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THREE SHEETS AND A HALF, OF THIRTY-TWO PAGES EACH.

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PARADISE (TO BE) REGAINED.\*

We learn that Mr. Etzler is a native of Germany, and originally published his book in Pennsylvania, ten or twelve years ago; and now a second English edition, from the original American one, is demanded by his readers across the water, owing, we suppose, to the recent spread of Fourier's doctrines. It is one of the signs of the times. We confess that we have risen from reading this book with enlarged ideas, and grander conceptions of our duties in this world. It did expand us a little. It is worth attending to, if only that it entertains large questions. Consider what Mr. Etzler proposes:

"Fellow Men! I promise to show the means of creating a paradise within ten years, where everything desirable for human life may be had by every man in superabundance, without labor, and without pay; where the whole face of nature shall be changed into the most beautiful forms, and man may live in the most magnificent palaces, in all imaginable refinements of luxury, and in the most delightful gardens; where he may accomplish, without labor, in one year, more than hitherto could be done in thousands of years; may level mountains, sink valleys, create lakes, drain lakes and swamps, and intersect the land everywhere with beautiful canals, and roads for transporting heavy loads of many thousand tons, and for travelling one thousand miles in twenty-four hours; may cover the ocean with floating islands

movable in any desired direction with immense power and celerity, in perfect security, and with all comforts and luxuries, bearing gardens and palaces, with thousands of families, and provided with rivulets of sweet water; may explore the interior of the globe, and travel from pole to pole in a fortnight; provide himself with means, unheard of yet, for increasing his knowledge of the world, and so his intelligence; lead a life of continual happiness, of enjoyments yet unknown; free himself from almost all the evils that afflict mankind, except death, and even put death far beyond the common period of human life, and finally render it less afflicting. Mankind may thus live in and enjoy a new world, far superior to the present, and raise themselves far higher in the scale of being."

It would seem from this and various indications beside, that there is a transcendentalism in mechanics as well as in ethics. While the whole field of the one reformer lies beyond the boundaries of space, the other is pushing his schemes for the elevation of the race to its utmost limits. While one scours the heavens, the other sweeps the earth. One says he will reform himself, and then nature and circumstances will be right. Let us not obstruct ourselves, for that is the greatest friction. It is of little importance though a cloud obstruct the view of the astronomer compared with his own

\* The Paradise within the Reach of all Men, without Labor, by Powers of Nature and Machinery. An Address to all intelligent Men. In two parts. By J. A. Etzler. Part First. Second English Edition. pp. 55. London, 1842.

blindness. The other will reform nature and circumstances, and then man will be right. Talk no more vaguely, says he, of reforming the world—I will reform the globe itself. What matters it whether I remove this humor out of my flesh, or the pestilent humor from the fleshy part of the globe? Nay, is not the latter the more generous course?

At present the globe goes with a shattered constitution in its orbit. Has it not asthma, ague, and fever, and dropsy, and flatulence, and pleurisy, and is it not afflicted with vermin? Has it not its healthful laws counteracted, and its vital energy which will yet redeem it? No doubt the simple powers of nature properly directed by man would make it healthy and paradise; as the laws of man's own constitution but wait to be obeyed, to restore him to health and happiness. Our panacea cure but few ails, our general hospitals are private and exclusive. We must set up another Hygeian than is now worshipped. Do not the quacks even direct small doses for children, larger for adults, and larger still for oxen and horses! Let us remember that we are to prescribe for the globe itself.

This fair homestead has fallen to us, and how little have we done to improve it, how little have we cleared and hedged and ditched! We are too inclined to go hence to a "better land," without lifting a finger, as our farmers are moving to the Ohio soil; but would it not be more heroic and faithful to till and redeem this New-England soil of the world? The still youthful energies of the globe have only to be directed in their proper channel. Every gazette brings accounts of the untutored freaks of the wind—shipwrecks and hurricanes which the mariner and planter accept as special or general providences; but they touch our consciences, they remind us of our sins. Another deluge would disgrace mankind. We confess we never had much respect for that antediluvian race. A thorough-bred business man cannot enter heartily upon the business of life without first looking into his accounts. How many things are now at loose ends. Who knows which way the wind will blow to-morrow? Let us not succumb to nature. We will marshal the clouds and restrain the tempests; we will bottle up pestilent exhalations, we will probe for earthquakes, grub them up; and give

vent to the dangerous gases; we will dis-embowel the volcano, and extract its poison, take its seed out. We will wash water, and warm fire, and cool ice, and underprop the earth. We will teach birds to fly, and fishes to swim, and ruminants to chew the cud. It is time we had looked into these things.

And it becomes the moralist, too, to inquire what man might do to improve and beautify the system; what to make the stars shine more brightly, the sun more cheery and joyous, the moon more placid and content. Could he not heighten the tints of flowers and the melody of birds? Does he perform his duty to the inferior races? Should he not be a god to them? What is the part of magnanimity to the whale and the beaver? Should we not fear to exchange places with them for a day, lest by their behavior they should shame us? Might we not treat with magnanimity the shark and the tiger, not descend to meet them on their own level, with spears of sharks' teeth and bucklers of tiger's skin? We slander the hyæna; man is the fiercest and cruellest animal. Ah! he is of little faith; even the erring comets and meteors would thank him, and return his kindness in their kind.

How meanly and grossly do we deal with nature! Could we not have a less gross labor? What else do these fine inventions suggest,—magnetism, the daguerreotype, electricity? Can we not do more than cut and trim the forest,—can we not assist in its interior economy, in the circulation of the sap? Now we work superficially and violently. We do not suspect how much might be done to improve our relation with animated nature; what kindness and refined courtesy there might be.

There are certain parents which, if not wholly poetic and true, do at least suggest a nobler and finer relation to nature than we know. The keeping of bees, for instance, is a very slight interference. It is like directing the sunbeams. All nations, from the remotest antiquity, have thus fingered nature. There are Hymettus and Hybla, and how many bee-renowned spots beside! There is nothing gross in the idea of these little herds,—their hum like the faintest low of kine in the meads. A pleasant reviewer has lately reminded us that in some places they

are led out to pasture where the flowers are most abundant. "Columella tells us," says he, "that the inhabitants of Arabia sent their hives into Attica to benefit by the later-blowing flowers." Annually are the hives, in immense pyramids, carried up the Nile in boats, and suffered to float slowly down the stream by night, resting by day, as the flowers put forth along the banks; and they determine the richness of any locality, and so the profitableness of delay, by the sinking of the boat in the water. We are told, by the same reviewer, of a man in Germany, whose bees yielded more honey than those of his neighbors, with no apparent advantage; but at length he informed them that he had turned his hives one degree more to the east, and so his bees, having two hours the start in the morning, got the first sip of honey. Here, there is treachery and selfishness behind all this; but these things suggest to the poetic mind what might be done.

Many examples there are of a grosser interference, yet not without their apology. We saw last summer, on the side of a mountain, a dog employed to churn for a farmer's family, travelling upon a horizontal wheel, and though he had sore eyes, an alarming cough, and withal a demure aspect, yet their bread did get buttered for all that. Undoubtedly, in the most brilliant successes, the first rank is always sacrificed. Much useless travelling of horses, *in extenso*, has of late years been improved for man's behoof, only two forces being taken advantage of,—the gravity of the horse, which is the centripetal, and his centrifugal inclination to go a-head. Only these two elements in the calculation. And is not the creature's whole economy better economized thus! Are not all finite beings better pleased with motions relative than absolute! And what is the great globe itself but such a wheel,—a larger tread-mill,—so that our horse's freest steps over prairies are oftentimes balked and rendered of no avail by the earth's motion on its axis! But here he is the central agent and motive power; and, for variety of scenery, being provided with a window in front, do not the ever-varying activity and fluctuating energy of the creature himself work the effect of the most varied scenery on a country road! It must be confessed that horses at present

work too exclusively for men, rarely men for horses; and the brute degenerates in man's society.

It will be seen that we contemplate a time when man's will shall be law to the physical world, and he shall no longer be deterred by such abstractions as time and space, height and depth, weight and hardness, but shall indeed be the lord of creation. "Well," says the faithless reader, "'life is short, but art is long;' where is the power that will effect all these changes!" This it is the very object of Mr. Etzler's volume to show. At present, he would merely remind us that there are innumerable and immeasurable powers already existing in nature, unimproved on a large scale, or for generous and universal ends, amply sufficient for these purposes. He would only indicate their existence, as a surveyor makes known the existence of a water-power on any stream; but for their application he refers us to a sequel to this book, called the "Mechanical System." A few of the most obvious and familiar of these powers are, the Wind, the Tide, the Waves, the Sunshine. Let us consider their value.

First, there is the power of the Wind, constantly exerted over the globe. It appears from observation of a sailing-vessel, and from scientific tables, that the average power of the wind is equal to that of one horse for every one hundred square feet. "We know," says our author—

"that ships of the first class carry sails two hundred feet high; we may, therefore, equally, on land, oppose to the wind surfaces of the same height. Imagine a line of such surfaces one mile, or about 5,000 feet, long; they would then contain 1,000,000 square feet. Let these surfaces intersect the direction of the wind at right angles, by some contrivance, and receive, consequently, its full power at all times. Its average power being equal to one horse for every 100 square feet, the total power would be equal to 1,000,000 divided by 100, or 10,000 horses' power. Allowing the power of one horse to equal that of ten men, the power of 10,000 horses is equal to 100,000 men. But as men cannot work uninterruptedly, but want about half the time for sleep and repose, the same power would be equal to 200,000 men. . . . We are not limited to the height of 200

feet; we might extend, if required, the application of this power to the height of the clouds, by means of kites."

But we will have one such fence for every square mile of the globe's surface, for, as the wind usually strikes the earth at an angle of more than two degrees, which is evident from observing its effect on the high sea, it admits of even a closer approach. As the surface of the globe contains about 300,000,000 square miles, the whole power of the wind on these surfaces would equal 40,000,000,000,000 men's power, and "would perform 80,000 times as much work as all the men on earth could effect with their nerves."

If it should be objected that this computation includes the surface of the ocean and uninhabitable regions of the earth, where this power could not be applied for our purposes, Mr. Etzler is quick with his reply—"But, you will recollect," says he, "that I have promised to show the means for rendering the ocean as inhabitable as the most fruitful dry land; and I do not exclude even the polar regions."

The reader will observe that our author uses the fence only as a convenient formula for expressing the power of the wind, and does not consider it a necessary method of its application. We do not attach much value to this statement of the comparative power of the wind and horse, for no common ground is mentioned on which they can be compared. Undoubtedly, each is incomparably excellent in its way, and every general comparison made for such practical purposes as are contemplated, which gives a preference to the one, must be made with some unfairness to the other. The scientific tables are, for the most part, true only in a tabular sense. We suspect that a loaded wagon, with a light sail, ten feet square, would not have been blown so far by the end of the year, under equal circumstances, as a common racer or dray horse would have drawn it. And how many crazy structures on our globe's surface, of the same dimensions, would wait for dry-rot if the traces of one horse were hitched to them, even to their windward side! Plainly, this is not the principle of comparison. But even the steady and constant force of the horse may be rated as equal to his weight at least. Yet we should

prefer to let the zephyrs and gales bear, with all their weight, upon our fences, than that Dobbin, with feet braced, should lean ominously against them for a season.

Nevertheless, here is an almost incalculable power at our disposal, yet how trifling the use we make of it. It only serves to turn a few mills, blow a few vessels across the ocean, and a few trivial ends besides. What a poor compliment do we pay to our indefatigable and energetic servant!

"If you ask, perhaps, why this power is not used, if the statement be true, I have to ask in return, why is the power of steam so lately come to application? so many millions of men boiled water every day for many thousand years; they must have frequently seen that boiling water, in tightly closed pots or kettles, would lift the cover or burst the vessel with great violence. The power of steam was, therefore, as commonly known down to the least kitchen or wash-woman, as the power of wind; but close observation and reflection were bestowed neither on the one nor the other."

Men having discovered the power of falling water, which after all is comparatively slight, how eagerly do they seek out and improve these *privileges*? Let a difference of but a few feet in level be discovered on some stream near a populous town, some slight occasion for gravity to act, and the whole economy of the neighborhood is changed at once. Men do indeed speculate about and with this power as if it were the only privilege. But meanwhile this aerial stream is falling from far greater heights with more constant flow, never shrunk by drought, offering mill-sites wherever the wind blows; a Niagara in the air, with no Canada aide;—only the application is hard.

There are the powers too of the Tide and Waves, constantly ebbing and flowing, lapsing and relapsing, but they serve man in but few ways. They turn a few tide mills, and perform a few other insignificant and accidental services only. We all perceive the effect of the tide; how imperceptibly it creeps up into our harbors and rivers, and raises the heaviest navies as easily as the lightest ship. Everything that floats must yield to it. But man, slow to take nature's constant hint of assistance, makes slight and irregular use

of this power, in careening ships and getting them afloat when aground.

The following is Mr. Etzler's calculation on this head: To form a conception of the power which the tide affords, let us imagine a surface of 100 miles square, or 10,000 square miles, where the tide rises and sinks, on an average, 10 feet; how many men would it require to empty a basin of 10,000 square miles area, and 10 feet deep, filled with sea-water, in 6½ hours and fill it again in the same time? As one man can raise 8 cubic feet of sea-water per minute, and in 6½ hours 3,000, it would take 1,200,000,000 men, or as they could work only half the time, 2,400,000,000, to raise 3,000,000,000 cubic feet, or the whole quantity required in the given time.

This power may be applied in various ways. A large body, of the heaviest materials that will float, may first be raised by it, and being attached to the end of a balance reaching from the land, or from a stationary support, fastened to the bottom, when the tide falls, the whole weight will be brought to bear upon the end of the balance. Also when the tide rises it may be made to exert a nearly equal force in the opposite direction. It can be employed whenever a *point d'appui* can be obtained.

"However, the application of the tide being by establishments fixed on the ground, it is natural to begin with them near the shores in shallow water, and upon sands, which may be extended gradually further into the sea. The shores of the continent, islands, and sands, being generally surrounded by shallow water, not exceeding from 50 to 100 fathoms in depth, for 20, 50, or 100 miles and upward. The coasts of North America, with their extensive sand-banks, islands, and rocks, may easily afford, for this purpose, a ground about 3,000 miles long, and, on an average, 100 miles broad, or 300,000 square miles, which, with a power of 240,000 men per square mile, as stated, at 10 feet tide, will be equal to 72,000 millions of men, or for every mile of coast, a power of 24,000,000 men.

"Rafts, of any extent, fastened on the ground of the sea, along the shore, and stretching far into the sea, may be covered with fertile soil, bearing vegetables and trees, of every description, the finest gardens, equal to those the firm land may admit of, and buildings and machineries, which may operate, not only on the sea,

where they are, but which also, by means of mechanical connections, may extend their operations for many miles into the continent. (Etzler's Mechanical System, page 24.) Thus this power may cultivate the artificial soil for many miles upon the surface of the sea, near the shores, and, for several miles, the dry land, along the shore, in the most superior manner imaginable; it may build cities along the shore, consisting of the most magnificent palaces, every one surrounded by gardens and the most delightful sceneries; it may level the hills and unevennesses, or raise eminences for enjoying open prospect into the country and upon the sea; it may cover the barren shore with fertile soil, and beautify the same in various ways; it may clear the sea of shallows, and make easy the approach to the land, not merely of vessels, but of large floating islands, which may come from, and go to distant parts of the world, islands that have every commodity and security for their inhabitants which the firm land affords."

"Thus may a power, derived from the gravity of the moon and the ocean, hitherto but the objects of idle curiosity to the studious man, be made eminently subservient for creating the most delightful abodes along the coasts, where men may enjoy at the same time all the advantages of sea and dry land; the coasts may hereafter be continuous paradisaical skirts between land and sea, everywhere crowded with the densest population. The shores and the sea along them will be no more as raw nature presents them now, but everywhere of easy and charming access, not even molested by the roar of waves, shaped as it may suit the purposes of their inhabitants; the sea will be cleared of every obstruction to free passage everywhere, and its productions in fishes, etc., will be gathered in large, appropriate receptacles, to present them to the inhabitants of the shores and of the sea."

Verily, the land would wear a busy aspect at the spring and neap tide, and these island ships—these *terre infirma*—which realise the fables of antiquity, affect our imagination. We have often thought that the fittest locality for a human dwelling was on the edge of the land, that there the constant lesson and impression of the sea might sink deep into the life and character of the landsman, and perhaps impart a marine tint to his imagination. It is a noble word, that *mariner*—one who is conversant with the sea. There should be more of what it signifies in each of us. It is a worthy country to

belong to—we look to see him not disgrace it. Perhaps we should be equally mariners and terricers, and even our Green Mountains need some of that sea-green to be mixed with them.

The computation of the power of the waves is less satisfactory. While only the average power of the wind, and the average height of the tide, were taken before now, the extreme height of the waves is used, for they are made to rise ten feet above the level of the sea, to which, adding ten more for depression, we have twenty feet, or the extreme height of a wave. Indeed, the power of the waves, which is produced by the wind blowing obliquely and at disadvantage upon the water, is made to be, not only three thousand times greater than that of the tide, but one hundred times greater than that of the wind itself, meeting its object at right angles. Moreover, this power is measured by the area of the vessel, and not by its length mainly, and it seems to be forgotten that the motion of the waves is chiefly undulatory, and exerts a power only within the limits of a vibration, else the very continents, with their extensive coasts, would soon be set adrift.

Finally, there is the power to be derived from Sunshine, by the principle on which Archimedes contrived his burning mirrors, a multiplication of mirrors reflecting the rays of the sun upon the same spot, till the requisite degree of heat is obtained. The principal application of this power will be to the boiling of water and production of steam.

“How to create rivulets of sweet and wholesome water, on floating islands, in the midst of the ocean, will be no riddle now. Sea-water changed into steam, will distil into sweet water, leaving the salt on the bottom. Thus the steam engines on floating islands, for their propulsion and other mechanical purposes, will serve, at the same time, for the distillery of sweet water, which, collected in basins, may be led through channels over the island, while, where required, it may be refrigerated by artificial means, and changed into cool water, surpassing, in salubrity, the best spring water, because nature hardly ever distils water so purely, and without admixture of less wholesome matter.”

So much for these few and more ob-

vious powers, already used to a trifling extent. But there are innumerable others in nature, not described nor discovered. These, however, will do for the present. This would be to make the sun and the moon equally our satellites. For, as the moon is the cause of the tides, and the sun the cause of the wind, which, in turn, is the cause of the waves, all the work of this planet would be performed by these far influences.

“But as these powers are very irregular and subject to interruptions; the next object is to show how they may be converted into powers that operate continually and uniformly for ever, until the machinery be worn out, or, in other words, into perpetual motions.” . . . “Hitherto the power of the wind has been applied immediately upon the machinery for use, and we have had to wait the chances of the wind’s blowing; while the operation was stopped as soon as the wind ceased to blow. But the manner, which I shall state hereafter, of applying this power, is to make it operate only for collecting or storing up power, and then to take out of this store, at any time, as much as may be wanted for final operation upon the machines. The power stored up is to react as required, and may do so long after the original power of the wind has ceased. And though the wind should cease for intervals of many months, we may have by the same power a uniform perpetual motion in a very simple way.”

“The weight of a clock being wound up gives us an image of reaction. The sinking of this weight is the reaction of winding it up. It is not necessary to wait till it has run down before we wind up the weight, but it may be wound up at any time, partly or totally; and if done always before the weight reaches the bottom, the clock will be going perpetually. In a similar, though not in the same way, we may cause a reaction on a larger scale. We may raise, for instance, water by the immediate application of wind or steam to a pond upon some eminence, out of which, through an outlet, it may fall upon some wheel or other contrivance for setting machinery a going. Thus we may store up water in some eminent pond, and take out of this store, at any time, as much water through the outlet as we want to employ, by which means the original power may react for many days after it has ceased.” . . . “Such reservoirs of moderate elevation or size need not be made artificially, but will be found made by nature very frequently, requiring but

little aid for their completion. They require no regularity of form. Any valley with lower grounds in its vicinity, would answer the purpose. Small crevices may be filled up. Such places may be eligible for the beginning of enterprises of this kind."

The greater the height, of course the less water required. But suppose a level and dry country; then hill and valley, and "eminent pond," are to be constructed by main force; or if the springs are unusually low, then dirt and stones may be used, and the disadvantage arising from friction will be counterbalanced by their greater gravity. Nor shall a single rood of dry land be sunk in such artificial ponds as may be wasted, but their surfaces "may be covered with rafts decked with fertile earth, and all kinds of vegetables which may grow there as well as anywhere else."

And finally, by the use of thick envelopes retaining the heat, and other contrivances, "the power of steam caused by sunshine may react at will, and thus be rendered perpetual, no matter how often or how long the sunshine may be interrupted. (Etzler's Mechanical System)."

Here is power enough, one would think, to accomplish somewhat. These are the powers below. Oh ye millwrights, ye engineers, ye operatives and speculators of every class, never again complain of a want of power; it is the grossest form of infidelity. The question is not how we shall execute, but what. Let us not use in a niggardly manner what is thus generously offered.

Consider what revolutions are to be effected in agriculture. First, in the new country, a machine is to move along taking out trees and stones to any required depth, and piling them up in convenient heaps; then the same machine, "with a little alteration," is to plane the ground perfectly, till there shall be no hills nor valleys, making the requisite canals, ditches and roads, as it goes along. The same machine, "with some other little alterations," is then to sift the ground thoroughly, supply fertile soil from other places if wanted, and plant it; and finally, the same machine "with a little addition," is to reap and gather in the crop, thresh and grind it, or press it to oil, or prepare it any way for final use.

For the description of these machines we are referred to "Etzler's Mechanical System, page 11 to 27." We should be pleased to see that "Mechanical System," though we have not been able to ascertain whether it has been published, or only exists as yet in the design of the author. We have great faith in it. But we cannot stop for applications now.

"Any wilderness, even the most hideous and sterile, may be converted into the most fertile and delightful gardens. The most dismal swamps may be cleared of all their spontaneous growth, filled up and levelled, and intersected by canals, ditches and aqueducts, for draining them entirely. The soil, if required, may be meliorated, by covering or mixing it with rich soil taken from distant places, and the same be mouldered to fine dust, levelled, sifted from all roots, weeds and stones, and sowed and planted in the most beautiful order and symmetry, with fruit trees and vegetables of every kind that may stand the climate."

New facilities for transportation and locomotion are to be adopted:

"Large and commodious vehicles, for carrying many thousand tons, running over peculiarly adapted level roads, at the rate of forty miles per hour, or one thousand miles per day, may transport men and things, small houses, and whatever may serve for comfort and ease, by land. Floating islands, constructed of logs, or of wooden-stuff prepared in a similar manner, as is to be done with stone, and of live trees, which may be reared so as to interlace one another, and strengthen the whole, may be covered with gardens and palaces, and propelled by powerful engines, so as to run at an equal rate through seas and oceans. Thus, man may move, with the celerity of a bird's flight, in terrestrial paradises, from one climate to another, and see the world in all its variety, exchanging, with distant nations, the surplus of productions. The journey from one pole to another may be performed in a fortnight; the visit to a transmarine country in a week or two; or a journey round the world in one or two months by land and water. And why pass a dreary winter every year while there is yet room enough on the globe where nature is blessed with a perpetual summer, and with a far greater variety and luxuriance of vegetation? More than one-half the surface of the globe has no winter. Men will have it in their power



to remove and prevent all bad influences of climate, and to enjoy, perpetually, only that temperature which suits their constitution and feeling best."

Who knows but by accumulating the power until the end of the present century, using meanwhile only the smallest allowance, reserving all that blows, all that shines, all that ebbs and flows, all that dashes, we may have got such a reserved accumulated power as to run the earth off its track into a new orbit, some summer, and so change the tedious vicissitude of the seasons? Or, perchance, coming generations will not abide the dissolution of the globe, but, availing themselves of future inventions in aerial locomotion, and the navigation of space, the entire race may migrate from the earth, to settle some vacant and more western planet, it may be still healthy, perchance unearthly, not composed of dirt and stones, whose primary strata only are strewn, and where no weeds are sown. It took but little art, a simple application of natural laws, a canoe, a paddle, and a sail of matting, to people the isles of the Pacific, and a little more will people the shining isles of space. Do we not see in the firmament the lights carried along the shore by night, as Columbus did? Let us not despair nor mutiny.

"The dwellings also ought to be very different from what is known, if the full benefit of our means is to be enjoyed. They are to be of a structure for which we have no name yet. They are to be neither palaces, nor temples, nor cities, but a combination of all, superior to whatever is known. Earth may be baked into bricks, or even vitrified stone by heat,—we may bake large masses of any size and form into stone and vitrified substance of the greatest durability, lasting even thousands of years, out of clayey earth, or of stones ground to dust, by the application of burning mirrors. This is to be done in the open air, without other preparation than gathering the substance, grinding and mixing it with water and cement, moulding or casting it, and bringing the focus of the burning mirrors of proper size upon the same. The character of the architecture is to be quite different from what it ever has been hitherto; large solid masses are to be baked or cast in one piece, ready shaped in any form that may be desired. The building may, therefore, consist of columns two hundred feet high and upwards, of proportionate thickness, and of one entire

piece of vitrified substance; huge pieces are to be moulded so as to join and hook on to each other firmly, by proper joints and folds, and not to yield in any way without breaking.

"Foundries, of any description, are to be heated by burning mirrors, and will require no labor, except the making of the first moulds and the superintendence for gathering the metal and taking the finished articles away."

Alas, in the present state of science, we must take the finished articles away; but think not that man will always be a victim of circumstances.

The countryman who visited the city and found the streets cluttered with bricks and lumber, reported that it was not yet finished, and one who considers the endless repairs and reforming of our houses, might well wonder when they will be done. But why may not the dwellings of men on this earth be built once for all of some durable material, some Roman or Etruscan masonry which will stand, so that time shall only adorn and beautify them? Why may we not finish the outward world for posterity, and leave them leisure to attend to the inner? Surely, all the gross necessities and economies might be cared for in a few years. All might be built and baked and stored up, during this, the term-time of the world, against the vacant eternity, and the globe go provisioned and furnished like our public vessels, for its voyage through space, as through some Pacific ocean, while we would "tie up the rudder and sleep before the wind," as those who sail from Lima to Manila.

But, to go back a few years in imagination, think not that life in these crystal palaces is to bear any analogy to life in our present humble cottages. Far from it. Clothed, once for all, in some "flexible stuff," more durable than George Fox's suit of leather, composed of "fibres of vegetables," "gluinated" together by some "cohesive substances," and made into sheets, like paper, of any size or form, man will put far from him corroding care and the whole host of ills.

"The twenty-five halls in the inside of the square are to be each two hundred feet square and high; the forty corridors, each one hundred feet long and twenty wide; the eighty galleries, each from 1,000 to 1,250 feet long; about 7,000 private rooms, the whole surrounded and

intersected by the grandest and most splendid colonnades imaginable; floors, ceilings, columns with their various beautiful and fanciful intervals, all shining, and reflecting to infinity all objects and persons, with splendid lustre of all beautiful colors, and fanciful shapes and pictures. All galleries, outside and within the halls, are to be provided with many thousand commodious and most elegant vehicles, in which persons may move up and down, like birds, in perfect security, and without exertion. Any member may procure himself all the common articles of his daily wants, by a short turn of some crank, without leaving his apartment; he may, at any time, bathe himself in cold or warm water, or in steam, or in some artificially prepared liquor for invigorating health. He may, at any time, give to the air in his apartment that temperature that suits his feeling best. He may cause, at any time, an agreeable scent of various kinds. He may, at any time, meliorate his breathing air,—that main vehicle of vital power. Thus, by a proper application of the physical knowledge of our days, man may be kept in a perpetual serenity of mind, and if there is no incurable disease or defect in his organism, in constant vigor of health, and his life be prolonged beyond any parallel which present times afford.

“One or two persons are sufficient to direct the kitchen business. They have nothing else to do but to superintend the cookery, and to watch the time of the victuals being done, and then to remove them, with the table and vessels, into the dining-hall, or to the respective private apartments, by a slight motion of the hand at some crank. Any extraordinary desire of any person may be satisfied by going to the place where the thing is to be had; and anything that requires a particular preparation in cooking or baking, may be done by the person who desires it.”

This is one of those instances in which the individual genius is found to consent, as indeed it always does, at last, with the universal. These last sentences have a certain sad and sober truth, which reminds us of the scripture of all nations. All expression of truth does at length take the deep ethioal form. Here is hint of a place the most eligible of any in space, and of a servitor, in comparison with whom, all other helps dwindle into insignificance. We hope to hear more of him anon, for even crystal palace would be deficient without his invaluable services.

And as for the environs of the establishment,

“There will be afforded the most enrapturing views to be fancied, out of the private apartments, from the galleries, from the roof, from its turrets and cupolas,—gardens as far as the eye can see, full of fruits and flowers, arranged in the most beautiful order, with walks, colonnades, aqueducts, canals, ponds, plains, amphitheatres, terraces, fountains, sculptural works, pavilions, gondolas, places for public amusement, etc., to delight the eye and fancy, the taste and smell.” . . . “The walks and roads are to be paved with hard vitrified, large plates, so as to be always clean from all dirt in any weather or season. . . . The channels being of vitrified substance, and the water perfectly clear, and filtrated or distilled if required, may afford the most beautiful scenes imaginable, while a variety of fishes is seen clear down to the bottom playing about, and the canals may afford at the same time, the means of gliding smoothly along between various eccentricities of art and nature, in beautiful gondolas, while their surface and borders may be covered with fine land and aquatic birds. The walks may be covered with porticos adorned with magnificent columns, statues and sculptural works; all of vitrified substance, and lasting for ever, while the beauties of nature around heighten the magnificence and deliciousness.”

“The night affords no less delight to fancy and feelings. An infinite variety of grand, beautiful and fanciful objects and sceneries, radiating with crystalline brilliancy, by the illumination of gas-light; the human figures themselves, arrayed in the most beautiful pomp fancy may suggest, or the eye desire, shining even with brilliancy of stuffs and diamonds, like stones of various colors, elegantly shaped and arranged around the body; all reflected a thousand-fold in huge mirrors and reflectors of various forms; theatrical scenes of a grandeur and magnificence, and enrapturing illusions, unknown yet, in which any person may be either a spectator or actor; the speech and the songs reverberating with increased sound, rendered more sonorous and harmonious than by nature, by vaultings that are moveable into any shape at any time; the sweetest and most impressive harmony of music, produced by song and instruments partly not known yet, may thrill through the nerves and vary with other amusements and delights.

“At night the roof, and the inside and outside of the whole square, are illuminated by gas-light, which in the masses of

many-colored crystal-like colonnades and vaultings, is reflected with a brilliancy that gives to the whole a lustre of precious stones, as far as the eye can see,—such are the future abodes of men.” . . . “Such is the life reserved to true intelligence, but withheld from ignorance, prejudice, and stupid adherence to custom.” . . . “Such is the domestic life to be enjoyed by every human individual that will partake of it. Love and affection may there be fostered and enjoyed without any of the obstructions that oppose, diminish, and destroy them in the present state of men.” . . . “It would be as ridiculous, then, to dispute and quarrel about the means of life, as it would be now about water to drink along mighty rivers, or about the permission to breathe air in the atmosphere, or about sticks in our extensive woods.”

This is Paradise to be Regained, and that old and stern decree at length reversed. Man shall no more earn his living by the sweat of his brow. All labor shall be reduced to “a short turn of some crank,” and “taking the finished article away.” But there is a crank,—oh, how hard to be turned! Could there not be a crank upon a crank,—an infinitely small crank!—we would fain inquire. No,—alas! not. But there is a certain divine energy in every man, but sparingly employed as yet, which may be called the crank within,—the crank after all,—the prime mover in all machinery,—quite indispensable to all work. Would that we might get our hands on its handle! In fact no work can be shirked. It may be postponed indefinitely, but not infinitely. Nor can any really important work be made easier by co-operation or machinery. Not one particle of labor now threatening any man can be routed without being performed. It cannot be hunted out of the vicinity like jackals and hyenas. It will not run. You may begin by sawing the little sticks, or you may saw the great sticks first, but sooner or later you must saw them both.

We will not be imposed upon by this vast application of forces. We believe that most things will have to be accomplished still by the application called Industry. We are rather pleased after all to consider the small private, but both constant and accumulated force, which stands behind every spade in the field. This it is that makes the valleys shine, and the deserts

really bloom. Sometimes, we confess, we are so degenerate as to reflect with pleasure on the days when men were yoked like cattle, and drew a crooked stick for a plough. After all, the great interests and methods were the same.

It is a rather serious objection to Mr. Etzler's schemes, that they require time, men, and money, three very superfluous and inconvenient things for an honest and well-disposed man to deal with. “The whole world,” he tells us, “might therefore be really changed into a paradise, within less than ten years, commencing from the first year of an association for the purpose of constructing and applying the machinery.” We are sensible of a startling incongruity when time and money are mentioned in this connection. The ten years which are proposed would be a tedious while to wait, if every man were at his post and did his duty, but quite too short a period, if we are to take time for it. But this fault is by no means peculiar to Mr. Etzler's schemes. There is far too much hurry and bustle, and too little patience and privacy, in all our methods, as if something were to be accomplished in centuries. The true reformer does not want time, nor money, nor co-operation, nor advice. What is time but the stuff delay is made of! And depend upon it, our virtue will not live on the interest of our money. He expects no income but our outgoes; so soon as we begin to count the cost the cost begins. And as for advice, the information floating in the atmosphere of society is as evanescent and unserviceable to him as gossamer for clubs of Hercules. There is absolutely no common sense; it is common nonsense. If we are to risk a cent or a drop of our blood, who then shall advise us! For ourselves, we are too young for experience. Who is old enough! We are older by faith than by experience. In the unbending of the arm to do the deed there is experience worth all the maxims in the world.

“It will now be plainly seen that the execution of the proposals is not proper for individuals. Whether it be proper for government at this time, before the subject has become popular, is a question to be decided; all that is to be done, is to step forth, after mature reflection, to confess loudly one's conviction, and to constitute societies. Man is powerful but in

union with many. Nothing great, for the improvement of his own condition, or that of his fellow men, can ever be effected by individual enterprise."

Alas! this is the crying sin of the age, this want of faith in the prevalence of a man. Nothing can be effected but by one man. He who wants help wants everything. True, this is the condition of our weakness, but it can never be the means of our recovery. We must first succeed alone, that we may enjoy our success together. We trust that the social movements which we witness indicate an aspiration not to be thus cheaply satisfied. In this matter of reforming the world, we have little faith in corporations; not thus was it first formed.

But our author is wise enough to say, that the raw materials for the accomplishment of his purposes, are "iron, copper, wood, earth chiefly, and a union of men whose eyes and understanding are not shut up by preconceptions." Aye, this last may be what we want mainly,—a company of "odd fellows" indeed.

"Small shares of twenty dollars will be sufficient,"—in all, from "300,000 to 300,000,"—"to create the first establishment for a whole community of from 3000 to 4000 individuals"—at the end of five years we shall have a principal of 300 millions of dollars, and so paradise will be wholly regained at the end of the tenth year. But, alas, the ten years have already elapsed, and there are no signs of Eden yet, for want of the requisite funds to begin the enterprise in a hopeful manner. Yet it seems a safe investment. Perchance they could be hired at a low rate, the property being mortgaged for security, and, if necessary, it could be given up in any stage of the enterprise, without loss, with the fixtures.

Mr. Etzler considers this "Address as a touchstone, to try whether our nation is in any way accessible to these great truths, for raising the human creature to a superior state of existence, in accordance with the knowledge and the spirit of the most cultivated minds of the present time." He has prepared a constitution, short and concise, consisting of twenty-one articles, so that wherever an association may spring up, it may go into operation without delay; and the editor informs us that "Communications on the sub-

ject of this book may be addressed to C. F. Stollmeyer, No. 6, Upper Charles street, Northampton square, London."

But we see two main difficulties in the way. First, the successful application of the powers by machinery, (we have not yet seen the "Mechanical System,") and, secondly, which is infinitely harder, the application of man to the work by faith. This it is, we fear, which will prolong the ten years to ten thousand at least. It will take a power more than "80,000 times greater than all the men on earth could effect with their nerves," to persuade men to use that which is already offered them. Even a greater than this physical power must be brought to bear upon that moral power. Faith, indeed, is all the reform that is needed; it is itself a reform. Doubtless, we are as slow to conceive of Paradise as of Heaven, of a perfect natural as of a perfect spiritual world. We see how past ages have loitered and erred; "Is perhaps our generation free from irrationality and error? Have we perhaps reached now the summit of human wisdom, and need no more to look out for mental or physical improvement?" Undoubtedly, we are never so visionary as to be prepared for what the next hour may bring forth.

*Mélanges de l'Institut de France.*

The Divine is about to be, and such is its nature. In our wisest moments we are secreting a matter, which, like the lime of the shell fish, incrusts us quite over, and well for us, if, like it, we cast our shells from time to time, though they be pearl and of fairest tint. Let us consider under what disadvantages science has hitherto labored before we pronounce thus confidently on her progress.

"There was never any system in the productions of human labor; but they came into existence and fashion as chance directed men." "Only a few professional men of learning occupy themselves with teaching natural philosophy, chemistry, and the other branches of the sciences of nature, to a very limited extent, for very limited purposes, with very limited means." "The science of mechanics is but in a state of infancy. It is true, improvements are made upon improvements, instigated by patents of government; but they are made accidentally or at hap-hazard. There is no general system of this science, mathematical as it is, which de-

velopes its principles in their full extent, and the outlines of the application to which they lead. There is no idea of comparison between what is explored and what is yet to be explored in this science. The ancient Greeks placed mathematics at the head of their education. But we are glad to have filled our memory with notions, without troubling ourselves much with reasoning about them."

Mr. Etzler is not one of the enlightened practical men, the pioneers of the actual, who move with the slow deliberate tread of science, conserving the world; who execute the dreams of the last century, though they have no dreams of their own; yet he deals in the very raw but still solid material of all inventions. He has more of the practical than usually belongs to so bold a schemer, so resolute a dreamer. Yet his success is in theory, and not in practice, and he feeds our faith rather than contents our understanding. His book wants order, serenity, dignity, everything,—but it does not fail to impart what only man can impart to man of much importance, his own faith. It is true his dreams are not thrilling nor bright enough, and he leaves off to dream where he who dreams just before the dawn begins. His castles in the air fall to the ground, because they are not built lofty enough; they should be secured to heaven's roof. After all, the theories and speculations of men concern us more than their puny execution. It is with a certain coldness and languor that we loiter about the actual and so called practical. How little do the most wonderful inventions of modern times detain us. They insult nature. Every machine, or particular application, seems a slight outrage against universal laws. How many fine inventions are there which do not clutter the ground? We think that those only succeed which minister to our sensible and animal wants, which bake or brew, wash or warm, or the like. But are those of no account which are patented by fancy and imagination, and succeed so admirably in our dreams that they give the tone still to our waking thoughts? Already nature is serving all those uses which science slowly derives on a much higher and grander scale so him that will be served by her. When the sunshine falls on the path of the poet, he enjoys all these pure benefits and

pleasures which the arts slowly and partially realize from age to age. The winds which fan his cheek waft him the sum of that profit and happiness which their lagging inventions supply.

The chief fault of this book is, that it aims to secure the greatest degree of gross comfort and pleasure merely. It paints a Mahometan's heaven, and stops short with singular abruptness when we think it is drawing near to the precincts of the Christian's,—and we trust we have not made here a distinction without a difference. Undoubtedly if we were to reform this outward life truly and thoroughly, we should find no duty of the inner omitted. It would be employment for our whole nature; and what we should do thereafter would be as vain a question as to ask the bird what it will do when its nest is built and its brood reared. But a moral reform must take place first, and then the necessity of the other will be superseded, and we shall sail and plough by its force alone. There is a speedier way than the Mechanical System can show to fill up marshes, to drown the roar of the waves, to tame hyenas, secure agreeable environs, diversify the land, and refresh it with "rivulets of sweet water," and that is by the power of rectitude and true behavior. It is only for a little while, only occasionally, methinks, that we want a garden. Surely a good man need not be as the labor to level a hill for the sake of a prospect, or raise fruits and flowers, and construct floating islands, for the sake of a paradise. He enjoys better prospects than lie behind any hill. Where an angel travels it will be paradise all the way, but where Satan travels it will be burning marl and cinders. What says Veeshnoo Suama? "He whose mind is at ease is possessed of all riches. Is it not the same to one whose foot is enclosed in a shoe, as if the whole surface of the earth were covered with leather?"

