong, or even the whispered 'supper is ready' of some pampered son of Ethiopia. No, no; by the good patriarch of the household himself, who, with looks of real kindness, and true-hearted primitive hospitality, threw open the door of the large old-fashioned inner kitchen, and, rubbing his hands, cried out, 'Come, my friends, all; supper is smoking; take your seats.' Thus saying, he led the way, while the company followed in his wake, rather unceremoniously, considering the occasion. * * * We had venison brought in a frozen state from the Canadian borders; we had delicious oysters from the coast of Connecticut; we had salmon that had been preserved fresh in ice; we had ducks that surpassed the famous canvas-backs, and the most delicate of wild fowls and chickens, dressed in various ways. I must not omit to mention a famous bird of the barn-yard, fattened and killed, as the old gentleman asserted, 'a purpose for Clary's *wedden*, and if it a'nt nice,' he added, 'it is not *my* fault.' * * * Next came our dessert: I like to be particular. We had of pasties a variety—custards, sweet-meats, jellies, both foreign and domestic, honey rifled from the white clover of their meadows, and all the different products of their dairy in high perfection.

"After supper a toast was proposed. 'Long life, prosperity, and concord to the newly-married couple;' which was drank with all gravity."

These 'Wild Flowers' are tastefully secured by the publisher, who has contributed not a little to the cause of typographical reform. Two pretty engravings, also, embellish the volume.

LIVE AND LET LIVE; OR DOMESTIC SERVICE ILLUSTRATED. By the Author of 'Hope Leslie,' 'The Linwoods,' 'The Poor Rich Man, and the Rich Poor Man,' etc. In one volume, pp. 216. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

A HALF page is left us, by the 'chances of type,' wherein to express an opinion of this little volume; and we forego the pleasure of extracts, that we may early call attention to a work which should be in the hands of every mistress of a family and servants in the United States. A thorough knowledge of American domestic life; a spirit of generous kindness toward all, even the humblest, conditions of humanity; a combination of incidents the most life-like, and all fertile in useful lessons both to servants and those under whom they are placed by Providence; a style simple, touching, and level to every capacity; these are some of the characteristics of this charming little book. We cannot doubt that the warmest hopes of the benevolent writer, in relation to her work, may be realized; that it *will* rouse female minds to reflection upon the duties and capabilities of mistresses of families, making them feel their obligations to 'inferiors in position,' and quickening their sleeping consciences.

EDITORS' TABLE.

WILLIAM TYNDALE'S 'NEWE TESTAMENTE.'—We have often thought how delightfully a few hours might be passed in the London British Museum, in examining the first translation that was ever made of the Scriptures into the English tongue; and lo! without the expense, trouble, or peril of journeying so far, that celebrated work, more than three hundred years old, is before us, with a full and complete memoir of the ever-memorable author, and eke his engraved portrait, which whoso examines, shall forthwith pronounce, from *prima faciæ*; evidence, to be a faithful likeness. What an expanse of forehead!—how clear and searching the eyes!—what an air of decision and

martyr-like firmness in the compression of the lips!—forming, in connection with the surrounding multitudinous beard, such an expression as might be produced by a blending of Lorenzo Dow's and Ex-Sheriff Parkins' most satirical smile. This acescent aspect, however, may well be pardoned; for Tyndale was persecuted through life, and finally suffered a painful martyrdom in the cause of his Master.

Few Bible-readers are aware how much of persecution, of 'pain, anguish, and tribulation,' they endured, who were the original translators of the Scriptures into English, and the early defenders of the doctrines they teach. The popish clergy charged Tyndale with altering the sacred records, and forbade the circulation of his Testament, under the severest penalties. The priest-ridden King of England joined in the crusade, and by a 'constytucion pronyneyall,' prohibited the issue of any book of Scripture, in the English tongue; 'as though,' says Tyndale, 'it weren heresy for a Crysten man to rede Crystes gospell.' In reply to the charge of altering the New Testament, the martyr says, in a letter to a contemporary: 'I call God to recorde agaynst the daye we shal appeare before our Lorde Jesu Crist, to give rekonyng of oure doinges, that I neuer alterd one syllable of Goddes worde agaynst my conscyence, nor wolde do thys daye, yf all that is in earthe, whether it be honoure, pleasure, or ryches, niyght be giuen me.' And in the preface to his first edition, he also observes: 'I haue here translated (brethren and susters, moost dere and tenderly beloved in Crist,) the Newe Testamente for youre spirituall edyfyinge, consolacion, and solas: the causes that moved me to translate, y thought better that other shulde ymagion, than that y shulde rehearse them. Moreover, y supposed yt superfluous, for who ys so blynde to axe why lyght shulde be shewed to them that walke in dercknes, where they cannot but stomble, and where to stomble ys the daunger of eternall damnacion.'

All attempts to stop the circulation of the Scriptures were of no avail. Though they were not distributed 'withouten grete aenture and parell,' yet they ran and were glorified. The Roman Catholic bishop complains, that though often collected and burned, 'stil these pestylent bokes are throwen in the strete, and lefte at mennys dores by nyghte,' and that where they 'durste not offer theyr poyson to sel, they wolde of theyr cheryte poyson men for noughte.' In vain does the King issue orders, urging his subjects to 'kepe pure and clene of all contagyon of wronge opynion in Cristes relygion,' and warn them not to 'suffer suche euil sede, contaygyous and dampnable, to be sowen and take roote, ouergrowinge the corne of the Catholick fayth.' 'He that compyled the booke,' says Tyndale, notwithstanding these warnings and edicts, 'purposyth, with Goddes help, to mayntayne vnto the deathe, yf neede be. In brunninge the Newe-Testamente, tha did none other thinge than I loked for; no more shal tha doe, if tha brunne *me* also, if it be God his will it shal be so.' In this spirit, did he continue, by the aid of equally zealous cöoperators whom he raised up, to multiply editions of the New-Testament, and to defend its doctrines, until he fell, by shameful strategy, into the hands of his popish enemies, and was put to a cruel death.

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The reader may be curious to possess a specimen of this ancient relic; we therefore make a few random extracts, in contrast with the modern and approved version, commencing with St. PAUL'S eloquent narration of his sufferings for the faith, in the eleventh chapter of II Corinthians:

TYNEDALE.

"Wherin soever any man dare be bolde (I speake folishly) I dare be bolde also. They are Ebrues, so am I: They are Israelites, even so am I: They are the sede off Abraham, even so am I. They are the ministers off Crist (I speake as a fole) I am moare: In labours moare abundant: In strypes above measure: In preson more plenteously: In deeth ofte. Of the Iewes five tymes receaved I every tymes xl. strypes, one excepte. Thryse was I beten with rodde. I was once stoned. I suffred thryse shipwracke. Nyght and daye have I bene in the depe off the see. In iorneyng often: In parrels of waters: In parrels of robbers: In ieoperdies off myne awne nacion: In jeorperdies amonge the hethen. I have bene in parrels in cities, in parrels in wildernes, in parrels in the see, in parrels amonge falce brethren, in laboure and travayle, in watchyng often, in honger, in thirst, in fastynges often, in colde and in nakednes.

"Besyde the thynges which outwardly happen vnto me, I am combred dayly, and care for all congregacions. Who is sicke: and I am not sick? Who is hurte in the fayth: and my hert burneth not? Yf I must nedes reioyce, I will reioyce of myne infirmities."

MODERN VERSION.

"Howbeit, whereinsoever any is bold, (I speak foolishly,) I am bold also. Are they Hebrews? so am I. Are they Israelites? so am I. Are they the seed of Abraham? so am I. Are they ministers of Christ? (I speak as a fool,) I am more: in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep. In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.

"Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches. Who is weak and I am not weak I who is offended, and I burn not? If I must needs glory, I will glory of the things which concern mine infirmities."

The affecting farewell taken by PAUL of his disciples, as he was about to 'depart for to go into Macedonia,' is thus recorded:

"Then toke we shippyng, and departed vnto

"And we went before to the ship, and sailed

Asson, there to receive Paul. For so had he appointed, and wolde hym silfe goo be londe. When he was come to vs vnto Asson, we toke hym in, and cam to Mitilenes, and sayled thence, and cam the nexte day over agaynst Chios. And the day folowinge we aryved at Samos, and taryed at Trogilion. The nexte daye we cam to Mileton. For Paul had determined to leave Ephesus as they sayled, because he wolde not spende the tyme in Asia. For he hasted to be (yff itt were possible) at Jerusalem in the feaste off pentecoste.

"From Mileton he sent to Ephesus, and called the seniours of the congregacion. When they were come to hym, he sayde vnto them: Ye knowe from the fyrst daye that I cam vn to Asia, after what manner I have bene with you at all ceasons, servynge God with all humbleness off mynde, and with many teares, and temtacions, whiche happened vnto me by the layinges awayte off the iewes, and howe I kepte backe nothyng thatt myght be for youre proffet: but that I have shewed you, and taught you openly and at home in youre houses, witnessynge bothe to the iewes and also to the grekes, the repentaunce tawarde god, and faith tawarde our lorde Jesu.

"And now beholde I goo bounde in the sprete vnto Ierusalem, and knowe nott what shall come off me there, butt that the holy gost witnesseth in every cite, sayinge: that bondes and trouble abyde me: but none of tho thinges move me. Nether is my lyfe dere vnto my silfe, that I myght fulfill my course with ioye, and the ministracion which I have received of the lorde Jesu, to testify the gospell of the grace of god.