He who is conversant with the supernal powers will not worship these inferior deities of the wind, the waves, tide, and sunshine. But we would not disparage the importance of such calculations as we have described. They are truths in physics, because they are true in ethics. The moral powers no one would presume to calculate. Suppose we could compare the moral with the physical, and say

how many horse-power the force of love, for instance, blowing on every square foot of a man's soul, would equal. No doubt we are well aware of this force; figures would not increase our respect for it; the sunshine is equal to but one ray of its heat. The light of the sun is but the shadow of love. "The souls of men loving and fearing God," says Raleigh, "receive influence from that divine light itself, whereof the sun's clarity, and that of the stars, is by Plato called but a shadow. *Lumen est umbra Dei, Deus est Lumen Luminis.* Light is the shadow of God's brightness, who is "the light of light," and, we may add, the heat of heat. Love is the wind, the tide, the waves, the sunshine. Its power is incalculable; it is many horse power. It never ceases, it never slacks; it can move the globe without a resting-place; it can warm without fire; it can feed without meat; it can clothe without garments; it can shelter without roof; it can make a paradise within which will dispense with a para-

dise without. But though the wisest men in all ages have labored to publish this force, and every human heart is, sooner or later, more or less, made to feel it, yet how little is actually applied to social ends. True, it is the motive power of all successful social machinery; but, as in physics, we have made the elements do only a little drudgery for us, steam to take the place of a few horses, wind of a few oars, water of a few cranks and hand-mills; as the mechanical forces have not yet been generously and largely applied to make the physical world answer to the ideal, so the power of love has been but meanly and sparingly applied, as yet. It has patented only such machines as the almshouses, the hospital, and the Bible Society, while its infinite wind is still blowing, and blowing down these very structures, too, from time to time. Still less are we accumulating its power, and preparing to act with greater energy at a future time. Shall we not contribute our shares to this enterprise, then? T.

### THE FIRST LIGHT AND THE LAST.

When life is all a merry morning—  
 A bodied joy, brimful of glee,  
 No prophet tongue, in tone of warning,  
 Tells what the end thereof shall be;  
 The stainless Light around us shining,  
 God's element, we are,—we live;  
 We think not of the eve's declining—  
 That Sin is great to take, as Good is great to give.

Young children, of God's grace unknowing,  
 Yet full of grace, we play, we dream:  
 The violet-girded fountain flowing,  
 Kears not, yet fills the turbid stream:  
 O Light, that in a shower descendeth,  
 Then for long years no more down pours:  
 The fool that all his treasure spendeth,  
 Then wants and wails, hath such a froward lot as ours.

The years upon the brow are pressing,  
 And prays the Old Man's treble tone:  
 "Father, my childhood's cradle—blessing,  
 Be to my death-bed passing shown!"  
 O earnest prayer, be murmured ever!  
 O night, be not all overcast!  
 Borrow the morn-light of Forever:  
 So shall our years the first be like our years the last.

CH. S. CONROD.

## THE IDEAL.

*"La vie est un sommeil, l'amour en est la rive."*

A sad, sweet dream! It fell upon my soul  
 When song and thought first woke their echoes there,  
 Swaying my spirit to its wild control,  
 And with the shadow of a fond despair  
 Darkening the fountain of my young life's stream,  
 It haunts me still and yet I know 'tis but a dream.

Whence art thou, shadowy presence, that canst hide  
 From my charmed sight the glorious things of earth?  
 A mirage o'er life's desert dost thou glide?  
 Or with those glimmerings of a former birth,  
 A "trailing cloud of glory," hast thou come  
 From some bright world afar, our unremembered home?

I know thou dwell'st not in this dull, cold Real,  
 I know thy home is in some brighter sphere,  
 I know I shall not meet thee, my Ideal,  
 In the dark wanderings that await me here;  
 Why comes thy gentle image then, to me,  
 Wasting my night of life in one long dream of thee?

The city's peopled solitude, the glare  
 Of festal halls, moonlight, and music's tone,  
 All breathe the sad refrain—*thou art not there*;  
 And even with Nature I am still alone;  
 With joy I see her summer bloom depart;  
 I love stern winter's reign—'tis winter in my heart.

And if I sigh upon my brow to see  
 The deep'ning shadow of Time's restless wing,  
 'Tis for the youth I might not give to thee,  
 The vanished brightness of my first sweet spring;  
 That I might give thee not the joyous form  
 Unworn by tears and cares, unlighted by the storm.

And when the hearts I should be proud to win,  
 Breathe, in those tones that woman holds so dear,  
 Words of impassioned homage unto mine,  
 Coldly and harsh they fall upon my ear,  
 And as I listen to the fervent vow  
 My weary heart replies, "*Alas, it is not thou!*"

Depart, O shadow! fatal dream, depart!  
 Go, I conjure thee leave me this poor life,  
 And I will meet with firm, heroic heart,  
 Its threaten'ing storms and its tumultuous strife,  
 And with the poet-seer will see thee stand  
 To welcome my approach to thine own Spirit-land.

## MOZART.

BY J. S. DWIGHT.

MOZART has been called "the Raphael of Music." To feel his characteristics most, you should first hear Handel; then he is like moonlight after the broad noon-day sun,—a warm, balmy summer's night, such as lovers choose, smiled upon by the pale moon, and yet a night when ghosts walk abroad, and disturbed by crackling, bloodshot meteoric lights.

He was born in Salzburg, in January, 1756, just three years before the death of Handel. His romantic story is better known, and is more of a story, than the lives of most of his brothers in the art. Some anecdotes of Mozart mingle with our childhood's recollections of Arabian tales and of whatsoever was ideal and marvellous to most of us. We briefly review it that it may be seen how much the music and the man were one.

He was the child of beautiful parents; which may account for his exquisite sensibility. His father was a musician of some note, second chapel-master to the Prince Archbishop; and devoted his leisure to the musical culture of his two children. When the boy was three years old his sister, a little girl of seven, began to take lessons on the harpsichord. The boy was attracted by the instrument, and would delight to find out *tricks* upon it. At four he played correctly (and it is said with expression) simple airs and minuets which his father taught him. From four to six he actually composed these little things and dictated them to his father, who wrote them down. Many of these are preserved and published. His father going home one day with a friend, found the child very busily writing. He took from him a paper covered with blotches of ink, asking what it meant. "It is a *concerto* I am composing," said the boy; "I have finished the first part." The friend laughed at the droll make-believe; but the father looking at it more closely, exclaimed with delight: "These are indeed proper notes, and according to rule; but it is too difficult, nobody can execute it." "It is a *concerto*," said the boy; "it must be studied: this is

the way it goes," and tried in vain to play it himself. He was so finely organized that discords were unendurable to him; at the sound of a trumpet he turned pale and swooned. A year or two later he detected the difference of a half-a-quarter of a note in the pitch of a violin from what it was the day before. Moral and mental qualities corresponded. Extreme affectionateness—Ten times a day he would ask, "are you sure you love me?" and if answered no, in sport, he would burst into tears. Love of knowledge,—for a period he even renounced his music and engaged eagerly in the usual studies of his age; and when he was learning arithmetic, the tables, chairs, floors and walls were covered with figures. But music was the great passion. He was a sprightly, playful boy at first, but all this fled at the sound of that harpsichord; and ever after music was indispensable to all his amusements. The children used to carry their playthings in procession from rock to rock with him, one of the number singing or playing on a violin.

At the age of six, he was taken to Munich to play before the Elector, and to Vienna, where he astonished the Emperor Francis and his Court. The anecdotes told of this excursion, while they show how wondrously the plant unfolded new beauties every day, also show a modest independence and appreciation of himself. He would not play showy trifles, but he put his whole soul into it when he played before good judges, and he knew who they were. "Where is Mr. Wagenseil?" he said to the Emperor, as he sat down to the harpsichord; "he understands the thing; send for him;" and the person in question, a distinguished composer, was made to take the Emperor's place by the piano. "Mr. Wagenseil, I am going to play one of your concertos, and you must turn over the leaves for me."

On their return to Salzburg, he took with him a little violin, which his father had bought him for a plaything in Vienna. On this he taught himself to play, as on the harpsichord. One day



they were trying some new trios at his father's. The boy begged that he might play the second violin; his father refused, thinking it too much for him. But he pleaded so earnestly, that the person to whom the part was assigned interceded for him, and he was allowed to play along with him, in an under tone, on his little violin. The man soon saw how it was going on, and winking to the others, laid his instrument aside, and let the child sustain the part alone, which he did to the end of that and two more trios with precision and expression.

And now begins his public life. The next three years were spent in travelling. The whole Mozart family went together; the boy of seven and his sister giving concerts. Touching at the principal German cities, they arrived at Paris, were allowed to appear at Court, and play before the royal family, and were received with admiration. The young Princesses, daughters of Louis XV., and the dauphines, even forgot that they were goddesses, and offered the boy their hands to kiss, and patted him on the cheek; and the duchess and marchioness found out how to do the like, when they saw nature sanctioned by such august personages. Here young Mozart composed his first two sets of sonatas, which he dedicated to one of these ladies. Next they went to England. His organ-playing in the Royal Chapel was the most admired; he gave concerts with his sister, in which all the symphonies were his own composing; he played Handel and Bach at sight; he played a new opera-duet, with accompaniments for several instruments from the score, at the same time singing one part, and correcting the mistakes of his father, who sang the other; he would extemporize a melody to a given base; and when the Queen's music-master, holding him on his knees, would play a piece of an air, he would continue it in the same style. But we see the most fore-glimmering of his future destiny, as the master in dramatic music, in the following anecdote related among others by the Hon. Daines Barrington: "I said to the boy that I should be glad to hear an extempore 'love-song,' such as his friend Mansoli might choose in an opera. The boy on this (who continued to sit at the harpsichord) looked back with much archness, and imme-

diately began five or six lines of a jargon recitative, proper to introduce a love song. He then played a symphony, which might correspond with an air composed to the single word, "*Affetto*." It had a first and second part, which, together with the symphonies, was of the length that opera-songs generally last. Finding that he was in humor, and, as it were, inspired, I then desired him to compose a song of rage. The boy again looked back with much archness, and began five or six lines of a jargon recitative, proper to precede a song of anger. This lasted also about the same time with the song of love; and in the middle he had worked himself up to such a pitch, that he beat his harpsichord like a person possessed, rising sometimes in his chair. The word he pitched upon for this second extempore composition, was "*Perfido*."

He returned to Salzburg in 1766; and there spent one quiet year in regular musical studies, (his instinct seems to have taught him all thus far,) with his father. His models were Handel, the younger Bach, (Ch. P. Emanuel, who formed the stepping-stone from the old strict style to the freer style of Haydn,) and the most melodious of the old Italian church-writers. The next year he was playing before the Emperor, Joseph II. in Vienna, again, and composed an opera, which was approved by Metastasio; being now twelve years old. Another year of study at home prepared him for his career in Italy. We will not follow him from place to place. He was not yet fifteen, and all Italy acknowledged him a master; stars and orders were given him in one city; he was made a member of the selectest musical society in another, (composing the trial anthem in half an hour); the greatest opera composer, Hasse, said, "he will eclipse us all;" he was commissioned to compose the opera for the carnival season in Milan; and (greatest of all) after two hearings of the famous "*Miserere*," in the Pope's chapel, which it was forbidden to copy on pain of excommunication, he wrote it all down in all the parts, without losing a note. Most of his time was spent in Italy, composing operas and music for festival occasions, now and then returning to execute similar orders in Germany, until 1775, when he returned to Salzburg at the age of nineteen.

Here ends the chapter of the "infant phenomenon." The charm was gone, for vulgar eyes. Inwardly the man had more than kept the promise of the child; but the world—then, as always, seeking for a "sign"—had no eyes to see, nor ears to hear, this *real* miracle. The *show* was over: what market was there now for genuine merit? The young man who at nineteen had won all the musical honors of Italy, whose fame filled Europe from London to Naples, as a composer in every department of his art, could not find a patron among all the thousands of musical noblemen in Germany. For three years he waited in his native city with the vain expectation of being appointed chapel-master. Then he started for Paris, his mother accompanying him, on account of his extreme ignorance of worldly affairs. He stopped at Munich and Augsburg by the way; but one prince had no vacant place for him; and another said, "It is too early—let him go to Italy, and make to himself a name." His letters to his father from these places, full of sincerity and vivid perception of things and relations, and written in a simple and graceful style, show the struggle between his inward consciousness of superiority, and his perfect humility and nothingness in the great world. It was more than vanity, which compelled him to say, "Let the prince come to the proof: let him assemble all the composers of Munich; let him send for those of Italy, France, Germany, England, and Spain; I will engage with them all." In Paris it was worse. The great did not deign to notice him; the musicians were jealous of him; the opera-managers thought only of catering for a low public taste; for even the great revolution in opera produced by Gluck, had not yet taken effect. To add to his misfortunes he lost his mother, and he left Paris with a heavy heart, renewing his vain applications in different places by the way, for home. Mozart, the admiration of the world, could not even with great pains obtain the situation of music-teacher to the children of the Elector of Mentz, worth forty pounds a year! This is not a rare case in the history of genius. Real greatness and the talent of succeeding are separable things, not inconsistent with each other, also not essential to each other. Mozart was admired, and everywhere ac-

knowledged as one who had the divine fire in him; still the world would not move at his bidding; still the natural consequences of what he was, and had a right to expect, did not seem to follow; still nobody bought what everybody wanted; he called, but it would not sound; he was there, but his presence did not seem to cause any movement, or displace any particle of matter, more than an incorporeal ghost; all was well willed and prepared on his part, and off he would start, but the foot seemed glued to the ground, as in a nightmare, and so, dismayed, he had to learn the contradiction between the Ideal and the Actual. In truth, he had not the inherent faculty of influence; he was not one of those Powers whom all heads and hands involuntarily serve. A pale, diminutive young man, with "a countenance remarkable for nothing but its variability," sensitive, nervous, and awkward, seeking sympathy, but with nothing imposing about him. He had not that moral magnetism, by which a Handel, a Napoleon, and his own "Don Juan," always *tell* upon the world—always *succeed*, say what else you will of it. We believe he understood himself, and did not care to quarrel with a higher will so plainly indicated. He despised ambition, and rather than cherish a love of influence for its own sake preferred to have no influence. Handel was ideal and commanding, both. But he was of another mould. Perhaps a man in whom sensibility is the main quality, *should* not have that power. Perhaps it is a wise fatality which excludes him from all the vulgar politics of life, and postpones his influence, that it may not strike, but pervade and last forever. The world, by its very neglect, pays such characters the highest compliment, by seeming to take for granted that they are the peculiar care of heaven. And so they are. It is mysterious how they live *without* "getting along," how they glide through circumstances as calmly as the moon through clouds, making the clouds look beautiful. And Mozart so felt it. In one of those letters to his father he closes thus: "My best regards to my dear father, and many thanks for the compliment which he paid me on my birth-day. Let him feel no anxiety; I never lose sight of my God—I acknowledge his power; dread his wrath; but at the same time, love to admire his

goodness and mercy towards his creatures. He will never abandon his servant; by the fulfilment of His will, mine is satisfied—by which means I can want nothing, and ought to live happily. I shall always make it my duty to follow punctually the counsels and commands which you may have the goodness to give me."

To him the real evil of all this was, that it did not allow him to compose, except in the small way of drudgery. There was no demand for what he *could* do, what he burned to do. His mind was teeming with glorious conceptions, which, for the want of a resting place, could not take form. Thus, writing from Paris about his disappointments, he says: "If I were in a place where the people had ears to hear, or hearts to feel, or only understood and possessed a little taste for music, I should laugh heartily at these things; but as far as regards a taste for music, I am living among mere beasts and cattle. An aristocracy, which is from its very nature the slave of fashion, is deaf or blind to every kind of merit that does not bear the stamp of its idol."

But it was not meant that the treasure should be lost. The spirit must fulfil its mission ere it leave the earth. Though destined never to know good fortune, he found a resting-place at last in 1780, at Vienna, where he remained in the service of the Emperor Joseph II., until his death, ten years. In this period he produced his greatest works. It was blessed, too, by his marriage with Constance Weber, whom he passionately loved, and who was his devoted friend and guide, soothing all his sorrows, and supplying all his want of worldly tact, being a woman of as much energy as loveliness of character. She was his inspiration while he composed the first of that great series of works, his opera "*Idomenée*," which determined the whole tendency of opera-music since its time. About the same time he composed another, at the somewhat reluctant order of the emperor, whose taste was for Italian music, "*The Escape from the Seraglio*." "This is too fine for us," said the emperor, looking over the score, "here are altogether too many notes." "May it please your majesty," replied Mozart, (who did not want a noble pride if he did seem weak at times through too much desire of being loved,) "there

are just the number that there should be." Then, at least, his word carried weight with it. The emperor could not but respect Mozart's imperial self-possession; and to his honor heard the opera, and openly applauded. Still he paid the artist poorly, and employed him little. It was by the sale of smaller compositions, and in great measure by composing *waltzes* and *contredanses* that he eked out a subsistence; while "*Figaro*," and "*Così fan tutte*," and "*Don Juan*," were his recreations. The King of Prussia offered him a very much larger salary; all his friends said, go; but here he was weak again through his affections—a single appeal to them on the part of Joseph fixed him fast, and he declined the tempting offer, saying: "how can I leave my good emperor?" He was too unworlily to take advantage of the tide, and secure an increase of salary; the poor pittance of eighty pounds was all he had till the year of his death. Once when this was paid him he exclaimed: "Too much for what I do; too little for what I *could* and *would* do."

Intensely as he toiled in these years, it was with great irregularity. A tendency to indolence and an impulsive way of doing things is only what we might expect from such a temperament. Thus it is said, the overture to *Don Juan*, his master-piece, was postponed to the very night before the first performance. He began composing about eleven o'clock, having stimulated his faculties with hot punch, his wife sitting by him, and telling him all the fairy tales and comic adventures she could remember, to keep him awake; and while he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, he worked to good purpose; but now and then would nod. It was finished, however, in time for the orchestra to play it without rehearsal. But doubtless he had carried it about in his head for many days; and as it embodies the leading features of the opera itself in an abridged form, certainly not the invention, but the using of the invention was the work of a single night. An extract from one of his letters may be interesting here:

"You say you should like to know my way of composing, and what method I follow in writing works of some extent. I can really say no more upon this subject than the following,—for I myself know no more about it, and cannot account for

it. When I am, as it were, completely myself, entirely alone, and of good cheer,—say travelling in a carriage, or walking after a good meal, or during the night when I cannot sleep—it is on such occasions that my ideas flow best and most abundantly. Whence and how they come I know not, nor can I force them. Those ideas that please me I retain in memory, and I am accustomed, as I have been told, to hum them to myself. If I continue in this way, it soon occurs to me how I may turn this or that morsel to account, so as to make a good dish of it—that is to say, agreeably to the rules of counterpoint, the peculiarities of the different instruments, &c. All this fires my soul; and, provided I am not disturbed, my subject enlarges itself, becomes methodized and defined, and the whole, though it be long, stands almost finished and complete in my mind, so that I can survey it, like a fine picture, or a beautiful statue, at a glance. Nor do I hear in my imagination the parts successively, but I hear them, as it were, all at once. The delight this gives me I cannot express. All this inventing, this producing, takes place, as it were, in a pleasing, lively dream; still the actual hearing of the *lost ensemble* is, after all, the best. What has been thus produced I do not easily forget; and this is, perhaps, the best gift I have my Divine Maker to thank for.

“When I proceed to write down my ideas, I take out of the bag of my memory, if I may use that phrase, what has previously been collected into it in the way I have mentioned; for this reason, the committing to paper is quickly done; for everything, as I said before, is already finished, and it rarely differs on paper from what it was in my imagination. At this occupation I can, therefore, suffer myself to be disturbed; for, whatever may be going on around me, still I write, and even talk on trifling matters. But why productions take from my hand that particular form and style which makes them *Mozartian*, and different from the works of other composers, is probably owing to the same cause which renders my nose so-and-so, large or aquiline, or, in short, makes it Mozart's, and different from those of other people; for I really do not study to aim at any originality. I should, in fact, not be able to describe in what mine consists; though I think it quite natural that persons who have really an individual appearance of their own, are also differently organized from others, both externally and internally. Let this suffice, and never, my best friend, never trouble me again with such subjects.”

Excessive application, together with

excessive love of pleasure, soon began to wear upon his health. For the last three or four years of his life he worked with an incredible rapidity, yet with a perfect thoroughness of execution, which seemed inspired by the presentiment that he had not long to live, and that there was still the secret of his life to be told. “Life is short and art is long,” is a truth which grew upon him with a more and more alarming emphasis. The very last few months of his life witnessed the production of three of his greatest works. The opera of the “*Magic Flute*,” was undertaken to save an opera manager from bankruptcy. It was produced in a month—a month during which he wrote day and night, letting nothing tempt him from his work till he sank back exhausted on his couch. His wife and friends would try to win him from his infatuated abstraction in which he was fast tending to realize his own presentiment, by getting him out to walk, amid the green fields and happy groups of people, a sight always grateful to him. But in vain. He walked as a duty; his mind was studying far away the while. She would get his friends to visit him late at night, as if by accident; but he would not talk; he would write on as if they were not present, till sleep or exhaustion overcame him. While yet in the midst of this work, the coronation of the Emperor Leopold called him away to the composition of another opera; and a fortnight witnessed the conception and completion of his “*Clemenza di Tito*.” Still the “*Zauberflöte*” went on, was ready by the day appointed, and its magic music saved the sinking manager. It was a perfect “*Midsummer Night's Dream*” in music, full of the most exquisite and fairy-like inventions and of beautiful songs, like the “*Dolce Concerto*” and the “*Manly Heart*,” which have become as common as Scotch songs, yet never can be hacknied. It seemed a miracle how he completed it. He said that the whole second act was conceived in one day in a stage-coach, and that he only wanted more hands to write it down fast enough. It was played over one hundred nights in succession. He directed the performance in person only the few first times; his health permitted it no longer; but he would sit looking at his watch and imagine the progress of the piece; say-

ing to himself: "Now they have finished the first act, now comes such a song," &c.; and then would sigh to think how soon he must leave all this.

Who has not heard the mysterious history of his "Requiem?" He poured out the fevered current of his life in the hurried yet anxiously prolonged composition of it, and realized his own presentiment, that the Requiem which was ordered by the stranger, would prove his own! He died Dec. 5th, 1791.

So passed his short life, like a strain of his own music, alternating between the sweet sad ecstasy of love and the shudder of awe. Sensibility and marvellousness were the whole of him. All things in this world were nothing to him, save as the *heart* has property in them. His life was one intense longing to be loved; his music the expression of it, and in a great degree the satisfaction of it—Heaven's answer to his prayer. Such fond sensibility always stands on the very brink of the infinite, thrilled with strange raptures or strange fears. Love is full of presentiments; and no mortal seems to have had so much of that as he. The flesh-veil which separated him from the world of spirits was very thin and transparent. His senses fed his soul. The life of the senses was with him a spiritual life. His exquisite physical organization was truly a harp of many strings, that always thrilled with unearthly music; and in his music sense and spirit met and mingled. Hence there is a certain voluptuousness in all his music, without the least impurity. It is earnest and sad withal as the voice of the nightingale. He was born to give expression to all the passions, the loves, hopes, fears, longings, sorrows and presentiments of the private heart. He took no eagle flights up into the impersonal, the universal. That was for such as Handel. Strong, impartial, calm regard for all that is,—that was too bracing an element for one so delicately strong. Love and preference, romance and tragedy, the changing hues of passion, and the Aladdin's lamp of the imagination, which stands nearer than we think to every one, and is quickly lit by *feeling*; these, and the superstitions of the heart, the dreadful dreams (so natural) of seeing the opposite of what we ardently wish, of *being* the opposite of what we strive to be; these compose the sweetness and the

strength of his music; the exquisite melody and the harsh terrific passages which so often interrupt it. Handel is naturally strong; calmly, always so. Mozart is sometimes strong; but then it is with violence, with convulsion, more like striving after strength. Handel invigorates us to that pitch, that the great, broad, monotonous ocean, the monotonous day-light, the wide unvaried plain, the mere masses and spaces of life, and the great wide waste of monotonous reality which lies around us in our dull moods, become conversible and full of novelty to us. But in the spirit of Mozart we should feel sea-sick on the ocean; we should feel strange all through the garish day, and long for moonlight bowers and the magic coloring of sentiment and fancy.

I began with speaking of the man—I find myself speaking of his music—they are so inseparable and will run into each other. The anecdotes about his delicate musical organization, when a child, about his asking every one "do you love me?" and about his strange presentiment of death, furnish all the texts and mottos for his life and for his music. In him, therefore, we have the finest development of the *dramatic* element in music. In him music appears as the natural language of the affections and passions, and of the imagination which is passion's slave. The *Pathetic* and the *Romantic* made him the genius of the Opera. Gluck, his predecessor, the great reformer of the French opera, was perhaps more *operatic* in this sense, that all his melodies depend on dramatic situation for their effect. *Rossini* and others are more *operatic* in the modern sense of the word, which means *brilliant, startling*, all for *effect*. But Mozart's melodies and symphonies are the language of the heart, and explain themselves as well without action and scenery as with. Merely played over on the piano, without any knowledge of the story, there is infinite interest in one of his operas. And as for effect, for richness, and inexhaustible novelty of invention, the boldest of modern operas is still tame in comparison. Thousands of operas have only lived through a short day of fashion, satisfying the love of novelty, nothing more. But *Don Juan* and the *Magic Flute* can never become hacknied. They swarm with ideas, which require no coloring or setting off to

make them pass; the charm is intrinsic. The novel effects of Rossini, and still more of Myerbeer and the modern French schools, strike with overwhelming power. But *these* haunt us and become part of us. You find a parallel in them for all that is most tender in Bellini, most sparkling in Rossini, and most dark and hopeful in Von Weber.

Not forgetting, therefore, that he was great in all forms of composition, that he stands between Haydn and Beethoven in the *symphony*, as one of the rulers of the mighty deep of instrumental music, and that his masses and his "*requiem*" yield the palm of church-music to none but Handel, Bach, and Beethoven, it is as the *representative of the opera* that we would chiefly consider him. In that he confessedly is greatest. In whatever he did he leaned to the dramatic style; his masses and anthems breathe a too scholastic and impassioned spirit for the more sublime, impersonal religion of this Protestant era of the intellect; but are more suited to the religion of the Catholic, which takes the form of personal love to the Virgin. His instrumental works are distinguished by what is called the *cantabile or singing style*; or else by somewhat harsh and violent attempts to break away from it;—how else can we account for what we are told that his symphonies, the symphonies of the delicate and sentimental Mozart, are among the noisiest works of that class?

The Opera was the first leap of the genius of music, from its cradle in the Church, where it had been held down till well nigh bed-ridden and paralyzed forever, out into the free secular air. It was the idealizing of the hopes and fears, the loves and sorrows, and the whole tragedy of private life. Music sought its own in this natural, spontaneous religion of the human heart. It became a voice to the good tendency which there is at the bottom of all our love of excitement and pleasure. It saved the senses from wandering away out of all hearing of the soul. It refined sensuality into a love of beauty; and developed in passion the divine restlessness, the prophetic aspiration of the soul, which is at the bottom of it; and thus effected in a measure a reconciliation between the higher and the lower tendencies in man, between the spirit and the flesh, between the sacred and the secular. The opera makes a

purely ideal thing out of a personal history. It does away all the reserve and disguise, all the common-place there is in human intercourse; and satisfies our craving for expression, by showing us men and women moving together in so strong a light that they become transparent. Passions, feelings, desires live and move and interact before us without any screen of dullness or imperfect utterance. The whole rude materials are fused together in music, which is a perfect medium of communication. The *dramatis personæ* of an opera, therefore, are so many personified passions or emotions. They are the inward history, the present inward lives of so many men and women, passing before us instead of their outward forms, which are more or less conventional, certainly fixtures of old habit, and therefore impervious to the light. What romance, what tragedy there would be in every little scene of daily life, could we only remove this veil of custom and appearance. This music does. It lifts the veil, it banishes the obstructions, it abridges the time, concentrates the interest, throws away the extraneous and accidental, compresses the life of days and years into as many moments, giving life the speed it would have in a less resisting element, and shows how spirits would live in time and space, but not at all limited thereby. It does away the fiction, and shows the effect in the cause. In an opera, therefore, there are very few words, and a very slight skeleton of a story. When we see the spirits, what they *are*, we do not want to know what they will *do*. They sing *themselves* to us; the story is no more than the stage on which they stand. Could we know the feelings of men, we should learn at once, what their actions could only gradually and by a roundabout way reveal to us. Music is the spontaneous language of feeling. We seldom act or speak naturally. But when we do, the mere tone, without words, indicates enough. We know men by their voice more infallibly than by almost any sign. The opera composer, therefore, must be he who knows most of this natural language of the feelings; and of course he must be a person of sensibility.

But the Opera meets another want of ours. It supplies the craving of the senses for excitement, quenching the thirst of pleasure with a healthy

draught. It feeds the appetite with a nectar that is good also for the soul. Our tendency to excess, which it is dangerous to deny, dangerous to indulge unworthily, overflows with graceful self-recovery in the world of art and beauty. Transport is a necessity of every noble nature. And there is no music like Mozart's, to transport one into a voluptuousness, that does not smack of earth or aught impure. He in music, and Raphael in colors, have taught us the spiritual ministry of the senses. Through music Handel rises above the life of the senses. Through music Mozart bears a charmed life in the sphere of the senses. The consecration of the senses, the idealizing of common life seems to be the meaning of the opera.

But this it can never effect entirely. With the very zest of pleasure, with the very transport of love, comes a capacity for melancholy. Almost of its own accord, as if by a law of nature, the key modulates into the minor mode. There is a vein of sadness in all pathetic music; witness Bellini; witness equally, in spite of greater wealth and strength and elasticity, Mozart. He composed some comic operas; but there is no comedy in them; except the comedy which consists in the contrast of a pathetic melody with a ludicrous theme, as in the famous song of Leporello, in which he gives the catalogue of Don Juan's mistresses, and his recipes for the successful wooing of every kind of subject. Sad as the nightingale is all his music, when divested of the words. Don Juan's own melodies seem mournfully to rebuke the desperado.

Of fancy and romantic invention I will not speak as a separate requisite in the opera. Whoever has fine senses, and a soul for love, necessarily is something of a poet. Imagination is the Ariel which waits on all strong feeling. Every musical composer is fond of romantic subjects. *Feeling* was the "*Magic Flute*," which brought fairy-land around him. A writer, speaking of this opera, so called, says: "The story, which is like the wandering of a delirious imagination, harmonizes divinely with the genius of the musician. I am convinced, that if Mozart had been a writer, his pen would have been employed in depicting scenes like that where the negro, Mo-

nostates, comes in the silence of the night, by the light of the moon, to steal a kiss from the lips of the sleeping Princess."

But why does sadness wait so peculiarly on those who have the keenest sense of enjoyment, those who have the fairest dreams, the most refined excitements? those who know most of the heaven of this life? It is to show that Aspiration lies nearer to the principle of life than Ecstasy itself; that the Present can never satisfy; that behind the Finite is the Infinite, and just when we are happiest, we pause upon the brink of it. An awe, a sense of mystery, a vague foreboding necessarily darkens the harmonies of so much luxury of sense and feeling. How full of presentiment, of what the Germans call "*Ahnung*," was Mozart's life! how full of it his music! dark, sudden modulations; low murmuring tremolos stealing in in the accompaniments; and all those passages which we associate on the stage with luminous smoke-clouds of unearthly-colored light, rising up out of the ground, and vague forms of spirits and demons moving within. We shudder while we admire. Love trembles at the stirring of a leaf; its hour is so precious, it cannot be careful enough of danger.

We have thus all the elements which enter into the composition of his greatest opera, "*Don Juan*." It seems at first a waste of so much fine music, to couple it with a mere story of a desperate rake, finally brought to judgment in a most marvellous way; namely, by inviting in jest the statue of an old man whom he had murdered, the father of the heroine whom he sought to ruin, to sup with him; and being surprised in the midst of his feast by the statue in good earnest, with the whole *posse comitatus* of the lower world, rising to claim him. But it does not seem so when we come to enter into the spirit of it. His love of the marvellous and of fairy tales, naturally led him to this old tradition, which was part of the popular lore, and that for the good reason, that it is a purely ideal story, containing a truth for the mind only, so free from all the conditions of probability as to become ideal and consistent with itself, from that very fact. Moreover, what is Don Juan? Not a vulgar sensualist; but noble in mind and person, endowed with the finest gifts and

the loftiest aspirations, eager to embrace all, filled with an intense longing for sympathy which amounts to torment, blindly seeking relief in the excitement of the passion, still restless and disappointed, till love turns to hate, and aspiration to defiance, and he drinks the cup of pleasure to the dregs, not from sensuality, but from proud denial of the law, and, like a serpent charming a bird, seduces innocent woman to her ruin, in assertion of the devilish sense of power. No man ever came quite to this—but many have come to dread it. Beings, as we are,

inclined to excess, we dread the madness of it. Thirsting for love, we instinctively suspect a lurking wickedness in the desire to be loved for *our own sakes*, which if carried out may lead us far from the virtues which we should seek to make loved in us. Who more than the pleasure-loving, sympathy-seeking, sad, imaginative, Mozart, would be apt to shudder in dreams before the colossal shadow of what possibly he might become through unholy excess of the very qualities which made him diviner than common men?

## LOOSE LEAVES OF A LITERARY LOUNGER.

### No. II.

#### A CHAPTER ON COSTLY AND CURIOUS BOOKS.

WITH what rapt enthusiasm will the confirmed bibliomaniac pounce upon, and pour over the scarce legible pages of some antique mouldering manuscript; or clutch, with miser grasp, the musty cover of his favorite black-letter tome of the olden time. This feeling, though peculiar in its intensity to the class referred to, is yet possessed in degree by most who prefer any claims to a literary taste. An attachment or veneration for books—for books as books—if not a conclusive test of all mental refinement, is at least its rarely absent concomitant. In the companionship of books how many immunities do we enjoy, which are denied us in our intercourse with men;—with unobtrusive modesty, they trespass not upon us unbidden guests, nor do they ever outstay their welcome. Yet it must be admitted with a writer of the past century, that books, like friends, should be few and well chosen, and then like true friends we shall return to them again and again, well knowing they will never fail us, never cease to instruct, never cloy. Hazlett has indorsed this sentiment; he says, "I hate to read new books: there are twenty or thirty volumes that I have read over and over again, and these are the only ones I have any desire ever to read at all. When I take up a book I have read before, I know what to expect: the satisfaction

is not lessened by being anticipated:—I shake hands with, and look our old, tried and valued friend in the face,—compare notes, and chat the hours away." When it is remembered that books present us with the quintessence of the most cultivated minds, freed from their alloy of human passion and weakness, and that they are the media of our acquiring the closest proximity and communion with the spirits of the great and good of all ages, it cannot surprise us that books should become such universal favorites. With the historian, for instance, we lose sight of our own commonplace monotonous existence as we become fired with the enthusiasm of the apparently more noble and illustrious achievements of the mighty dead; or traverse with the poet, the glowing fields of his own ideal world, peopled with the bright creations of fancy; while in our more sober mood we gather from the grave teacher of ethics the collective wisdom of all time, whence we may learn the true nobleness of our destiny. "Talk of the necromancer of old," says an eloquent writer, "with his wand, his charms, and his incantations; what is he to an author? His charm is, that we lift the cover of his book; his incantation is its preface—his wand the pen; but what can equal their power? The spell is upon us; the actual world



around us is gone." Honor then to those gifted ones who can thus delight and instruct us: no praise or reward can be overpaid to them while they are amongst us, nor any homage too great when they are passed away. The works of an author are his embalmed mind; and grateful to the student's eye are the well understood hieroglyphics on this mental mummy-case that tell of the worthy preserved within. What was the extolled art of the Egyptians to this? Mind and body—the poet and the monarch—Homer and king Cheops!

There they reign  
(In loftier pomp than working life had known.)  
The kings of thought!—not crowned until the grave,  
When Agamemnon sinks into the tomb,  
The beggar Homer mounts the monarch's throne!  
Who of us can tell  
What he had been, had Cadmus never taught  
To man the magic that embalms the thought—  
Had Plato never spoken from his cell,  
Or his high harp blind Homer never strung?—  
Kinder all earth hath grown since genial  
Shakspeare sung!

Hume says, "it is with books as with women, where a certain plainness of dress and style is more engaging than that glare of paint and apparel which so dazzle the eye, but reach not the affections;" yet it cannot be denied that one is invariably delighted with an elegant book. The casket should be worthy of the gem.

In his curious chapter on the Earlier Manuscripts, D'Israeli gives the following ludicrous anecdote illustrative of the *mauvaise odeur* which, in monkish times, attached to the classics. To read a *profane* author was deemed by the communities not only as a very idle recreation, but even held by some in great horror. To distinguish them, therefore, they invented a disgraceful sign; when a monk enquired for any pagan author, after making the general sign they used in their manual and silent language when they wanted a book, he added a particular one, which consisted in scratching under his ear, as a dog which feels an itching, scratches himself in that place with his paw—

because, said they, an unbeliever is compared to a dog! In this manner they expressed an *itching* for those sad dogs, Virgil and Horace! Notwithstanding the odium with which the monks regarded the writings of these benighted heathens, there were yet others of a later date to be found willing to become their possessors at enormous cost, and even the transfer of an entire estate was sometimes not withheld to secure the boon; while the disposal of a manuscript was considered of sufficient importance to require to be solemnly registered in public acts. Even Louis XI., in 1471, was obliged to pledge a hundred golden crowns in order to obtain the loan of the MS. of an Arabian scribe named *Rasid*, for copying merely. Numerous other instances might be cited of a similar class, during the middle ages: *par example*,—Stowe informs us that, in 1274, a Bible in nine volumes, finely written, "sold for fifty marks," something like £34 of that time, when wheat averaged 3s 4d per quarter, and ordinary laboring wages were 1d per diem. This Bible was afterwards bought by the Earl of Salisbury, after having been taken from the King of France at the battle of Poitiers. The Countess of Anjou is also said to have paid for a copy of the Homilies of Bishop Haiman, two hundred sheep, and other articles of barter.

Parnarme, writing to the King of Naples, says, "you lately wrote me from Florence that the works of Titus Livius are there to be sold, in very handsome books, and that the price of each is one hundred and twenty crowns of gold. Therefore I entreat your Majesty that you cause the same to be bought; and one thing I want to know of your prudence, whether I, or Poggius have done best,—he, that he might buy a country house near Florence, sold Livy, which he had writ in a very fine hand, or I, that I might purchase the books have exposed a piece of land for sale?"

In Spain, books were so exceedingly scarce about this time, that one and the same Bible often served for the use of several Monasteries. And even the Royal Library at Paris down to the fourteenth century possessed only four of the classic authors,—Cicero, Lucan, Ovid and Boethius. The bestowment of a book to a convent, was further-

more looked upon as a highly religious act,—and at the Monastery of St. Swither at Winchester, a daily mass was actually founded for the soul of Bishop Nicholas de Ely, because he had given a Bible to that institution. In still earlier times we read of a Saxon king who actually gave away an estate of eight hundred acres for a single volume, entitled, *Cosmography, or the History of the World*.

The exceeding paucity of books in those days will account for the extraordinary premium at which we find them generally estimated. A book was often entailed with as much solemnity as the most valuable estate. Thus, at the commencement of a breviary of the Bible, there is a memorial by the donor—'I, Philip, late bishop of Lincoln, give this book, called *Petrus de Aureolis*, to the new library about to be built in the church of Lincoln; reserving the use and possession of the said book to Richard Fryerby, clerk, canon, and prebendary of Milton, to hold in fee, for the term of his natural life; and afterwards to revert to the said library, or its keepers for the time being, faithfully and without delay." The purchase of a book was often a matter of so much importance that persons of consideration were assembled as witnesses on the occasion. Thus, an archdeacon of Leicester has written in Peter the Lombard's *Liber Sententiarum*,—"This Book of Sentences belongs to M. Rogers, Archdeacon of Lincoln, who bought it from Geoffrey, the chaplain, brother of Henry, Vicar of Northampton, in presence of master John de Lee, of master John de Liring, of Richard of Luda, clerk, of Richard the Almoner, of the said vicar Henry and his clerk, and many others. And the said archdeacon gave this book to God and St. Oswald, to the prior and convent of Barden." Books were of so much value that they were often pledged to learned bodies; and when they were lent a deposit was left on them. Thus Oxford had a chest for books thus pledged, which, if

not redeemed by a given day, became the property of the university.