"And nowe beholde, I am sure that henceforthe ye all (thorow whom I have gone preachynge the kyngdom of god) shall se my face noo moore. Wherefore I take you to recorde this same daye, that I am pure from the bloud of all men. For I have kepte nothyng backe: butt have shewed you all the counsell off god. Take hede therfore vnto youre selves, and to all the flocke, wher of the holy gost hath made you oversears, to rule the congregacion of god, which he hath purchased with his bloud. For I am sure off this, that after my departynge shall greveous wolves entre in amonge you, which will not spare the flocke. And off youre awne selves shall men aryse speakynge perverse thynges, to drawe disciples after them. Therefore awake and remember, that by the space of iij. yeares I ceased not to warne every one of you, both nyght and daye with teares.

"And nowe, dere brethren, I commende you to god, and to the worde of his grace, which is able to bylde further, and to geve you an inheritaunce amonge all them which are sanctified. I have desyred no mans silver, golde, or vestur. Ye, ye knowe well that these hondes have ministred vnto my necessities, and to them thatt were with me. I have shewed you all thynges, howe that soo laborynge ye ought to receive the weake, and to remember the wordes off the lorde Jesu, howe that he sayde: It is more blessed to geve, then to receive.

"When he had thus spoken, he kneled doune, and prayed with them all. And they wept all abundantly, and fell on Pauls necke, and

unto Assos, there intending to take in Paul: for so had he appointed, minding himself to go afoot. And when he met with us at Assos, we took him in, and came to Mitylene. And we sailed thence, and came the next day over against Chios; and the next day we arrived at Samos, and tarried at Trogyllium; and the next day we came to Miletus. For Paul had determined to sail by Ephesus, because he would not spend the time in Asia; for he hasted, if it were possible for him, to be at Jerusalem the day of Pentecost.

"And from Miletus he sent to Ephesus, and called the elders of the church. And when they were come to him, he said unto them, Ye know, from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons, serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears and temptations which befell me by the lying in wait of the Jews: And how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have showed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house, testifying both to the Jews, and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ.

"And now, behold, I go bound in the Spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there: Save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.

"And now, behold, I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God. Take heed, therefore, unto yourselves, and to all the flock over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood. For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them. Therefore watch and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears.

"And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me. I have showed you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak; and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.

"And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed

kissed hym, sorrowynge, most of all, for the wordes which he spake, thatt they shulde se his face noo moore."

him; sorrowing most of all, for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more."

There is not a little similarity between the character of Tyndale, in some particulars, and that of St. Paul. Like the apostle, he was meek, single-minded, and in all things, he 'persevered unto the end.' Persecutions, stripes, buffetings—'none of these things moved him, neither counted he his *life* dear unto himself, so that he might finish his course with joy,' in defence of the gospel of the grace of God.

The parable of the ten talents must close our examples of this rare work:

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"Lykwyse as a certayne man redy to take his iorney to a straunge countree, called hys servauntes to hym, and delyvered to them hys goodes. And vnto won he gave v. talentes, to another ij. and to another one: to every man after his abilite, and streyght waye departed. Then he thatt hadde received the fyve talentes, went and bestowed them, and wane other fyve. Lykwyse he that received ij. gayned other ij. but he that received one, went and digged a pitt in the erth, and hyd his masters money. After a longe season, the lorde of those servauntes cam, and reckened with them. Then came he that had received fyve talentes and brought other fyve, sayinge: master, thou deliveredes vnto me fyve talentes, lo I have gayned with them fyve moo. His master said vnto him: well good servaunt and faythful, Thou hast bene faythful in lytell, I will make the ruler over moche, entre in into thy masters ioye. Also he that received ij. talentes cam, and sayde: master, thou delyveredes vnto me ij. talentes, lo I have wone ij. other with them. His master saide vnto hym, well good servaunt and faythfull, thou hast bene faythfull in litell, I woll make the ruler over moche; go in into thy masters ioye.

"He which had received the one talent cam also, and said: master, I considered that thou wast an harde man, which repest where thou sowedst not, and gadderest where thou strawedst not, and was affrayd, and went and hyd thy talent in the erthe; lo, thou hast thyne awne. His master answered, and sayde vnto hym: evyll servaunt and slewthfull, thou knewest that I repe where I sowed nott, and gaddre where I strawed nott: thou oughtest therefore to have had my money to the chaungers, and then at my commynge shulde I have received my money with vauntage. Take therefore the talent from hym, and geve hit vnto him which hath x talentes. For vnto every man that hath shalbe geven, and he shall have aboundance. And from hym that hath not, shalbe taken awaye, even that he hath. And cast that vnprophetable servant into vtter dercknes, there shalbe wepyng, and gnasshinge of theth."

"For the kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods. And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey. Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents. And likewise he that had received two, he also gained other two. But he that had received one, went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money. After a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them. And so he that had received five talents came, and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents: behold, I have gained besides them five talents more. His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou has been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

"He also that had received two talents came and said, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents; behold, I have gained two other talents besides them. His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou has been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord. Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art a hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown: and gathering where thou hast not strewed: And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth; lo, there thou hast that is thine. His lord answered and said unto him Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strewed; Thou oughtest, therefore, to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury. Take, therefore, the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents. For unto every one that hath, shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath. And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

It is indeed surprising, as is remarked by the patient, diligent biographer, how little obsolete the language of this translation is, even at this day; and in point of perspicuity, noble simplicity, propriety of idiom, and purity of style, no English version has yet surpassed it. The effect of the publication of this volume will be, we think, to cause Tyndale's persecutors to be lashed by all posterity; for he was a man of kind and inoffensive nature, and in all the evils which he was called to bear, seems to have endured them meekly, and to have thought, with a contemporary poet, that

'As threshing separates from straw the
corn,

that the world was only made troublesome to him, that he should not be delighted by the way, and forget whither he was going. The hundred-necked snake of criticism which assailed the Bible-martyr three centuries ago, has long been dead; and Christians will preserve his memory in holy keeping, so long as the Scriptures are read, and found 'profitable for reproof, instruction, and sound doctrine.'

'THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.'—We have received the first number of a new monthly publication, thus entitled, from the press of Mr. CHARLES ALEXANDER, Philadelphia. The form is somewhat after the model of 'The Lady's Book,' although scarcely so neat in the externals of paper and printing. The editorial direction is confided to WILLIAM E. BURTON, Esq., the comedian, whose popularity as an actor is very general, and whose ready humor finds vent as well from a facile pen, as from lips and gesture. Such of our readers as remember 'An Actor's Alloquy'—and all who have *read* the series, must be of the number—may well believe, that an easy style, and a keen sense of the burlesque or ridiculous, will characterize the Editor's contributions to the Magazine, which, in the issue before us, predominate both in number and attraction. Puns abound in 'The Schuylkill Pic-Nic,' 'Cosmogonical Squintings,' etc., while 'The Convict and His Wife' will win encomiums for fine description and pathetic incident. In these, and other portions, the hand of the editor is discernible. We subjoin two extracts from 'Sailors, an Anecdotal Scribble,' evidently from the same pen:

"Three sailors, anxious to rejoin their ship, and unable to procure seats in the stagecoach, hired a horse and gig. The vehicle was a large, old-fashioned article, mounted on a pair of very high wheels, and having endured many years of hard and painful service, grumbled most audibly at every jerk or jingle. The horse fortunately was steady, for the sailors were totally unacquainted with the management of 'the land craft.' Upon starting, one of the crew picked up the reins, and said to his mates, 'Well, strike me lucky, if this ain't a rum go. Look'ye here; some lubber has tied the tiller ropes together!' A knife was procured, and the reins separated, when the spokesman, who sat in the middle, handed them right and left to his comrades. 'Dick, hold on here to larboard. Jack, you here, to starboard, while I look out ahead.' The pilot's directions ran something in this shape. 'Larboard—put her nearer the wind, Dick. Larboard a *pint* more, or we shall foul the small craft. She answers the helm well. 'Bout ship. Give her a long leg to starboard, Jack, just to weather that flock of mutton. Keep her a good full—she jibes!—port your helm, or you'll run down the bloody wagon. (*A crash and a general spill.*) I told you so—and here we are.'"

"The drama of the Battle of Waterloo was about to be produced at a theatre in an English sea-port town. Numbers of supernumeraries were wanted to fill the ranks of the French and the English forces; and some of the sailors belonging to the numerous ships in the harbor were mustered for the required purpose. At rehearsal, each supernumerary received a numbered ticket, and was expected to answer when that number was called, that he might be instructed in the duties of the station assigned to him. No. 7 was named, but an answer was not forthcoming. 'You are No. 7, I believe,' said the stage-manager to a big-whiskered, long-tailed tar. 'Exactly.' 'Why did you not answer to the call!' 'Bill Sykes, is No. 4. You've shoved him in the enemy's squad; now we've sailed, messed, and *fout* together, for twenty years, and we're not going to be enemies now.' Remonstrance was useless; the holder of No. 8 was induced to change numbers with Bill Sykes, and the messmates were not divided.

"When a portion of the jolly tars were told that they were to represent Frenchmen, they, one and all, indignantly refused. 'It was disgrace enough to *hact* as soldiers, but they'd be blessed if they'd pretend to be Mounseers at any price, or put on the enemy's jackets.' The manager was compelled to procure landsmen for Napoleon's army; but the night ended in a row; the sham-fight broke into a real battle; muskets were clubbed, and heads broken, and Nos. 7 and 8 were given into the custody of the police, as ring-leaders of a dangerous riot.