We should tell nothing new to the reader at all conversant with the pleasant and curious antiquities of bibliography, were we to speak of the early materials and fabric of books;—to tell about the Egyptian papyrus plant, and the Herculaneum manuscripts with their sticks of nine inches in length by two or three diameter on which they are rolled; or of the waxen tablets of the Greeks and Romans, with the *stylus* which has afforded to the language of our own day its two widely different words,—*style* and *stiletto*; or of the metals (chiefly brass) on which certain public records were preserved by them, and sometimes used for important correspondence from state to state; or of the skins first prepared at Pergamus, in Asia Minor, a fact which is yet commemorated in one word, *parchment* (pergamena,) and which the Romans, in their more luxurious days, used to manufacture in yellow and purple, as well as white, to receive the characters in liquid gold or silver,—a mode continued down to monkish days, which have bequeathed to us copies, yet extant, of the Evangelists, executed in this gorgeous style, or of the silk formerly used by the Chinese, great as is the antiquity of paper among that curious people, the art of making which from cotton in Europe, dates back only to the eleventh century.

There is a small fragment of writing on bark, near a thousand years old, in the Cottonian library.\*

The first book known to have been written in our own vernacular, was a volume entitled, "*The Confessions of Richard, Earl of Cambridge*," 1416; and the earliest ballad in the English language is supposed to have been the "*Cuckoo Song*," bearing date the latter part of Henry III., which, as few of our readers have probably seen, we subjoin:

"Sumer is icumen in  
Lhude sing cucuu;

\* Bark is still employed for the purpose in some countries even now, as we learn by the following extract from Capt. Skinner's narrative:—"The natives of Ceylon as yet employ no paper; they write on thin leaves of the Ola, and are obliged to make use of an iron pen, which they support in a notch cut in the thumb nail allowed to grow for that purpose: a literary man is discovered by such a mark. A quill, or a reed, serves my friend of Mookba; for the pen runs as quickly over the skin of the bark, as it would over the surface of a glazed sheet."

Groweth aed, and bloweth med  
And sprigth ye wde au :  
Singe cuccu.

Awe beteth after lambe,  
Lhouth after calve cu ;—  
Bulluc sterreth,  
Bucke verteth,  
Murie singea cuccu :  
Cuccu, cucen.

Wel singes thu cuccu,  
Ne swik thu naver nu.”

For the benefit of the uninitiated in antiquarian lore, is the following literal rendering into *modern* English.

Summer is come in,  
Loud sings the cuckoo :  
Groweth seed,  
And bloweth mead,  
And springeth the wood now.

Ewe bleateth after lamb,  
Loweth after calf, the cow :  
Bullock starteth,  
Buck verteth,  
Merrily sings the cuckoo ;  
Mayst thou never cease.

The earliest specimen of illuminated manuscripts is the renowned *Codex Argenteus* ; it is an extremely beautiful and costly volume in the quarto form ;—its leaves, which are of vellum, are stained with a rich violet color, and the chirography executed in silver ; from which circumstance it derives the latter part of its title. It is a most elaborate performance, and one of exceeding beauty : and is further remarkable as being the only specimen extant of the parent tongue from which our own language as well as some of those of Northern Europe, including Germany, the Netherlands, &c., have descended. It exhibits a very close resemblance to printing also, although executed nearly ten centuries prior to its invention. This Codex was first found in the Benedictine Abbey of Werden, in Westphalia,\* about 1587 ; it subsequently passed into the possession of Queen Christina of Sweden, then into that of Isaac Vossius, and finally was purchased by a northern Count, Gabriel de la Gardie,

for £250, and by him presented to the University of Upsal. This copy is said to bear great analogy to the reading of the Vulgate ; three editions of it have been printed. About the latter part of the seventh century, we find reference made by Bede to a magnificent copy of the Four Gospels having been done in letters of the purest gold, upon leaves of parchment, purpled in the ground, and coloured variously upon the surface, for the decoration of the church at Ripon, at the instance of the famous Wilford : the chronicler speaks of it as a prodigy, and we may infer from this its rarity in those times. So costly a mode of producing manuscripts could not have become general in any age, accordingly we find these magnificent specimens were expressly executed for the nobles and princes of their times or the higher dignitaries of the Church. An instance of this is to be seen in the superb *Prayer-book* of a like description with the foregoing, with the addition of its binding, which was of pure ivory, studded with gems, and is yet extant, we believe, in the celebrated Colbertine library, founded by Charles the Bald. In the middle ages even the bishops bound books. With the monks it was a common employment. There were also trading binders, called *Ligatores*, and they who sold the covers were called *Scrutarii*. There are many missals now in existence with covers of solid silver gilt. Gold, relics, ivory, velvet, large bosses of brass, and other expensive adornments, were bestowed upon church books, and those intended for presents to royal and great personages.

Some of these manuscript copies of the sacred Scriptures were, it is well known, further embellished with elaborately executed miniatures and paintings. To follow in the order of chronology, we next meet with the magnificent Bible, presented by his favorite preceptor Alcuin, librarian to the Archbishop of York, to the great Charlemagne after he had learned to read and write ; (for although among the wisest men of his age, he even commenced his educa-

\* An ancient copy of a portion of the New Testament has been recently discovered at Rheims Cathedral, written in the Slavonic language. It is said to be the identical copy, which, in former years was used in administering the oath to the kings of France, at their anointment and coronation. It is supposed to have been written between the 11th and 13th centuries.

tional course at the tender age of 45.) This remarkable copy of the Bible was in folio size, richly bound in velvet; its embellishments were of the most superb description; its frontispiece being brilliantly ornamented with gold and colors, and its text relieved by emblematic devices, pictures, initial letters, &c. This curious relic which was in fine preservation, was sold by Evans in London, it may be remembered, in 1836, and produced the sum of £1500, or \$7,500. The different libraries of Italy are said to comprise many curious specimens; in that of St. Mary at Florence, may be seen a superb copy of the entire New Testament, written on silk, including the liturgy, &c. At the end, the following occurs in the Greek character,—“*By the hand of the sinner and most unworthy mark; in the year of the world, 7840;—id est, A. D., 1332.*”

While we think of it, we may as well mention in passing, that the first genuine bibliomaniac known to history, was Richard Aungerville *vel* Richard de Bury, the author of the celebrated “*Philoblion*,” as a proof of whose great “*love of books*,” in 1341, we find him purchasing of the Abbot of St. Albans, about 30 volumes, for which he gave in return *fifty pounds weight of silver*. In fact he bought books at *any price*, so great was his passion for them; and he is reported, on one occasion to have adopted, as his apology for his seeming prodigality and reluctance to part with his treasures, the divine axiom,—“*buy the truth and sell it not.*” Some idea of the wonderful attainments of this great luminary of learning in an age of almost Cimberian darkness, may be formed when it is stated, that his collection of books exceeded those of all the other English Bishops combined.

Ingenious and exquisitely beautiful as are the illuminated *Mss.* and *missals* of the monks and scribes, we find they sometimes discovered an equal degree of patient assiduity in the fabrication of *colossal* volumes. Erasmus mentions the “*Secunda Secunda*” of Thomas Aquinas, as being so ponderous, “*that no man could carry it about, much less get it into his head.*” Froissart, the chronicler, presented to Richard II., a volume richly illuminated and engrossed by his own hand, gorgeously enclosed in crimson velvet cover, surmounted with silver and gold ornaments: he was well requited for his

toil however, by a massive goblet of silver, filled with 100 nobles. According to Wharton, two finely illuminated MS. copies of his “*Chronicles*” yet exist in the British Museum; this appears to be incorrect, however, as we learn from the preface of the new and magnificent *fac-simile* edition of the celebrated copy of 1460–80 executed for Philip de Comines, the historian, of that two volumes only are comprised in the Harleian Collection of the British Museum, the remaining two being in the Bibliothèque Royale. By the way, speaking of this edition, we may add, that the colors of the miniatures, as well as, the curious and elaborate borderings of the illuminated pages, exhibit surprising freshness and brilliancy, and indeed, as the delighted eye traverse these skilfully-wrought productions of the ancient limners, or conns over the thrilling story of the heroic doings it records, traced out in the quaint gothic character scarcely less characteristic of those times;—we cannot but frankly confess our indebtedness to the illuminations of these so-called *dark ages*.

One of the most celebrated books in the annals of bibliography, is the richly illuminated Missal, executed for John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France under Henry VI., by him it was presented to that King, in 1430. This rare volume is eleven inches long, seven and a half wide, and two and a half thick, contains fifty-nine large miniatures which nearly occupy the whole page, and above a thousand small ones in circles of about an inch and a half diameter, displayed in brilliant borders of golden foliage with variegated flowers, &c.: at the bottom of every page are two lines in blue and gold letters, which explain the subject of each miniature. This relic, after passing through various hands, descended to the Duchess of Portland, whose valuable collection was sold at auction, in 1786. Among the many attractions was the Bedford Missal; a knowledge of the sale coming to the ears of George III. he sent for his bookseller and expressed his intention to become the purchaser; the bookseller ventured to submit to his majesty the probable high price it would fetch: “*How high,*” exclaimed the King; “*Probably two hundred guineas,*” replied the bookseller. “*Two hundred guineas for a Mis-*

sal," exclaimed the Queen, who was present and lifted her hands up with astonishment. "Well, well," said his Majesty, "I'll have it still, but since the Queen thinks two hundred guineas so enormous a price for a Missal I'll go no further." The biddings for the Royal Library did actually stop at that point; a celebrated collector, Mr. Edwards, became the purchaser by adding three pounds more. The same Missal was afterwards sold at Mr. Edwards's sale in 1815, and purchased by the Duke of Marlborough for the enormous sum of £637 15s. sterling.

Amongst the numerous, rare, and costly relics contained in the library of the Vatican, is the magnificent Latin bible of the Duke of Urbino; it consists of two large folios embellished by numerous figures and landscapes in the ancient arabesque, and is considered a wonderful monument of art; there are also, by the way, some autograph MSS. of Petrarch's '*Rime*,' which evince to what an extent he elaborated his versification. The mutilated parchment scroll thirty-two feet in length, literally covered with beautiful miniatures, representing the history of Joshua ornamenting a Greek MSS. bearing date about the seventh century, is, perhaps, the greatest literary curiosity of the Vatican. The *Menologus*, or Greek Calendar, illustrated by four hundred rich and brilliant miniatures, representing the martyrdom of the saints of the Greek Church; with views of the churches, monasteries and basilics, is also curious as presenting specimens of the painting of the Byzantium school at the close of the tenth century. It contains also a fine copy of the Acts of the Apostles in letters of gold, presented by Charlotte, queen of Cyprus, to Innocent VIII.; an edition of Dante exquisitely illuminated with miniature paintings by the Florentine school; these pictures are of about the ordinary size of modern miniatures on ivory, but far surpassing them in delicacy of finish.

The curious Mexican calendar unfolds and stretches to a prodigious extent; it is not of human skin, however, like the two horrible Mexican MSS., of the Dresden and Vienna libraries, described by Humboldt.

The immense and valuable accumulation of literary treasures contained in the private library of the late Duke

of Sussex affords many choice and rare specimens of beautiful bibliography. We can refer but to a few. It contains a Hebrew and Chaldaic pentateuch of the thirteenth century, is one of the richest illuminated Hebrew MSS. in existence; the paintings are said to be of wonderful beauty.

In the theological department of Latin MSS., there are no less than sixteen copies of the "Vulgate," on vellum, besides various copies of distinct portions of the greater and lesser Prophets. Two of these MS. Bibles are furnished with very numerous illustrations, one having nearly one hundred, and the other upwards of one hundred miniatures in gold and colors. Another, having forty-four illuminated drawings, one of which, attached to the 1st chapter of Genesis, represents Adam digging and Eve spinning, is a very choice MS.

A "Book of the Hours or Offices of the Roman Catholic Church," a MS. of the fifteenth century, presents one of the most exquisitely illuminated works of the kind.

Of the French MSS. it is sufficient to notice "*La Bible Moralisée*," a beautifully executed MS. of the fifteenth century, and in which, amidst innumerable illuminated letters and figures, there are eighteen miniatures in chiaroscuro of truly beautiful art.

An ancient Italian MS., entitled "*Historia del Vecchio Testamento*," is very curious and beautiful, and has 519 miniatures.

The Duke's rich collection of biblical bibliography surpasses any thing of the kind extant; it comprises something like 8000 or 7000 different editions of the sacred Scriptures, being in fact a copy of almost every rare and beautiful edition of the Bible that has ever appeared, together with a copy of all the first editions that have been published in most of the different languages of the earth. Among them is one that belonged to Elizabeth, embroidered with her own hands in silver upon velvet; another, in Arabic, which had belonged to Tipoo Saib, wrapped in its original coverings.

Should the costly collection come to the hammer, such a scramble will ensue among the black letter bibliomaniacs as is quite awful to contemplate. Our thoughts here naturally revert to the celebrated scarcely less delectable as-

semblage of literary treasures collected by the indefatigable Horace Walpole at his superb mansion at Strawberry Hill, at the recent auction of this magnificent library. The gross amount of proceeds of this sale are given at £37,298 7s. 3d. Among the numerous objects of *virtu* which graced these literary spoils, we find a magnificent missal perfectly unique, and superbly illuminated, being enriched with splendid miniatures by Raffaello, set in pure gold and enamelled, and richly adorned with turquoises, rubies, &c. The sides are formed of two matchless cornelians, with an intaglio of the crucifixion, and another scripture subject; the clasp is set with a large garnet, &c. This precious relic was executed expressly for Claude, queen of France; it was bought by the Earl Waldegrave at 115 guineas. Another curious and costly specimen of bibliography was a sumptuous volume, pronounced by the *Cognoscenti* as one of the most wonderful works of art extant, containing the Psalms of David written on vellum, embellished by twenty-one inimitable illuminations by Don Julio Clovio, surrounded by exquisite scroll borders of the purest arabesque of unrivalled brilliancy and harmony. Its binding is of corresponding splendour. Its date is about 1537. This little gem produced from the purse of the above named collector the sum of 420 guineas! Queen Victoria purchased some few of the relics, among others, the celebrated silver clock originally presented by that monster-monarch Henry VII. to the unfortunate Anne Boleyn on her marriage; it was knocked down at 100 guineas.

Queen Elizabeth, it appears from Dibdin was a bibliomaniac of transcendent fame; her "*One Gospell Booke, garnished on th' outside with the crucifix,*" &c., is a precious object to the virtuoso. It was the composition of Queen Catherine Parr, and was enclosed in solid gold, and hanging by a gold chain at her side was the frequent companion of the "Virgin queen." In her own hand writing at the beginning of the volume the following quaint lines appear: "I walke many times into the pleasant fieldes of the Holie Scriptures, where I plucke up the goodliesome herbes of sentences by pruning; cate them by readinge; chawe them by musing; and laye them up at length

in y<sup>e</sup> hie seate of memorie by gathering them together; that, so having tasted their sweetnesse, I may the lesse perceave the bitternesse of this miserable life." This was penned by the queen probably while she was in captivity at Woodstock, as the spirit it breathes affords a singular contrast to the towering haughtiness of her ordinary deportment and expression of character. The MS. of the Evangelista, which was originally used at the inauguration of Henry I., and down to Edward VI., is yet extant in the library of a gentleman in Norfolk. It is written on vellum, bound in oaken boards an inch thick, fastened together with thongs of leather and brass bosses, it is surrounded by a gilt crucifix which the several kingly lips have kissed in token of submission to their coronation oath.

There is said to be in Charleston, a very extraordinary literary curiosity—a Hebrew Prayer Book, 1357 years old—it is a ponderous tome, beautifully written on fine parchment. In our own city is a folio MS. copy of the gospels in Syriac, written in the Estrangelo character, and arranged in lessons for the liturgy of the Jacobite Syrian Church. Its date is unknown, although from its whole appearance it must be of great antiquity. It is in the possession of the American Bible Society, and was presented by Dr. Grant, the missionary among the Nestorians of Persia. The same institution possesses a choice collection of oriental and early English editions of the Scriptures.

In the State Library at Harrisburg, are also several literary curiosities: one vol. bearing date as early as 1532; and a fine copy of Elliott's Indian Bible, printed at Cambridge, in 4to., 1686, very scarce and now unreadable, the people in whose dialect it was originally rendered, having become long since extinct.

The reader may remember to have heard of the renowned copy of the *Koran*; probably without a parallel, at least as to its size in the annals of letters. The task of transcribing seems to have devolved on a devotee of the prophet, styled Gholam Mohgoodeen; it might be perused by a linguist without the aid of glasses assuredly, for the characters are described as three inches long; and the book itself being a foot thick, and its other dimensions something like five

feet by three. The binding was literally "in boards." It was the labor of six years.

As a set-off to the foregoing, we might refer to the no less curious piece of paper, once presented to Queen Bess, comprising the Decalogue Creed and Lord's prayer, all beautifully written in the compass of a finger-nail. Glasses were required here, and by their aid it is said the queen could easily read the extremely minute characters. The *Iliad* was once written on vellum so small that a nut-shell contained it; and an Italian monk wrote the Acts and gospel, in compass of a farthing! Even Schloss' Thumb Almanac hardly comes up to these.

Printing by blocks was an extension of the art of seal engraving, which had been carried to great perfection in broad seals. The first printed sheets were worked only on one side of the paper, and the impressions produced by a plane and mallet. The ordinary printing-press it may be remembered, was first made by Bleau, at Amsterdam; the first types cast in England, by Caslon in 1720, and the printing-machine originally suggested by Nicholson in 1790, who also invented the rollers for inking the types. Stereotype printing was first used in England and Holland in 1804.

"It is curious," observes an ingenious author, "how writing has had to struggle against power. At first the feudal baron was ashamed of being able to write, and the signing his name, was like putting on his armour, a service to be done by his inferior." The invention of printing was in the time of Jack Cade, (1461), denounced as contrary to the well-being of the state, and a conspiracy against "the king his crown and dignity, &c." To print a large folio was, however, more easily executed than a duodecimo;—a crime of less enormity from the inverse ratio of its extent; the reverse indeed of our own day, for we have a decided preference for the shortest method over the former ponderous and circuitous one of the olden time.

Antoine Zarot, an eminent printer at Milan, about 1470, was the first on record who printed the Missal. Among other works his execution in colors of the celebrated *Missale Romanum* in folio, afforded a beautiful specimen of the art. The MS. copy seems to have

been of a most dazzling description, its original date was mccccx.; every leaf is appropriately ornamented with miniatures surrounded with exquisitely elaborated borders; and its almost innumerable initials which are richly illuminated in gold and colors, render it unsurpassed by any known production of its class. It has been estimated at 250 guineas. The *Complutensium Polyglott*, otherwise known as Cardinal Ximenes, deserves a passing notice among the renowned books of by-gone times. This prodigious work was commenced under the auspices of the above named prelate in 1502, and for 15 years the labor was continued without intermission; its entire cost amounted to 50,000 golden crowns! Arnas Guillen de Brocar was the celebrated printer of this stupendous work. Of the four large vellum copies, one is said to be in the Vatican, another in the Escorial, and a third was bought by Herberts at the sale of the McCarthy library for 600 guineas. According to Gonzales, a Spanish historian, the earliest printed book of the "New World" was executed by Joannes Paulus in 1549—a folio, entitled "*ordinationes legumque collectiones pro conventu juridico Mexicano.*"

About 1572 we meet with another splendid production—the *Spanish Polyglott*, printed by Christopher Plantin. A most magnificent copy upon vellum, in the original binding, was sold in London some five and twenty years since for one thousand guineas! and enormous as was this price, the copy was actually wanting three out of the ten volumes—those being in the *Bibliothèque Royale*. One of the scarcest books in the language—for there are, according to Dibdin, but two known copies extant—is a little black letter tome of 1586, entitled, "*A Discourse of English Poetrie,*" &c., one of which was sold in the Duke of Roxburgh's collection for £64. We might amuse the reader by citing a few of the quaint and alliterative titles of some of the books of these times. Take the following for instance: "*A Footpath to Felicitie,*" "*Guide to Godliness,*" "*Swarve of Bees,*" "*Plante of Pleasure and Groove of Graces,*"—1586. These were most rife in the days of Cromwell;—there were many bordering closely on the ludicrous, such as the one styled, "*A Pair of Bellows to Blow off the Dust*"

cast upon John Fry;" and a Quaker whose outward man the powers thought proper to imprison, published, "A Sigh of Sorrow for the sinners of Zion, breathed out of a hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel, known among men by the name of Samuel Fish." We might multiply the numbers *ad libitum*; but must content ourselves with adding one or two more. "A Reaping Hook well tempered for the stubborn Ears of the coming Crop, or Biscuits baked in the oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation." To another we have the following copious description: "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David, whereunto are also annexed William Humais's handful of Honey-suckles, and divers Godly and pithy Ditties now newly augmented."

A melancholy interest attaches to everything connected with the history and fate of Mary, Queen of Scots; and we accordingly find great store has been put on the Missal presented to her by Pius V., and which accompanied her to the scaffold, as well as another, now in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg;—they each are described as being of extreme and even regal beauty. An amusing anecdote is recorded of Sixtus V., proving the solecism of Pontifical infallibility;—it ascribes to the pompous edition of the Bible printed under the immediate inspection of the Pope, in 1590, over two thousand typographical errors, notwithstanding every sheet was submitted to the careful revision of his holiness' *infallible* eye! Moreover, a severe anathema was by himself appended to the first volume, against any person who should alter or change any portion of the supposed immaculate text, yet so glaring and notorious became the errors aforesaid in process of time, that his successor, Clement VII., first had corrected slips pasted over them, and afterwards actually had the temerity to correct and thoroughly revise the whole in a new edition, thereby virtually ensuring his own excommunication; in addition to which he also annexed another anathema to the like effect.

The *Mazarin Bible*, so called, on account of its having been found in Cardinal Mazarin's library, is consid-

ered to be the very first book ever printed with metal types. The first Bible, of 1462, is an edition which exhibits a matchless effort in the art of printing. The first English Bible allowed by royal authority, and also the first translation of the whole of the Scriptures printed in our language, is the edition of Myles Coverdale. Only one perfect copy is known to exist, which is in the library of the Earl of Jersey, another nearly perfect is in the British Museum. A copy, with the title and the following two leaves in facsimile, once produced at auction £89 5s.

The earlier printers perpetrated some curious and unfortunate blunders in printing some of their Bibles. In one edition we remember, which emanated even from the Clarendon press at Oxford, no less than six thousand errata ornament its pages. In another, the negative is omitted in the 7th clause of the Decalogue, which instance of high treason against morals was visited with the penalty of three thousand pounds sterling. There is another known as the "*Vinegar Bible*," from the insertion of that word in the parable of the *Vineyard*, instead of its appropriate term. These are but a sample of the well known erratic Bibles, for which bibliomaniacs sometimes used to barter many a golden guinea.

The first book which bears the name of the place where it was printed, and those of the printers, (Faust and Shœffer, 1457,) was the celebrated *Psalter*, printed from large cut type. The *Litæra Indulgentiarum Nicholai V.*, on a single piece of parchment, was issued two years previously, and is the first instance of a printed book, bearing date: a copy of this work, which is said by Dr. Dibdin to be of inconceivable beauty, is to be found in the celebrated Library at Blenheim.

We read of a magnificent missal, nearly three feet in height, still extant in the library at Rouen, supposed to be the latest specimen of illuminated manuscripts, which occupied the labor of a monk thirty long years in its fabrication. The renowned Ibrahim Effendi, who not only acquired the Latin and other tongues by his own unaided industry, and who established a press at Constantinople in the beginning of the eighteenth century, produced some costly and curious specimens; among others a Turkish *grammar*, every sheet of



which was printed on paper of a different color.

It may be news to the reader that the book written by Henry VIII., which procured for him from the Pope the title still retained, of "Defender of the Faith,"—but which strictly applied is now most inappropriately used,—was stolen from the Vatican about the close of the past century, and coming into the possession of Payne the bookseller, it produced for the worthy bibliophile the reversion of a life annuity from the Marquis of Douglas.

Dibdin speaks in his *Bibliographical Tour of Vestigia delle Terme de Tito, e loro interne Pitture*, which comprises fifty-nine very large plates of the Arabesque decorations and paintings in the baths of Titus, most elaborately and exquisitely printed in opaque colors, like highly finished miniatures, &c. It is considered that no work was ever executed which can compete with this in the extraordinary brilliancy and beauty of its embellishments, which are said to be perfect. But one or two copies exist, and are worth about two hundred guineas each.

But it is quite time we noticed some of the beautiful specimens of the typographic art of our own times. The names of John Nicholls and John Boydell, who died about 1804, take prominent rank among the producers of splendid books;—they have the credit of having expended the princely sum of £360,000 in fostering and improving the sister arts of painting and engraving. Their magnificent "Shakespeare Gallery" is even to this day a noble monument of their enterprise and skill, as it was in their own, the delight of all true lovers of books. The gigantic speculation unfortunately failed, superinducing a loss to its projectors of over £100,000. Every one has heard of Dugdale's "*Monasticon Anglicanum*," in eight huge folios, which was originally published in fifty-four parts; the entire cost of a large paper copy was £238 10s. Latham's "*History of Birds*" was also a very splendid work in eleven royal quarto volumes, comprising descriptions of above four thousand specimens, illustrated by a series of over two hundred richly colored embellishments: the original publication price was about £60. Murphy's "*Arabian Antiquities of Spain*" was a beautiful specimen

of art; its exquisite line engravings discover wonderful finish: it cost ten thousand guineas in its execution. Again, the splendid ceremonial of the coronation of George IV., under the superintendence of the late Sir George Naylor of the Herald's College, furnishes another illustrious instance of costly bibliography. Notwithstanding the grant of the government of £5000 towards the expenses, the undertaking also was a great pecuniary failure.

It contained a series of magnificent paintings of the royal procession, banquet, &c., comprehending faithful portraits of the leading personages, all gorgeously tinted and emblazoned: the subscription price of the work was fifty guineas. We might allude to the progresses of Queen Elizabeth and James the First, the former in three, and the other four, volumes, royal quarto, both works of repute: but the magnificent work of Pistoletti on the Vatican, in seven royal folios, containing seven hundred large and beautiful engravings, is a still more stupendous affair: as also Napoleon's great work on Egypt, which is in fact a noble monument of art, there being no other work of the same description in Europe which will bear any comparison with it. The size and execution of the engravings are such as must always excite admiration; many of the plates being the largest ever produced,—and at no other establishment in Europe than the Imperial printing-press at Paris, could it have been brought out on the same gigantic scale.

The bibliographic connoisseur will remember the immaculate and unique copy of Valdarfer's edition of *Il Decamerone di Boccaccio* of the Roxburgh collection, which once produced the almost incredible sum of over two thousand guineas; the celebrated edition of *Livy*, exquisitely printed on vellum by Sweynheim, in 1469, which was sold for four hundred and fifty guineas; and the far-famed *Greek Testament* of Erasmus, printed at Basil, 1519, of which but one copy is now known to exist, being in the cathedral of York, and of which that renowned collector, Sir Mark Sykes, was refused the purchase at the prodigious offer of one thousand guineas. Bodini, the great Italian printer, produced some splendid specimens of his art; some of which are said to be unexcelled by

any subsequent efforts. His edition of Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," is one of the loveliest little gems extant; the plates are worked on white satin, and the text on the purest vellum. His *chef d'œuvre* was his "Homer," in three folio volumes: it was the work of six years.

Young's *Museum Worsleyanum* cost £27,000 in its production; it was never published, although a copy has been purchased at £400. A few years ago, a typographical wonder was exhibited in London, being a sumptuous edition of the New Testament printed in gold on porcelain paper of most immaculate beauty, and, for the first time, on both sides. Two years were occupied in perfecting the work. Only one hundred copies were taken off—one, superbly bound, was presented to William IV.

An interesting specimen, which may be known to very few, and which is, for its kind, unsurpassed in the annals of literature, is the great historical work which has recently been completed by the late Mr. Wiffen, the admirable translator of Tasso, and other popular works, which comprises the Family Records of every descendant of the ancient and distinguished House of Russell, compiled from authentic sources, chiefly in the possession of the family. This very beautiful production, which includes the *Portraits of every member of that Peerage*, direct and collateral, painted by one of the most prominent artists of the age, (Harding,) is comprised in one folio volume, printed in a style of sumptuous magnificence; only one single copy of which was printed off. The unique bequest by the late Duke of Bedford, under whose personal superintendence it was commenced and completed, was designed by him as an *herloom* in the family, and to be deposited in the Library at Woburn Abbey, from whence it was on no account to be removed. It cost the Duke three thousand guineas.

The most costly undertaking ever attempted by a single individual, of a literary character, which unquestionably the world has yet seen, is the magnificent work on the aborigines of Mexico, by the late Lord Kingsborough. This stupendous work is said to have been produced at the enormous cost to the author of £30,000,

or \$150,000. It is comprised in seven immense folio volumes, embellished by about one thousand superb illustrations, coloured so exquisitely as to represent the originals with the most faithful exactness. These volumes are of such extraordinary dimensions as to be almost importable. This unprecedented instance of munificence in the patronage of literature, is rendered the more astonishing from the lamentable fact of its having proved the ultimate ruin of its projector. Not only did this enthusiastic nobleman undertake to defray the entire expense attending the publication, in every item of which, as it might have been expected, he had to meet the most exorbitant charges, but he actually determined on having but a very limited number of copies printed, we believe only fifty, after which the lithographic drawings from which the plates were taken, were erased. These copies were appropriated for *gratuitous* presentation to the several Royal and Public Libraries of Europe. It is painful to add that this noble patron of literature and the arts, actually died in debt, a few years since, a sad instance of self-immolation to his munificence, in a prison in Dublin. A copy of this gorgeous work is in the Philadelphia Library.

Humboldt's *Mexico* is another splendid work: the same may be said of Merrick's *Ancient Armour*, Mayer's *Egypt*, and many others: indeed, to cite all under the category would require a space far exceeding that allotted us for the present paper.

We have said scarcely anything about binding as yet, and we fear our restricted limits will necessarily forbid much allusion to that department which has, in former times, as in our own, always constituted an important feature in book-making. There have been many names among the bibliopegistic brotherhood justly celebrated: these, however, we cannot stay to notice.

A rage for illustrating formerly obtained to a great extent. It is noted by Granger, a great collector, that a certain female of his acquaintance commenced the illustrating the Bible, and that before she had reached the 25th verse of the 1st chapter of Genesis, the number of her prints had reached seven hundred! Perhaps the most illustrious of all illustrated works, is the extraordinary copy of Shakespeare in posses-

sion of Earl Spencer, a work which owes its existence to the wonderful perseverance and taste of the Dowager Lady Lucan, his mother-in-law. For sixteen years, this herculean and pleasurable task was in progress. It is unnecessary to attempt a description of this costly work, as it contains whatever of taste, beauty and refinement in decoration it was possible to combine in the embellishment of Bulmer's beautiful folio edition of the great poet. This superb work is enclosed in rich velvet binding, surmounted with silver gilt clasps, corners, &c. "It is kept," to adopt the enthusiastic language of Dibdin, who has enjoyed the advantage of personally inspecting it, "inviolable from the impurities of bibliomaniacal miasmata, in a sarcophagus-shaped piece of furniture of cedar and mahogany."

The largest work ever yet attempted, is the "*Encyclopédie Methodique*," commenced at Paris in 1782, being a collection of dictionaries on the several departments of science and knowledge which has already extended to upwards of 220 quarto volumes. A somewhat similar work publishing in Germany, has reached to 146 volumes.

In Thibet, there is said to be a Cyclopædia in forty-four volumes. The largest work ever undertaken in Russia is the great national Encyclopædia on which several hundred library men have been long engaged; we have not at hand the extent to which this gigantic production has already reached, although it cannot be very inferior in numbers to the voluminous works of Germany and France. We need scarcely refer to the many similar productions of our own tongue—such as Reese's Cyclopædia, forty volumes quarto; the "*Encyclopædia Metropolitana*," in forty-two volumes quarto; *Encyclopædia Britannica* in twenty-two vols.; the *Penny Cyclopædia*, just completed, in twenty-seven folio volumes, and as affording no equivocal evidence of the intrinsic worth of this great work, we may state, on undoubted authority, that Charles Knight, the truly enterprising publisher, has disbursed, "for contributions alone, a sum exceeding ten thousand pounds sterling."

We cannot consistently close our desultory chapter without a brief glance of a few of the splendidly embellished works of modern times. The astonish-

ing improvements in the arts of printing and engraving, especially the latter, form quite an epoch in the history of books. The present high degree of perfection to which these have attained, is mainly attributable to the long continued success which has attended the issue of those *Pleasure books* yclept *annuals*. This splendid class of pictorial publications have brought into requisition the highest order of talent of the age, and the result has been the present wonderful perfection to which the art has attained. To attempt criticism where all is so excellent, is no easy task, nor does it, indeed, fall within the scope of our present design, we shall merely cite therefore two or three of the numerous successful specimens with which the lover of beautiful books will of course be familiar: such, for instance, as the exquisitely beautiful *Book of Gems*, the first two volumes of which comprise a century of poets, painters and engravers—all presenting a rich galaxy of beauty and artistic excellence which the connoisseur could scarcely hope to see surpassed. A similar meed of praise should be awarded to the elaborately finished and lavish embellishments of Rogers's "*Italy*" and "*Poems*," produced at the cost to the author of £20,000. Campbell's *Poetical Works* in a similar style, and the recent edition of *Childe Harold* of truly regal beauty might be alluded to.

Before passing we must pay tribute to a forth-coming volume, a specimen of which we have seen and which will unquestionably be pronounced the gem of the season—being as novel in style as it is felicitous in its designs and execution. We refer to the new edition of *Moore's Melodies*, beautifully illustrated from the designs of the celebrated Maclise, in number about fifty; the feature which is new in this work, is that of the text being also engraved and incorporated with the embellishments: the effect of which is very pleasing.

Now a word about wood-engraving, and cuts. We have not to abate or qualify a single expression of our enthusiastic praise in reference to this department of art.

Knight's pictorial works, especially his elaborate edition of Shakspeare, afford abundant evidence of the high claims of merit which wood-engraving now present. The ideal designs of

Tyas' beautiful edition of the great poet of nature take a similar if not superior rank, as also the almost unrivalled "Abbotsford edition of the *Waverley Novels*:" but perhaps no specimen can be adduced that may compete with the exquisitely beautiful embellishments, being portraits from nature, of Seiby's *British Forest Trees*, and the other volumes comprising Van Voorst's series on Natural History. The "Etching Club" of London, consisting of a dozen distinguished artists, have also devoted themselves to the illustrating some of the English classics in a novel style worthy of the highest school of art,—the Vicar of Wakefield, Cowper's Poetical Works being among the series. A little bijou entitled "A Guide to Westminster Abbey" is also very delightfully embellished in this style; and what does not detract from its interest, is the fact of its illustrations being the handicraft of ladies of rank and fortune. Among the artists of our own country scarcely inferior attainments have been effected both on steel and wood, Durand, Sartain, Cheney and Halpin, rank high among the former, and Adams and Lossing the latter. The forthcoming *Illustrated Bible* of Adams, most of the embellishments of which we have seen, give promise of the highest excellence to which the graver's skill has yet ministered this side the Atlantic. In the absence of the patronage of a wealthy aristocracy, such proficiency in the fine arts among a people so professedly utilitarian is no mean achievement. Hall's *Ancient Ballads* is another rich and luxurious specimen of the art. Printing in colors is another auxiliary in modern book-embellishment, an instance of the kind is to be seen in the sumptuous edition of Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads* published a year ago by Murray.

It is not a little remarkable to note the tendency of the literary taste of the present day; as if, having exhausted the stores of all cotemporary skill and ingenuity, it now reverts back to the semi-barbarous age of gothic book-embellishment. The same remark is no less applicable to the sister arts of poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, &c. The poet no longer seeks

the classic Greek from which to paint the ideal, but prefers to portray the imagery of monkish pageantry during the days of the ascendancy of the Latin church. And is not this equally true of our architectural standard, in the prevailing preference for the florid gothic of our religious edifices? To resume, —there are already published several very costly illuminated works of matchless brilliancy and splendor; for instance, Shaw's "*Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages*," in two noble volumes. It comprises illustrations of costumes, manners, and arts of Europe, from the seventh to the seventeenth centuries. Another gorgeous work is the "*Palaographia Sacra Pictoria*," by Westwood, containing facsimiles of Anglo-Saxon, Greek, Slavonic and other MSS., richly illustrated. One volume is only yet published. Its cost is \$950. There is also a facsimile edition of the original works of Froissart being printed in gold, silver and colors. A similar work, and indeed many others of the class, are in course of publication at Paris; but we must refrain from extending our remarks further. We might just mention one other, entitled "*The Arabesque Frescoes of Ruffaello*," a work of magnificent preparations.

Having thus regaled our mental vision with a brief and furtive glance at the exuberant riches of ancient and modern bibliography, we pause not to moralize on this mighty mausoleum of departed genius and skill; but simply to advertise the reader of the fact, that amidst all the magnificent display spread out before our delighted sense, one delectable tome of all the rest, which would most irresistibly tempt us to infringe a certain canon of the decalogue—nay, two of them—is Smith's "*Historical and Literary Curiosities*:" consisting of an immense collection of most valuable autograph letters of noble, royal and literary characters of the past and present ages, illustrated with rare and most interesting plates. But it is time to close our "Loose Leaves" for the present, for we already begin to experience the incipient symptoms of the malady of the veritable bibliomaniac himself.

## THE RUIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ATALANTIS," "SOUTHERN PASSAGES," "THE YEMASSEE," ETC.

## I.

A turret tott'ring to its fall,  
 The sever'd arch, the broken stone,  
 Gray lichen o'er the crumbling wall,  
 And, near its base, the bleaching bone,  
 And, through the long and lonely day  
 Moss-bearded silence, holding sway  
 Where subject thought is none ;  
 While owls by night, with mournful scream,  
 Rouse echo from her idiot dream !

## II.

These sadden, though they bring no pain !  
 But ruins of the soul to see,—  
 Down-fallen souls, that ne'er again,  
 Shall rise erect in majesty,—  
 Hearts that once sweet and pure, now prone  
 To earth must wear its stains alone,—  
 Spirits no longer free,—  
 Hopes baffled, pride debased, and name,  
 Speech-banish'd, self-devote to shame !

## III.

Dark, dreary ruins these ! The eye  
 Turns, loathing, from the wretched sight,  
 The lingering death that mocks the sky  
 With aspect fair and vision bright,  
 Concealing, at the core, the slime,  
 Corruption, with its brooding crime,  
 That, looking things of light,  
 Engenders aye, in fruitful womb,  
 Born victims for the fatal'st doom.

## IV.

And thou so young !—And still the smile,  
 Upon thy cheek of beauty dwells,  
 That half I doubt, if heart of guile  
 Beneath so fair a covering swells ;  
 Oh ! what a mock to things of earth,  
 Thus beautiful from bud and birth,—  
 Yet, with thy thousand spells  
 Of beauty, grace, and wit and song,  
 Corruption in thy heart is strong !

## V.

Who could have deem'd in early years,  
 When all of life was bright,  
 So sweet a joy should turn to tears,  
 Such sunbeams set in night ;  
 The promise, in dear parents' eyes,  
 To love, whose speech was spent in sighs,  
 Ne'er told of such a blight,

So dark a change, so dread a gloom,  
Obscuring brightness, blasting bloom!

## VI.

Yet still thou smil'st!—and can thy art  
So readily subdue  
Each nobler feeling at thy heart,  
If still that heart be true!  
If not to all its nature dead,  
It still may bleed, as those have bled,  
Whose early love it knew;  
And, 'spite the smiles upon thy cheek,  
Still feel the pang thou dost not speak.

## VII.

Self-reckoning hours, methinks, must rise,  
When in thy chamber, sad and lone,  
The crowd withdrawn, the searching eyes  
Departed, or all merged in one;  
When all that might have kindly wrought  
A refuge from the sterner thought,  
Mirth, lights and music, flown,  
How must the past, with all its train,  
Of chiding spectres, rise again!