"No. 7, when before the magistrate, thus defended himself:

"'Why, your honor, these here sky-larking players gets half-a-dozen old muskets, two or three fowling-pieces, and a pair-and-a-half of pistols, with half a pound of powder in a paper, and they calls it the Battle of Waterloo—gammoning Bill Sykes and me to put on a lobster's jacket apiece, and fire, off two o' these 'ere muskets, what an old one-eyed purser in a corner had been loading with a 'bacca pipe full o' powder. Well, Bill Sykes, and I, and Joe Brown, and six more, were the British army; and opposite us was some six or eight land-lubbers, a hacting the Mounseers. The skipper of the show people told us, when we'd squibbed off our muskets over the Mounseers' heads, to retire backerds, as if retreating from the French. In course, this here was hard work for jack tars what had sarved their country for twenty years, to be told to run away from half-a-dozen land-lubbers a pretending to be French. Well, it war'nt o' no use kicking up a row then, but at night, Bill Sykes and I argufied the matter over a can o' grog, and we concluded not to disgrace our flag, but to stand up for the honor of Old England. Well, when the

scrimmage begun, the land-lubbers called out to us to retreat. 'See you damned first!' says I, and Bill werry quietly said he wished they might get it, which I didn't think they would. Bill Sykes, in slewing round to guard his stern, put his foot on a piece of orange peel, and missing stays, came on his beam ends. One of the imitation *parley woos* made a grab at him, to captivate Bill, when, in course, I covered my friend, and accommodated the sham Mounseer with a hoist as didn't agree with him; he was one o' them mutton-fed chaps as can't stand much; for he landed among the fiddlers, and squealed blue murder. Well, arter a row begins, you never know nothing till its over. Bill Sykes and I cleared out the French army in no time, and then we tipped the player people a broadside, and took their powder magazine prisoner. The cabin passengers interfered, and Bill Sykes and I got surrounded—but if I'd had a bagginet at the end of my musket, if I wouldn't have cleared the decks like 'bacca, damn my sister's cat.'"

Mr. BURNS, at 262 Broadway, is the New-York agent for 'The Gentleman's Magazine.' *Appropos:* Why exclude the better sex? AS POWER would say: 'The ladies, you dog—you wouldn't lave out the ladies, would you?'

'STORIES FROM REAL LIFE.'—We have before spoken of this admirable series, designed to teach true independence and domestic economy; and the third of the five numbers, now before us, is worthy its predecessors. It is entitled 'The Harcourts; Illustrating the Benefits of Retrenchment and Reform,' and is from the pen of a lady. It well enforces the lesson conveyed in the motto, from IRVING: 'It is not poverty so much as pretence, that harasses the mind. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.' We are struck, in perusing this little book, with the nice tact at *contrast* of scene and character which the writer displays, not less than with the plain good sense which marks her reflections and deductions. 'The Harcourts' exemplify the correctness of the position assumed in the well-written introduction, which we copy, in part, below:

"In searching out the causes of the present deranged state of the times, there is one which should not be overlooked. Whatever the merchant or the politician may assign as the immediate agent, we are persuaded that the fearful increase of luxury and ostentation in our houses, our equipages, and our dress, is the remote and secret cause, to a great extent, that has been stealing the blood from our vitals, until it has left us in so enfeebled a state as to fall ready victims to the prevailing epidemic. If the healthful occupation and the simple living, the free air and honest independence of republicanism, have been exchanged for luxurious indolence and French cookery, for the stifling marts of manner and fashion, and the tinkling chains of European bondage; can we wonder that our whole community should be in the condition spoken of by the prophet when describing the Jews? 'The whole head is sick and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot, even unto the head, there is no soundness in it.' We have engrafted the gorgeous and costly vanities of Europe upon American fortunes, and these have not been able to bear their heavy expense. We need domestic retrenchment and reform in all the departments of home. If we cultivate intellectual refinement and 'true independence,' our tastes will become simple, and the glitter of fashion will have no power to attract us. In less spacious mansions, by more judicious household arrangements, and when our daughters are taught to be useful, there will be more home comfort, more hearth-side happiness. We need a reformation, and the present time is favorable for commencing one. We should all learn wisdom from the distress now prevailing. If our men become convinced there was more honor and safety in their forefathers' mode of transacting business; if our females become ashamed of their folly in making our parlors 'show-rooms' for the upholsterer, the cabinet maker, and the importer of fancy articles; if we are forced to acknowledge our criminal oversight in making our sons spendthrifts, and our daughters walking advertisements of the fashions; then the pressure of which we complain, though so hard to bear now, will become a source of grateful feeling in the retrospect; for its result will then be, a safe and speedy return to American feelings, republican simplicity, and honest independence."