## VIII.

And thou wilt shroud that pallid look,  
Thy groan shall rise, thy tear will fall,  
When, to thy soul, the dead rebuke,  
They jointly murmur, shall appal;  
When, all unbidden, on thy sense,  
Shall rise the stern intelligence,  
The last thou would'st recall,—  
Betraying all, thou guilty one,  
Faith wrong'd, love lost, and life undone.

## IX.

And thus in Vice's wild abode,  
Her thousand vultures at thy breast,  
Remorse, with unrelenting goad,  
Unresting, ne'er to let thee rest,—  
And memory teaching, day by day,  
The joys that thou hast thrown away,  
Refusing to be blest,—  
What hope, what angel hope, may rise,  
Of future mercy to thine eyes!

## X.

Ah, me! could I, ev'n now, restore,  
The perished bloom that graced the flow'r,  
And make thee what thou wert of yore,  
The bud of love that bless'd the bow'r,—  
Arouse once more those purest lays  
As often heard, in happier days,  
Throughout the evening hour,—  
Thou still should'st smile, with gentle reign,  
Though I might never smile again.

## XI.

Oh! could I win thee now to weep  
 Thy child-heart's madness, woman's shame,  
 All should within this bosom sleep,  
 Except its young and cherish'd flame;  
 For still, though all around condemn,  
 I cannot, dare not, join with them—  
 Too precious still thy name!  
 And thousand memories come to press,  
 Their seal on lips that cannot bless.

## XII.

Farewell! Oh! still beloved, farewell!  
 The glories of the earth,  
 When in thy form its richest fell,  
 To me are little worth;  
 Thou stand'st alone on memory's waste,  
 Still precious, though with shame o'ercast,  
 While gloom is at my hearth;  
 And, at my door, the wither'd vine,  
 Deplores thy fate, resembles mine!

## THE LAST DAYS OF SIMON KONARSKI.\*

Translated from the Polish of Lucian Steniencki.

BY A COMPATRIOT.

... Jes! wytkniess sobie  
 Drogę a prostą—to chodź do stonca  
 Zaleciess—czesto na krzyżu łul grobia  
 Odpoczywajac—See'ze wiec bez konca,  
 Abedniess chodzil wanielskiej ozdobie,  
 Jako oyezzyzu i wiary obronca:  
 Anim zaslugi twoje w niebie zgina,  
 Ziemia przemienie: i gwiazdy przemina!—J. SLOWACKI.

[If you choose for yourself a straight path, you may reach even the sun, though through sufferings and death. Onward then forever, and thou wilt be clothed in an angel's robe, as a defender of thy country and faith: and the earth and stars will sooner pass away than thy merits in heaven be forgotten.]

In the fall of the year 1836 extensive preparations were made on the bleak and uninhabited steppes of Woznesensk for a grand review by the Czar. Foreign journals were clamorous about the enormous mass of cavalry that was gathering to that point, as if to threaten Europe; and, in their grandiloquent language, saw another camp of Xerxes, or of the hordes of Tamerlane.

To which kind of diplomatic menace this great display belonged, it is not

our purpose to inquire. It is enough for us to know that with the clang of arms were also to mingle all the luxuries of Muscovite orientalism. As at the time of that famous journey which Catharine made on the Dnieper by order of Potemkin, sham cities and villages of wood and paint, peopled by the inhabitants driven in from other provinces, arose on its solitary shores, so now were built palaces, parks, theatres, riding schools and dairies; and

\* If to contemplate the better side of human nature be a real pleasure and benefit, we may flatter ourselves we are putting our readers under some obligation to us for presenting them with an opportunity of doing so now. Although we can never contemplate the noble qualities of human nature without perceiving the strong back-

to give more life to the picture and glorify imperial majesty, the handsome youths and maidens taken from the confiscated estates of the Ukraine and Podolia, were sent hither to be joined in wedlock and inhabit the steppes. All that was wanting to this autocratic *fête champêtre*, was that the Czar should himself don a straw hat and grasp a shepherd's crook.

It is a singular feature of our times that with all the royal shows and parades got up to impress the people, there always mingles the foreboding echo of some conspiracy, like the fiery hand at the feast of Belshazzar. An active police frequently discovers, and still more frequently invents, secret plots with which to poison the most innocent pleasures of a monarch.—Some time before the review at Woznesensk, the heads of the police of the neighboring districts of Luck and Włodzimierz, suddenly received orders to track an emissary conspirator from France, who, under the assumed name of Moesynski, had crossed the frontier from Austria and taken the post from Włodzimierz to Dubno; thence hired for a few miles the conveyance of a Jew, and finally started on foot and disappeared. The efforts of the police must at that time have been entirely fruitless, since for more than a year and a half they found no pretext for

harassing the citizens with their investigations and extortions,—nor indeed until the Czar passed through Wilno on his way to the review. When the Governor General, Prince Dolgoruki, assured the Emperor of the loyal spirit of his province, and that his Majesty's bounties had obliterated the memory of the misfortunes of the last revolution, Nicholas tapped the Prince on the shoulder, and smiling said: "I believe you, my Prince, but notwithstanding watch narrowly; for while you are speaking this, Konarski perhaps is way-laying me."

"Konarski!" inquired the astonished Governor.

"Yes! Konarski," said the Emperor "an emissary conspirator from France. Foreign police serves me better than my own. Here is a report from the embassy."

In that report, as it was said, proofs were to be found of Konarski's sojourn in Lithuania, some details in regard to his correspondence with Paris, and some friendly confessions relative to the progress and movements of the secret society called "Propaganda;" all in general terms and without specification of persons or places. This was enough to set the imperial blood-hounds keenly on the scent.

During all this period (from the first information of his sojourn until April,

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ground of deep shades that make us shudder at the very glance at them; yet when we look at the lights of the picture, their effulgence effaces the horror, and we feel once more a delightful calm of the soul. It is in such moments that we feel baptized anew in God's holy grace, and that we are his children, born heirs to a different land than the one around us. It is then when our soul expands to drink more and more of that heavenly influence, that we feel our faith in a beneficent Creator, and our love for man, wax stronger; and then are we indeed true believers. Such feelings, we have no doubt, will be reproduced in the bosoms of not a few of our readers on the perusal of this passage in the life of Konarski, which we here present to them in an English dress.

But we expect to gain our readers' good will for more than this. We bring before them a specimen from the ore that, save to the Poles themselves, is scarcely known to the world. Indeed, to all foreigners, Polish literature is a *terra incognita*; and it is especially so to the merely English student. We know only by hearsay as it were, that the Poles have their history written in the blood of their innocent children; that much is buried under their ruins; but we know nothing farther. We can assure our readers that the mine is rich; rich enough to pay the workman generously. If circumstances would allow it, we should be glad to pioneer in this exploration, albeit we mistrust our own adequacy to the undertaking. There they would find many a thrilling story whose truth would look out of countenance fiction itself. Indeed we may safely say, that the heroism displayed in their last revolution alone, if collected, would outweigh that of all the Greek and Roman history combined. But we will not dilate upon this theme. We may, perhaps, some other time, be tempted to exhibit to them some other fragments from our mining; but now, we will take leave of them with the request that they may bless the Almighty for the freedom they enjoy, and that they would make a solemn vow never to cast, as far as in them lies, the least weight into the scale of despotism.—W.



1836,) Konarski traversed Volhynia, the Ukraine and Lithuania in different directions, finding everywhere hearts burning with a pure love of country, ready for any enterprise and any sacrifice, but without any organization, mutual understanding or guiding hand; in a word without any definite plan. They needed a determined man, one who could inspire the cautious with confidence, rally the terrified, and who should know how to avail himself wisely of the enthusiastic; in fine an upright man, absorbed in one aim manifesting itself in every thought and deed. Such was Konarski when he reached Lithuania, but not such when he was leaving France; for he carried away with him from the midst of his discordant fellow-exiles a mind irritated against every thing that belonged to the nobility. He was partly cured of this feeling when he met in Galicia with men belonging to the movement party, having more practical experience than himself; but wholly so, when, mingling with the people, he found that his mission took root most successfully through the instrumentality of well known and respectable persons of that class. In different meetings of the youths of Volhynia, Konarski discovered willing and energetic intellects with devoted hearts. Zealous only for a good and effectual management of this cause, he weighed well the means and probabilities of success, and was reconciled with the nobles in proportion as he found among them worthy citizens and gallant patriots. He sought among them for the ablest apostles to the people; and to that portion of the nation whose memory cherished most warmly the picture of their past historical greatness and whose fancy kindled the brightest hopes of future national regeneration, he carried himself the tidings of the gospel of freedom.

Konarski, from the first moment of his arrival in the provinces taken by Russia, secreted himself at Lissow. That estate lying in the marshes and forests of Polesia, near Pinsk, offered him a secure sojourn. It was a crown estate under the administration of Rodziewitz, whose similarity of ideas and feelings united him closely to Konarski. From this retreat, under the assumed title of

a relation of Rodziewitz, he made frequent excursions, entering every where into good understanding with the patriotic, and sowing in the hearts of his countrymen the seeds whose fruits were to survive him.

Future history will undoubtedly give an account of his extended operations. A portion of them, extorted by tortures, makes up already piles of documents relative to his prosecution; for this reason that part, however interesting it may be, will not occupy us here. The revolution of November has solved many riddles, and a future one, it is hoped, will solve this one. We shall begin with the catastrophe which was the first scene in that terrible drama.

Early in April, 1836, Konarski, with Rodziewitz, went to Wilna for the second time. It was the season of the so-called St. George's fair, when the nobility of the neighborhood assemble. It lasts from the 23d of April to the 15th of May. During their fortnight stay in Wilna, they made desirable acquaintances, and added many new members to their society, among whom the students of the University, worthy disciples of Zan,\* strengthened their ranks nobly. Having accomplished their business, they prepared to start for Minsk, fearing that a longer stay would expose them to danger. As they were on the point of leaving, one of the initiated introduced to them a watchmaker named Duchnowski, as an honest and patriotic man, and proposed him for a member. This happened in the morning. In the afternoon Konarski went alone to Duchnowski's residence, where, having found some strangers, he invents a pretext for his coming, and gives him his watch-chain, which he purposely broke, to be mended. A few minutes suffice for the task, and Duchnowski hands it back to its owner, refusing his pay for the trifling service; whereupon Konarski invites him to take a glass of wine with him. There lived in the German street a Jew, named Rosenthal, a wine-merchant. Thither Duchnowski and Konarski repair, and not desiring the presence of other company, they are shown to a room for themselves where the latter discloses his projects, and invites Duchnowski to join their patriotic society.

\* One of the university students, who was exiled to Siberia with other patriotic youths; of which number was Mickiewitz (Mectz-keh-vitch) the poet.

At the same time he informs him of his intention to leave for Minsk that very night. Rosenthal had however suspected them, and communicated his suspicions to the authorities. A Moscow spy shortly after made his appearance, and joined in the conversation, condemning the Government and extolling the Revolution. Konarski's eagle eye saw at once the impending danger, and, retaining his self-possession, continued the conversation in the same strain, and made the spy suppose that he was of the same craft; and cautiously drawing him aside thus addressed him:

"I see we are, both of us, chasing the winds. Neither of us can do any thing without the other. I have discovered the bird of which you are in pursuit, and am informed of his nest; but alone I cannot cope with him, for he is a huge fellow. Come with me, then; four hands may succeed better; and as for the reward, we will share it equally."

The spy looked thoughtful, smiled, shook his head doubtfully, and carefully watching him, inquired, "what he was so earnestly saying to Duchnowski about a conspiracy?" That he had so conversed, was certain, for Rosenthal had overheard them, and from a few words had guessed what sort of persons they were.

To this, Konarski, still sustaining his assumed character, replied, "You must be a novice in our craft. Do you not see that I was trying to entangle the old man, who has the character of being a patriot?"

"And have you caught him?"

"No, indeed: I lost my time and the bottle of wine to boot. He is a simple-hearted old man, who hardly knows that two and two make four."

Having thus dexterously deluded the spy, he carried him with him to an alley leading into Wilna-street, where he pointed out an house in which he informed him that the emissary they were in pursuit of was secreted. He stationed the spy at the door, while he entered to discover if the person they suspected was within. The house had two entrances. Konarski disappeared, and the spy, weary with waiting, learned that he had been deceived, and hastened to inform the chief of the secret police that he had actually had Konarski in his hands, and how the latter had effected his escape.

In consequence of this event, Duchnowski was thrown into prison; Wilna was surrounded with guards; swarms of spies were set loose; and many a quiet citizen, returning home late at night, saw sentinels at the corners of the streets, and watchmen secreted in the various alleys.

During the first two days of the alarm, Konarski was secreted in the city, and did not leave it in a post-chaise, as he intended, but in a hired private conveyance, with which he was furnished by Sawicz (Sah-vitch), a university student, who was afterwards condemned to perpetual service as a common soldier. In this way, Konarski and Rodziewitz fortunately reached the next post-station at Krzywówka, on the road to Minsk. Rodziewitz alighted first, to hire post-horses, leaving Konarski concealed in the covered carriage, who, feeling uneasy and agitated, looked out, but instantly withdrew his head on discovering the red color of a Moscow officer on the piazza. This attracted the attention of the officer, whose sole duty was to stop and annoy travellers. He immediately compared Konarski's appearance with the description he had, and gave orders to the secreted *gens-d'armes* to seize him. At this moment the horses were brought, and Rodziewitz was about to get in, but was prevented by a police officer from Wilna, named Wendzigoleski. He preserves his self-possession, and showing the officer his passport, threatens to enter a complaint against him if he is detained. The policeman protests he has nothing against him, and that he is at liberty to proceed wherever he pleases, but insists on stopping his servant, whose looks correspond so well with the description of the conspirator. Rodziewitz endeavors to show the impossibility that his servant so well known could be a person so important. The officer once more compares the description with the looks of the arrested, and although he knew that during the past three days a number of innocent persons had been arrested, still he hopes that this seizure may prove more successful; and in a few minutes, Konarski, in a post-chaise surrounded by *gens-d'armes*, is on his way back to Wilna.

Rodziewitz remained at the post-station. He had various important

papers belonging to the conspirators, which he had scarcely time to destroy, before he heard the post-chaise returning. He was then himself put in chains and carried away with his friend.

Konarski was thrown into a dungeon under the royal palace, where he had nothing to eat for three days, nor had he even a blade of straw for his bed. On the third day he was brought before the Prince Dolhoruki, who asked him if he was not an emissary conspirator. The prisoner made no answer to the question, but indignantly said, "I want food; otherwise I will not reply." The governor ordered that his wishes should be complied with, after which they conversed a long time together. Konarski, with all the eloquence of a great soul, pleaded before the Moscovite the duties of a man to mankind, and especially of a patriot to his country. He spoke of self-sacrifice, of the martyr's crown, of the progress of liberal ideas among nations, and by predicting the speedy downfall of Caesarianism. Doubtless, more than one thought left an impression upon the governor's mind.

After the first examination, Konarski was removed to the convent of the monks of St. Basil, by the *Ostra Brama* (Sharp Gate), where he was imprisoned in a well-secured priest's cell. It was the same *bastille* in which Zan, Mickiewicz, and so many other martyrs had suffered. Classic spot! The memory of the unfortunate Simon must have filled it, in his lonely hours, with images of torture immortalized by the pen of Adam.

The arrest of Konarski was an event of great importance. To the greedy host of hirelings an opportunity now opened itself to involve the whole of Lithuania. An investigating commission was already established, and Prince Trubetski, civil vice-governor, was appointed at its head; and post-chaises were busy, night and day, carrying away the suspected citizens. It is impossible to imagine anything more disgraceful than a Moscovite criminal trial. The cruel tortures of the middle ages had a certain systematic order guarded by law, which was strictly adhered to with every prisoner; but, under the merciless superintendence of Trubetski, the hirelings were constantly inventing new and more severe me-

thods of punishment. At the commencement of every examination, Konarski and Rodziewicz were severely beaten, to induce them to divulge the whole truth. If they gave what were considered evasive replies, the flesh of the shoulder was cut, and melted sealing-wax was dropped into the gaping wounds, and sometimes spirits were poured in and set on fire. At the same time, the fingers were drawn out of their sockets, and sharp instruments driven under the nails. Such cruelty on the one hand, and such endurance on the other, could only be equalled by the martyr deaths of the early Christians in the reign of that fiercest of the persecutors, Domitian. Frequently, when the tortured victim fell from exhaustion upon the hands of the hangman, who endeavored to bring him back to life, on coming to, he would exclaim: "Villains! I have already told you I know nothing, I know nobody, and if I am guilty, I am alone in my guilt." Again, in the midst of his agony, he would mockingly exclaim to Trubetski: "Now try some other torture; perhaps you may invent something better, and see if you can extort a single word from me."

Trubetski, with his head set close upon his shoulders, and a face swollen by drunkenness, with ferocious eye and implacable heart, foamed like a mad animal. Yet even his brutal soul seemed sometimes to be struck with the enormity of the sufferings, and the indomitable will of the martyr; for now and then he would exclaim in astonishment "He is a man of iron!"

But Rodziewicz did not show equal firmness. The old man whose head was blanched by age, and whose strength was worn out, at length yielded to the malice of his tormentors. Under the repeated tortures to which he was subjected he confessed all that he knew, and much that he did not perfectly know, respecting individuals; thus bringing ruin and wretchedness upon several hundred families. After these confessions a great hunt for human beings took place in Lithuania. Noblemen, clergy, and students were brought in from all parts of the country. Sometimes a culprit when brought before Trubetski was met by him at the outset with a blow of the fist, and the question uttered in a voice of thunder, "Did you take the oath or not?" He

would then torture his victim till he obtained from him his signature acknowledging that he belonged to the secret society, and had likewise taken an oath before Konarski. In one month there was no more room in the spacious convent of the monks of St. Basil.

In the midst of these secret murders, of tortures diabolically invented for the body and soul, of groans piercing the walls of the prison, in the very midst of the hard-hearted persecutors, a deed of high-mindedness was enacted; the more noble because performed by a man who was not a Pole, but one of the professional instruments of despotism, and who now sacrificed himself for truth and mankind.

It was early in September, 1838, that the Russian Captain Korovayeu, moved by Konarski's innocence of all moral guilt, and overcome by the nobleness of his character, with which he had become acquainted during short conversations while on guard, came to the prison one night and offered him his freedom. Konarski could not for some time believe he was in earnest. But when the captain told him how a passport and relay of horses might be procured, and that his company of soldiers was ready even to fight in his defence, should occasion require, he threw himself into the arms of his noble deliverer, and they were soon engaged in concerting a plan for escape. When no hope was visible on his horizon, freedom began to smile upon the prisoner.

They determined to free all those who were most deeply involved. Captain Korovayeu took from Konarski written directions to several of his fellow prisoners. With one of these the captain went to the cell of Anthony Orzeszko, handed it to him, and waited till the gratified prisoner should express his joy. But what astonishment, what disappointment does he feel, when the prisoner not only receives the news with indifference, but, folding the paper grasps it tight in his hand, saying: "I thank you, captain; you have given me a weapon,—now I will prove my inno-

cence, now or never!" Korovayeu endeavors to make him understand the matter; explains to him the minutest details, and proposes to bring Konarski to him, if he still mistrusts. It is all in vain—in vain does he depict liberty in the most vivid of colors. It is past all conception! A Moscowite captain strives to fan the flame of freedom in the unwilling breast of a Pole! The conduct of Orzeszko would embitter the heart of the best patriot. All efforts on the part of the gallant captain proved futile. The obstinate man could not be persuaded. Korovayeu saw the abyss before him, and in despair seized the prisoner, and endeavored to snatch the note from him. They struggled and fell. The noise alarmed the turnkey. Korovayeu departed without the note. The next morning Orzeszko deposited before the investigating commission, the testimony exculpating himself and condemning one of the noblest of men. There is no more hope for Konarski!\*

Towards the end of December, after having extorted from the accused their signatures acknowledging their guilt, the commission, both in Wilna and Kion, closed their proceedings. General Polozow, known for his honesty and humanity, was sent to Wilna to examine those proceedings, and to him many owed their complete acquittal or a commutation of their punishment.

The prisoners were divided into three classes—1st. those who were to suffer death; 2d. those who were to work for life in the mines of Siberia, and to have their estates confiscated; and 3d. those who were destined for the colonies of Siberia, or to serve as privates in the army in the Caucasus. Konarski was in the first, and Rodziewicz in the second class.†

When the decree was read to the University students, an affecting scene took place. Those gallant youths, with tears in their eyes, embraced and saluted each other, as if they were parting at the portals of the grave. General Polozow suspended the read-

\* Korovayeu was tried and condemned to be shot, but, through the influence of his colonel, General Geimar and Prince Dolhoruki, who represented to the Czar that he did it out of a kindness of heart, and an excessive tenderness of disposition, for which he was distinguished, his punishment was commuted to fifteen years service as a common soldier in the Caucasus.

† In Russia, though capital punishment does not exist as a part of the civil penal code, it is allowed, and on very rare occasions inflicted, for high political crimes.

ing for a while, but seeing no early termination to their grief, he asked for silence, saying: "Gentlemen, are you not curious to learn your sentence?" "We listen to you, General," was the reply of Doctor Milkowski. "The decree of death from your lips will be more agreeable to us than even mercy from those of Prince Trubetski."

"You complain unjustly," rejoined the General; "the Prince obeyed the law; and," pointing to the piles of papers, "look, there are your own signatures."

"We have signed, it is true," again spoke Milkowski. "We have signed every thing we were required; but we swear before God, give us for half an hour the power of inflicting the tortures which made us sign, and this Prince Trubetski himself will plead guilty to the same crime for which we are now to suffer."

At this speech Trubetski and the rest of the investigating commission arose from their seats at the table, remonstrating against the insult their honorable body had received. "Well!" said one of them, "let the proceedings be torn to pieces, let us begin the investigation anew! let truth like oil come up to the surface!" Miscreant! he doubtless wished to prolong the enjoyment of the lucrative office!

General Polozow, requested the committee to be silent, and then addressing the young men, advised them not to set up any new complaints; for so doing, they would only prolong their sufferings and their suspense; and promised them that whenever it was in his power he would ask the Czar for a commutation of their punishment. He kept his promise, and a part of the prisoners afterwards experienced through his influence some alleviation of their hard fate. After the prisoners of the second and third classes were disposed of, Konarski's sentence remained to be carried into effect. Three days before, his mother who had come from the country to visit her unfortunate son, was ordered to leave Wilna. She endeavored to soften the authorities by her prayers and tears, to obtain permission to be present at the execution. "Be assured," said she, "that the faintest sob shall not escape my breast. I wish only by my presence to encourage him to die manfully."

But it was all in vain, and she was compelled to depart.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of the 26th of February, twenty-four hours before his execution, the decree condemning Konarski to be shot, was read. The whole of that day which was left to him for preparation for his departure from this world, was devoted by Konarski to the memory of his relatives, and friends. Now he rejoiced in the hope that the fate of his country, hitherto veiled from his view, would soon be uncovered to his disenfranchised vision; and now, as if to bid adieu to it forever, he called forth from his flute melody of the most exquisite tenderness. Touched by the fire of inspiration he asked for paper, and though unskilled in the art composed a poem in which he depicted his ardent love of liberty and country, and poured forth his enthusiasm for the improvement of the world and the extirpation of its deep-rooted wickedness; and gave a passionate vent to his agony of complaint against the unjust fate which awaited him. But when the violence of his first emotion had subsided into calm contemplation, Konarski appears like a vessel ready to sail just before she is loosened from her moorings. She is not let go at once, but gradually, so that she can take a free sweep on a deep sea. Having taken up the pen a second time, before he is launched forth upon the deep sea of eternity, he began slowly and calmly to unloose, one by one, the ties which bound him to his mother, his brother and his beloved. The following letter will portray the depth and purity of his heart, better than any phrases of high sounding eulogy:

"My dear mother—dear Stanislaus—my dear relatives—all of you who loved me and to whom my heart and soul owe gratitude for all my happy moments, and the dear remembrances which I have experienced in the course of my life—forgive the tears and sufferings which you have endured on my account. When you will read this letter, I have no doubt that my fate will be decided; General Polozow and the court-martial have assured me that my letter shall be forwarded to you. It may be that nature may overcome all philosophy and all logic, for the frailties of human nature are more powerful than I can describe. I should be

glad though, for I love you, that when you read this letter you also should feel the calmness and strength of soul which I enjoy; I should be glad to pour into you my whole soul, for you would then have that peace and courage which I trust will not fail me in my last moments. I might console you in the same way as those who, not knowing me, have the kindness, or feel it their duty, to console me, with the idea that the Czar may send on a commutation of my punishment. They seek to console me, for they do not know that I need no consolation. I ought to follow their example, for I know that you are in need of consolation; but having been open and sincere through my life-time, I will not be false to truth now. I therefore avow to you without argument, for I trust you will believe me, that the decree not only does not disturb my tranquillity, but actually yields me gratification. If you could see me, you would read in my countenance the truth of this confession. The same truthfulness makes me add, that if it should really prove as my friends hope, if the decree of death should be commuted by the Czar to imprisonment, torture, or exile to Siberia, then I should be indeed really unhappy. Then your sympathy and tears for me would be justifiable. I trust you will agree with me, that it is far better to die once by the hand of the executioner, than to die by inches through many years in some dungeon or in the mines of Nerezyask. You too will gain by this decree. You will bewail me—(this they cannot forbid you), but my memory will be rendered more pleasing by the conviction that my soul is unpoluted, and that I died bathed with your tears and those of my numerous friends; for I had friends whom I loved, wherever I went. As this is doubtless the last letter I shall write you, I wish to assure you, my mother, in order to alleviate the sufferings which you will feel on my account, and to sweeten the remnant of your life, that I die with a clear conscience. Should the malice or stupidity of men, when I am no more, torment you by calumniating my name, or representing my life in a false light,—should there be such as would inflict upon you even this form of suffering,—do not believe them, mother, for my conscience is clear in every respect, and my life has known no crimes. I am guilty in the sight of government, and for this I am to suffer death; but in the sight of mankind, of honor, of uprightness, in spite of the most difficult situations in which I have been placed, even in the sight of God, mother, I am guiltless, save of those sins to shun which one must be more than a man; save of those sins, I shall not be judged, nor doubtless punished.

“I have yet one petition to make of you all; of you all, because I know that you, mother, and you, Stanislaus, are poor. Although the sum is trifling, yet the frequency with which I have importuned my family, and the unwillingness which I feel of late to put myself under an obligation of this sort, make me address you all upon this subject. I owe 50 Prussian dollars to Mr. Weber of Leipsic, and 100 francs to Mr. De Roy, of Chaudes-fonds, in Switzerland. Send them the money addressed as follows: à Monsieur Weber, à Leipsic, asking his pardon for the delay, and assuring him of my friendship and gratitude, and à M. De Roy, à Chaudes-fonds, also assuring him of my friendship and gratitude.

“I cannot help asking you, if circumstances should allow it, to take leave of her who through my affections, through the choice of my soul, becomes related to you. I loved her and in spite of the enormity of the sufferings with which the late events have overwhelmed my soul, I love her still. I do not know whether my poor dear Emily can remember me long, when her heart is torn and bleeding. I do not ask it of her. I should not wonder if she should entirely forget me since her whole family are in prison. I would not however have any other one for my wife, should my life be spared. Bid farewell to her and to her whole family for me. Ask them in my name to forgive the tears and sufferings which they have endured on my account. They are now all imprisoned, but their innocence will be proved and they will be freed.

“You, Stanislaus, I know, love your mother. Remember that she has suffered much in her life-time through the malice of men; but did she suffer justly? God will judge. Remember that to your own, you add all my anxiety, all my love, for her. Let not my death delay your marriage. Do not put on any external signs of mourning for me. I do not know your future wife. I have only one observation to make to you therefore: Remember that he who marries charges himself with solemn duties to his wife for his whole life. You have a good understanding and experience. I believe, therefore, that you will be happy. Receive, therefore, as it were from heaven, the blessing of your Simon, together with that of our father and all of our family who have left the world. I know you will often think of me and of Emily. There in Heaven I will wait for you all, for here, in the age in which you live, wherein one must endure the torments of hell if he would be honest, life is a burden. You will some day, Stanislaus, tell your children of your brother Simon, who lived in this world an

honest man. If you have a son, call him in remembrance of me, Simon James, and if a daughter, call her Emily.

"As to the things I shall leave behind, I was told they would become the property of the government. Although I well know that the government does not need a few pieces of rags, yet it may be they will not be sent to you as a remembrance of me. I leave them entirely to chance. I will not ask for permission to send them to you. An importunity of this kind will displease the authorities, and the more since so many of my requests are refused.

"Mother! dear mother! have courage, have a heart to bear the blow that awaits thee. Remember that Stanislaus still lives, and that you should spare your life for the sake of his children. What would he do in this world if you should yield yourself up to despair and doubly bereave him? I have done with this world, and will not be unhappy; but poor Stanislaus, left alone, would lead a sad existence. I, though alone on my way to the other world, can bear a separation, for I have been for a long time accustomed to it. May you be happy, may you be free. May you enjoy at least half as much of happiness as I have suffered misery. Farewell! and do not mourn for me. We ought to mourn not for those who are gone, but for those who are left behind. Love each other, live virtuously, and you will be happy inwardly, and your death will be as light to you as mine is to me. Stanislaus! do not court luxuries; do not wish for more than you have, and God will bless your house.

"I do not know how soon I shall be executed, but it is all the same to me whether it be a day, a week, or a month hence. Good night! my dear relatives! By the side of my aunt's grave in Rumbowicze, put up a plain stone, without any inscription, in memory of me, for my life has been plain. There I hope to be present with my aunt, either to rejoice or to sorrow with you. I trust God will allow me this; and when you two have joined us, we will all resort thither to smile over the pains we have endured in this life.

"To-day, as the priest tells me, I am to be shot. Farewell, my friends, and put your trust in God as I do.

"SIMON KONARSKI."

He finished this letter before daylight. The turnkey informed him, by order of Prince Dolhoruki, that he might write down his wishes referring solely to himself. He wrote three of them: 1st. that he might take leave of his fellow prisoners; 2d. that Emily

should be set free; and 3rd. that the things he left behind him should be sent to his family. The first two requests were granted; the last, as he foresaw, was not.

Agreeably to his request, on the 27th of February, at day-break, Rodziowicz was admitted into his cell. At sight of the old man, the cause of so many misfortunes, a painful expression passed over Konarski's countenance, but he subdued the bitterness of his feelings, and said to him, mildly: "I willingly forgive you all you have sinned against me. May our country and our fellow martyrs likewise forgive you. You have sinned only through weakness; you have sinned through your old age."

Afterwards he took his last farewell of others, and by many a lofty truth he strengthened their weaker hearts. When Orzeszko was brought in, he struggled with himself for some time, but finally conquered himself and forgave him.

After these painful adieus, he called to him Sokolow, known for his cruel treatment of prisoners, and requested him to buy for him a pair of broadcloth pantaloons with the money his mother had left him. "It is so cold now," said he, "it may cause me to tremble, and the people may think that I tremble through fear." Sokolow answered, "that he had no permission to do so, and besides, the distance was not great."

Shortly after, a friar of St. Bernard came to hear him confess. Konarski kindly took him by the hand, and said: "Father! I am sure God will forgive me the sins I have committed, for I have suffered much. I have endured much for my country and mankind. Though I am a Calvinist, your blessing is as needful to me as that of my own pastor. Bless me, then, as your son, as a follower of the cross, and I shall die in peace." The monk shed tears, blessed him, and said not a word of a reconciliation with the Church of Rome, so much was he moved by the grandeur of the martyrdom. A Protestant clergyman, named Lipiowski, was afterwards sent for. Before he was found the clock struck ten. When he arrived, he found Konarski taking tea, of which he partook with him. They conversed together of the salvation of the soul, and of the nothingness of worldly possessions, and read the penitential psalms.

At eleven o'clock, Konarski made

known that he was ready, and smoothing down his light hair, which fell on his shoulders, put on a blue worsted cap made by Emily's hands, and over his summer dress, in which he had been arrested, he threw a grey cloak, and descended to the yard surrounded by *gens-d'armes*. On his departure, he desired Sokolow to distribute his remaining six roubles among the soldiers that were to fire at him.

In the meantime, the inhabitants of Wilna, before eight o'clock, received notice, printed in the Russian language, to this effect: "To-day, at eight o'clock, A. M., an emissary conspirator, Simon Konarski, will be punished with death for treason against the State. The place of the execution will be Execution Square, beyond the gate of Trock. Whoever wishes to witness the just punishment of the criminal may go there." Notwithstanding the severe cold, from eight o'clock to twelve the whole population of Wilna poured forth into the street leading to Execution Square, and there awaited the arrival of the martyr, who was then to shed his blood for his country.

To detract from the grandeur of this awfully impressive scene, the prisoner was led away from the convent through a back gate leading into the Police Alley. There he was put into a one-horse sleigh, with Lipinski on his right, and numerous *gens-d'armes* surrounded him. While this group was passing the market squares beyond the gate of Trock, Konarski requested the soldiers to make way that the people might behold and take leave of him. The *gens-d'armes* could not refuse so innocent a request. As the route turned to the street of Trock, and wound up the hill on which a great multitude of women were collected, waving their handkerchiefs bedewed with tears, and with prolonged sobs bidding him farewell, Konarski, deeply moved, raised his arm, encircled by a heavy chain, and exclaimed: "Do not weep for me, for in a moment I shall be free. Weep rather for yourselves!" As he approached the gate of Trock, he gazed, with a certain natural degree of pride, upon the immense mass of his countrymen bidding him their lamenting farewell, and turning to Lipinski, said with a smile, "Many a king would envy me a funeral train so numerous and so gorgeous." From the gate they turned to

the left of the road leading to Trock, in the direction of the highlands, opposite the place of public amusements, called *Pohulanka*, till they reached the square. That spot, as if to excite a longing for this world, presents a beautiful view. From there is seen Wilna, covering the dale with its white houses, the Ponarskie Mountains rising towards the south, and the *Wilga* meandering along its way amongst hills and valleys. On alighting here, Konarski's eye, which till now had been lifted up to higher worlds, was irresistibly fixed upon the beautiful wintry landscape, as though he said in his heart, "Oh, Nature! thou art always bountiful and beautiful. Thou art the image of thy Creator, but the creatures that live on thy bosom disgrace their high origin!" Or perhaps he had a livelier thought, for he gazed as if he wished to imprint for ever on his memory the situation of his grave, and carry this picture, as in a mirror, to a happier land.

All this lasted but a minute. They hurried him along, for the decree condemning him had to be read in public. The commanding officer of the city, General Kwietnicki, and many of the higher officers were present. After the reading of the decree, Konarski took the paper and, with great coolness, looked at it and said, "He (the Czar) has signed it with pale ink, but his sentence will be signed with blood." Lipinski, standing by his side, strengthened his spirit with pious words. Konarski, affectionately pressing his hand, thanked him for his Christian service; then turning to the Russian officers, he bowed to them, but they simultaneously embraced him; and, spite of the presence of the commandant, dared to take leave of the state criminal as of a brother and a martyr. And this was just and natural, for was he not, in the spirit of the gospel of nations, their brother and a martyr for their sake?

This conduct of the officers displeased the general so much, that when Konarski approached him and said, in a voice of calm courage, "General! grant me one favor. Let not my eyes be blinded," Kwietnicki turned his back upon him, and his countenance spoke this language—"Thou art unworthy, villain! that I, a faithful servant of the Czar, should speak to thee!"

Konarski was then brought near the



grave, surrounded on three sides by ranks of soldiers, and on the fourth by the civil, military and police officers. Beyond these were an immense multitude of the people. Music, consisting of fifes and drums, struck up a wild march as if to give courage for the perpetration of the murder. With such a march Suwarrow must have led his hordes to the butchery at Prague. Three grey watchmen surrounded the prisoner. One carried a death robe, another a white sash, and the third a handkerchief, with which to blind his eyes. As they were putting on the robe, his blue cap fell from his head. He picked it up and drew it tightly on again. His arms were then tied behind with the long sleeves of his shirt, he was girded with his sash, his eyes were blindfolded, and he was placed beside a post. At a silent order, twelve soldiers stepped forward, commanded by a sergeant. The officer that was to command was taken ill, and no other one would take his place. A gloomy silence reigned over the vast multitude. Each one could hear only the beating of his own heart. The order was at length given, the locks snapped, the twelve muskets echoed, and when the smoke cleared away, there lay the body of the martyr, pierced with balls. With the noise of the muskets mingled the prolonged groans of the people, filling the air even to the heart of Wilna.

The watchmen were the first to throw themselves upon the corpse. They took from it the blue cap, and commenced lowering the body into the grave. But the multitude at this time broke through the ranks of soldiers and crowded in from all sides. Some carried away pieces of the martyr's garment as relics, others dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood; and though the police endeavored by blows to keep

off the intruders, one of the students seized the cap from a watchman, and another carried away the cloak. The police endeavored to arrest the patriotic thieves, but the protecting multitude closed before them in a solid wall. From noon till late at night the inhabitants of Wilna flocked to the grave of their martyr. A patriotic lady suggested to a few others of her sex, that the grave should be ornamented with flowers, which was instantly done; each of them brought secreted under her cloak a flower-pot to deposit on the snowy hillock, which grew rapidly into a blooming garden. While some on their knees poured forth prayers mingled with fervent tears, for the soul of the departed, others planted crosses and flowers about the grave. The commandant at last sent his aids to request them to desist, stating that the spot was not a church, nor a fit place for prayers, and that the government would be displeased with their proceedings.

In this manner, though the individuals had to give their names at the gates, was Konarski's grave visited for three days. The post by the side of which he suffered death was cut up with pen-knives for relics. It is even said that some of the patriots had his body taken out and buried in the cemetery, while the chains which were taken off were made into finger-rings, which were even worn by many of the officers belonging to the corps of General Geismar. Many of them were persecuted for having thus honored the memory of the martyr, and some were sent into Siberia.

Such was the end of the life of Simon Konarski. His spirit, like that of another God, hovers over our country, and even now fills with fear the oppressors of our native land.

## FROISSART'S CHRONICLES.\*

AFTER the works of fiction with which the cheap presses had fed their readers so abundantly as to have surfeited them with light unsubstantial food, we are served at last, with good, plain, strong, and yet not unsavory nutriment—no less a book than the celebrated *Chronicles of Froissart*; and, if we may judge of the eagerness with which the mass of readers have purchased these, from the fact of having observed several cabmen intently occupied in porusing them at their stands, we should infer that the enterprising publisher has been well repaid for having better appreciated than his rivals the soundness of the public taste.

Not that we censure the diffusion of the imaginings of Cervantes, Le Sage, Cooper, Scott, Chateaubriand, Edgworth, Sedgwick, Gore, Bulwer, St. Pierre, Bremer; but we believe that the only class of readers to whom the lascivious and grotesque productions of Paul de Kock, and his wretched imitators, are likely to give delight, are Americans who have lived just long enough in Europe to vitiate their native taste, and to pick up as much French as will enable them to understand what they fully believe to be French wit, and correct delineations of Parisian society.

An enlightened critic has said that, to form a just opinion of any intellectual work, we ought to stand halfway between an excessive distance from, and too near a proximity to the epoch of its composition. If this be a sound canon of criticism, applicable to events as well as to books recording them, this generation, placed at equal distances from two social orders, stands on ground from which can be viewed, and rightly appreciated, both the social order of which Froissart has been the inimitable annalist, and the new system brought about by altered circumstances, changed habits, younger and healthier opinions. We are not so far removed from the former, as to find it difficult,

either to procure the records of the past, or to discover in them, as well as in our own opinions and prejudices, even the minutest springs of events, and the motives of actors. On the other hand, though surrounded by the ruins of that system, which the revolutions of the last seventy years have strewn over the two continents, like the armor of the vanquished scattered over an immense field of battle, we are, nevertheless, no longer under the sway of the revolutionary passions that first impressed their own life and power upon the new social order.