The following little sketch shows some of the difficulties encountered by a scheming parvenue, in [93] her ridiculous attempts at 'living like other people:'

"'There is one way in which I can save ten or fifteen dollars at least. It is now nearly two weeks from the evening we have fixed on, and if we can continue to do without buying any meat or poultry, which are now so very high-priced, and live on light dinners until that time, we can take the money your father allows for marketing, and add it to the sum he has given us. He has a great deal of business to attend to for several weeks, and told me that he would not be able to dine at home; and as there will be no one here but ourselves and the servants, we can live upon any thing.'

"The following week, Mrs. Harcourt, her two daughters, and the servants were busy in the work of preparation. Cakes were to be made, candle papers had to be cut and spermed; the rooms must be decorated, and a thousand other little matters were

obliged to be performed. One servant was sent to borrow plate, another cut-glass and china. The regular routine of household employments was broken in upon, every thing turned up side down, and many vexatious trials endured, merely for the sake of making a show for a few hours, and in the vain attempt 'to reconcile parade with economy, and to glitter at a cheap rate.' It is a folly for the wealthy to waste their hundreds and thousands in entertaining guests who either satirise them from envy of their prosperity, or ridicule them for some outward imitation of style; but for those who are obliged to practise self-denial and parsimony in order to make such displays, it is worse than folly—it is madness.

"Mrs. Harcourt, during the course of their preparations, having reproved one of her servants for her carelessness in breaking a glass dish, she insolently replied, 'You may take the pay for it, madam, out of my wages, and then give me the remainder; for my month is up this evening, and I cannot think of staying where I have to do double work on half-feeding. At other 'quality' ladies' houses I was accustomed to get meat three times a day, and I cannot live on slops;' and then slamming the door violently after her, she did not give Mrs. Harcourt an opportunity to make any reply.

"'What an insolent creature,' exclaimed Anna; 'I would not permit her to stay in the house another instant.'

"Mrs. Harcourt, who had been more accustomed to the impertinence of hirelings, had more self-command than Anna. She regretted that it had happened just at this time, when they had so much to do. She thought it was shameful for her to take advantage of this opportunity, when she knew that her services were most needed. 'But,' she added, 'her insolent language should not be borne; I will pay her, and discharge her, although it does put me to great inconvenience.'

"'You can send for Sally White to assist us,' said Anna; 'she is always very willing to help when we expect company.'

"'Yes, I know she is willing enough, but she generally carries away with her treble what her services are worth; but we must have some one in Betsey's place, so we will send Nathan for Sally White, as we can do no better now.'

"Among all the mortifications and irritations which those who are striving to keep up appearances without means are forced to submit to, there are none more galling than the impertinence of servants, and the consciousness that they see the *reality*, and will make the struggle between our pride and our poverty a favorite subject of gossip with the servants of other families, who, of course, will find *opportunities* to make it known to their mistresses."

BRISTOL ACADEMY, TAUNTON, (MASS.)—We take pleasure in calling public attention to this establishment, the preceptorship of which has but recently been assumed by J. N. BELLOWES, ESQ., a ripe scholar, a gentleman of pure taste, possessing the requisite feelings, and all proper endowments, for such an undertaking. The institution is one of the oldest in the state, and is endowed with liberal funds. The town is a charming *rus in urbe*, being but an hour or two from Boston and Providence, by the rail-road. The Academy has a female department, under the charge of an able instructress, in which the accomplishments of music, drawing, and all the 'elegant humanities' of similar establishments, are taught. We can confidently commend this institution to the numerous families under whose eyes this paragraph will fall, as one in which boys and girls will receive, in addition to a good education, those pleasant attentions which can only spring from such a delight to renew that 'childhood of the soul' which prompts a love of the young, and a community of feeling with the joys and sorrows of that tender yet fertile period—fertile in good or ill—of human existence.

LITERARY RECORD.

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THE ALBION.—We know of no weekly periodical in America, which combines so many literary attractions as this. The editor, by an arrangement abroad, obtains, at an advance period, the choicest magazines, and periodicals of all descriptions, published in British Europe. From these he selects, with practised judgment, the best articles, and such as are calculated to suit the tastes of all his readers; giving, occasionally, a superb engraving. The whole is presented in the imperial quarto form, upon beautiful types, and paper of the finest texture and color. The best productions of Captain MARRYAT, 'Boz,' and others—indeed of all the most popular periodical writers in Europe—appear in the Albion, before they can be issued elsewhere in America; and the work is forwarded with great promptitude, by the earliest mails, to every part of the United States and of British America. Its success, during a long career, has been most ample; and this has been obtained, not by reverberated puffs of extraordinary attraction, but by MERIT alone. To such a journal we gladly render an unsolicited meed of praise, and commend it to public favor. A new volume has been but recently commenced.

PRACTICAL RELIGION.—We commend to the attention of our readers, a handsome volume, of some three hundred pages, recently issued from the press of Mr. JOHN S. TAYLOR, entitled 'Practical Religion, Recommended and Enforced, in a Series of Letters from EPSILON to his Friend.' There are thirty-three of these letters, and they embrace, among others, the subjoined themes: To the careless, awakened, and backsliding sinner; formation of devotional habits; the passive virtues of Christianity; proper manner of studying the doctrines of the gospel; duty of religious profession; doing good, and the right use of property; personal efforts for sinners; choice of a profession; practical dependence on divine aid; love of popularity, Christian politeness, and political duty; the choice of a wife; to a Christian on his marriage, in affliction, and on recovery from sickness; on his removal to new settlements, his duty to his minister, in revivals of religion, and in trusting to GOD for temporal provision, etc. The letter on the choice of a partner in conjugal life, and those on a cognate topic, are full of excellent advice. The style is fluent, and occasionally rises to eloquence.

'TROLLOPIAD.'—The Trollopiad, or Travelling Gentleman in America, is the title of a satire in verse, from the press of Mr. C. SHEPARD, Broadway. The writer has assumed an appropriate *nom de guerre*, in 'Nil Admirari;' and walking underneath this cloud, he encounters, and does wordy battle with, Trollope, Fiddler, Hall, Hamilton, and others of the journeying, book-making tribe, from the other side of the water. There are certainly many good hits in the poetical text, together with not a few blemishes. The notes, however, are more spicy, and in the way of contrast, arranged with the eye of an artist who understands situation and effect. In short, for 'brief must we be,' the 'Trollopiad' will agreeably beguile a dull hour at home, or on board a steam-boat; and, if such a thing be possible, may serve to enhance the contempt which is now generally felt among us for the misrepresentations of foreign tourists.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.—Through some inadvertancy, the account of the celebration of the first semi-centennial anniversary of Columbia College, with the Oration and Poem delivered on that occasion, did not reach us until nearly a month after its publication. It is not too late to say, however, after a perusal of both the literary efforts referred to, that they were worthy the occasion, and highly honorable to their authors. In the oration, Mr. EASTBURN recalls to the memory of his auditory some of the distinguished sons of Columbia, as CLINTON, MASON, SANDS, GRIFFIN, and EASTBURN, and indulges in a brief but eloquent tribute to each. In the poem, also, Mr. BETTS has felicitously interwoven harmonious measures in praise of the venerable *alma mater*, and the choice spirits who have drank at her fountains of knowledge.

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NEW-YORK IN 1837.—The present is the fourth year of publication of this very useful work, which has received important improvements with every successive issue. In addition to a general description of the city, a list of its officers, public institutions, etc., as well as those of Brooklyn, there is a General Classified Directory, embracing all the principal firms and individuals transacting mercantile, professional, or manufacturing pursuits in New-York and Brooklyn, alphabetically arranged, under their respective kinds of business. The whole is a convenient manual for citizens and strangers, prepared with great care, and complete in all essential respects. It is accompanied by a correct map, and embellished with a clever engraving of the New-York University, drawn and engraved by HINSHELWOOD. J. DISTURNELL, Courtland-street.

'CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED,' is the title of an eloquent and well-reasoned discourse, from the pen of Rev. C. W. DENNISON, of Wilmington, Delaware, sent us by an attentive friend and correspondent. It was preached to the Second Baptist Church of Delaware, in September last, from PAUL'S words: 'For I determined not to know any thing among you, save JESUS CHRIST, and Him crucified.' Published by request. J. P. CALLENDER, 141 Nassau-street.

'LECTURES TO CHRISTIANS.'—This volume contains twenty-five Lectures, delivered by Rev. CHARLES G. FINNEY, in 1836 and 1837, reported by the Editor of the New-York Evangelist, and revised by the author, who has chosen to present them in the condensed and laconic style in which they were delivered. 'As my friends wish to have them in a volume,' says Mr. FINNEY, 'they must take them as they are.' Such as they are, therefore, they are before the public. JOHN S. TAYLOR, publisher.

'THE ISSUE,' PRESENTED IN A SERIES OF LETTERS ON SLAVERY.—This is a small volume, of an hundred and ten pages, from the pen of Rev. RUFUS WM. BAILEY, of South Carolina. It contains fifteen letters, originally published in a religious newspaper, and widely copied and circulated through the religious journals of the United States. Their object was and is, to induce slavery-agitators to 'let the South alone.' JOHN S. TAYLOR, Brick Church Chapel, Park.

'THE FAMILY PREACHER, or Domestic Duties Illustrated and Enforced,' is the title of a work by the same author, and from the same press, as 'THE ISSUE.' It consists of eight discourses upon the duties of husbands, wives, females, parents, children, masters, and servants. We have given the volume but a cursory perusal, yet we have read enough to enable us conscientiously to recommend it to the reader, as well calculated to do good—to make all conditions of social life better and happier.