It was with thoughts like these, that we commenced the perusal of Froissart, in the translation. We had read the original in early youth, charmed then much more with the gorgeous coloring, the romantic interest of the events, and the heroic character of the epoch, than with the admirable art with which the author preserves the unity of the great drama, without confusion or intricacy, through incessant changes of scene and two generations of actors. If, like Ariosto, sporting with our curiosity, the chronicler often interrupts his narration at the very moment when we are following it most eagerly in the expectation that it will lead us out of the mazes of our uncertainty, like the Tuscan poet too, he never loses sight of it, and seizing again the golden thread, with a master's hand weaves it into the woof of the complex texture, of which it is only one of the countless filaments. As we proceeded, a new light seemed to have descended upon the weird pages. The entire fabric of feudality rose before our eyes; not such, however, as it has been portrayed by authors who sought only to elucidate that form of government in relation to such portions of it as, still preserving their vitality, continue to pervade our legislation, but, the actual everyday workings of that system, in the society it had created, and which for

\* Sir John Froissart's *Chronicles of England, France, Spain, and adjoining countries.* New York, J. Winchester, 30 Ann-street.

ages it had ruled; controlling, together with the inferior classes which it had been purposely framed to curb, the whole hierarchy of nobles,—nay, the clergy themselves, at that epoch the lawgivers of the world.

No man that lived during the fourteenth century, ever had such opportunities, as the accident of his birth, his varied pursuits and motley fortunes, threw in the way of Froissart, not to study that system,—(abstract meditations were neither his habit, nor congenial to the cast of his mind)—but to view and depict his contemporaries in all the various relations of political, civil, and private life. Born of humble parents—as we infer since he began the study of heraldry, intending it as a profession—he was no stranger, however, to the interests, opinions, and manners of those whom we would now term the middle classes. He has sketched, with inimitable art, the characteristic traits of the Flemish burghers, a race whose posterity in the Hanseatic cities, and in the Netherlands, present to this day family features proving the early talent of Flemish artists for perfect imitation of their models. A priest afterwards, more through love of ease and elegant idleness, than from any real vocation for the arduous and stern duties of that holy station, his long intimacy with high dignitaries of the church, gave him, as subjects to paint from life, in un fading colors, those voluptuous abbots, wealthy bishops, and lordly prelates, always censured by the church, who vying with the starkest knights in brute strength and martial prowess, with the most unprincipled statesman in crafty policy, with the most dissolute of the laity in licentiousness, united the rudeness of the soldier with the sloth of the monk; while lacking both the generous frankness of the one, and the ready devotion of faith of the other.

Having held honorable stations at the Court of England under Edward and Richard, at that of France under John, and Charles the Wise, he had associated there, in familiar intercourse, with those renowned feudal chieftains, the heroes of his Chronicles—an order of men having no parallel in antiquity—

with habits, manners, and opinions, moulded by the institutions of the middle ages. He has shown us those warriors, sometimes in their fortified castles, built like eagles' nests on high peaks, the tyrants of their vassals, the dread of the peaceful trader; sometimes rushing to perilous battles encased in impenetrable armour. Loved and protected by Guy de Chatillon, Count of Blois,—attached to the person of Winceslaus, Duke of Brabant, as his secretary,—a welcome and honored guest at the Court of Gaston, Count of Foix and Bearn,—Froissart, in the characteristic traits he has recorded of the absolute authority exercised by these princes over their nearest relatives,\* as well as their dependants, has given us the only contemporary memorial we possess of the singular domestic life of those proud vassals, ever ready to defy the monarch to whom they yielded an unwilling obedience, and ever prepared to betray him to whosoever offered the highest bribe.

The following passage, which, as by wizard art, rebuilds the ruined palace of Gaston de Foix, the Trouvère Prince; and, after four hundred and fifty years, reassembles within its gothic halls the motley crowd of visitors drawn there by the fame, the kingly hospitalities of the noble Chatelain, we transcribe as a fair example of Froissart's last and best manner and style. It is taken from a manuscript lately discovered, and is therefore not contained in the common editions of the Chronicles; it is a precious mediæval relic, a talisman by which we are brought into familiar communion with those illustrious dead, who furnished to Froissart, either themes for other chronicles, or information to render more perfect and authentic his earlier annals:

“Avant que je vinsse en sa cour je avois été en moult cours de Rois, de Ducs, de Princes, de Comtes, et de Hautes Dames; mais je n'en fut oncques en nulle qui mieux me plût, ni qui fut plus sur le fait d'armes plus réjouie comme celle du Comte de Foix. On veoit en la Salle et es chambres et en la Cour, chevalier et Ecuyer d'honneur aller et marcher, et d'armes et d'amour les oyoit-on parler. Tout honneur étoit là dedans trouvée.

\* We refer the reader to the third volume of the Chronicles, in which the death of Gaston's only legitimate son, who died of a wound inflicted by his father, is told without any indignant remarks on so foul an act.

Nouvelles de quelque Royaume ni de quel- que pays que ce fut, là dedans on y appren- noist ; car de tout pays, pour la vaillance du Seigneur, elles y appelloient et ve- noient ; Là, vis venir Chevaliers et Eu- cuyers de toutes nations, si m'en informois, ou par eux, ou par le Comte qui voloutier m'en parloit.\*

To this rare combination of advan- tages for the execution of his mission, of mirroring his own age in imperishable reflection for the information and delight of succeeding ones, we owe the equally astonishing variety and life-like fidelity of his delineations. The Chroni- cles form indeed a complete gallery of the portraits of all his contemporaries ; of all—except those of the serf, the working-man, the martyred peasant, of the fourteenth century. This exclusion of the laboring man, the personification of society itself, from the great pageant of an eventful epoch, like the absence of the images of the two last Romans from the funeral procession of the sis- ter of one of them, fills the mind with a livelier vision of the banished figures!

The motives of this studied silence we can easily explain. The moment an individual of the oppressed classes had learned to read and write, he be- came either a priest, a lawyer or a clerk : and lost, in the selfish enjoyment of newly acquired privileges, all sym- pathies for, and communion with, the caste from which he had sprung. Hence it is, that, even in Froissart, we find but few passages, in which the proletary, the laborer, is even alluded to ; though his subject led him neces- sarily to relate the insurrections of the peasants, or, rather, the servile wars which, towards the end of the thirteenth century, broke out, almost simulta- neously, all over France, Germany, and England, threatening, even at that early stage of the second civilisation of Europe, the total subversion of kingly and oligarchic institutions,

with studied brevity, the chronicler dismisses the subject with these few words : " Those peasants were swarthy, badly clad, and ill armed." Such men, in the opinion of the secretary of Queen Philippa, the bard whose lays amused the leisure hours of the Black Prince, were only fit to be trampled down by iron-clad knights of high lineage. Even in the chapters which describe, with a simplicity of style that often re- minds us of Herodotus, the varied scenes acted, both in the French and Flemish camps, during the night that preceded the battle of Rosbeques (so fatal to the popular cause throughout Europe) and the incidents of that dread conflict, between the French chivalry and the ill-disciplined infantry of Flan- ders led on by Artavelde, Froissart disdains to throw on the vanquished those funeral garlands, he so delights to weave for noble knights fallen in adverse fields. Compassion for the peo- ple—the low-born—seek not the ex- pression of that feeling in the Chroni- cles! Froissart felt not those ennobling sympathies ; he knew them not ; in fact, at that period, they existed in the breast of no man capable of expressing them in writings that would have lived. Had the sacred love of the people dwelt in his heart, united with the varied talents he brought to the execution of his great work, instead of being the prince of chroniclers, Froissart would have stood by the side of Tacitus, and second to him alone among historians. Yet, even in the absence of that vivify- ing spirit, which would have thrown a nobler lustre over their pages, the Chronicles have a charm, a spell, in their artless simplicity, which, as soon as we have read the two preliminary chapters, holds the mind captive to the end of the volume. Is it that we feel that they were not written in the seclu- sion of a monastery, nor compiled from documents drawn from the dust of ar- chives! They have the glow and

\* " I had been entertained at many courts, of Kings, Dukes, Princes, Counts, and high-born Ladies ; but never before had I been in one which so much delighted me, as that of the Count de Foix. In hall, in bower, in court, were always to be seen knight and squire of honor, sauntering and roving, discoursing the while of arms and love. Nothing that wins honor, nothing that spreads fame, but you might have found there. Of every kingdom, of every country, news was there to be heard ; for such was the renown of the valiant Lord that they were showered upon him from every quarter. At his palace I saw knights and squires of all nations, from whom I could collect ample information, as well as from the Count, who was ever willing to dis- course with me thereof."

freshness of fields and groves. We seem to hear, while we proceed, sometimes, the voice and the harp of the Trouvère; sometimes the din of arms, the tumult of the battle-field,—now, the war cry of French knights, “a Guesclin, a Guesclin, for France!” and now the dread shout of “a Chandos, a Chandos, for St. George!” We live with the generation of which Froissart has written, with the men he heard speak, saw combatting, conquering, dying; we know the Black Prince, the two Artaveldes, Chandos, Edward, Duguesclin, the Clissones, as if we had sat with them in council, as if we had fought under their banners, at Crecy, Poitiers, and Rosbecques.

It is not in the Chronicles, however, that we should look for what is now termed “the Philosophy of History.” The muse who dictated those annals sat not in a cell feebly lighted by the midnight lamp; a noble Chatelaine, she rode, graceful and fearless, a milk-white palfrey. On her gloved arm perched the hooded gerfaucou; by her side bounded the hounds impatient to be unleashed for the chase. In her train followed the iron-clad knight,—the stout archer, bearing gallantly the deadly long bow,—the priest neither stern nor rebuking, mirthfully himself enjoying the guiltless mirth of the young and happy,—and the Troubadour, too, repining that the humble chronicler should share with him the task of recording high deeds of arms and tales of faithful, unrequited love.

Though commenced in 1357, when our author had scarcely attained his 20th year, and brought to a conclusion before the end of the century, the language of the Chronicles is not near so unartificial, notwithstanding its seeming ease and carelessness, as one not familiar with the style of the better writers of that epoch would imagine; nor does it differ so widely, as that of the Poets of the following century, from the idioms and forms of expression still used by such of the French authors as have preserved the native strength and raciness of Comines, Rabelais, Chateaubain, Amelot and Montaigne, the noble fathers of French prose. It is not an uninteresting study, to trace in the pages of Froissart, as shadows cast before the coming day, sometimes the manly vigor of Pascal, his proud disdain of rules and shackles, when, with the chisel

of genius, he marks out the bold outlines of sublime thoughts; sometimes the unpretending and playful lightness of La Fontaine; and sometimes, too, that simplicity which spreads like garlands of sweet wild-flowers, over the grace-inspired letters of Sévigné. It requires, indeed, but slight and rare glances over a short glossary (always found in the best editions) to render the perusal of the Chronicles a recreation, instead of a dry study of obsolete idiomatic phrases, so little have words during four centuries lost their original meaning. As soon as we have become familiar with the manner of Froissart, and lost the uneasy sensation which unwonted turns of thought and an unusual mode of embodying them seldom fail to produce, we find an indescribable charm even in the strangeness of his periods, constructed, however, with more attention to euphonious sounds than we should expect in an age when the study of the master works of antiquity had not yet disciplined writers to the practice of polished diction.

In order to free ourselves from all suspicion of blind admiration for a favorite author, we intend to use the original instead of the translation, in the very short quotations we may make; nor will our readers censure, we trust, this homage paid to the Prince of Chroniclers. They must not forget that the language of Froissart, harsh and uncouth as it may at first sound to modern ears, was once spoken in court and bower. It was the language in which Edward III. avowed to the fair Salisbury the sudden love kindled by her matchless beauty, and vainly urged, with kingly pride, the fruition of his guilty hopes. Even in that early dawn of its destined dominion over science, fashion and valor, the idiom of France, when Froissart wrote the Chronicles, was the only modern tongue used by statesmen in councils; by chroniclers (save in Italy, where Dante, in the preceding century, had at once created and perfected the Tuscan) to record noble adventures and high deeds of arms; and by Trouvères in minstrelsy.

Few men, in an age when travelling peacefully with a view to study society in its varied aspects was nearly as perilous as traversing a country as one of an invading host, had seen so many parts of feudal Europe as Froissart, in the many journeys he performed

purposely to obtain materials for the Chronicles, as he expressly states :

"Et vous dis, certes, que pour faire ces Chroniques, je fus en mon temps moult par le monde, comme pour enquérir avantures et les armes, lorsqu'elles sont escriptes en ce livre. Si, ai pu voir, apprendre et retenir de moult d'estats. . . . Et ayant, Dieu merci sans memoire et bonne souvenance de toutes les choses passeés; Engin clair et aigu, pour concevoir tous les faits dont je pourrois être informé, touchant à ma principale matière—age, corps, et membre pour souffrir peinc. Pour savoir la vérité des lointaines besognes, sans ce que j'y envoyasse personne en aucun lieu de moi; je prie voie et achoison raisonnable d'aller dever Hauts Princes, et redoutés Seigneurs."

Besides France, where he resided many years, he journeyed all over Holland and Flanders. In the first, he witnessed the early prosperity of a people whose sturdy toils had subdued the ocean (ever threatening, however, to invade a soil it had but partially receded from) centuries before they began their heroic strife against Spain; in the last, he beheld the young splendor of those great cities where commerce and municipal institutions, comparatively free and liberal, had hastened the second birth of all social arts. He saw Antwerp, then the most opulent city in Europe, receiving in its spacious harbor the produce of the known world, and sending to the most distant regions, in her own ships, the varied tributes of her unrivalled industry. He prayed, perhaps himself celebrated mass (for he was an ordained priest) in those majestic cathedrals, of Brussels, Antwerp, Bruges and Malines, in which an architecture unknown to Egypt and to Greece seemed to have brought out of the forest petrified trees, with all their far-spread boughs and luxuriant foliage, to form the archad vaults of lofty temples. He saw at Ghent, Artavelde, the precursor of the Medici; he sat at the social board by the side of his son, Philip Van Artavelde, a merchant prince, with the wisdom, eloquence and valor of Pericles; marching the equal of the haughty Edward; commanding armies of fifty thousand men, all raised and equipped within one single city,—Artavelde, who afterwards at Roebecques—fatal field!—but at that time he was young,

successful, victorious; monarchs sought his alliance; nay, beauteous dames said that his "was a sweet name, and musical to hear."

He had sojourned long in Germany; in that age, as now, presenting to the meditative observer, in the features of its inhabitants, in the mystic wildness of its tradition, striking contrasts with those neighboring nations which had more thoroughly received the impress of Roman conquest. While residing in England, where he had followed, as he, tells us "Haute et puissante Dame Philippa de Heynault, dont fus clerc en ma jeunesse," he lived in the intimacy of those valiant knights whom the victories of Poitiers and Crecy have made so renowned. One of those frequent and short cessations of hostilities between the English and the Scotch afforded him an opportunity of visiting Scotland. There he obtained from warriors, statesmen, and minstrels, recent traditions of the wars waged by Robert Bruce, and by that dread Douglas of the Bloody Heart, against the Percies of Northumberland, the noble rivals of those heroes. It is from the Chronicles, then a virgin unwrought mine of feudal lore, that Scott took, in handfuls, the rich ore which, thrown into his crucible, freed by his weird art from the dross that dimmed its lustre, and chiselled by his hand, will shine now for ever in the beauteous forms his genius bade it assume.

The wild sublimity of the Caledonian mountains, so strikingly contrasting with the tame and monotonous aspect of Netherland scenery—the graceful garb of their bold inhabitants—their manners, so different from those of the continental nations of Europe—their proud untaught valor, disdaining even what little existed of military art and discipline in that age, seem to have made a deep impression on the mind of Froissart. He often recurs to that journey, and whenever alluding to it his style glows with the inspiration of that land of poetry and valour.

Conscious of high abilities—(and who possesses genius, without a warning that it dwells within him?)—Froissart, determined, even in early youth, though another muse invited, enticed, inspired him, to worship only at the shrine of the most austere of the virgin sisters. He resolved to write "the Chronicles," we use his own words, as most expres-

sive of the feelings that urged him to the task.—“*I know well that after my death, in coming days, these beautiful annals will be held in high repute, affording to the noble and the valiant, both delight and incitement to virtue.*” Surveying the immense stage on which the great drama of a century was to be acted, he saw the spirit of reviving civilisation hovering over the age, like the mystic dove that brooded chaos into life, hurrying the birth of mighty events. A vague instinct of the future, always vouchsafed to minds of the highest order, revealing that he should immediately portray the existing society, before it had assumed other aspects and forms, he commenced the annals of the epoch before he had attained his 20th year. Thus does the statutory hasten the modelling of a matron, still beautiful, but already arrived to that age when every month—nay, every day steals from her lips a smile, from her cheek a hue, from her limbs a grace, a charm.

It has been objected to Froissart, that he seldom gives the reader his own opinion on the causes of the events he records, or his own judgment on the motives of the actors he brings on the scene. To us, this unwillingness of the historian to give his conjectures, under the guise of the determining motives of action of some of the heroes of his narratives, is one of his chief merits. The frank declaration which so often recurs in the Chronicles, “*what was said in the councils on that occasion, I have been unable to learn,*” or, “*what were his motives for thus acting, I know not,*” are so many pledges that we can rely on the authenticity of those deliberations or motives which he does minutely report as held in his presence, or disclosed to some contemporary whose testimony may safely be trusted. Another advantage grew naturally out of this rule, which Froissart appears to have marked out to himself, and inflexibly observed—his narrative is never interrupted by ill-timed declamation. He brings before us, without ornaments, both the figure and the scene he portrays, so that the first lives, and the other rises to view in all the diversities and accidents of nature’s lights, shades, and coloring. In France, science and learning did not awake simultaneously with poetry and the arts, from the long sleep, which, as

if produced by foul and dark vapors exhaled from the grave of Boëtius, settled suddenly on the human mind, all over Europe; for there existed no glimmering of science, no vestige of real learning, either in France, England or Germany, when the Epistles of Héloïse burst on her contemporaries sweet and melodious as a choir of angels. They were hailed as a token that another alliance had again been formed between earth and heaven, between mind and matter. This explains what would otherwise strike us as singular,—we mean the total ignorance of Froissart (a priest, a poet, one to whom the Latin language of the epoch was familiar) of all classic lore. Even geography, now a universal science, was unknown to him, and the strange mistakes he falls into whenever he speaks of African, Asiatic, or even Grecian cities, have often baffled the persevering researches of Buehon, the industrious and learned editor of his works. And yet in spite of those imperfections there breathes from the Chronicles a native grace, light and sweet as the odors of wild-flowers. No remembrances of the past, in their magic pages. The eyes of the author, never directed toward distant objects, either in the past or in the future, view, perhaps for that very reason, with keener and more searching glances, all those that surround him. He is not like the eagle, who, beyond the reach of earthly vision, with the same organs that have reflected unmoved the full blaze of the sun, distinctly sees, in the dust below, the minutest insect; he resembles the bee, never rising high, never winging her flight to distant places, but, in that middle region where she ranges, no tree, no shrub, no grass, unvisited, unsearched; none from which the guiltless plunderer has not exacted her sweet and perfumed tribute.

The second moral childhood of European societies has secured to us of modern days the advantage of having obtained the unalloyed productions of two original literatures. The Greeks had no curtain drawn over their past. There were among them, previous to their two great poems of heroic and social life, no traditions of a higher civilisation, swept away by barbarians; none of a greater perfection of those arts they loved, and worshipped as divine, even in their first imperfect ef-

forts. Hence we find in their works no trace of that emulous striving with the giants of earlier days, which we discover in every page of Latin authors. The architects, the painters, the sculptors of Greece copied neither pictures, statues, nor temples. They drew, they modelled, from nature itself—from nature exuberant and young, before her wonders had palled on sated artists, and before she had become tired, as it were, of being too often portrayed. In the same manner during the middle ages, the Troubadours in their artless lays, the Chroniclers in their unstudied tales, obeyed only the inspiration of their genius. Free from the thralldom of precepts, from the dread of criticism, they consulted, as living archives, their own remembrance of events, the memory of aged chiefs, or that of time-worn minstrels.

In periods of declining civilisation, a master-mind, without a precursor, and destined to pass away without a kindred progeny, may rise, domineering in solitary majesty over degenerate contemporaries, as an aged oak is sometimes seen to flourish amidst dwarf trees, obtaining nutriment by striking its roots deep into ground not impoverished, like that of the surface, by overculture. Not so, in days approximating a revival. Then, both in literature and the arts, an inspired voice, when it speaks, proclaims to nations the coming tide of re-awakened genius. Thus, when Dante wrote that divine drama, the themes of which, in proud disdain of the earth, such as barbarians had made it, he sought in heaven and in hell, Chaucer had arrived at the age of manhood, Petrarch had reached his twenty-third year, Boccaccio was already a child of eleven, and Froissart, a youth of seventeen, sang in erotic verses, a prelude to the great work, which, as to Milton in latter times, a prophetic vision revealed to him that posterity would not willingly let die.

Froissart wrote verses in early youth; but the fame of the chronicler has so eclipsed that of the poet, that we candidly confess having never read any of his poems, until we met with Buchon's splendid edition of the Chronicles. In the last volume some of these (autobiographic in part) have been inserted by the editor as illustrative of the author's adventurous and romantic life. In perusing them we were surprised to

find so early a sway exercised by his genius over a young dialect as yet untamed by grammarians, untaught by the precepts of criticism.

The lyric muse whom Froissart forsook, enticed away by her no less beautiful, but austere sister, bore him no grudge for his infidelity. Nay, she often visited the truant lover, smiled over his graver pages, and, unbidden, threw over them the enchantments of the early inspiration.

In a future article on Villibardouin, Joinville, and Chatelain, we intend to give some extracts of Froissart's "*Epinnettes Amoureuses*," commanding it for translation to our Bryants, Whittiers, Longfellows, Hallecks, Lowells, Willises, Benjamins,—nay, to some of the fair poets whose contributions have graced the pages of this Review (among whom it may not be invidious to name the fair authoress of the "*Song of the Wave*"), that the renown of the bard may revive, in our country, together with that of the chronicler, by the kindred genius of American poets, as well as through the enterprise of American publishers.

Before we close the portion of our article that relates to Froissart's style, to his manner, and to the authenticity which his conscientious inquiries after truth ought to affix to "*the Chronicles*," we are called upon, by a sense of justice, to refute the ungenerous accusation of partiality to the English so often charged on him by most French historians. We commenced the perusal of the *Chronicles*, we confess, with that prejudice deeply impressed on our minds; but we gladly acknowledge that we have not found any trace of this imputed bias to the side of England. True it is, that Edward and his son the Black Prince are the heroes of the annals: but who can deny that they were the heroes of the age? It were indeed a puerile weakness to deny that those illustrious princes were the only generals of the fourteenth century who waged war in accordance with the principles laid down by the great commanders of ancient days. They kept their forces united, always ready, either to resist or to assail, and made no detachments on the eve of battle.

In the bold marches of the Prince of Wales, from Calais and Bordeaux, to the very gates of Paris, he paid no at-



tion to what vulgar commanders have before and since called "lines of communication," "bases of operations." Like Hannibal in Italy, Alexander in Asia, Cæsar in Gaul, in Spain, in Africa, he trusted to his own genius, the tried valor of his troops, and the fame of his arms, to keep in awe hostile populations. He always carried with him subsistence for more than three weeks. He had a regular corps of pontoniers well provided with materials to build bridges—nay, he had even among his troops a large body of experienced miners from Wales. Instead of battering the walls of fortified cities with the military engines then in use, the Black Prince was wont to throw them down by undermining their foundations. His miners had become so expert in those operations, that on several occasions whole bastions were seen sinking suddenly to the level of the ground, opening large breaches to let in the besiegers.

Du Guesclin,\* the two Clissons, were undoubtedly distinguished officers, but they wanted the higher inspirations of the art. In the campaigns of France

and Spain, when they contended against the Black Prince, they appear in the same light as Pompey and Labienus, Fabius and Marcellus, Memnon and Porus, when those commanders stood opposed to Cæsar, Hannibal, Alexander. Besides, the long-bow was unquestionably the master-arm of the age, and no people in Europe, except the English, knew how to handle that dread weapon. The bolts discharged from the cross-bow, in the use of which the Genoese were thought skilful, proved puerile missiles, when compared with the cloth-yard arrows, which at Crecy, at Poitiers, showered, with deadly effect, on the ill-armed yeomanry of France, and went clear through the best tempered armor of knights and men-at-arms.

The slaughter of those fatal fields reminds the classic reader of those terrible Parthian shafts that destroyed the veteran legions of Crassus; compelled Anthony, the most renowned of the lieutenants of Cæsar, to retreat hastily from Armenia; and, in latter days, brought to an early close, both the conquests and the life of the eloquent, the learned, the valiant Julian.

\* We have adopted the common modern orthography of this famous name, though it does not correctly represent the sound with which it was so often thundered in battle. The French pronunciation of the name drops the *s*, giving it the sound *Du Gayclin*. How the *l* has been transposed from its proper place we do not know, for Froissart always gives the name as *Du Clayquin*; and in the 70th chapter of the Third Book, he relates an entertaining discourse between himself and a Breton knight named Messire Guillaume d'Ancenis, in which the latter gives him the history of the origin of the family and name. They were derived from a certain Moorish king named *Aquin* who had led an invading force from Africa into Bretagne, where he established himself and built a fortress, to which was given the name *Glai*. He was at last defeated, and driven out by Charlemagne; and in the evacuation of *Glai*, under the pressure of hot pursuit, his infant child was left behind in its cradle. The child was brought to the Emperor who received him with pleasure and favor, and had him baptized (the two famous paladins Roland, and Olivier his cousin, holding him at the font) by the name compounded of that of his father and his birth-place, *Olivier du Glai-Aquin*. This founding, who grew to a stout and valiant knight, was the ancestor of the great Constable, whom modern history calls *Bertrand Du Guesclin*. The "doux et courtois" Breton knight assured Froissart that the name was properly, and ought to be pronounced *Du Glayaquin*, as always desired and contended by its owner, though he admits that the vulgar pronunciation (*Clayquin*) "falls more agreeably from the mouth of those who use it."

In the name of Bertrand's brother, Olivier, who was only inferior in prowess to the Constable himself, we see a reference to the tradition of the family origin; and we are told that Bertrand himself meditated the invasion and conquest of his ancestral kingdom in Barbary, from which he was only prevented by the incessant warfare in which he was kept engaged both in France and in Spain by the Black Prince.

In the church of "Saint Laurent des Jacobins du Puy, in Velay," on a cenotaph, in which the entrails of the illustrious Connétable were deposited, the following epitaph may still be read:

"Cy gist honorable homme, et vaillant Messire  
Bertrand Claiquin, comte de Longueville, jadis  
Connétable de France, qui trépassa l'an mcccclxxx, le  
xiii. jour de juillet."

We hesitate not to say, that until the invention of the musket with the bayonet affixed to it, the long-bow, in the hands of an experienced archer, was the most formidable engine of war ever invented by man.

In conflicts between knights of the two nations in hostile fields, the French had generally the advantage. This was signally proved in the Fight of the Thirties, "le Combat des Trente," where thirty English encountered an equal number of French knights. The English were all killed or taken prisoners. It was on that occasion that the Beaumanoirs acquired the device of their arms. Bleeding and panting, Beaumanoir, the leader of the champions of France, cried out, "Water, water, I die with thirst!" "Bois ton sang, Beaumanoir!" was the indignant reply of the father of the warrior. Rebuked by that stern voice, Beaumanoir rushed again into the mêlée; and after the victory, the fair hand of his lady-love inscribed on his shield the memorable words, "Bois ton sang, Beaumanoir!" Mr. Jones, erroneously, states that Froissart has taken no notice of that celebrated combat. The manuscript containing the masterly recital of that conflict is one of those to which M. Buchon had access, and which served him to make his complete edition of the Chronicles. Froissart is so particular as to mention two of the surviving victorious knights, by the side of one of whom, he says, he sat at the table of Charles the Wise. But, in pitched battles, and particularly when large armies encountered each other, the English were almost constantly victorious. That superiority they held until the Maid of Orleans, infusing religious enthusiasm into the masses, changed, at last, the fortunes of that long war.

The history of the military art proves that, either the invention of a more perfect organization (as that of the legion, for example, which the Romans believed to have been taught them by a god), or that of a weapon of greater power than those used by antagonist armies, may, for ages, establish the

superiority in arms of a nation over all others. The phalanx of the Greeks, improved by Philip, prostrated Asia at the feet of Alexander, and preserved the dismembered monarchies founded by the lieutenants of that hero, against all the efforts of the subdued nations, until the better array of the Roman legions broke the spell of Macedonian invincibility. It was the unmatched skill and vigor of Arabian cavalry, more than the fanaticism inspired by Mahomet, that spread Saracen dominion so rapidly over the fairest regions of the earth. The effeminate legionaries whose sloth had thrown away their defensive armor, could neither endure, at a distance, the arrows of the Arabs, nor withstand, in hand-to-hand conflicts, the keenness of their well-tempered cimeters, which cut the Roman swords like twigs of greenwood.

We have already alluded to the frightful slaughter of Poitiers and Crecy, wrought by huge shafts discharged from rigid bows, made flexible only by the skill and vigor of well-practised archers. The Swiss peasants, assailed by the Burgundians, found, behind the impervious array of their serried pikes, safer ramparts than those which nature, by piling mountain over mountain, had formed, as though to secure an asylum to freedom, exiled from the plains, where feudal violence reigned uncontrolled. From the day when the slaughtered chivalry of Charles the Bold strewed the field of Morat,\* to that when the impetuous valor of Condé broke through the ranks of the Spanish infantry at Rocroy, the pike, which Montecuculli has termed "the queen of arms," decided the fortune of every well-fought field. It was the pike that made Gustavus the arbiter of Europe. It was the pike which maintained, during thirty years, the fame of Swedish arms, under the guidance of the generals to whom that great man had taught the science of war.

After Vauban, one hundred and sixty years since, had added the bayonet to the musket, that arm, combining the power of the bow with that of the pike,

\* The Ossuary of Morat, a pyramid built with the bones of the Burgundians killed in the battle in which Charles le Teméraire fell, was shown to Napoleon when he passed through Switzerland. "The Frenchmen of this day," said he, "would have crowned the tops of the surrounding hills, instead of crowding their cavalry in a narrow vale where they had no space to deploy and charge."

may be said to be the most formidable manual weapon ever invented by man. Since all European armies have adopted it, the ascendancy in war has been obtained, either by the superior valor of the troops, or the genius of their commanders. A slight improvement made in that arm gave, for years, a decided advantage to a third-rate power over the three most warlike and powerful nations of Europe—we allude to the use of the iron ram-rod instead of that made of wood. A great military writer, Bulow (him who, at Waterloo, turned the vibrating scales of fortune adversely to Napoleon), tells us that, against the incessant rapidity of firing which it enabled the Prussians to maintain, the discipline of the Austrians, the steadiness of the Russians, and the impetuous charges of the French, were alike unavailing.

Again, at New Orleans, the unerring rifle (improved as it had been by the American hunters, it may be said to have become a new weapon) astonished the veterans of Vittoria, Talavera, and Toulouse. They staggered under its deadly volleys, the impetus of their assault was checked, and, in less than an hour's conflict, one-third of the assailants lay on the field, dead or wounded, while the victorious army lost only twenty men.

It is not the purpose of this article, however desultory its themes, to examine, even cursorily, the origin of feudality; and yet it is impossible to read the Chronicles—the vast panorama of an epoch, when that form of government, having reached its extreme height, stood still for awhile, before it began its fatal decline and fall—without casting a retrospective glance over the state of the Roman world, previous to the establishment of that new social system.

All over Europe, save that portion of it embraced within the continually receding limits of the Eastern empire, which still felt the slow pulsation of a political life, beating feebly even at Constantinople, society strove in convulsive agonies against the destructive strength of barbarism encroaching daily on an expiring civilisation. Ferocious tribes, hitherto unknown, even by name, to the Romans, issuing from distant regions, came like successive waves,—each billow overwhelming some province of the Empire—each

surge sweeping away some parts of the vast edifice of polytheist society. The great Roman unity was broken asunder; the guardian genius of the Empire had fled on the very first day that incense ceased to burn on the altar of victory. In the west, barbarians trod on the spot where once stood the capitol. In the east, a Grecian Constantinople usurped the sovereignty of the Eternal City! Yet it was at the very period of the most abject degradation of all temporal power, when Attila was approaching Rome, by hasty marches, at the head of an army, which, though defeated near Chalons, in a battle where "God only could count the slain," preserved undepressed their martial spirit, that a spectacle of unsurpassed moral sublimity was presented to the admiration of mankind. The degenerate Romans, instead of raising six legions, in six days, as their glorious ancestors did after Cannæ, to meet the Scythian Hannibal, relying only on spiritual aid, delegated Leo the Great, their aged and infirm Pontiff, to appease Attila's wrath: to stay the tide of conquest.—The monarch had reined the steed that had borne him victorious from the banks of the Volga, to those of the Mincio; not far from the Mantuan Lake. Unawed by the savage majesty of the conqueror, undepressed by the associations which crowded on his mind at the sight of grounds on which the Scythian cavalry, drawn in battle array round the tents of their leader, trampled on fields where Virgil had precluded in rural lays to the loftiest strains of his deathless epic—where Catullus tuned the lyre that charmed Rome when Rome ruled the world—Leo, old, infirm, and helpless, as he seemed to mortal eyes, appeared before the king, dressed in his sacerdotal vestments, bold and erect, in the proud consciousness that he stood in the sight of God, immovable upon the stone where rests the church against which the gates of hell shall never prevail. With prophetic voice, and all the authority of a divine mission, the Pontiff warned the haughty king to beware of the fate of Alaric, who expiated by a premature death the profanation of Rome. Awed by the majesty of the Pontiff, dreading the wrath of an unknown God, Attila listened with unwonted attention to the persuasive accents of the holy ambassador. The ardor of the chase, when the hunted prey

lay panting before him—the promptings of kingly ambition—alike urged him to pursue his career of conquest: while a superstitious fear, an unwilling dread, inspired by words which seemed oracles of the future, counselled him not to tempt the anger of the God, whose oracles the priest had revealed. But while the warring passions thus contended for mastery in the monarch's breast, the two apostles Peter and Paul, it is said, stood before him, stern and menacing, denouncing instant death if he advanced one step nearer the Holy City. Attila obeyed the divine mandate, and commanded the torrent of invasion to roll on other regions.

The historian of declining Rome, struck with the awful grandeur, both of the vision itself, and of the scene on which it impressed a character of sacred sublimity, terms this miracle “the noblest legend of ecclesiastical tradition,” and yet, as if his scepticism were suddenly checked by veneration for Rome, the loved theme of his undying history, he adds: “the safety of Rome might deserve the interposition of celestial beings.” Now that ecclesiastical traditions are again received with becoming respect, even by the ministers of a church which, in bygone days of error and incredulity, made it a boast to reject them with simulated contempt, we will offer no apology for the credulity of the many learned Christian writers who have recorded this tradition. It would ill become a layman to decide a question on which pious and enlightened divines have disagreed—but, believing the authenticity of miracles wrought long after the death of Christ, we must be allowed to say, that, though possessing some knowledge of human laws prescribing legal actions, we have yet to learn what divine law limits to any given epoch the special action of Providence on human events. Perhaps, the propensity natural to man to yield belief to what strikes it deeply as marvellous (a tendency from which we have not the pride to be thought exempt) was strengthened by having beheld on the walls of the Vatican, among the master-works which adorn that venerable edifice, a glowing page where Raphael has represented with all the poetic inspiration of genius, the scene we have translated in humble prose.

Thus, at the very moment when Rome, the Niobe of nations, after

mourning over her slaughtered daughters, stood trembling for her own existence before a ruthless conqueror, in accomplishment of mysterious decrees of Providence, commenced for that holy city a new era of spiritual domination, a new life of intellectual supremacy. The veneration of the sovereign Pontiff of which Attila set the first example to the barbarian invaders of Italy, made Rome a sanctuary where the annals of nations, the records of science, the master-works of arts which Greece, and the Rome of the Kings, of the Consuls, and of the Emperors, had bequeathed to posterity for the emulation of genius in future ages, were preserved sacred and inviolate.

Leo the Great had turned from Italy, for awhile, the tide of invasion: but it continued to flow over Europe, till all rules, both for civil and political life, enacted by the nation of the toga, were effaced by the stern conquerors: not only from the twelve tables, where the Decemvirs had engraved the written reason of Greece, but also from the records on which an improved civilisation had successively inscribed the whole body of the civil law. The level of victory was laid on all alike; the haughty patrician bending so low under its presence, that his head rose not above that of the humblest proletarian,—a common bondage mingling all classes together. In the meantime, all over what had once been the western empire, were swept away even the vestiges of that domestic slavery undermined before by the principles of universal love and brotherhood, promulgated in the Gospels.

Awful problems were then presented for solution to the leaders who intended to govern in peace, the nations they had subdued by war. In what manner was permanent order to spring from the universal chaos? whence would arise a power sufficient to harmonize so many discordant and jarring elements? What hand strong enough to compel such diversity of warring interests and passions, to unite round a central reconstructive mind? What potent moral principle would the lawgiver evoke, to combine and harmonize what remained vital of the past, with the new-born elements of the present, into the regularity and order of an organized society?

That power, that plastic spirit, ex-

isted. It came as soon as it was invoked by the new rulers of Europe. The task of taming the wild passions of infuriated warriors, was assumed and accomplished by Christianity,—by a religion whose doctrine linked it to Platonism, through the heavenly purity of the morality it taught; whose liturgy and dread mysteries satisfied, even more than Polytheism, the love of the multitude for the marvellous; whose majestic temples, splendid pageants and awful ceremonies, gratified the artistic instinct of half-civilized nations,—a religion which offered to society the full fruition of the threefold aspirations of the human mind at that epoch—subjects of deep meditation, and subtle disquisitions to science and philosophy; constant communings with the visible objects of abstract adoration to the multitude; and, to the artist and the poet, an ever flowing source of inspiration.

By the combined action of these varied influences, on minds of diverse propensities, the stern ferocity of the warriors who had stifled the civilisation of ages, in the land which had been both its cradle and its tomb, were subdued with a facility that will ever be the wonder of those who view effects only, without ever meditating on their remote or immediate causes. The clergy, during the middle ages, assailed the human mind, through all the avenues by which it can be invaded,—they spoke to every faculty, to every power of the intellect; sometimes quelling with gentle and soothing accents the wild excitements of ruthless hordes; sometimes awakening with patient teachings the latent propensities of untamed barbarians for the culture of those arts, those sciences, which create pleasures that wealth cannot purchase—treasures which brutal strength cannot wrest from their possessors.

The power which had wrought among all ranks that desire to see society rebuilt, in another form, but resting on stronger foundations, was too enlightened to attempt the reconstruction of the Roman system of government which the invaders had overthrown; aware that it had fallen, not under the force that attacked it, but through the weakness of those by whom it was defended. In fact, no one can doubt but that the subdued nations themselves would

have wrought their respective severance from Rome, even if the swarms of Northern barbarians had not successively fallen on the several provinces.

A fatal experience had shown that there are states of society where unity is weakness: when force must be sought from the strong organization of groups, with but a feeble dependence on the governing central power. This conviction gave birth to ferdality; a form of government whose foundations are made to rest on accidental superiorities, instead of being laid on the solid level of natural equality.

The impetus of conquest had inspired a spirit of independence which never could have been curbed by the fiction of distant allegiance. The warrior was willing to obey only on condition that the same chief who had commanded him in battle should continue to govern him in the relations of civil and peaceful life. The leaders, too, consented to abdicate a portion of their own authority, but only by transmitting it to the chiefs who had exercised a superior authority over them in virtue of higher military rank. These, in their turn, agreed, when called upon, on rare and well defined occasions, to bring to the field their retainers, under the command of the duke, count, prince, or emperor.

A countless hierarchy bound together the before severed rods of all social authorities. A homogeneous power arose from the separate actions of isolated force, each individual (except the serfs, held in hopeless bondage by the conquerors) alternately commanding and obeying. It would have been both absurd and unjust to have required, that the clergy, the only power, not founded on material force, which presided over this rebuilding of the social order, should have left itself altogether unprotected against that very brute strength, which its influence had disarmed of some of its formidable vigor, in the event of the warlike instincts again resuming at intervals their dangerous energies.

It was to guard against this danger that the high dignitaries of the church secured to themselves a large share of temporal, in addition to the spiritual authority they had never ceased to possess. That temporal authority was mainly defensive. In the worst time

of clerical usurpation, history, except in Italy, presents but rare instances of its becoming aggressive. The feebleness of kings, that even of the German emperors, the mere shadow of the Cæsars, made it necessary, in order to maintain some balances between power and obedience, that the word of him whom the Christian world venerated as the inspired expounder of divine laws on earth, should likewise be made the supreme arbiter, the counterpoise, of all worldly passions and ambitions. Viewed in that light, we hesitate not to assert, in spite of the declamations of modern philosophy, that the preponderance of the papal power, from the establishment of the Capetian dynasty in France, until the reign of Charles the Wise, was a social necessity of the epoch. It prevailed, because society without its salutary exercise would have relapsed into frightful anarchy. We go further; and, were this the place to proceed with the examination of a subject of so deep an interest, even at this moment we could easily prove, that even without the reform brought about by Luther, the temporal authority of the Pope would have gradually ceased. It was established because the spirit, the circumstances of the times in which it sprang into life, and grew rapidly to a giant size, demanded it. It would have died because another spirit had arisen, because other circumstances had modified that social necessity.

The authority of Rome, like feudalism itself, from its very nature, was transitory. As soon as it had ceased to be in accord with the opinions, the aspirations of the people, which had founded and supported it, it would have given way under its own inert weight. The period of its decay would have come when the descendant of the northern conquerors, having completed his initiation into a more perfect social order, under the guardianship of the barbaric oligarchies felt the want, at the same time that he saw the possibility, of political unity.

The royal power, to which public opinion entrusted the task of organizing, under the auspices of ecclesiastical influence, a system of social government, founded on the principles of a

centralization of powers, accomplished this new modelling of European society, by changing institutions which a growing civilisation had made unfit for the coming time. This is a singular trait of European history. To defend the people against the oligarchy, absolute monarchy was called into being by the democracy; and monarchy, in its turn, immediately after its birth, called on democracy to guard it from the attacks of aristocracy.

In France, particularly, this alliance of the kingly power with the municipal authorities of cities enriched by commerce, and with the peasantry in the more enlightened provinces, against feudal aristocracy, is worthy of the study of future historians. Charles the Eighth began the strife by forming a small standing army, by which he was enabled to crush the ambitious designs of disobedient vassals.

We will not be deterred from the due administration of historical justice by the fear of being charged with maintaining paradoxical opinions, and therefore, hesitate not to say, that it was only with his courtiers, with the nobles who were willing to purchase the advantages of the royal presence, by incurring all the dangers of royal caprices, that Louis the Eleventh was the heartless tyrant depicted by Philippe de Comines. It is a fact, on the contrary, well attested by impartial chroniclers, that he was loved by the people, whom he protected against the nobility.

Richelieu, too, a much vituperated and calumniated minister, was the champion of democratic interests when he vanquished the Protestant nobles, the allies of England, before the walls of La Rochelle; and though the aristocracy shuddered, more with fear for themselves, than through horror at the deed, when the head of Montmorency fell under the axe of the executioner, at the bidding of the stern cardinal, the people, all over France, hailed the blow as the signal of their enfranchisement from feudal thralldom.

But it is time that we here close this article, lest we trespass on ground where the giant footsteps of Montaigne and Hallam are deeply impressed—like Diomedes, it is not for us to strive against unearthly might.

## THE ASTRONOMER AND THE STAR.\*

BY MRS L. LESLIE.

SEEN forest leaves whirled from your summer home,  
 Pale, withered grass, damp with ungenial rain,  
 Dark river, rushing in thy turbid foam  
 With tribute waters to the monarch main,  
 Deep moaning autumn wind that wailing sighs  
 Nature's wild dirge, and cloud-enveloped skies,

Where broods the winter tempest—seeing all  
 Your multiform but long-accustomed change,  
 Hearing your many voices—from the call  
 Of social passage-bird, to whisperings strange  
 Rustling 'mid ancient wood, by shelving steep,  
 Or through dim cave, lorn dingle, echoing deep—

(Sounds that might realize the sunny dreams  
 Of old belief—sweet mournings in the air  
 Of summer sprite, departing with the gleams  
 Of the year's dying splendor, from the care  
 Of founts, and fields, and flowers, shrunk, bare, and wan;)   
 Not as of wont I hear—Earth's charm is gone.

Nor as of wont I see—but turning, trace  
 With soul-enkindled vision far amid  
 Thy ebon depths, illimitable space,  
 That path, till now to mortal gazers hid,  
 Where the effulgence of thy golden car,  
 Flings forth its glory, last-created star!

And upward thus, in speculative thought,  
 Of what thou wert, and art, and yet may'st be,  
 And how with mine thy destiny is wrought,  
 And why thy dawning light first gladdened me,  
 And wherefore, from old chaos' dim abyss,  
 Thou 'rt called to shine upon a world like this.

And what thy times and seasons, and if there  
 The Maker's mighty hand hath o'er thee laid  
 A vesture like to earth's—more softly fair,  
 And if or blight or misery shall invade  
 Thy primal bloom—and if a holier chain  
 Of life begin in thee, or if remain

Thy solitudes unpeopled. Crowding fast  
 Such fond inquiry to th' uncertain mind,  
 With transient brilliance, each may passing cast  
 An Iris gleam, less palpable than kind,  
 And fading, teach what words in vain express,  
 How clay obscures the spirit's consciousness.

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\* The lustrous star which Tycho Brahe, in 1573, obtained the honor of discovering in the constellation Cassiopeia, had been previously observed by Paul Heintel of Augsburg. It is somewhere related that he devoted himself to the contemplation of this splendid stranger with so much intensity, that his mental and bodily health were alike injured. And as in a few months the star gradually declined in brilliancy, and finally disappeared altogether, he became a prey to melancholy, and the disappointed astronomer sank despairing to the grave.

Yet still the ambitious questioner within,  
 Will rise again in strength, and shake its wings,  
 Unwearied, and unsatisfied, begin  
 Its curious chase of wild imaginings,  
 Rejoicing one high privilege is free,  
 Thought instantaneous, which can fly to thee.

• • • • •

Earth wears large jewels on her haughty brow,  
 Her mountain coronets, her regal streams,  
 Her gorgeous forests waving green and low,  
 Her broad plains smiling in the sun's fair beams,  
 Her seas sublime, o'er bright shores shining far,  
 Earth has rich raiment—what hast thou, O Star ?

Earth has her evils—want, and pain, and care,  
 Sorrow, and sin—and still o'er-mastering wrong  
 Binding the weak by force or subtle snare,  
 And vital crimes, the old gigantic throng,  
 War, famine, pestilence, defile her throne—  
 Does ought dim thy sweet light, my radiant one ?

Earth's children have high thoughts—since that old day  
 When shouts presumptuous rose from Shinar's plain,  
 Down through long years of disappointed way  
 The groping pride of nescience doth maintain,  
 Prompting each idle search and futile scheme—  
 Hast thou, too, sages wrapt in such wild dream,

As dazzles my calm vigil ? Day, that brings  
 Light, joy, and life to all, hath naught for me ;  
 Fevered till night, the dark enchantress, sings  
 Her mystic melodies, I wait for thee,  
 To pour thy starry music far along  
 The glorious fields of the sidereal throng.

And yet at times strange throes convulse my heart  
 With doubt and fear—if thou, so long concealed  
 In those resplendent regions, shouldst depart ;  
 Suddenly, as thy presence was revealed ;  
 Oh, in that agony of hope's decline,  
 I know this mean existence linked with thine

Inseparably !—But whence that link is cast,  
 I ask not—(Death may solve the mystery !)  
 Whether from old connexion with the past,  
 Or years unborn—enough, that thou to me  
 Dost manifest the still creating word,  
 Which calls from naught all being—and is heard.

Then leave me not, most beautiful, most bright,  
 Herald and sov'reign of all future fame !  
 Through the far vista of unfolding light,  
 By thee shed o'er my memory and my name,  
 I triumph o'er oblivion Thou hast given  
 Thyself my record on the Book of Heaven.

But night doth wear away, and thou hast gone  
 To wilder with thy lustre many a clime,  
 Feeling through each enfeebled nerve, upon  
 Thy lowly watcher, bowed by cares and time,



And stained perchance by sin, and pierced by woes,  
Thou shinest not—I seek my dull repose.

Once more, once more, a denizen of earth,  
Once more, too conscious of the dust that clings  
Around th' impassioned spirit, from its birth  
Still madly soaring on imperfect wings,  
To perish like the Cretan boy who gave  
Man a vain lesson, and himself a grave.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

The wind is chill; thick early mists arise;  
Low murmurs pass from valley, field, and flood;  
The grey cold dawn steals on through wintry skies;  
Hoarser the rolling of Vertova's flood—  
Within my cell I shrink, to muse, and be  
Apart from all the Universe but thee.

*Hilma's.*

### LIFE.

The poets tell us that life is a stream,  
Down which in youth all joyfully we glide,  
As brightly round our brow the sunbeams gleam,  
And dance the bubbles on the sparkling tide;  
And that along the bank are many flowers,  
For ever blooming as in summer hours.

But ah! not thus has been fair youth to me!  
No flowers have bloomed along the stream of life;  
And if my bark e'er rode a quiet sea,  
The storm too soon has risen in wilder strife,  
And dashed my hopes as it doth dash the spray,  
And fling aloft the foam-beads in its play.

But this life is a battle—no smooth river—  
And men do wrestle as when time was young;  
Yet 'tis not for a crown of flowers, that quiver  
And die, as a sweet strain from harp-string flung—  
We wrestle with full many a sterner power,  
In the deep midnight and noontide hour.

And I have wrestled with stern want—my lot  
Hath been among the lowly of the earth—  
The poor, whom even pity reacheth not;  
And while around the world has danced with mirth,  
My portion hath it been to toil and weep,  
And struggle up life's pathway as a steep.

But it shall not be thus for aye. The bow  
Of holy promise beams along the sky;  
And if sad sighs ascend, and tears still flow,  
The dawning of a better day is nigh,  
And we are not as those for whom no ray  
Of hope appears to cheer life's clouded way.

E. S.

## NEW ENGLAND SUPERNATURALISM.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

(Concluded.)

## VI.

"Our superstitious twine  
 Besh with the next, until a line  
 They weave, that through each varied stage  
 Bese on from infancy to age,  
 Linking the spring with summer weather,  
 And chaining youth and years together."—*Scott.*

SOMEWHAT of that deeply wrought superstition of our Scotch and Irish ancestors, embodied in their Banabee and Bodach Glas, the melancholy spectral presage of coming death, beautiful in the melody of Moore and the romance of Scott, still exists in New England. A writer in the *N. A. Review* of 1832, alluding to this subject, says: "Our minds involuntarily turn to the instance in which the early death of one of the brightest sons of genius in this city (Boston) was revealed at the moment of its occurrence to his venerable father, himself sinking under the pressure of infirmity, at a distance from home. We have also heard, on authority which we cannot question, another instance, in which a lady of no vulgar mind communicated to her friends her impression of the death of a favorite daughter, from whom she had long been separated, and where the impression justified the event."

Two similar instances have occurred in my immediate vicinity. During the late war with Great Britain, a sloop of war was lost on Lake Erie, and among those who perished was Lieut. C—, of Salisbury. On the night of the event, his brother, who had just retired to rest, was startled by a loud hoarse gurgling sound, like that produced by the plunging of a heavy mass in water. He left his bed instantly and declared his conviction that his brother had just been drowned in the lake. A circumstance of the same nature occurred in the case of Capt. B—, of this town, who was last year drowned near Eastport. The memory, probably of every reader, will recur to some parallel case.

Is it not possible that there is a real-

ity in this? May it not be the result of laws which have hitherto escaped human investigation? May not the spirit, on the eve of its departure, communicate with beloved objects by the simple volition of intense sympathy without the aid of its ordinary medium? Walton, in his life of Dr. Donne, after relating a striking case of this kind, attempts to account for it by supposing the existence of a sympathy of soul—as when one of two lutes in the same apartment is touched, a soft responsive note will be heard from the other. May not the sudden agony of death, intensified by the thought of some dear and distant object of affection, communicate a vibration to the electric chain of mental affinity, strong enough to reach that object, and impress it with an unmistakable sense of its bereavement?

As might be expected, in a community like ours, attempts are not unfrequently made to speculate in the supernatural—to "make gain of soothsaying." In the autumn of last year, a "wise woman" dreamed, or somnambulated, that a large sum of money, in gold and silver coin, lay buried in the centre of the great swamp in Poplin, N. H., whereupon an immediate search was made for the precious metal. Under the bleak sky of November, in biting frost and sleet-rain, some twenty or more of grown men, graduates of our "common schools," and liable, every mother's son of them, to be made deacons, squires, and General Court members, and such other drill-officers as may be requisite in the "march of mind," might be seen delving in grim earnest, breaking the frozen earth, uprooting swamp-maples and hemlocks,

and waking, with sledge and crow-bar, unwonted echoes in a solitude which had heretofore only answered to the woodman's axe, or the scream of the wild fowl. The snows of December put an end to their labors; but the yawning excavation still remains, a silent but somewhat expressive commentary upon the "Age of Progress."

Still later, in one of our Atlantic cities, an attempt was made, partially, at least, successful, to form a company for the purpose of digging for money on one of the desolate sand-keys of the West Indies. It appears that some mesmerized "subject," in the course of one of those somnambulant voyages of discovery, in which the traveller, like Satan in Chaos :

"O'er bog, o'er steep, through straight,  
rough, dense, or rare,  
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues  
his way,  
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps,  
or flies."

while peering curiously into the earth's mysteries, chanced to have his eyes gladdened by the sight of a huge chest packed with Spanish coins, the spoil, doubtless, of some rich-freighted argosy, or Carthagena galleon, in the rare days of Queen Elizabeth's Christian buccaners. Who, after this, shall set limits to Yankee faith in—money-getting!

A curious affair of this kind astonished the worthy citizens of Rye, N.H., last spring. Rye is a small farming and fishing town, looking out upon the broad Atlantic; and in the summer season, with its green headlands jutting into the ocean, its fine white beach, relieved in the back-ground by dark green woods, through which peer out the white walls of farm-houses, it is deservedly held in high estimation as a quiet and beautiful place of resort from the unmitigated heats of the inland. In the winter and spring its inhabitants are almost entirely left to themselves. In early March, however, of this year, a double sleigh drove to the door of Elder Philbrick, a worthy old gentleman, whose attention is by turns occupied with the duties of a landlord and publican, the oversight and direction of half-a-dozen fishing-smacks, and the untying of knotty texts of scripture. It deposited four of its

passengers—three long solemn-looking men with hair hanging down around their lank visages "like pounds of candles," and a female figure, closely muffled and veiled. They bespoken lodgings of the Elder, who was not a little puzzled to divine why his guests had chosen such an inappropriate season for their visit. Early the next morning, however, the good man was still more amazed to see the whole party wend their way to the beach, where one of them appeared engaged in performing some mystical incantation over the veiled figure, moving his hands in a mysterious manner above her head, and describing strange circles in the air before her. They soon returned to their lodgings, conducted the woman to her room, and having borrowed the Elder's shovels and crow-bar, immediately commenced digging with great diligence in the spot which had been occupied by the veiled mystery, only abandoning their work as the night closed around them. The same ceremony was acted over again the next morning; and Elder P., deeming it his duty as a Christian man to inquire into the matter, was gravely informed that his visitors were in search of a large sum of money, which the veiled woman had seen in the magnetic sleep, a few feet below the surface of the beach! The search continued for three or four weeks; the muffled Pythoness perversely changing the location of the treasure, now to the right and anon to the left of the previous day's excavation, wearying alike the souls and bodies of her companions with "hope deferred" and hard delving. They were at length reluctantly compelled to relinquish their object, and depart sorrowful and heavy at heart, yet firm in their faith that they were leaving behind them a treasure reserved for some more fortunate experimenters in somnambulism and second-sight.

Fortune-telling did not die with Moll Pitcher, the celebrated Lynn Pythoness. There is still living within a few miles of my residence, an old colored woman, who, during the last twenty years, has been consulted by thousands of anxious inquirers into the future. Long experience in her profession has given her something of that ready estimate of character, that quick and keen appreciation of the capacity,

habits, and wishes of her visitors, which so remarkably distinguished the late famous Madame Le Normand, of Paris. And if that old squalid sorceress, in her cramped Parisian attic, redolent of garlic and bestrewn with the greasy implements of sorry housewifery, was, as has been affirmed, consulted by such personages as the fair Josephine Beau-

harnois, and the "Man of Destiny," Napoleon himself, is it strange that the desire to lift the veil of the great mystery before us should overcome, in some degree, our peculiar and most republican prejudice against color, and reconcile us to the disagreeable necessity of looking at Futurity through a black medium?

## VII.

"Thus saith the Book, 'Permit no witch to live,  
Hence Massachusetts hath expelled the race,  
Connecticut, where swag and dicker thrive,  
Allows not to their feet a resting-place,  
With more of hardihood and loss of grace,  
Vermont receives the sisters grey and lean,  
Allows each witch her broomstick flight to trace  
O'er mighty rocks and mountains dark with green,  
Where tempests wake their voice and torrents war between."

So sang Brainard many years ago. The hospitality of the good people of Vermont is proverbial, and, for aught we know, it may have been extended even to those whom sea-board Puritanism has felt bound to exorcize and cast out by Law and Gospel. But that the evil brood is not entirely extirpated, even in the old Bay State, seems manifest enough.

It is an old and familiar proverb, that a certain malignant personage is always nearest at hand when spoken of; and, in confirmation of this, since my last paper was in type, a scene of genuine *diablerie* has been enacted in the goody and respectable town of Pepperell, in an adjoining county. There, it seems, is a veritable witch, riding o' nights in this cold autumnal moonlight, on a spectral white horse, like that of Dana's Buccaneer, with

"ghostly sides,  
Pale streaming with a cold blue light,"

—a steed upon whose silent hoof shoe was never set, unless by the grim artisans of the infernal smithy. A poor girl, supposed to be one of her victims, recently died, and on the night of her death the witch was seen riding hurryscurry around the house, not indeed by natural eye-sight, but through the magic spectacles of animal magnetism. A mesmerised girl was put on the track of an old woman long suspected of being little better than she should be. She found her body lying *without any spirit in it*—the merest husk and shell imaginable, and following in the track of the wandering soul, discovered its

whereabout. She is at present grievously afflicting another poor child; and, as is usual with such evil-disposed characters, has made sad work with the dairies of her neighbors, bewitching churns and preventing the butter from "coming"—a peculiarly diabolic feat, which Burns alludes to in his enumeration of the ill-doings of "Auld Cloutie":—

"Thence kintra wives wi' toll an' pain,  
May plunge an' plunge the kira in vain,  
For, ah, the yellow treasure's ta'en  
By witching skill."

In this case, however, she has not altogether escaped with impunity, for the red hot tongs being suddenly applied to the refractory cream, a corresponding burn was found the next day on her own "shrunken shank." Upon this fact and the evidence of the somnambulist, some of the good people are half disposed to hang her outright, as an undoubted witch.

The circumstance of the old woman's abandonment of her body during her nocturnal equestrian excursions, reminds us of the hypothesis of the erudite Dr. Jung Stilling, in his "Theorie der Gristerkunde." The Doctor professes to believe that the soul in a state of peculiar exaltation may be disengaged from the body, for a short space of time, without the supervention of death, and cites several remarkable instances in support of his belief.

During the past summer the quiet Shakers of Canterbury, N. H., who profess, in the midst of a sneering generation, to have restored within their

family limits the lost innocence and purity of Eden, have, I am told, like our first parents, been troubled with the subtle enemy. Not having forgotten his old tricks, he has once more crept into Paradise. He has been only seen by two or three peculiarly sagacious members of the family; but they have had several thorough hunts for him, the entire community joining with commendable alacrity in the search, and at times very nearly succeeding in capturing him. Once under the barn they supposed they had him fast, but he escaped the eye of some less vigilant brother or sister and took refuge under the great stone watering-trough. His cunning saved him; and he still, as my informant states, goes about subjecting the worthy family to divers perplexities and troubles, and new hunts equal to any recorded in the olden annals of New-England.

In a letter which I have just received from a distinguished member of the legal profession in New-Hampshire, a very remarkable case is narrated. My friend's informant was Judge Gove, at that time attorney-general. A few years since while attending court in Cheshire county, in his official capacity, a person came before the grand jury to enter a complaint for murder. As he had heard of no murder committed in that county, he looked at the complainant carefully, suspecting him to be insane. He was a young man of about twenty-five years of age, good-looking, intelligent and well-dressed. Perceiving the surprise of the attorney-general, he said to him, "I do not wonder at your astonishment: examine these papers." They were certificates of good character and perfect sanity from a large number of the most respectable people in the town where he resided. He then proceeded to state his complaint as follows:—In the winter previous he had been hired to work by a farmer. Soon

after he went to live with him he heard strange noises in the cellar and rooms. At first he took little notice of them; but one night he distinctly heard a spinning-wheel in the cellar, and loud sounds in the entries. The doors flew open as often as they were latched. The farmer laughed and remarked: "They keep up quite a rumpus to-night." The next night he heard groans as he went out to feed the cattle; soon after he saw a bright light in his bed-room, and an apparition, which said to him: "I will see you again; you are too much alarmed now." The next morning while passing an old covered well, he heard a noise. He spoke, and a voice from the well answered: "I am the Irishman who was murdered by Mrs. F., and put here." The farmer's wife saw him looking and beckoned to him to desist and escape; and looking up he saw the farmer pointing a gun at him through the window. He at first fled, but returning, promised to reveal nothing and continued to labor. Soon after, however, the farmer attempted to kill him with a sled-stake. On his return one night, the windows in the lower part of the house seemed brilliantly illuminated. He made some remark about having company, when suddenly the lower windows became dark and the upper ones illuminated, and the whole house was a blaze of fire. Upon this the farmer swore: "This is that cursed Irishman's work!" He now left the house, and told the story to the neighbors, and then was informed that some years before an Irishman in the employment of the farmer suddenly disappeared, and was by many supposed to have been murdered. The young man made oath that the facts above stated were in his belief true, but, of course, the intelligent attorney did not deem it a sufficient ground for prosecution.

## VIII.

There is one phase of the supernatural which perhaps more than any other is at the present day manifested among us, growing out of the enthusiasm which not unfrequently attends strong religious feeling and excitement. Thus the state of Trance or Extasy, the subject of which sometimes visits in imagination the abodes of blessed

spirits, bears ravishing music, and gazes upon ineffable Glory,—

"Sees distant gates of Eden gleam,  
And does not dream it is a dream,"—

is not confined to the Methodist campground, but is sometimes among the phenomena of an awakened religious interest in other sects. The doctrine

of the second coming of the Messiah, which has been zealously preached in almost all sections of New-England a few years past, has had a powerful influence over the imaginative faculty in its recipients. One of my neighbors, a worthy and estimable man, believes that in June, 1838, he saw the "sign of the Son of Man in the heavens" at noon-day—a glorious human form, with the figure 5 directly beneath it, indicating that the great consummation was to be in five years, in 1843." I have alluded to this subject with somewhat of hesitation and delicacy, for I feel that it is extremely difficult to define the exact point where devotion ends and fanaticism begins. In the beautiful records which Lady Guion, John Woolman, Dr. Payson and Mary Fletcher, have left us of their religious experience, we are compelled to make some allowance for over-wrought feeling and imagination. Bunyan in his remarkable auto-biography, "Grace Abounding," tells us that he heard devils behind him, and that he kicked at and spurned them; Swedenborg squelched a whole legion of fiends on the street pavement; Sir Henry Vane, the glorious martyr in the cause of civil and religious freedom, believed himself specially called to bear rule in the millennium; Luther, with true Teutonic vigor, dashed his massive ink-stand in the face of the Annoyer, grimly glaring on him through the stone wall of his cell, being "born," to use his own words, "to fight with devils;" Wesley was beset with invisible house-haunters; George Fox rebuked a witch in his meeting—but are we therefore to shut our eyes to the reality of the spiritual life in these men? For myself, I cannot but treat with some degree of reverence and respect every manifestation of the religious principle even where it seems to me the reverse of that quiet obedience to simple duty, that sober and "reasonable service" which our heavenly Father requires at the hands of his children. The excesses and extravagances to which I have alluded, are not the fault of the great subject itself, nor always of the manner however objectionable in which it is presented. The infinite importance of the soul's preparation for the great change which awaits it—the terrible and glorious imagery of the Bible—Heaven's unimaginable bliss, hell's

torment unutterable,—the sudden awakening of a sordid earth-bent soul to the consciousness that broad acres and hoarded coin are but shadows and phantoms, that Eternity and God are realities—the startling inburst of truth upon a hard dark heart, throwing intolerable light upon its secret sin—the overwhelming contrast of human weakness and guilt with Almighty power and purity,—surely in all this there is enough to shake and overawe the strongest mind. Often to minds which have grovelled in the very earth, wholly absorbed in the sensual, it carries an instantaneous revelation of the tremendous conditions of their existence. It is to them like the light which shone down on Saul of Tarsus. They tremble to know of a truth that "a spirit is within them," that life is no longer a mere money-making convenience, that the universe is no longer dead mechanism; even the common sequences of Nature seem to stretch beyond the limited horizon of time and lose themselves in the Infinite; the simplest phenomena of daily life take a solemn and supernatural character. Is it strange, that such circumstances of intense excitement should sometimes lead to a temporary aberration of intellect? It is indeed painful to witness in a Christian assembly the extravagance and superstitious folly of an Indian powow, or the whirl-dance of the Dervishes of Stamboul. But there is a sadder spectacle than even this. It is to see men regarding with satisfaction such evidences of human weakness, and professing to find in them new proofs of their miserable theory of a Godless universe, and new occasion for sneering at sincere devotion as cant, and humble reverence as fanaticism. Alas! in comparison with such, the wildest and most extravagant enthusiast, who in the midst of his delusions still feels that he is indeed a living soul, and an heir of immortality, to whom God speaks from the immensities of his universe, is a sane man. Better is it in a life like ours to be even a howling Dervish or a dancing Shaker, confronting imaginary demons with Thalaba's talisman of FAITH, than to lose the consciousness of our own spiritual nature, and look upon ourselves as mere brute masses of animal organization—barnacles on a dead universe; looking into the dull grave with no hope beyond it;

earth gazing into earth, and saying to corruption, "thou art my father," and to the worm, "thou art my sister!"

I have occupied more space than I intended with these papers, and more than the reader will probably deem profitable. In a desultory manner I have thrown together such facts in illustration of my subject as chanced to present themselves, with very little regard to order or connexion. It has been no part of my object to apply to these facts the test of philosophical and scientific analysis. I have contented myself with sketching in dim and indistinct outline the great temple of mystery, leaving to others the task of ascertaining whether it is really a solid structure or a palace of cloud-land; and of applying with mathematical accuracy Ezekiel's reed to the walls thereof and the gates thereof. I shall be satisfied if I have contributed in any degree to

the innocent amusement of the reader. The very nature of my subject has led me, by sudden transitions, from the grave to the gay, from the horrible to the grotesque and ludicrous; and it has been difficult to avoid altogether the appearance of irreverence on the one hand and of credulity on the other. I am aware that there are graver aspects to the subject than any I have presented, and which are entitled to serious inquiry. For the Supernaturalism of New-England and of all other countries, is but the exaggeration and distortion of actual fact—a great truth underlies it. It is Nature herself repelling the slanders of the materialist, and vindicating her claim to an informing and all-directing Spirit—the confused and incoherent utterance of her everlasting protest against "the fool who hath said in his heart there is no God."

## THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY.

BY MISS ANNE C. LYNCH.

Speak low—tread softly through these halls!  
Here genius lives enshrined,  
Here reign in silent majesty  
The monarchs of the mind.

A mighty spirit-host they come  
From every age and clime,—  
Above the buried wrecks of years  
They breast the tide of Time.

And in their presence chamber here  
They hold their regal state,  
And round them through a noble train,  
The gifted and the great.

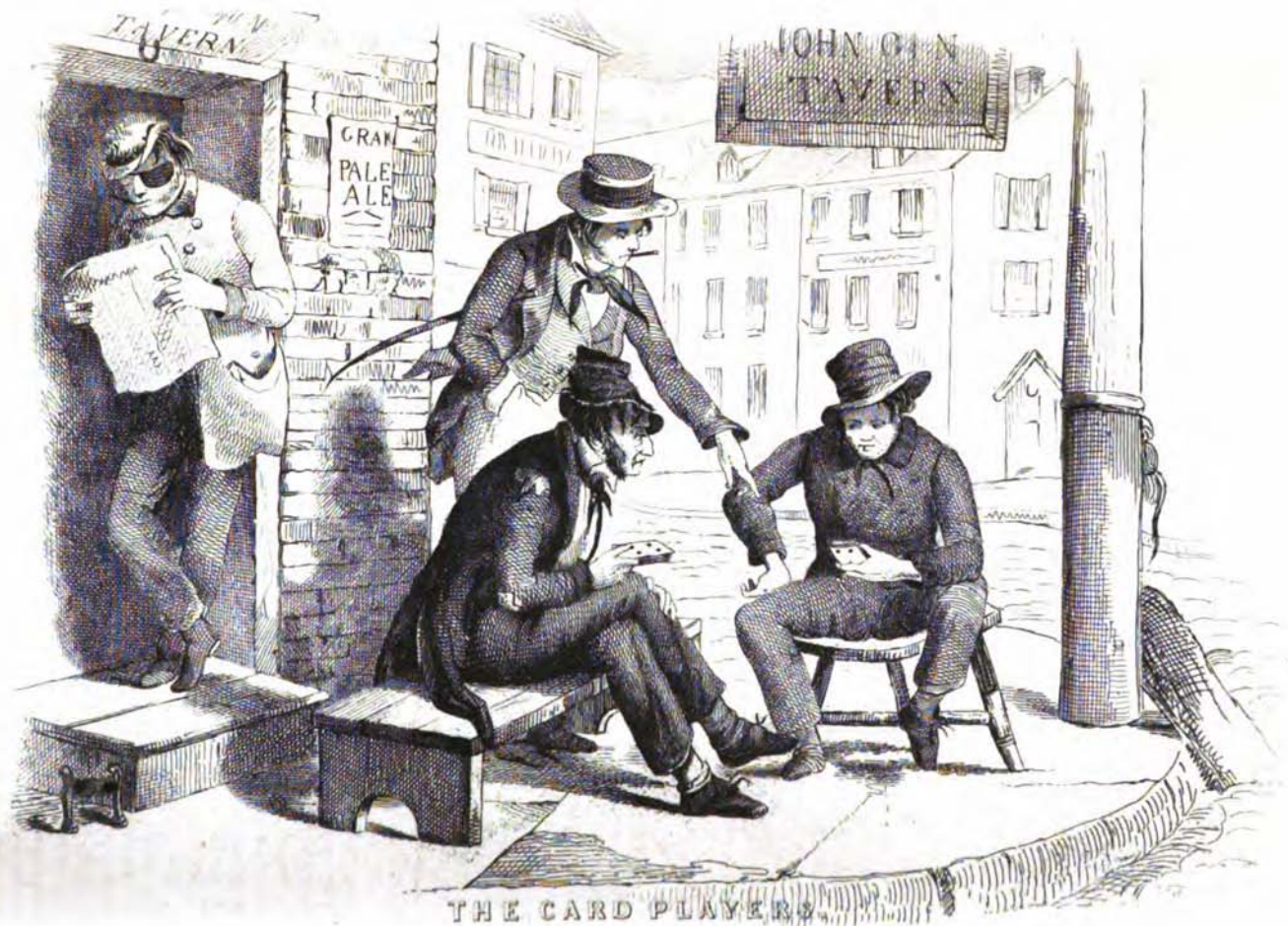
Oh child of toil! when round thy path  
The storms of life arise!  
And when thy brothers pass thee by  
With stern unloving eyes!

Here shall the Poets chant for thee  
Their sweetest, loftiest lays,  
And Prophets wait to guide thy steps  
In wisdom's pleasant ways.

Come, with these God-anointed kings  
Be thou companion here;  
And in the mighty realm of mind  
Thou shalt go forth a Peer.







THE CARD PLAYERS.

Illustration by W. H. Stiles, 1850.

## PENNING AND PENCILINGS, IN AND ABOUT TOWN.

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL, EDITOR OF "THE PENNSYLVANIAN," AUTHOR OF "CHARCOAL SKETCHES," ETC.

## NO. III.

## SLYDER DOWNEHYLLE:—A SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

(With an Engraving on Steel.)

"How happy I'll be to-morrow!" exclaimed little Slyder Downehytle, in anticipation of Christmas; "oh, how happy I shall be to-morrow!"

"Couldn't you contrive to be happy a little now?" replied Uncle John, who had learned somewhat to distrust anticipation and its gorgeous promises.

"Happy now, Uncle John?" retorted little Slyder Downehytle, rather contemptuously, "happy now!—what with, I should like to know—what shall I be happy with—now? Where's the candy, the cakes, the pies—where is the hobby-horse that somebody's going to give me—and all the Christmas gifts? How I wish to-morrow had come—what a long day—what a long evening—what a great while I've got to sleep!"

Little Slyder Downehytle became quite cross, and uncle John whistled. Twenty-four hours afterward, little Slyder Downehytle was still more cross—he had been happy with candy, with cakes and with pies, until he was very uncomfortable indeed; he had been happy with toys, until he had quarrelled with his little companions and strewed the room with broken playthings; he had been happy with his hobby-horse, until he got a fall.

"Oh, what a stupid day!" said little Slyder Downehytle, "I wish to-morrow would come—I'll be so happy at aunt Betsy's."

It is unnecessary to intrude at aunt Betsy's, for the events there were of a character strongly resembling what had already occurred. Little Slyder Downehytle went to bed in tears.

It was always so with the unfortunate Slyder Downehytle. Throughout life, he wanted something to be happy with; and, strangely enough, it universally occurred that when he had obtained the thing, it did not prove to be exactly the thing he wanted. His expectations were never realized, and he was, therefore, constantly in a state of disappointment. Unlucky Slyder Downehytle it was deplorable too that such should

be the case, for Slyder Downehytle was anxious to be happy—he was always looking forward to be happy—for something "to be happy with." He never got up in the morning but that it was his resolve to be happy in the afternoon—and, if not successful in accomplishing his purpose at that time, he endeavored as far as possible to retrieve the failure by forming a similar determination for the evening. No one ever had a greater variety of schemes for living happy—very happy—than he; for living happy next week, for living happy next month, or next year; but it appeared to him that a malignant fate was sure to interfere, in order that his projects might be frustrated. At school, he was always thinking how happy he would be on Saturday afternoon; but then sometimes it rained on Saturday afternoon, or his companions would not do as he wished them to do on Saturday afternoon, or it may be that although he had toiled hard for pleasure on Saturday afternoon, and the toil for pleasure is often the severest of work, he returned home weary, dispirited and out of temper. Of course it was unavoidable that his pleasure should be postponed until some other Saturday afternoon. And it was even so with the larger holidays. They never were exactly what they ought to have been—what they promised to be—what they seemed to be, when viewed from a distance. If Slyder Downehytle went a-fishing, why a treacherous bank would often give way, and then—pray who can possibly be happy when dripping wet, with his clothes on? Nobody but poodles. What felicity is there in losing one's shoe in a swamp? Who is perfectly happy when scouring across the plain, like "swift Camilla," with old Jenkins' big dog—that dog always bites—rustic dogs do—following close at his heels, widely opening a mouth which showed no need of the dentist? Then, if Slyder Downehytle went skating, it not unfrequently happened that he cried with cold,—what a strange ar-

seasons, there was the sun. It never rains but it pours, in this world. Is it happiness, think ye, to have one's dear little nose—incipient Roman, or determined pug, as the case may be—all of a hilster, and to have one's delectable countenance as red and as hot as a scarlet fever? "There's lime in the sack"—invariably, in Slyder Downehylle's sack—it would be easy to make mortar of it.

The young Downehylle, finding that happiness eluded his grasp while a boy, made sure of throwing a noose over its head when he should be a man. What on earth is there to prevent a man's being happy, if he chooses—especially if a man has money, as was the case in the present instance, Uncle John and Aunt Betsy both being gathered to their fathers and mothers. May not a man do as he pleases!—go to bed when he pleases, and get up when he pleases?—eat what he pleases and drink what he pleases? A man is not compelled to learn lessons. All his afternoons are Saturday afternoons—his holidays last all the year round. Who would not be a man? "Oh, when I am a man!" said Slyder Downehylle. "I wish I was a man!" exclaimed Slyder Downehylle. "I want to be a man!" cried Slyder Downehylle, with impatience.

Sooner or later, at least in the eye of the law, most boys become men, in despite of remonstrance. These boys are remarkable for an upstart tendency, and the Downehylles themselves are not exempt from the peculiarity. So Slyder Downehylle was a man at last, though on the whole it must be confessed that he did not derive the satisfaction from it that he had been led to expect.

Slyder Downehylle was extended at full length upon a sofa.

"I say, Spiffikena, what shall I be at? I'm twenty-one—I've got plenty of money—I'm as tired as thunder all ready—what shall I be at, Spiffikens?"

"Lend me a hundred, and buy yourself a buggy,—why don't you get a buggy, to begin with?"

"Yes, Spiffikens, I will. You're right—the Downehylles were always great on buggies, you know, Spiffikens."

It was Slyder Downehylle's theory, after this conversation,—for he often

theorized—that happiness was, to some degree, vehicular; that, like respectability, it was to be found in a gig, if it were to be found anywhere. So he bought him a sulky and a fast trotter—a mile in two minutes or thereabouts. What could escape a man who followed so rapidly? If you wish to be successful in the pursuit of happiness, do not forget to buy a sulky—there's nothing like a sulky.

"Ahs!—that's it!" muttered Slyder Downehylle, as he tugged at the reins, and went whizzing along the turnpike in a cloud of dust, passing everything on the road, and carrying consternation among the pigs, the ducks, and the chickens.

Slyder thought that this was "it" for several consecutive days; but as the novelty wore off—there's the rub—(that Hamlet was rather a sensible fellow—did he too keep a "fast trotter?")—Slyder was not so sure whether it was the thing exactly, and on the recommendation of his friend Spiffikens, who borrowed another hundred on the occasion, he endeavored to improve it a little by drinking champagne and playing billiards, at the "Cottage." Fast trotters and champagne—fast trotters and billiards, harmonize very well. Under this combination, Slyder appeared to think that "it" was considerably more like the thing than before. He had found "something to be happy with," at last, and so had Spiffikens. It was not however so difficult to make Spiffy a happy man,—only allow him to go ahead, and say nothing about "returns." He hates anything sombre—anything "dun."

"Now I'm happy," said Slyder Downehylle, as he stood on the portico of the "Cottage," and saw every eye fixed with admiration on his establishment, as the boy led his horse and sulky through the crowd of vehicles. "That's it, at last!" and he lighted another cigar and called for an additional bottle of iced champagne. "That's it, certainly," remarked Spiffikens, at the explosion of the cork.

Slyder Downehylle was perfectly satisfied that this was indeed "it," for a considerable portion of the afternoon, and, to tell the truth, when he remounted his buggy, nodding his head to the bystanders, as he hung his coat-tails over the back of the vehicle, he was not a little "elevated."

"There—let him go!" said he, tossing a half-dollar to the hostler's deputy.

Mr. Downehytle's sulky flew like lightning across the lawn.

"Splendid!" ejaculated the spectators.

"Superiaw—fine!" added Spiffikens.

The dogs barked—the colored gentlemen who officiated as waiters grinned from ear to ear. There was quite a sensation at the "Cottage."

"That's it, at last!" said Slyder Downehytle, triumphantly. But he forgot that existence, short as it is, cannot be crowded all into the exhilarating moment of a "st. r. t." Life is not to be distilled and condensed in this way, though his life seemed to come as near it as possible, on the occasion referred to.

Why are we made ambitious? Why will we endeavor to jump over puddles that are too wide, when we so often miss immortality by no more than a hair's breadth? But "touch and go" is the secret of great enterprises. Slyder Downehytle was struck with a desire to sublimate the sublime—to "o'ertop old Pelion," and old Pelion, as it was natural he should, resented the insult. Downehytle was allowed to "touch"—we often do that—but there was a veto on his "go." He wished to shave the gate-post, in his eurricular enthusiasm—to astonish the natives with his charioteering skill. Yet the populace might have reminded him of Phæton—of Phæton's sisters weeping, lank and long.

It certainly was the champagne—that last bottle, so well iced.

Mr. Downehytle was out in his calculation by about the sixteenth part of an inch. He was on a lee-shore.