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN.—The former edition of Mrs. JAMESON'S 'Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical, and Historical,' was noticed at length in this Magazine. In the present issue, numerous errors and omissions have been corrected and supplied; we are sorry, however, to perceive that not a few typographical inaccuracies are still permitted to mar the volume. The work contains several pretty etchings by the gifted authoress.

WILLIS'S POEMS.—MESSRS. SAUNDERS AND OTLEY have issued 'Melanie, and Other Poems, by N. P. WILLIS.' The volume, which is tastefully executed, and embellished with a fine portrait of the author, contains little, if we do not mistake, upon which the judgment of the public has not already been passed. The same house has published 'The Star of Seville,' a new Drama, by Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER.

'CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.—A copy of this celebrated painting, by our countryman WEST, has attracted much attention at the American Museum. But for a little hardness and dryness in the coloring, the effect of the original would be well preserved; and as it is, it is well worthy of examination.

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RISE AND FALL OF ATHENS.—The Brothers HARPER have published, in two volumes 12mo., 'Athens: Its Rise and Fall. By E. L. BULWER, author of 'Pelham,' 'The Disowned,' etc. The object of the author is, to combine an elaborate view of the literature of Greece, with a complete and impartial account of her political transactions. The present volumes are to be followed by others, containing a critical analysis of the tragedies of Sophocles.

ADDRESS.—We have received an Address, delivered in the Cathedral of St. Finbar, before the Hibernian Society, the St. Patrick Benevolent Society, and the Irish Volunteers, at Charleston, (S. C.,) on the 17th March, 1837. By A. G. MAGRATH, Esq. Saving a style somewhat too involved and redundant, this Address has impressed us with a favorable idea of the author's talents. We had marked one or two passages for insertion, which lack of space compels us to omit.

'NATURE.'—A thin, handsome volume, thus entitled, is before us. It is the work of a calm, contemplative mind, capable of analyzing thought, and tracing the influence of outward upon inward nature; of one who feels deeply, and in whom the 'poetry of the spirit' is ever active. Some affectation there may be of the German style, 'but that's not much.' The work has pure thoughts and beautiful; and it will commend itself to the heart.

PHRENOLOGY.—'An Examination of Phrenology; in two Lectures, delivered to the Students of the Columbian College, District of Columbia, in February last. By THOMAS SEWALL, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology.' We propose, should leisure serve, hereafter to refer to this production, which seems mainly dictated by a spirit of wholesome examination and research, although, in our judgment, it is occasionally marred by disingenuous inferences.

'KNICKERBOCKERIANA.'

We cannot permit the first number of a new volume to go before our readers, without acknowledging our gratification at the continued favor bestowed upon this Magazine by the public. It is a source of pleasure and pride to us, in this season of general depression, when retrenchment is the order of the day, with all classes of our countrymen, that the erasures from our subscription-list have been few indeed, and far between; while the accessions have been more numerous than at any previous period. We cannot fail to perceive in this, an evidence of a strong hold upon the regards of our readers, and a proof that our exertions are widely appreciated. This bond of union, and this good opinion, it will be our untiring endeavor to strengthen and enhance. That this endeavor will be even more successful than heretofore, we are too well fortified with the best matériel, and a large, yet still increasing, corps of the ablest cöoperators, to doubt.

The numbers for August and September are both passing through the press. The first will soon be published, and the next and subsequent issues will be prompt. 'Ollapodiana,' 'Odds and Ends of a Penny-a-Liner,' 'Notes of a Surgeon,' 'Nobility of Human Nature,' 'American Antiquities,' (Number Two,) 'Wilson Conworth,' 'Religious Charlatanry,' (Number Two,) 'The Backwoodsman,' 'Notes of Travel,' with articles of poetry, by W. G. SIMMS, Esq., W. G. CLARK, and others, are filed for insertion. A number of papers from several other writers, (favorably regarded, from a slight examination,) are also under advisement.

FOOTNOTES:

- [1] 'APOPLEXY—TIGHT BOOTS.—A physician of New-York says, that he has recently attended four cases of apoplexy, caused by wearing tight boots. Many a grown-up man is now grieving over the effects of this folly of his dandyism, in earlier years. Corns, toes

cramped in a heap, and tenderness of the whole foot, are the penalty which manhood has to pay for this sin of youth.'

[2] The 'Fairport' of the 'Antiquary.' Within the last twelve years, it has doubled in size and importance.

[3] 'Father!' she cried: 'the rocks around
Love to prolong the gentle sound!'

[4] This office, as is well known, is now held by SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Transcriber's Note:

Obvious typographical errors were repaired. Valid archaic spellings were retained.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE KNICKERBOCKER, VOL. 10, NO. 1, JULY
1837 ***

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