A cloud of splinters went up and came down again. "There is but a Frenchman the more in France," said a Bourbon on the restoration. It was also quite evident that there was a sulky the less in existence. As this could not be considered the "fast trotter's" business,—he having no further concern with the matter than to do a certain number of miles in a specific number of minutes—he therefore went straight on to fulfil his part of the contract, and it is to be presumed that he was successful, as nothing has been heard from him since.

"That's not it, after all," murmured Mr. Slyder Downehytle, as he was

carried into the Cottage for surgical aid.

The bystanders, lately so full of admiration, ungraciously placed their thumbs upon their noses, and wagged their fingers. Greatness always falls, when it meets with an upset.

"What could you expect from a fellow that holds his elbows so, when he drives!" was the general remark. When we are down every one can see the reason why. The world is always full of sagacity, after the event.

Slyder Downehytle is known by the colored waiters at the Cottage as "the gemplin that got spilt," and he was so knocked down by the affair that he felt flat at the slightest allusion to it. He never hunted happiness in a buggy again, but went slowly home in the omnibus, and, though it did not enable him to journey very rapidly, he yet contrived, while in it, to arrive at the conclusion that, if "fast trotters" carried others to felicity, the mode of travel was too rough for him.

He was puzzled. What could be the matter? He was a man, a man of cash—money in both pockets; but yet Slyder Downehytle was not happy—not particularly happy. On the contrary, striking an average, he was, for the most part, decidedly miserable. He yawned about all the morning; he was not hungry in the afternoon; he was seldom sleepy at night,—vexatious!

"There's something I want," thought Slyder Downehytle; "but what it is—that's more than I can tell; but it is something to be happy with. What other people get for the purpose that they go grinning about so, hang me if I can discover."

Slyder Downehytle was rather good looking, about these times—not decidedly "a love," but well enough; and so, as nature had been propitious, he struck out a new line—a very popular line—the hair line. He cultivated whiskers, "fringing the base of his countenance;" he set up a moustache; he starred his under lip with an imperial, and he balanced the superstructure with the classical "goatee!" Medusa herself never had more luxuriant curls. When Slyder Downehytle wanted to find himself, he was obliged to beat the bushes. He passed half the day with a brush in his hand, in adjusting his embellishments—in giving them irresistible expression; and the

rest of the time was consumed in carrying them up and down all manner of streets, and to all sorts of public places. Slyder Downehyllie was now the envy of the young bloods about town, and was regarded as a perfect Cupidon by the ladies. How, indeed, could it be otherwise! Birnam Wood had come to Dunainane—not a feature was discernible. Easu and Orson were shavelings and shavers to Slyder Downehyllie. But, notwithstanding the fact that Samson found strength in his hair, Slyder was not so lucky. A thickset hedge cannot keep out ennuï. It is true that the buffalo and the bison at the menagerie took Mr. Slyder Downehyllie for a patriarch of the tribe, fresh from the head waters of the Oregon; yet, after all, Slyder's spirit was nearly as bald of comfort as the "hairless horse"—that unfashionable quadruped. It must be confessed, however, that there were gleams of consolation attendant upon his bristly condition. The servants at the hotels styled him "mounsheer;" how delightful it is to be mistaken for what you are not! People thought he talked "pretty good English, considerin'," and, best of all, the little boys ran backwards that they might look with wonder at his face, while the smaller children went screaming into the house to call their mammas to see the "funny thing." But "false is the light on glory's plume;" and it is no less false on glory's hair. Even the excitement of such enviable distinction as this soon wears away, and it may be questioned whether, hating the expense of soap, a furry-faced gentleman is, in the long run, much happier than the more sober citizen who has so little taste for the picturesque as to shave several times a week, and who is neither a "foundling of the forest" nor a perambulatory Moses, always among the bulrushes.

Slyder Downehyllie, therefore, reinforced his whiskers by an elaborate care in dress. He was padded into a model of symmetry; but although the buckram was judiciously placed, he soon ascertained that this was not the kind of bolstering he wanted. The cotton made him warm, but it did not make him happy—not quite. It was "nothing to be thus," unless one were "safely thus." Slyder Downehyllie began to feel small when his muscular developments were hung upon the bed-

post. Which was Slyder, in the main—he beneath the cover, or that larger part of him against the wall? He was tired of packing and unpacking; wearied with being "spectacular."

It was not exactly kind in Uncle John and Aunt Betsy—though they thought it was—thus to bequeath their savings to Slyder Downehyllie. Their legacy perplexed him sadly. He discovered, in a very short time, that money is not in itself—notwithstanding the fact that it is generally known as the "one thing needful"—the material of happiness. But he was clear in his own mind that it was something to be got with money. Still, however, he could not find it—that "something to be bappy with"—that cake, that candy, that sugar-ice, that hobby-horse. When his game was run down, why, it was only a fox after all.

"Life's an imposition—a humbug," said Slyder Downehyllie, pettishly: "I've tried much of the fun that's said to be in it, and I'm beginning to have an idea it's a confounded stupid piece of business, when a man has seen it pretty much all through, like a farce at the theatre. I'm sure I don't know what to be at next. There's a man to be hung to-morrow; but I've seen two or three fellows hung, and they do it just alike. The fun is soon got out of that. Then there's to be a fight somewhere this afternoon; but what's a fight, or a race, or anything, in short? A spree is to come off to-night at Crinkumerankum's, but I suppose everything's to travel down our throats in the old way—botheration!"

"You should go it," remarked Spiffikens, "go it strong—that's the way to scatter the blue devils; go it strong; and, as the poet judiciously remarks, 'go it while you're young.' That's the time—lend me fifty, and I'll show you a thing or two—there are several things to be seen yet, by individuals who don't wear spectacles. This is good brandy, Slyder—prime brandy—where did it come from? Have you got any more? Brandy's wholesome. It agrees with almost everybody."

This postulate is not exactly so self-evident as Mr. Spiffikens thought it to be; but while it is not clearly proved that brandy agrees with everybody, yet it was plain enough that Spiffikens agreed with it, and Slyder Downehyllie began likewise to have a slight agree-

ment with that adjective, both in number and person.

He followed the advice of Spiffikens. No one knew the world better than Spiffikens, and, therefore, Spiffikens must, of course, be right,—so Slyder Downehyille became convivial. He slept by day and he frolicked by night. If this was not the long-sought "it," where could "it" be. Slyder Downehyille was merry—exceeding jocose. He was sometimes turned out of three theatres in one evening—he had fought in a ball-room—had thrashed several watchmen—had been honored with "private hearings" by the magistracy, and had been more than once almost beaten to a jelly. Slyder Downehyille earned the right and title to be known as a spirited youth, and so he was, generally. But, by dint of repetition, the blue began to disappear from this plum also—the peach was no longer downy. If it had not been for the peach-brandy, what would have become of Slyder Downehyille? It was not, indeed, perfect bliss—Slyder was subject to headache in the earlier part of the day—yet it was as nearly "something to be happy with," as he had yet been enabled to discover.

It was a hard case, view it as you will. Mr. Slyder Downehyille wanted to be happy—he had the greatest disposition to be happy. He had tried every possible experiment in that direction that either he or Spiffikens could suggest; but yet he was a dejected man, even when tipsy twice-a-day. He could find no delight that was of a substantial character—nothing to which he could constantly recur without fear of disappointment and disgust—nothing that would wear all the week through and be the same to-day, to-morrow, and the day after that. It was in vain that he intermingled his pleasures—took them in alternation—over-eat himself in the morning and over-drunk himself in the evening, or reversed the process, turning the bill of fare upside down. It came all to the same thing in the end. There must be something wrong—why could not Slyder Downehyille be happy? Who labored harder to boil down common-places and to extract from it the essence of felicity—to concentrate the soup of life, and to elicit essentials from their insipid dilution?

A man laughed in the play-house—laughed several times. What right

had he to laugh in that side-shaking manner? Slyder Downehyille could not laugh—he saw no particular joke that required it; but the man laughed again, and when Slyder requested him not to make a fool of himself, the man pulled Slyder's nose. Hope deferred engenders fierceness. Slyder quarrelled with the man about making so free with another person's nose, as if it were a bell-pull or a knocker. A nose is not much to be sure—many noses are not—but when a nose is constituted a point of honor, it expands to the dimensions of a geographical promontory—it is peninsular—it is a disputed territory, over which no one can be allowed to march, much less to make settlements upon it. Slyder Downehyille resolved to stand by his nose, and so he stood up to it, and a duel was the consequence—a duel, according to the barbarian custom of modern times, which was fought before breakfast. Who can be surprised that there is so much bad shooting extant on these interesting occasions? A gentleman, no matter how much of a gentleman he may be in proper hours, cannot reasonably be expected to be altogether a gentleman—altogether himself—at such an uncivilized time of day. A man may be valiant enough after nine o'clock—when he has had his coffee and muffins—he may be able to face a battery in the forenoon, and ready to lead a forlorn hope when he has dined comfortably; but to ask one to get up to be shot at, in the gray of the morning—in the midst of fogs and all sorts of chilly discomfort, his boots and his trousers dragged with dew, and himself unsustained by a breakfast, why the whole thing is preposterous! No man can be valiant unless he is warm, and as no man can be warm without his breakfast, it is a demonstrated fact that breakfast is itself valor, and that one may be frightened before breakfast, without the slightest disparagement to his character for courage. Master Barnardine was right when he refused to get up early to go to the gallows. There is a time for all things. But Slyder Downehyille was not more alarmed than was right and proper—not more, probably, than his antagonist. "How do they come on?" said the surgeon to Goliath Bluff, who acted as Slyder's second. The fourth shot had been interchanged and no blood drawn. "As well as could be ex-

peoted," replied Goliath; "they are approximating—the seconds don't have to dodge now, and the principals are not so likely as they were, to shoot off their own toes. Practice makes perfect. Gentlemen, are you ready?—one, two, three!"—bang!—bang!—The man had winged Snyder, and both were glad—the one that it was safely over, so far as he was concerned, and the other that the affair was finished and no worse, so far as he was concerned. Further approximations might have been dangerous. But the result was a downright flying in the face of poetical justice, owing no doubt to the fact that poetical justice wisely lies abed till the last bell rings. But then, as Goliath Bluff announced to the parties heli-gent, Snyder Downehytle was "satisfied," and who else had a right to complain? His nose was the feature most interested and it said nothing, "as nobody knows on"—for it was now a nose which, when regarded in its metaphysical and honorable aspect, notwithstanding its rubid tints, had not a stain upon its escutcheon. The bullet in its master's shoulder had been soap-suds to its reputation, and the duel had been brick-dust to the lustre of its glory. Snyder Downehytle's nose actually "shone again," brighter than ever. His arm, no doubt, was in a sling—the same arm that had conveyed so many slings into him, to support him, comfort him and keep him up,—but his nose was self-sustained; it had been proved to be a feature not to be handled with impunity. But what are noses, after all—what are noses in the abstract—noses individually considered? Snyder, in the end, did not care much who poked his nose, so they did it gently.

He was engaged in solving a great moral problem. He left the longitude and the squaring of the circle to intellects of an inferior order. It was for him to determine whether it was possible to live upon the principal of one's health and capacities for enjoyment, without being restricted to such beggarly returns as the mere interest thereof. As for content—the "being happy with one's self," as Uncle John expressed it—this was a very flat sort of happiness in Snyder Downehytle's estimation, if, indeed, he ever placed it in that category at all. It was by no means strong enough for the purpose. Happy upon water!—"I'll trouble you

for that pale brandy," said Snyder Downehytle. He desired that his existence should be one vast bowl of champagne punch—an everlasting mince-pie—tarrapine and turtle soup—glaciers of ice-cream and cataracts of cognac, sunned by frolic and fanned by the breeze of excitement,—a "perpetual agree!" There were to be no sandy sides of the way in his resplendent world.—How many practical philosophers have failed in the same pursuit! Is the *aurum potabile* never to be discovered? Are we always to come down to the plain reality, at last? Downehytle could not endure the thought.—"More cayenne, if you please."

"Have you ever tried faro?" whispered Spiffikens;—"there's considerable fun at faro, when you are up to it."

Spiffikens passed the bottle. Snyder Downehytle had never tried faro, but he did try it, and thought that he rather liked it. In short, it improved upon acquaintance. At length, he had reached the *ultima Thule*. The "something to be happy with" had, to all appearance, been found. Redheifer was but a goose. He knew not where to look for the "perpetual motion"—the everlasting jog to the flagging spirit. But the top of our speed brings the end of the race. He who moves most rapidly, is the soonest at the close of his career. Faro is fields, and Snyder Downehytle, in his zeal to pile enjoyment upon enjoyment—to be happy, if possible, with several things at a time—had unluckily a habit of not taking even his faro "plain;" he needed syrup also in that effervescent draught, and as his head became warm, the "cool" amounts in his pockets melted away.

Snyder Downehytle was a cashless man—his researches after felicity had not only proved unsuccessful, but had left him without the means of future progression. He was bemired halfway—swamped, as it were, in sight of port. Even Spiffikens cut him dead. The tailors desired no more of his custom—his apartments at the hotel were wanted. The "credit system" was out of fashion. Financiering had been clipped in its wings. How doleful looks the candle when capped with an extinguisher! The wounded squirrel drops from limb to limb. The world has many wounded squirrels, besides those that crack nuts to earn a living. Just such

a squirrel was Slyder Downehyile, compelled, before he reached the top of his aspiring hopes, to abandon every step that he had so toilsomely surmounted.

How he now obtained anything to eat, is not exactly known. His mode of obtaining something to drink, is, if not original, certainly ingenious. He never goes to the pump, having no taste for hydraulics. Nor does he find water with a hazel twig. He has a more effective "twig" than that. He lounges in bar-rooms, and as his old acquaintances, searchers after happiness not yet brought up with a "round turn," go there to drink—a dry bar is a sad impediment to navigation—it is astonishing how very solicitous he becomes in reference to their health.

"How do ye do, Mr. Jones? I've not had the pleasure of seeing you for a long time. How have you been?"

"Pretty well, Downehyile, pretty well—but excuse me—Bibo and I are going to try something."

"Why, ah—thank you—I don't care much if I do join. The pale brandy—yes—that will answer," would be Slyder Downehyile's response under such circumstances, from which it is apparent that misfortune had somewhat impaired his sense of hearing.

Slyder Downehyile is supposed to be yet about town, looking earnestly for his undiscovered happiness. The last time he was seen by credible witnesses, they noted him busily employed in playing "All Fours," in front of John Gin's hostelry—a game probably selected as emblematic of his now creeping condition. He lounges no more in fashionable resorts. Cham-

pagne punch is a mere reminiscence. His Havanas are converted into 'long nines,' and his bibulations are at two cents a glass, making up in piperine pungency what they lack in delicacy of flavor. He is sadly emaciated, and in all respects considerably the worse for wear, while a hollow, cough indicates that his physical capabilities have proved inadequate to the requirements of his method of employing life, and are fast dropping to pieces. Slyder Downehyile is consequently more melancholy than ever. He is troubled with doubts. Perhaps he may have proceeded upon an error—perhaps the principle, the high pressure principle, of his action was not the right one. It may be that excitement is not happiness—that our pleasures are fleeting in proportion to their intensity—that indeed, if "life be a feast," the amount of satisfaction to be derived from it, is rather diminished than increased by swallowing the viands hastily and by having a free recourse to condiments, and that a physical economy is as wise and as necessary to well-being, as economy of any other kind. He is almost led to suppose that his "something to be happy with," is a fallacy; he never could hold it within his grasp, and he inclines to the belief that a man probably does well to have a home in himself, that he may not always be compelled to run abroad for recreation, or to appeal to his senses to give vivacity to the hour. If it were his luck to begin again, perhaps he might try the tack thus indicated. But that hollow cough!—Our experiences oft reach their climax too late; yet others may learn from the example of Slyder Downehyile.

## THE MOUNTAINS.

I love ye, Mountains! for since earliest time,  
 When Tyranny hath bared his ruthless hand,  
 And through the valleys of the fated land,  
 Let loose the craven ministers of crime;  
 Crimsooned the sod, as 'twere in very mirth,  
 With blood of boary sire, and generous youth,  
 And in God's name razed to the reeking earth,  
 The unstained altars of eternal Truth;  
 Your snow-capt crags, upon whose dizzy height  
 The daring vulture stays its weary flight;  
 Your dark recesses, where the black wolves den,  
 And outlaws dwell—more merciful than he—  
 Have been the refuge of unconquered men,  
 And home and citadel of Liberty.



## THE FARMER.

From golden morn, till dewy eve,  
 When the sky gleams bright and red,  
 With many a strong and sturdy stroke,  
 I labor for my bread.  
 No sickly fits nor ills I dread,  
 My chest is deep and broad,  
 And though I work the live-long day,  
 I rise and thank my God.

No lily hue is on my brow,  
 No rings on my hard hand,  
 I wield the axe, I drive the plough,  
 Or when black war shrouds the land,  
 I seize my father's well tried brand,  
 And that for Freedom's sod  
 It is my glorious right to bleed,  
 I rise and thank my God.

And when my daily task is o'er,  
 And the sun is sinking low,  
 As faint with work and honest toil,  
 To my humble roof I go,  
 I see the perfumed city bean  
 With his ebony walking rod,  
 And that I am not a thing like him,  
 I rise and thank my God.

The widow's prayer upon my ear  
 Unheeded never fell,  
 I ne'er beheld the orphan's tear  
 But my own heart's fount would swell.  
 I never heaven for gold would sell,  
 Nor for wealth would stoop to fraud,  
 A poor—but yet an honest man,  
 I rise and thank my God.

And when the good sun floods with light  
 This land of liberty,  
 And spreads around my happy sight,  
 As in prayer I bend the knee,  
 That I am strong, and bold, and free,  
 In the land my fathers trod,  
 With quivering lips, and with out-stretched arms,  
 I rise and thank my God.

WM. HAYNES LITTLE.

## LA GRANDE BRÉTÈCHE.

A TALE.\*

ON the outskirts of the small town of Vendôme, situated on the banks of the Loire, stands an old, dark, high-roofed house, entirely insulated, without vicinage of any kind to disturb its seclusion.

In front of this dwelling, is a garden terminating on the river's edge; but the box-wood, in time past carefully trimmed, which marked its walks and alleys, now grows in freedom; the hedge enclosures receive no care; the young willows born in the Loire, have rapidly increased in size; weeds in rich vegetation crowd the river slope; the fruit trees have remained unclipped for ten years, and have ceased to bear. The garden paths, once well sanded and gravelled, are grass-grown; in fact, their outlines are scarcely distinguishable.

It is easy, nevertheless, to discern from the hill-top strewn with the ruins of the ancient castle of the Dukes of Vendôme, the only spot from which the eye can plunge into the recesses of the enclosure,—it is easy, I say, to discern, that at some period of time more or less remote, it must have been the residence of some good old gentleman, fond of roses, dahlias—of horticulture, in a word—and also, perhaps, addicted to good and luscious fruit. You can still see an arbour, or rather the remains of one, under which is a table which time has not entirely destroyed.

In the presence of this garden, which is no more, you divine the peaceful delights of country life, just as the epitaph on the dead may indicate the pursuits of the living; and, then, to complete the soft and melancholy impressions it awakens, you find on one of the walls a rustic sun-dial decorated with the familiar inscription:

*Fugit hora brevis.*

Of the house itself the roofs are crumbling, the shutters closed; the balconies are covered by thousands of swallows' nests; the doors are open;

high grass grows from the interstices of the stone steps; the iron work is rusted; the moon, the sun, winter, summer, have worn the wood, loosened the frames, dilapidated all. The silence of this forlorn mansion is only disturbed by birds, cats, rats, and mice, who go and come in freedom. An invisible hand has traced throughout the word—*Mystery!*

If your curiosity should urge you to inspect this house on the street side, you will discover a large door, the top of round form, in which the children of the country have made innumerable holes. I subsequently learned that this door had not been opened for ten years. Through these irregular openings you may remark the perfect harmony existing between the front on the garden, and that on the court yard.

Clumps of grass are scattered over the pavements; enormous crevices furrow the walls; creeping ivy ornaments the copings. The door-steps are dislocated; the bell-rope is rotted; the gutters broken; all around is void, desolate, and silent. This mansion is an enigma of which no one knows the solution. It bears the name of *La Grande Bretèche*, and was formerly a small fief.

During my stay at Vendôme, the romantic view of this singular house became one of my liveliest pleasures. It was something better than a ruin. To a ruin are attached historical recollections, known facts, the authenticity of which contemplation cannot reject; but, in this habitation still erect, and yet in the progress of self-destruction, there was a secret, an unknown, undiscovered design; at least, the whim of some eccentric fellow-being.

More than one evening, my steps led me to the wild hedge which protected the enclosure; then, in defiance of its prickly thorns, I made my way into this garden without an owner, into this property which was no longer either public or private; and I would there

\* From the French (varied and adapted) of Balzac.

remain for whole hours contemplating its disorder. I would not, for the sake of learning the true story to which doubtless was owing the strange scene before me, question the townspeople; for there my imagination indulged itself in vague romance; and, had I known the motive, perhaps a trivial one, of its forsaken state, I might have lost the unexpressed poetry in which I revelled.

In this retreat, as I have said, I passed much of my time: I found in it the sanctity of the cloister, the peace of the grave-yard, without the dead who speak to you from their tombstones; rural life was there with its serene repose, its measured tranquillity.— There I often wept; there no emotion of gaiety was possible. I have been shaken by sudden terror by the whirling passage of the hurried wood-pigeon above my head. The soil is moist; you must guard against the lizard, the viper, and other tribes of noxious life whose home you invade. You must not dread the cold; in a few moments you will find its icy mantle fall unbidden on your shoulders. Place, circumstances, and disposition of mind at the time, increased my natural susceptibility. I would have trembled at a shadow. One night that I had fashioned out a tale, a drama associated with the dreary locality, the mere rustling of an antique weather-vane startled me. It struck me as the moaning of the desolate mansion.

I returned to my inn with gloomy thoughts. After supper my landlady entered the room with an air of mystery, saying:

"M. Regnault is here, sir!"

"Who is M. Regnault?"

"The gentleman does not know M. Regnault? Indeed!" And she went out.

A moment after her departure a man of very ordinary appearance entered the apartment.

"To whom, sir," said I, "have I the honor of speaking?"

He sat down, placed his hat on the table, and replied, rubbing his hands:

"I am, sir, M. Regnault."

I bowed.

"I am the notary of Vendome."

"Well, sir!" exclaimed I.

"A moment, sir! I am told that you are in the habit of occasionally walking in the garden of *la Grande Breteche*.

"Yes, sir."

"I do not wish to accuse you of a crime, but in the name and as executor of the late Countess de Merret, I must request you to discontinue your visits. You are a stranger, and may not be supposed to know the reasons which I have for abandoning to ruin the best house in Vendome. Its state may excuse your curiosity, but representing the injunctions of the late proprietor, I have the honor to repeat that you are requested never again to place your foot in that garden. I, myself, since the opening of the will, have never entered the house. We merely numbered the doors and windows, so as to fix the amount of taxes due to the State, and these are paid by me annually out of funds appropriated for the purpose."

"May I ask what motives occasioned this singular arrangement?"

"Sir," replied he, "you shall know all I know. One evening, now ten years ago and more, I was sent for by the Countess de Merret, then residing at her *Chateau de Merret*. The message was delivered by her maid, who is now a servant in this inn. You must know that a short time previously the Comte de Merret had died in Paris. He perished miserably, the victim of incessant dissipation. On the day of his departure from Vendome, the Countess abandoned *Grande Breteche*. It was said that she had caused all the furniture to be burned on the lawn. For about three months the Count and his wife had lived in a strange manner. They denied themselves to all visitors, and occupied different parts of the house. After her husband's departure the Countess was only to be seen at church; she declined all communication with her friends, and was already an altered woman the day she left *la Grande Breteche* for *Merret*. She was very ill, and had doubtless despaired of her health, for she died without seeking medical advice. Many here thought that she was not quite right in her head. My curiosity was greatly excited on learning that *Madame de Merret* required my professional assistance; but I was not the only one who knew it; the same evening, although it was late, it was reported about the town that I was called to *Merret*. The maid answered my questions vaguely; she said, however, that

the Countess had received the last offices of religion, and that apparently she would not survive the night. I reached the chateau at about eleven o'clock, and was introduced without delay to the bed-chamber of the Countess. A dim light scarcely enabled me to distinguish objects. The Countess reposed in a large bed; on a table within her reach lay a volume of the *Imitation of Christ*; austere devotion seemed to have removed from the room the usual accessories of wealth and rank. Approaching close to the bed I could see the occupant. Her face was like wax, and was shaded over by long ringlets of black and white hair. Her large black eyes exhausted by fever scarcely moved in their deep orbits. Her forehead was damp; her hands, bones covered with skin; each muscle and vein was visible. It was a pitiful sight. Although in the discharge of professional duty, I was well accustomed to death-bed scenes, I must confess that nothing I had ever witnessed, families in tears, and the last agonies of the dying, struck me so painfully as that lone and silent woman, in that vast chateau. Not a sound was heard; even the breathing of the poor lady was imperceptible. I stood still, gazing at her with a species of stupor. At last her large eyes moved; she tried to raise her hand, which fell back on the bed; the following words issued from her lips like a whisper; her voice had ceased to be a voice:

"I have expected you with great impatience."

The simple effort brought the color to her cheeks.

"Madam," said I.

She motioned me to be silent.

At this moment the old nurse rose and whispered to me.

"Speak not a word. She cannot suffer the least noise."

I sat down.

After a few instants the dying woman collected what remained to her of strength, and with painful exertion, brought forth from under her pillow, a sealed paper.

"I commit to you," said she, "my last will; Ah! oh God!—Ah!" That was all.

She grasped the crucifix on her bed, bore it rapidly to her lips, and died.

The expression of her fixed eyes still causes me to shudder when I recur to

it. She must have suffered much. There was joy in her parting gaze, and her dead eye retained it.

I carried away the will.

When opened, I read that the testator had appointed me her executor. She willed the whole of her property to the hospital at Vendome, with the exception of some special legacies; but now I must inform you of her directions respecting *la Grande Bretèche*. She enjoined me to leave that house during fifty years, to date from the day of her death, in the precise state in which it then was—to forbid entrance to it to all persons—to abstain from the slightest repair, and, if necessary, to procure the services of a keeper to secure the execution of her intentions. At the expiration of the term named, the house will belong to me—to me or my heirs—that is to say, if the wishes of the testator have been complied with; if not, *la Grande Bretèche* will pass to her natural heirs, but still with the condition of executing certain acts set forth in a codicil annexed to the will and which is not to be opened until after the expiration of the fifty years. Such was the notary's tale.

"I must confess, sir, that you have produced on me a very deep impression. You must surely be able to form some conjecture touching the strange stipulations of the will."

"Sir," said he, "I can truly and sincerely assure you that it is not in my power to throw any light on the subject. The will itself is silent, and nothing is known of the manner of the life of the late Countess which points to a probable solution of my story."

He was scarcely gone when he was succeeded by my good-humored landlady.

"Well, sir, I suppose M. Regnault has been telling you his old story about *la Grande Bretèche*?"

"Yes."

"What has he told you?"

I repeated, in a few words, the dark and mysterious narrative. My landlady was all attention.

"Now, my dear madam Lepas," said I, in concluding, "you appear to know more. You knew M. de Merret. What sort of a man was he?"

"M. De Merret was a tall, handsome man; the ladies here say that he was pleasing; he must have had something to recommend him, else he would

not have won the hand of Madame de Merret, the richest and most beautiful heiress of these parts. The whole town was at the wedding; the bride was sweet and engaging. They seemed to be a happy couple."

"Did they live happily?"

"Oh!—Yes; at least so far as could be presumed. Madame de Merret was a kind, and indeed, in every respect, an excellent person. She may have been occasionally annoyed by the hasty temper of her husband; but he was, at bottom, a good man—a little proud—"

"Nevertheless there must have been some catastrophe to bring about a violent separation?"

"I have not spoken of any catastrophe—I know of none."

"I am now quite certain that you do."

"Well, sir, I'll tell you all. Seeing you received a visit from M. Regnault, I doubted not but that he would speak to you about Madame de Merret, and so it made me think that I would myself consult you on a matter which sorely troubles my conscience. I believe you to be a good, honest gentleman, and are indeed the first person I have met with to whom it would seem I might confide my secret."

"My dear Madame Lepas, if your secret is likely to involve me, I would rather forego the gratification of my curiosity."

"Don't be alarmed—listen :

"At the time the Emperor sent here several Spaniards, prisoners of war, one of them, a young man on parole, by order of the government, took up his quarters in this house. He was a grandee of Spain; he had a name in *os*, and in *dia*—Bajos de Feredia, I believe. I have his name on my books, where you may read it if you please. O! he was a handsome youth, not tall, but perfectly made; small hands, of which he took exceeding care; long black hair, brilliant eye and dark complexion. His manners were polished and affable. We all loved him,—and yet he was no talker; silent and pensive, he read his breviary daily, like any priest, and regularly attended all the offices of the church. And where would he place himself? At two steps from Madame de Merret's chapel. As he had taken that position the first time he appeared in church, no one attributed to him any particular intention; be-

sides, the eyes of the poor young man were never seen to wander from his book.

"In the evening he would walk to the mountain, among the ruins of the castle; it was his sole amusement. The first days of his captivity, he frequently returned very late; but as we were all anxious to please him, there was no interference with his habits. He had a key for the door, and let himself in and out at pleasure.

"I remember one of our men telling that he had seen the Spanish grandee swimming far out in the river, like a real fish. I ventured to caution him against danger. He seemed to regret having been seen in the water.

"At last, sir, one day, or rather one morning, he was missing. He never returned. . . . After much searching, I found a writing in a drawer in which were fifty large gold Portuguese pieces, worth about 5000 francs; then there were diamonds of the value of about 10,000 more. The writing said that in the event of his not returning, the money and diamonds were to become our property; and that it would be unnecessary to make any search for him, as doubtless he would have succeeded in making his escape.

"In those days I still had my husband, who in the morning had gone to look about for the Spaniard; and here, sir, is the most singular part of the story. He brought back, sir, the gentleman's clothes; he found them under a large stone, on the banks of the river, nearly opposite *la Grande Bretèche*. It was early in the morning, and my husband met no one by the way; so, after reading the letter, he burned the clothes, and reported that the Comte de Feredia was not to be found."

"The Sub-Prefect sent the *gens d'armes* in pursuit, but in vain. My husband was of opinion that the poor youth was drowned. For my part, sir, I think not, and rather incline to the belief that he is concerned in some way with the history of Madame de Merret. Rosalia, now in my service, says that the crucifix by which her mistress set so much store, that she was buried with it, was of ebony incrustated with silver. Now, it is quite certain that M. de Feredia had such a crucifix with him in the first days of his stay here, and which I have not since seen!

"Tell me, sir, having heard my story,

if I was not right in using the 15,000 francs? Did they not become my property?" . . . .

"Certainly—but have you never attempted to question Rosalie?"

"Often—but the girl is unyielding. She knows something, but keeps it close."

Madame Lepas' scanty additions to the notary's story added fresh fuel to my curiosity. *La Grande Bretèche* with its desolate park and garden, its closed doors and windows, its deserted chambers, was present to my imagination: its mysterious history, associated with the death of three persons, perplexed and fascinated my attention.

Rosalie became in my estimation the most interesting person in Vendôme. For the first time, I discovered in her appearance traces of deep-seated thought: I gave a meaning to each look, gesture and attitude. I won her confidence by acts of kindness, and after a brief period I succeeded in obtaining from her a full and ample disclosure of all it was my object to learn. Were I to reproduce Rosalie's narrative with all its details, a volume would scarcely suffice to contain it. It takes its place between the stories of the notary and of Madame Lepas, with the exactness of a mean term in an arithmetical proposition. In abridging it, I shall endeavor to give it a proper precision.

Madame de Merret occupied a room on the ground floor. A small closet of about four feet in depth had been constructed in the wall, and was used as a wardrobe. Three months previous to the evening on which occurred the events I am about to describe, Madame de Merret had been seriously indisposed; her husband occupied a room in an upper story. By one of those chances impossible to foresee, he returned, on the evening in question, two hours later than usual from the club-room which he was in the habit of frequenting. He had been that evening unlucky at play, and on reaching his house, instead of merely inquiring, according to his custom, if his wife were well, he directed his steps towards her bed-chamber, leaving his lantern on the steps of the staircase. Rosalie, who generally received him, happened to be absent in the kitchen. His step was easy to distinguish, and distinctly resounded under the vault of the corridor.

At the very moment M. de Merret turned the handle of his wife's door, he thought he heard the door of the small-closet close; and, when he entered, Madame de Merret was standing in front of the fire-place.

His first impression was that Rosalie was in the closet, but a suspicion which tolled in his ear like the sounding of bells, caused him to look round: he brought his fixed gaze on his wife's countenance, which he found both timid and confused.

"You return late," said she.

In the utterance of these words, a slight alteration in her voice became perceptible to a familiar ear. M. de Merret made no answer, for on the moment Rosalie entered the room. Her presence shook his very soul. Without saying a word, he commenced pacing the room, his arms folded on his breast.

"Have you bad news!—Are you unwell?" asked his wife in faltering tones.

No reply.

"Leave me," said Madame de Merret to the girl. Foreboding, doubtless, misfortune, she wished to be alone with her husband.

As soon as Rosalie was gone, or was presumed to be gone, for she remained a few moments in the passage, M. de Merret placed himself opposite his wife, and said to her calmly, but with trembling lips and livid countenance:

"Madam, there is some one in your closet."

She looked at her husband for an instant with painful collectedness, and replied simply:

"No, sir."

The *No* went to his heart, for he did not believe it, and yet never had his wife appeared more pure and saintly in his eyes.

He rose and went towards the closet door; but Madame de Merret took him by the hand, stopped him, and looking at him in the most touching manner, she said in a voice of singular emotion:

"If you find no one—recollect that all is over between us."

An inconceivable dignity expressed in the attitude of the wife, brought the noble husband to a sense of the deep esteem in which he held her, and inspired him with one of those resolutions, which to be sublime, need only a vaster theatre.

"You are right, Josephine," said he, "I shall not proceed.—In one case or the other we should separate for ever. Listen, I know the purity of your mind, and know that you lead a devout life. You would not, to save your life, commit a mortal sin."

At these words, she looked at him wildly.

"Here is your crucifix—swear before God that there is no one in that closet.—I will believe you, and will never open the closet."

Madame de Merret took the crucifix—and said:

"I swear it."

"Louder," said the husband, "and repeat: I swear before God that there is no one in that closet."

She repeated the oath without faltering.

"It is well," said M. de Merret; then, after a moment's silence:

"You have there a very handsome piece of workmanship. How did you come by it?"

And he closely examined the crucifix which was of ebony inlaid with silver, and graced with great art.

"At Duvivier's. He had purchased it from a Spanish priest who passed through Vendôme last year with a company of prisoners."

"Indeed!"—said M. de Merret.

He replaced the crucifix on the mantelpiece. At the same time he rang. Rosalie came instantly. M. de Merret met her with eagerness, and taking her aside to the recess of a window which opened on the garden, he said in a low voice:

"I know that Gorenflot wishes to marry you, and that you are prevented by mutual poverty from doing that which will make you happy. You have declined becoming his wife until he has established himself as a master mason. Well, go for him, and bring him here with his trowel and tools. Move so as to awake no one in his house. His fortune shall exceed your wants and expectations. Above all, leave this house without any tattling."

And M. de Merret intimated his possible displeasure by a significant gesture. Rosalie hastened away; he called her back.

"Hold, take my pass key."

"John!"—called M. de Merret, with a voice of thunder in the passage.

And John, who was his coachman and confidential servant, came.

"Let all the servants retire to bed," said his master.

Then, M. de Merret motioning to him, John went to his side, and he added:

"When they are all fast asleep—*fast asleep*—understand well!—come down and tell me."

M. de Merret, who had kept his eye fixed on his wife, while giving his orders, now seated himself quietly by her side in front of the fire. He told her the news he had picked up at his club—described his loss at play—and when Rosalie returned, M. and Madame de Merret were conversing amicably together.

M. de Merret had recently caused some repairs to be made to the house, and so happened to have a quantity of bricks, plaster and mortar on the premises. It was this circumstance which prompted the design which he now proceeded to execute.

"Gorenflot, sir, is here!" said Rosalie.

"Let him come in."

Madame de Merret slightly changed color, on seeing the mason.

"Gorenflot," said M. de Merret, "go down to the yard and bring up a quantity of bricks sufficient to wall up the door of that closet. When you have finished the brick work, you will plaster the whole carefully over." Then, bringing the workman and Rosalie close to his side, he continued in a low voice:

"Listen, Gorenflot,—you will sleep here to-night—but to-morrow morning you shall have passport for a foreign land, where you will take up your residence in a city to be named to you. I shall give you six thousand francs for your journey. You will live ten years in the same city. Should you not like it, you may seek out another, provided it be in the same country. You will pass through Paris, where you will wait my coming. There, will be secured to you, by deed, a further sum of six thousand francs, to be paid to you only on your return, and in case it shall appear that you have strictly fulfilled the conditions of our bargain. For this reward, you will be required to observe profound secrecy on what you may do here this night."

"As for you, Rosalie, I purpose giv-

ing you ten thousand francs as a portion to be paid down on your wedding-day; that is to say, on condition of your marrying Gorenflot; you are also to observe strict secrecy. If not, no portion."

"Rosalie," said Madame de Merret, "dress my hair."

The husband walked quietly up and down, watching the door, the mason, and his wife, but without betraying any offensive mistrust.

Gorenflot could not avoid making some noise.

Madame de Merret seized an opportunity when her husband was on the opposite side of the room, and whispered to Rosalie:

"A hundred crowns a year, if you can tell him to leave a crevice open below."

Then, aloud, she said with frightful calmness:

"Go and help him!"

M. and Madame Merret remained silent during the whole time the mason was employed in walling the door. In this there was calculation on the part of the husband, whose object it was to avoid giving his wife a pretext for throwing in words of a double meaning; and on the part of Madame de Merret, there was prudence, perhaps pride.

When the wall was about built, the crafty mason managed, when M. de Merret's back was turned, to break one of the two windows of the door. This act gave Madame de Merret to understand that Rosalie had spoken to Gorenflot:—then she and the mason saw, not without deep emotion, the face of a man of dark and sombre countenance, black hair, and piercing eyes. Before her husband had turned, she had time to make a signal to the stranger; and that sign said, Hope.

At four o'clock, close upon dawn, for the month was September, the work was done.

The mason was placed under the care of John, and M. de Merret slept in his wife's room.

In the morning, as he rose, he carelessly remarked: "Oh, I had forgotten—

I must go to the mayor's office for the passport."

He put on his hat, but when he had made three steps toward the door, he bethought himself, and took up the crucifix.

Seeing that, his wife's heart leaped with delight.

"He will call at Duvivier's!" thought she.

As soon as he had gone out, Madame de Merret rang for Rosalie, and screamed in tones of frightful energy:

"A pick-axe! a pick-axe! and to work. I marked Gorenflot's way; and we have time to make an opening, and to close it up again."

In an instant, Rosalie brought a sort of spike to her mistress, who with a degree of ardor not to be expressed, commenced demolishing the wall.

She had already knocked out several bricks, when on drawing back to give a vigorous blow, she saw M. de Merret standing behind her pale and menacing.

She fainted.

"Place your lady on her bed," said the merciless man. Anticipating what was likely to occur during his absence, he had simply written to the mayor, and sent a message for Duvivier.

The jeweller arrived shortly after.

"Duvivier," said M. de Merret, "have you not purchased crucifixes from the Spaniards, who have passed through our town?"

"No, sir!"

"That's all! I thank you."

"John," said he, turning to his man, "you will serve my meals in Madame de Merret's room; she is unwell, and I shall not leave her side until I see her restored to health."

The merciless man remained fifteen days by his wife's side; and, during the first six days, if a noise was heard from the walled closet, and if his wife then cast an imploring look for the wretch who was dying within, he would answer, without permitting her to utter a single word:

"You have sworn that there was no one in that closet!"



## LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER.\*

LEAVING our party, who, alarmed by the unsettled state of the country, are coasting it from St. Jean d'Acre to Beyrout, Bartlett, the artist, and myself are zigzagging Galilee in search of the picturesque.

At Sidon it was concluded to visit Lady Hester Stanhope, but we were warned that we were reckoning without our host, she having rejected all comers for many months past, and that the English were her favorite abomination.

Undeterred by the prophecies of our Sidonian friends, Antonio was dispatched with a note, couched in terms of studied courtesy, stating, in substance, that an American gentleman would be happy to pay his passing compliments to her ladyship. An hour or two after his departure, we mounted and moved slowly towards her residence, which lies about four hours journey eastward. At a sudden turn in the road, which, like all other eastern roads, was a bridle-path, we came in full view of her famous retreat, resembling, in the distance, a small village, surrounded by a wall, and perched on the top of a barren, craggy, conical mountain, with scarcely an herb to be seen on its repulsive sides, though surrounded by a luxuriant country. The spot on which we stood was a perpendicular precipice of equal height with the object of our curiosity, from which we were separated only by a broad, deep valley. Here we halted, the sun two hours high, for the double purpose of affording Bartlett an opportunity to make a sketch, and to await our messenger. Bartlett had put his last touch to the drawing as Antonio, pushing his mule to his best paces, came up the steep road, puffing with exertion, and delighted with the success of his mission and the glorious prospect of rich fare, which is seldom the lot of an eastern traveller. He gave a glowing picture of the wonders he had seen, how he had been handed from sentry to sentry, and from servant to servant ;

how he had passed through gates and courts and halls, and had been actually in her presence. She was the grandest lady his eyes had ever looked on ; she had ordered him refreshments, and told him to stay the night, thinking he was to return to Sidon ; but hearing that it was a matter of doubt, told him to mount with all speed and endeavor to bring his master to her before night-fall ; that he was welcome, come when he would ; she had abundant accommodation for myself and all my company, provided they were not English. Bartlett, hearing his doom, took the path, with his servant and guide, to a village about seven miles distant, while Antonio, with a diligence sharpened by a mountain appetite, drove our baggage mules to Lady Hester's, where we arrived two hours after sun-set, with the single accident of the mule having slipped over a projecting rock and sent my yataghan, with its silver scabbard, into the abyas below, and with great difficulty recovering his foot-hold.

We entered a long passage guarded by Albanian soldiers in their fanciful costumes, and lined with well-dressed servants. A dragoman came forward, who led me to an Italian gentleman, who showed me my apartment. A divan of luxurious proportions, covered with crimson cloth, extended the width of a very large room opposite the entrance ; two European beds, covered with the same material, without curtains, flanked the door-way. This room was an isolated house ; in front was an arbor, forming a continuation of the roof, covered with vines ; the area formed by the arbor was bordered with parterres of flowers. The luggage was scarcely disposed of, when an Italian servant, in Syrian dress, with a candle in an European silver candlestick, came to say that *miladi* would be happy to see me. With a view, perhaps, to produce an imposing effect, he led me through any quantity of passages, doors and gates, till we arrived

\* John W. Hamersley, Esq., of New York.

at her sitting-room. It was an unpretending snugger, both as to size and decoration, with low ceiling. Two divans, about the size of common sofas, stood opposite each other, about ten feet apart, and in the recess of a window were two spermaceti candles in tall candlesticks, so placed that the light was thrown between the two divans, which were both in the shade.

She rose to meet me with a cordiality and ease perfectly electrical; said how happy she was to entertain Americans, and with a lady-like rapidity, laughing with the glee of a girl. "Do you know," she ran on, "what a pleasant disappointment I've had by a mistake of my dragoman! He came to me with open eyes and mouth, half pleased, half frightened, with your open letter in his hand, and announced the arrival of a Persian prince! What, asked I, can a Persian prince want with me? I seized the note, and reading the words 'an American gentleman,' saw his error; he had read an 'American,' which is the title of a prince of Persia, and you may easily imagine how much more gratified I am to entertain an American than a Persian prince."

Her presence is commanding, perhaps five feet ten inches in height, but slightly stooping with debility, being recently arisen from a sick bed; her eyes piercing; features prominent.

She dresses in a loose robe of fine worsted, with silk tassels pendant in perpendicular rows on either side in front; she wears the yellow Turkish slipper, and an enormous cachemere shawl, twisted into a turban, almost buries her head. Her costume, she says, is of no country; to use her own words, "mia fantasia." She has no weapons visible.

"Now," says she, "make yourself comfortable on that divan," pointing to that opposite her own; "put yourself in your easiest position; if you prefer it, sit like the Turks, or, if you like it better, lay yourself at full length, and put ceremony aside." We were scarcely seated, having chosen a Turkish position as best suited to my costume, when a little black girl brought in coffee, and anon, at two several journeys, two long cherry-stick pipes. Lady Hester sipped water instead of coffee, but smoked immoderately. This little girl is the only female of her

household; she brought out with her "une demoiselle de société," who returned home a few years afterwards. The usual preambles to conversation disposed of, she began to speak freely of her household; she "had a Turkish dragoman to attend to her Turkified guests, and a Frank to take care of her Frankified visitors." She passed to the English nation, whom she belabored most mercilessly, and finally launched into astrology. She professes to tell by the features of any person she sees, his whole history and destiny. She identifies his star; she expressed herself well pleased with mine; it is not a "proof print," but modified "by another near it." Though earnestly pressed, she would not designate the constellation, while she volunteered to say that such an one's star was in Leo, where, by-the-bye, she put her own.

About nine o'clock a servant announced dinner, waiting my cue. She said she had been very sorry to think that dinner was just over as my servant arrived, and made an apology for the Arab cookery. She is never seen to eat, and pretends that she has no occasion—possibly to foster the belief in her supernatural powers.

A table was set out in Frank fashion in the arbor in front of my room. Two wax candles disclosed to the savage appetite of a traveller four dishes of meats and two kinds of home-made wine. Everything had an air of elegant appropriate taste, that nameless stamp of comfortable, sensible England. Four servants anticipated my wants with a tact and unobtrusiveness, proving a rare discipline. Peach pies and cream succeeded meats, and gave place just at the proper moment, without the trouble of a wish, to pipes and coffee. Watching his opportunity, as the first smokeless whiff gave evidence that the pipe was *functus officio*, an upper servant said, that if fatigued, I might as well lie down; if not, *mi ladi* wished to see me. He took from the table one of the candlesticks, and conducted me again to my mysterious friend. She likes Americans because her grandfather loved them; she had heard him declare that had he been ten years younger he would have emigrated there, he was so disgusted with the vices of his country. She spoke much of her grandfather; had heard her grand-

mother say, that no one dared to look him in the face when he was angry. But she loved Americans for another reason; they were "to cut a great figure in the Millennium, which will commence in three months. At that time will appear on the earth the great good man and the great bad man; the last is now well known to the world. She knows the very spot where the great good man will first be seen; it is in Syria; his advent will be the signal of wars and rumors of wars. She knows the names of the horses and swords which will figure in the fight; one of the swords is called Ham, which has never been drawn but once. The good of the earth are to flock to the standard of the good man; the bad will gather their forces to his antagonist. A grand battle is to be fought in Syria, and five-sevenths of the population of the globe will die of the sword, pestilence, or famine. New diseases of a frightful character will overrun the globe. After four years of bloodshed, the earth will be peace, the good man triumphant, and the Millennium commence."

When asked the name of the bad man, she assumed an oracular bearing, and took my honor not to divulge the name; but the prophecy having failed it may be no breach of faith to say that it was Père Enfantin, chief of the Saint Simonians, who, with the remnant of his little band professing their faith to their fatherland, escaping from *liberal* France, and fearing *Christian* Europe! ("tell it not in Gath") found liberty of conscience with the ainned-against Ottoman.

It is the belief of this sect that La Bonne Mère will shortly appear to rule over them. They sent her a deputation from Egypt inviting her to be La Bonne Mère, which she attributes to a belief that she is rich.

"The good man has already been heard of: he was to travel blindfold, led by an angel, for three hundred days; he then finds two women, one of whom is to be very beautiful but deceitful, the other not so brilliant but good; after much doubt he will choose the latter. He will have several ministers—one from America."

When told of a certain Mr. Furman who thought the garden of Eden was in America, and had gone in search of it west of the Mississippi, confident of living for ever if successful, she replied

that she "well knew where the garden of Eden is; it is not in America, but it is very probable that this man will be the American minister. Seven countries of Europe will supply ministers. When the war shall commence half of America will be emptied; persons of wealth, enterprise, and merit, will flock to Syria. Now take my advice: Syria is in a troubled state; you cannot travel in it with satisfaction. Go to Greece, and return to me in three months; I will gradually initiate you in certain mysteries and secrets; you will find events then commencing at which the world will be astonished." But divers engagements conflicting with that arrangement, she was satisfied with the promise that she should see me with the American host which will come out in the Millennium.

She spoke in raptures of Colonel Dekay: "that is the kind of man I like, he came from Constantinople to Beyrout, in a cutter only a few yards long, on purpose to see me. She believes in the Bible only as a book of history; it corroborates other books in her possession; she has manuscripts of which there are no copies extant taken by her from the centre of solid masonry, where they have been buried for ages, disclosed only to her supernatural sight.

"Christianity," she added, "is the shallowest of all religions. In Judaism there is something, and more than men wot of. The morality of the Bible was made for milk-sops." She pitied the delusion of those who did not consider revenge a virtue; would not admit that Christianity had promoted civilisation.

Of Wolfe, the Jewish missionary, she spoke with great bitterness; impatient of my praises of Lady Georgiana, she answered, with ineffable sarcasm, "a woman with one eye whom her family were glad to get rid of at any hazard." Her knowledge, she says, is wonderful; she knows the place of deposit of charmed money. "Napoleon discovered it, but was immediately palsied when he touched it. Some are so beset with flies and vermin of all kinds that glad they are to abandon it and escape. The lost ten tribes of Israel are at this moment charmed in Egypt. Mehemet Ali has battered the iron gates which confine them with thirty-six cannon, but can make no impression; they are to appear on the arrival of the great good man."

When asked what was her religion,

she held up her crutch-cane by way of diagram; "every star has its good angel and its bad angel, or inferior one (laying her finger on the handle), and its demon; next in order comes the human being, and," running down her finger on the cane, "its plant, its medicine, its metal, and so on to insignificance. All this chain has a mysterious connection; the poison therein cannot hurt the man; the medicine can heal any disease or wound instantaneously of or to its associate link; the most ferocious beast of this holy alliance will fawn upon the man—the plant is his most nutritious food; but the star is the head and superior. The first study of every man should be to find out his star and chain of existence to avail himself of their aid; (after reading my destiny, she concluded), any agricultural enterprise you may embark in will succeed to a miracle, and that, although too mild to be first in the new empire, we shall greatly need such as you to temper our designs."

She has discovered the "grand arcanaum;" "there are two kinds known: one like that of Djazzar Pacha, who has been seen to sprinkle a powder, something like tobacco, over bars of iron, and, presto, they were gold. I have used a kind of oil, have tried its virtues, but will not practise it from conscientious scruples." Allegiance to her creed and sovereignty were in vain tendered as the price of a successful experiment.

At one o'clock, a servant brought a candle to light me to my apartment. "To-morrow I will send a man with you to point out the fine sights in the neighborhood;" she would not listen to my plea of honorary obligation to join company with a friend who was now being victimized, hard by, awaiting my appointment. Who was this friend? An Englishman—a serious objection. What is he? An artist—worse still. Is that the only obstacle? None other. Then he shall be sent for.

Eleven o'clock, and Antonio, next morning, surprised me in bed, and very reluctant to leave it; but fortified by a princely breakfast at noon, and a few contemplative pipes, with a bright sun, a fresh breeze, and the promised cicerone, we went in quest of Bartlett, whom we soon spied with his correct and rapid eye, transferring the rugged but brilliant mountains to his portfolio;

he had fared hard, reluctantly admitted to a wretched hovel, and, with more appetite than supper, had passed a night of watchfulness and suffering. Much piqued on learning the anti-Anglican sentiment which pervaded her ladyship's establishment, he flatly refused to enter her gates; but when I hinted at the peach pies and cream, the spirit of forgiveness beamed in the famished visage of the artist; in emphatic silence we followed our guide to the rarest specimen of bow and arrow castellation that this or any country can boast of—a strong-hold of the Druses, of massive construction, perched upon and covering the entire area of a lofty natural rock, some sixty feet square, inaccessible except by a narrow concealed flight of steps. Its basaltic character suggests the idea of nature imitating art. The castle is in perfect preservation, appointed with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, with its donjon, keep, turrets, secret passages, and forming withal the crown of an amphitheatre. The landscape was animated by a mountain torrent, which rushed by us bounding and sporting like a thing of life.

Taking a circuit we called at a Convent of the Greek Church. Il Padre Presidente refreshed us with pipes, coffee and sherbet; lauded Miladi to the seventh heaven, and, with the bearing of a courtier, charged us with his compliments. Four o'clock brought us to Lady Hester's. A servant said she wished to see me alone. After an hour's animated chat, she enjoined me to exact a solemn promise from my friend that he would not draw any horse he might see in her enclosure, or make a scaramouch of her, for if her friends saw her as she was they would cry.

Asking after her wonderful horse, which report states to have a natural saddle, she said he was destined to perform an extraordinary part. Have you never heard, she inquired, that the Messiah is to come on a white horse? She afterwards said the animal was a mare, and had double back bones, giving the idea of a saddle; she was not white. But without satisfying my curiosity, she directed me to call my friend, that we might see her garden before it was dark. When Bartlett was come, she drew on her gloves, took her cane, and with feeble steps moved towards a door which had es-

caped my observation, and requested me to open it. Had we been suddenly transported by the magic carpet to fairy ground, our delight could scarcely have been exceeded, such a contrast did it afford to the flinty sides of the mountain, created by her little colony. We found ourselves in a garden of great comparative extent, and artistically planned; formed of mould brought from a distance at great labor and expense. The designs were all her own. She stopped at a tent which she advised Bartlett to sketch; it was trellis-work covered with odiferous flowers, and within a luxurious divan. She now led us through a long rustic arbor to a stately summer-house which she dwelt on with evident pride; the vistas, terraces and fountains, all were tasteful and original. From the garden she pointed out the tour she wished us to take on the morrow, offering the unqualified freedom of her house "to go and come, or make our home at, and no botheration if we wished to be private."

She asked who had been my travelling companions. The name of a distinguished Scotch family was mentioned.—She interrupted with warmth, "I'll warrant he is the flower of the flock."

Travellers seldom see her by daylight. She usually sits with her visitors from six in the evening till two in the morning.

This evening we were as thick as pickpockets. She gave reminiscences of her early history, savoring somewhat of the marvellous:

"She was born to be a warrior. She had always detested England, and was determined to leave it at eight years of age. About that time was her first attempt to run away. She got on board a boat, which, when her parents got wind of, was pursued by fifty others; when overtaken, she jumped into the water and was taken out by two oars crossed catching her neck like a pair of scissors. A short time afterwards she climbed up into an old tower, where her only amusement was a number of little pewter soldiers, whom she carried through evolutions. Hunger obliged her to descend after two days."

As a narrator she is inimitable, and always her own heroine:

"A captain of a man-of-war had per-

formed some meritorious exploit, and when asked what reward he wished, his only demand was that Mr. Pitt should dine on board of his vessel. All things were arranged, but the King sent for Mr. Pitt at the very moment he was going to dine; my uncle asked me to represent him. Thus it was that I got into such company, for except the lords and ladies I contrived to take with me, all present were *cits*. Before eating they appeared very sensible men, but when that operation commenced, the exhibition was so novel that I did not eat myself from amazement. One man near me eat a quantity of turtle soup, which would have sufficed for a dinner for four men. He unbuttoned his coat, then his waistcoat; he had two spoons, which he kept agoging with the exactness and rapidity of machinery. Then came venison. An account of what he eat would be perfectly incredible. Under the table he had two bottles of wine all to himself; he would lean down, put his mouth to the bottle, and guzzle for a minute at a time. He never looked off his plate, or spoke a word, or drank wine with anybody."

She gave ludicrous imitations with the vivacity of a girl. While sitting there was no appearance of debility.

She loved to ring the changes on her grandfather as the champion of America. She had no patience with Canning,—he was artificial, deceitful and selfish; when out of office abusing those to Mr. Pitt with whom he agreed wonderfully when he came into the cabinet. Her father used to say that she thought more in five minutes than the rest of the world in five years. He had a library of fifty thousand volumes, which he locked up, saying that history was all trash and nonsense. "Now take, if you please, the history of Alexander. They say he was the son of Philip, when in fact he was the son of a priest of the temple of Jupiter. All his battles are fictions; a necessary consequence of his biographers being his own retainers and parasites. I am acquainted with history from a much better source."

She never reads now, and seldom writes; her sight has suffered from illness. She stated her age at fifty-five; perhaps my looks seemed to say, more or less, for she attempted to prove she was no older, by appealing to historical facts.

She had the plague for thirty-two days. She described her sufferings by

supposing a hook drawn up and down one's entrails. Very recently she had a fever, and lay for some days apparently dead. Her little black girl was the only one who had the courage to approach her; she opened her mistress's eyes with her fingers, and discovered life remaining. When recovered, she found that her domestics had made division of all her furniture, and carried a portion of it away. Of twenty pairs of sheets, only one and a half remained.

It seems the holy brotherhood of bedlamites beset her from every quarter, by visits or letters, and some, too, who have method in their madness. A certain French astrologer is now an idle dependant at her winter residence, near Sidon. He proves from prophecy that he is to marry her; here, says he, is the very name in the Bible. They frequently quarrel about future events. There was another man came to see her; he could not be persuaded that he had not known and been attached to her all his life. Her servants repelling him by force, he took horse, put him to the run, and did not draw bridle for eighteen hours. She did not seem to relish our incredulity of this equestrian feat.

Another man thought himself the Messiah, but after much study became convinced, and very happy was he to have even that station, that he was only to be a second or one of the chief ministers of the Messiah.

She professed to tell my character. "You are ambitious." True, was the reply; it was a weakness of youth that would yield to a few autumns. "Why should you subdue it!—did God give it to you to subdue? No; but for some great purpose. The blood of the Koreish cannot be controlled." This alluded to her conviction that the Scotch and Koreish, the family of Mahomet, were of the same lineage, the details of which she promised on condition of my return from Greece, she would dictate, and permit me to publish it. She had previously been told of my Scottish original. "Do you tell me that by way of information; I knew it the moment I saw you, your oval cheek and high instep, are sure marks of the — family. You have a warm temper," she continued. To a fault, was the answer. "No, there is not a particle of badness in your temper; it is just as warm as it ought to be,—

you cannot deceive me, I knew your disposition the moment I heard your voice."

Several parts of her wall and many of her buildings are in a tumble-down condition, said to be partly the effects of slight earthquakes; but the whole forms a picturesque *coup-d'œil*, animated by jovial parties of Albanians, in their snowy camese and silver mounted arms, either caroling their native airs through the neighboring woods, or seated at cards, or puffing the chibouck as if grouped by the hand of an artist.

Lady Hester had received all the Albanians who chose to seek her protection at the reduction of St. Jean d'Acre by Ibrahim Pacha. She merely supplied their wants, and frequently balanced the expediency of sending them home by ship from Beyroot, but they were happy to remain, and she to maintain them in silent treaty of mutual protection. Truly their lines had fallen to them in pleasant places, if we compare them with their filth-covered brethren at home.

She repudiates, however, the idea of personal insecurity. She had passed the desert to Palmyra, mounted and armed as a warrior; the sons of Ishmael, so fatal to the traveller, gave her their unasked escort and hailed her Queen of Palmyra.

Except the merchants of Beyroot, who have bought her protested drafts, all love her, Druses and Franks, Arabs and Maronites; even the cruelty and insolence of Ibrahim Pacha, though she bids him defiance by giving shelter to his enemies, has never dared to invade the sanctity which oriental superstition attaches to an unsettled brain, or to question the impunity which Syrian usage accords to a female.

She resorted to every art to induce us to stay; she had her horse to show us, on condition we stayed one day longer, but our party had been doing penance some days at Beyroot.

Adieus exchanged—with allusion to the grand gathering. We found Antonio gloating over the bottles of wine, cheese and choice fruits with which her servants were storing our baggage-mule; with the resolution of martyrs, they rejected our proffered piastres, but with a casuistry not peculiar to Syria, each one unseen by his fellows, suffered 'quelque compliments' to be slid into his pockets with ill-disguised satisfaction.

## THE ISSUE AT STAKE.

THERE is at least one satisfaction in the present position of our national politics, for which, in its contrast with the state of things existing at the time of the last great contest of parties, we are duly grateful, whatever may be the result yet veiled within the bosom of the future. We refer to the *distinctness* of the general issue on which we are about to go to trial—to go before “the country,” in the good old phrase of the institution of the Jury. We have at least that light of open day for which the Grecian hero prayed. We have a fair field, and we ask no favor. All that we have to do, and do it we will, is our duty there; nor fear to trust the event to that higher and better wisdom than human forethought, of whose purposes all of us, with all our infinite variety of purposes and points of departure, are but the unconscious instruments. “*Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra!*” is the noble motto of a noble house, which be it also ours to adopt and obey; and whether we return with our shields or upon them, from the great battle of the day whose dawn now illumines the plain, let us at least secure the consolation of the French King at Pavia, and preserve our honor, even if nothing else.

Away with all simulations or dissimulations in this matter! With full due respect for the prudential counsels of those friends who have deemed the tone of our last article, on “the Baltimore Convention,” unwisely discouraging to our friends and cheering to our foes, we shall still speak out to both, with small care for small consequences, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—or at least what we honestly believe to be such. If we think that we—that is, our Party and our Principles—are in a position of very momentous peril, we shall still beg, or rather take leave, to say so; and to say so in such frank fashion of phrase as shall seem most direct and effective for the object we have in view, namely to dispel the danger by disclosing it,—in the Irish baronet’s

style, to get out of its way by meeting it straight in the face.

There is indeed no doubt that the Democratic Cause is in this position. All the further developments of evidence since those on which we before urged the point combine to confirm it. *Great efforts*—perhaps *great sacrifices*—are necessary for its safety; and as it is for so *great* an object, surely there can none be found among us so unworthy of all their professions of principle as to be unwilling to make them—even though some of those necessary sacrifices should prove to be of *great* men,—of them perchance, and perchance by them. The Whigs are in admirable condition for the coming engagement—in strong force, strongly organized—eager in hope, bold in confidence, zealous in enthusiasm—abounding in all the ways and means of preparation, and harmonized to the most efficient degree of combined and concentrated unity of action. This time four years ago we despised them as an enemy; it is now not to be dissembled that they are very seriously to be dreaded. To be dreaded, indeed—no one will suppose us to mean with any of that unmanly fear which shrinks from the shock of conflict, or is either paralyzed into inactivity or agitated into confusion—but with that intelligent and courageous appreciation of the whole impartial truth, which not under-rates danger, but examines it coolly and closely, to derive from it only redoubled incentive to that energy in exertion, and that wise skill in preparation, indispensable to triumph over it.

For ourselves, on the other hand, it is not to be denied that we are this fall in a moral condition, as a party, entirely unfit for the formidable encounter now so nigh at hand. We are, comparatively, as the crew of the *Cheapsake* when she went into her ill-starred action with the *Shannon*—let us not disregard the warning of the example. The fatal influence of the *dissensions* now distracting us—*dissensions* about men and not about measures, about

persons and not about principles—is written in characters unequivocal enough on the records of too many of the elections of the season. If these are not harmonized, and that thoroughly and soon—we may as well spare ourselves from the outset that fruitless struggle which will not have even hope to cheer it, and resign ourselves at once to that inevitable cup, of the mortification and grief of defeat, in whose bitter draught the worst ingredient will be the thought that it is by our own hands alone that it was drugged.

But our pen has led us somewhat aside from the line of thought we had designed to pursue in this Article. What it has written shall however stand, though we have to recall it from its wandering, to return to the point from which it started—which was the expression of a sincere satisfaction at the broad and open *distinctness* of the general issue about to be joined between the two great parties of the country. The false issues, the sectional duplicities of profession, the temporary excitements and delusions, which gave at once its character and direction to the election of 1840, no longer now mantle the country as in one vast cloud of mystification and midnight blindness. The Proteus who then could alternate with such bewildering variety through his countless resources of metamorphosis, stands up now confessed before our eyes in his own natural nakedness of form,—and when once reduced at last to that point, if we are but true to ourselves, like the divinely taught shepherd boy of Tempe, we can have no difficulty in subduing him to our will. The cry of “СНАМЕР,” which did the best, or rather the worst, part of the work of 1840, can no more be raised—that magic horn has lost its power to set all who hear it awlirl in enchanted dance. If the people were tired of hearing Aristides always called “the Just,” that passing impatience has fully exhausted itself, and they are ready enough to recall him with acclamation from his ostracism—provided he does not himself refuse to return. If they were tired of the long protracted ascendancy of a party, even though it were their own—and were willing to indulge that deep-seated instinct of human nature which is ever eager for variety, by making experiment, for at least a single term, whether there was

really any relief to be found, in all the tempting promises and professions of the Whigs, from the maddening agonies resulting from a great national disease for which party was not responsible—the trial has been made; and unless the Democratic party now justly forfeit, by their own misconduct, their own selfish and unpatriotic animosities, the old confidence to which the popular heart has reverted with renewed attachment, it will be long before they will be very anxious to make it again. If the Whigs could denounce the imputed greed of Democratic office-holders, and claim for themselves on that score a virtuous disinterestedness of patriotism which could not be disproved, however disbelieved, they can do so no longer, while the memory is yet unforgotten of those days when the earth fairly shook beneath the worn pavements of Pennsylvania Avenue, as the hungry legions of office-seekers shuffled along between the two white houses, to and fro—when they swarmed throughout Washington, not less numerous and more voracious than the locusts which were the last and worst plague of the land of Egypt—when the overtaken horses scarcely staggered on beneath the burthen of the mail-bags bursting with letters of application and entreaty—and when the still more overtaken old man whom in an evil hour for himself they had succeeded in making a President of, was driven at last into the only asylum safe from the unsparring persecution. This prejudice at least against the party to which time had before seemed to have given almost a life monopoly of public office, was exploded within the first thirty days of the reformed régime; and not a few Whigs, at the spectacle then exhibited by their own party, already then expressed the disgust of which it was less graceful for us, the defeated, to be the interpreters. If they could denounce the Debt forced upon the Administration by causes no fault of its own, its huge progressive augmentation on their own hands turns all these weapons back against their own breasts. The whoop and the war rife are now silent through the everglades, and that wildest of “Wild Cats” is now comfortably domesticated beyond the Father of Waters. The once terrible Standing Army has vanished like the ghostly legions which are said still on dark nights to muster on the Champ de



Mars, to pass in review before the shadow of a little man in a grey sur-tout and three-cornered hat. The great Gold Spoon has been melted down, and is supposed to be flowing up the Mississippi. The Bankrupts, honest and dishonest, have been "relieved," and the moment the whole immorality of the act had been consummated in its *retrospective* application, the benefit which would have attended its prospective action was hastily shut off. And the fallacy has been fully proved, of all the expectations of a possible reconstruction of the ruin of the old Credit System, which was to be wrought in some inexplicable way by the proposed change of administration. Mr. Webster himself has set down a national bank as an "obsolete idea;" and even at the time when its adoption was urged on the Vice President, who signed all the other bills of his party, and who at first quarrelled with them only on trifling points of detail in this measure, it was very generally conceded that it would not have been possible to get its stock subscribed, so as to carry it into execution.

The issue between the two parties is now, therefore, cleared of all the entanglements and perplexities in which it was involved by these and various other questions which were complicated into it the last time. This election is to be, more than any which the country has witnessed for a long period, one of general principle. The State-Rights and the Federal parties—the two opposite schools of limited and latitudinarian construction—are now to meet in a more simple and direct antagonism than perhaps ever before since 1800. Of the one, Mr. Clay is as complete a representative as could be desired; the other finds its expression satisfactorily in either of the prominent candidates for the Democratic nomination. The country is in a condition of calm, suitable to an intelligent and reflecting choice between the two. If it should be in favor of Clay and all that is included in the name of Clayism, then can there be no pretension that it is not a deliberate and conclusive judgment, and that it does not go the full length of the formal adoption of a complete system of principles and corresponding measures—an allegation which could not be made with truth, though it was by Mr. Clay himself without a visible

blush, respecting the election of Harrison and Tyler, the one a Nondescript and the other a Nullifier. If it should be in favor of Clay, then was it all in vain that the struggles were made which expelled both the elder and the younger Adams from the direction of the government,—all in vain that by which General Jackson, in his re-election, was so gloriously sustained in the policy of which his great Internal Improvement and Bank vetoes were the chief measures. If it should be in favor of Clay, then will the perpetuation of the Constitution, and of the Union of which it is the expression, have received a deeper and a deadlier wound than has ever been dealt upon it before.

For it will be the formal, not to say, final, repudiation of the State-Rights Principle as the governing rule of interpretation for the Constitution. It will be to pronounce solemnly that whole policy at an end; to declare the country tired of it, and anxious to fall back into the old abandoned track of its opposite. It will be that which the triumph of the Whigs in 1840 was not, for they did not then dare to venture on such an issue, nor to avow Clay as the exponent of their principles and meditated measures.

The day of such an event would be, indeed, the darkest that has ever yet shrouded the country with mourning for public calamity—for it is the firmest conviction among all our political ideas, that the State-Rights Principle is the vital principle of the Constitution and of the Union, and injury to the one cannot fail speedily to sap the foundations of the very existence of the other.

Why, look only at the fact disclosed by the six decennial censuses that have taken place since the adoption of the Constitution—namely, the increase of our population at the rate of upward of 33 per cent. within every period of ten years. What is there to arrest or to retard this ratio? Nothing, so long as, not only within the borders of the older States are to be found large tracts of unoccupied land, but westward, southward, and northward, stretch such vast regions inviting the subjugation of the settler. The time is yet too far remote at which the crowding of population within territorial limits, accompanied by a Malthusian pressure of numbers upon the means of subsistence, can be felt among us, to check the rapi-

city of this already gigantic growth; while in the small degree in which it may begin to operate in particularly thickly settled sections, it must be more than compensated by the increased relative productiveness, both of agriculture and all other branches of industry necessary to life—independent, too, of the beneficial influence of improved and improving hygiene, and general information on the laws of dietetics, on popular health. And if the increase from emigration may be, even while absolutely greater, yet relatively less, it would affect the ratio but in a very

trifling degree, even if not covered by the opposite influences of the other causes favorable to still greater rapidity. There is reason, therefore, to anticipate a future continued growth of our population at about the same ratio, whose law is to be inferred from the past. The following table, then, carried back to the beginning of this wonderful progression and forward through its coming century, will show the condition in which this country will, in all probability, be witnessed by many an eye that has already opened to the light within its borders:

1790	—	3,929,827		
1800	—	5,305,925	Ratio of Increase—	.35.01
1810	—	7,239,814	“	“
1820	—	9,654,596	“	“
1830	—	12,866,020	“	“
1840	—	17,069,453	“	“
1850	about	22,000,000	assuming only	.30
1860	“	29,000,000	“	“
1870	“	37,500,000	“	“
1880	“	50,000,000	“	“
1890	“	65,000,000	“	“
1900	“	84,000,000	“	“
1910	“	109,000,000	“	“
1920	“	142,000,000	“	“
1930	“	184,000,000	“	“
1940	“	240,000,000	“	“

Who, we repeat, shall question the probability that the ratio of increase of our population will be, and must be, through an indefinite series of years, in the awful depths of which all imagination is bewildered and lost, that which we have assumed—a ratio less than has heretofore marked our progress? What assignable cause is there that can arrest it? With a boundless expanse of fertile territory, within that region of the earth's surface most favorable to human life and the healthful development of all its faculties—a climate which must ever increase in salubrity, from time to time, with the extension of cultivation—an intelligence and enterprise of national character which will not fail to improve to the utmost every natural resource and advantage—the gigantic steps which the science of the present age is daily taking in the development of all the arts of utility, by which the physical sustenance and enjoyment of life can be facilitated and enhanced—the exemption from all possible danger of war, and from the heavy superincumbent pressure of accumulated misgovernment by which the nations of Europe

have heretofore been depressed, and stunted even in the natural growth which their physical circumstances and national characters might otherwise have permitted—the perfect freedom, alike of the moral and the animal man, to grow to the full stature and capacity of his nature, with “ample room and verge enough” to spread freely in every direction—in such a state of things, what assignable cause is there, we repeat, that can arrest the progressive increase of our population at a similar rate to that which the past half century has witnessed?

It is in this anticipation that we find the chief reason for the deep, the intense solicitude, which every friend of American liberty and union ought to feel for the broad and strong establishment of sound principles, as the basis of that grand structure of political and civil society which we thus see rising upward toward the heavens before our eyes—such principles as will be adequate to sustain so colossal a fabric. It is for this that the patriot would struggle to reform every vicious institution, the operation of which is found, or is calculated, to exert a de-

moralising influence on national character. For this, that he would lament to see the baleful poison of that universal passion for wealth so often ascribed to us, sapping and corrupting the roots of all that is truly good and great, accompanied with that spirit of dishonest gambling at the grand national gambling-table of "the credit system," which we call by the more specious name of "speculation." For this, that he would frown sternly upon every attempt to sow discord and jealousy between different sections of the country; and would anxiously cultivate those feelings of harmony and brotherhood, which can only be maintained between great confederated communities, by the peaceful pursuit by each of its own industry and its own interests, without encroachment on those of another by the advantages of partial federal legislation, and without an offensive interference with each other's domestic concerns and institutions. And for this, that, in the working of our complex political machine, he would be anxious to restrain, as much as possible, the central action of the Federal Government, and carry out to the fullest extent that diffusion of power, at the greatest distance possible from the centre, on which the preservation of the Union wholly depends.

If we should be asked if we believe it possible that this Union can hold together a hundred years hence with a population of *two hundred and forty millions*, or even fifty years hence, with one of *sixty-five millions*, spreading from Atlantic to Pacific, and northward and southward, as their free natural growth should extend—we answer, *yes*, provided the theory of the State-Rights doctrine be but fully and fairly carried out into practice. But, administered on any other principles—on such principles as have, for the most part, heretofore governed its action—we must unhesitatingly answer, *no*. Too strong an action has been propelled outward from the centre, to afford a possibility of its working successfully on a scale so vastly enlarged. Thus continued, it must infallibly dislocate and disorganise the system, so soon as the distances and the masses increase to proportions considerably beyond their present dimensions. Such collisions of interest between great sections of country, as we have seen to grow out of the vicious

federal legislation of former, and, indeed of our own times, on Tariffs, National Banks, &c., would inevitably break up the Union, so soon as the weight and momentum of its parts receive a considerable increase by the progress of population and power. The central superincumbent pressure of the Federal Government must never be felt as a heavy burthen, or even as a very sensible weight,—else it will unquestionably be cast off by the section oppressed. It must possess and exercise only vital energy sufficient to hold together the cohesion of the parts, by subserving the few simple concerns felt and confessed by all to be of common usefulness and necessity. If it shall attempt to legislate upon, and for *special interests*, however large and powerful they may be, it must inevitably go to pieces; and if that political school whose theories and tendencies are avowedly in this direction, as contradistinguished from that whose negative constitutional abstractions they are so wont to ridicule, should be carried into power, as it would be in the person of Mr. Clay, we repeat that it must prove a deep, if not a deadly, blow to the perpetuity of the Union. Indeed, so far do we consider it from being safe to admit that party into power, with all their latitudinarianism of construction and proneness to overworking the conceded powers of the constitution, we rather incline to the belief that it will ere long, be necessary still further to contract the powers and sphere of action of the Federal Government, even below the point to which the worst of us fanatics for State-Rights now strive to confine them.

The above is the point of view in which we look upon the approaching election with the highest interest. It will not, perhaps, be appreciated with the same earnestness of feeling by all of our readers—those who are less disposed to dwell on the slow and insensible operation of abstract principles, than on the more speedy and visible action of specific measures. To the consideration of the latter—to that of all, indeed—it will be sufficient for us to suggest, rather as a topic for their own reflection than one which we have either time or space to develop in the present Article, what must be the pernicious, the fatal influence of the event we are here anxious to deprecate, upon

the peace and prosperity of the country, through the *Currency*, and the whole vast extent of concerns dependent upon the currency. Mr. Clay is the head of the national bank party, the paper-money party, the credit-system party, and his election must mean, if it mean anything, national bank, paper-money, credit-system. For God's sake, tell us—is that old agony to be agonized through again? Is the *business* of the country,—is all the infinite variety of interests, moral as well as material, of which that word is the expression—never to be allowed to repose from the perpetual agitations of politics!—never to be allowed that tranquil stability which is its first and last necessary of existence? This, as all know, has been the one main subject of controversy between the two parties during the past three Presidential terms. The Democratic policy has, throughout, been hostile to federal interference with the paper-currency and commerce of the country. In General Jackson's time it made the one step of the refusal to re-charter a national bank, as a federal controlling leader and head of those which the States, in their own bad policy, saw fit to create. In Mr. Van Buren's, it made the further step of the total disconnection of the federal government from all the banks, from the whole paper-money system. Whatever other differences of opinion might exist as to the merits of the Independent Treasury, there could be none that, in this point of view at least, it met one of the most important of the exigencies of the country. It placed its commerce, credit, industry, all that constitutes its "business," at a safe distance beyond the reach of those political disturbances which had heretofore so often distressed and distracted them. This was in itself, as not even the angriest Whig could deny, an immense good, even while he might be most bitterly charging against it other evils—or rather the negation of other benefits, which he erroneously considered it within the province and power of the Federal Government to render to these great national interests. And is this salutary policy to be now all undone? Is another national bank to plunge the country into another long convulsion of party struggle, on the one side for its repeal, and on the other for its retention? Is the currency to be

again and for ever tossed to and fro, now high in the air, and now dragged deep in the mire, as a foot-ball for the kicks of parties? The present state of things is a sort of interregnum, an imperfect kind of approach to a practical sub-treasury without the specie clause, existing, in the absence of other legislation on the subject, under the old laws respecting the organization of the Treasury Department. But it is one which does not even pretend to permanency, and which must, on the decision of the issue now pending between the two parties, give place to the one or the other of the two opposite policies in regard to the currency above alluded to. Can it be possible that any rational man, after all the light shed on this subject by the events of recent years, can hesitate in his choice? Can it be possible that the accession of the national bank party to power can be regarded, by any mind not wholly phrenzied by partisan passion, in any other light than as the worst calamity that could befall the country?

To avert such a calamity, what ought not to be done—what shall not be done, if necessary—by the Democratic party, in whose hands the destinies of the country now lie, if they are but true to themselves and their noble and sacred cause? Is its risk to be hazarded—say, rather, is its certainty to be incurred—for the gratification of any partial interests, favorite ambitions, or sectional jealousies? Are we to throw away such an election as this is to be, by continued indulgence in these fatal dissensions which time but aggravates, and by which we are already thus distracted and weakened? Perish rather, we say—and every true Democrat will echo the sentiment—perish rather all of these our most cherished great men, for whom we seem thus about to sacrifice all our most cherished great principles! If the friends of Van Buren and Calhoun cannot or will not unite upon either of the two to the exclusion of the other, with that cordial sincerity of zeal which it has become evident is indispensable to success, the party and the country must not be sacrificed to such rivalries, or to any of the punctilios of personal pride which might prompt either to object to the secondary position on that splendid ticket which should contain the names of both.

## MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

THE general state of commercial affairs remains nearly as represented at the date of our last. For the past year the whole country has made great progress towards emancipating itself from the thralldom of the paper system, and a large amount of sound and healthy business has been done during the past two months. We have now opened upon a new commercial year, as divided by the receipts of those large crops of produce which form the great basis of the business of the United States. The business of the past year has been done mostly for cash, and its results will compare favorably with those of any of the past twenty years of paper ascendancy. The business now doing is not, as the party papers represent it, owing to the influence of a tariff imposed expressly to injure the commerce of the country, by preventing imports. It is the natural result of a specie movement, and a disentanglement of the real wealth of the country from the paper promises of speculators, and was pointed out in our article of September, 1842. We then, after noticing the fact that bank credits had ceased to be the medium of business at New Orleans, the great head of the produce market, and that specie was there demanded, instead of bank promises for produce, remarked as follows:

"This was the immediate cause of a demand upon the banks here for specie for that quarter, and a most welcome demand it is. It is obtained from the banks only on *bond fide* business paper; and being invested in produce for export, becomes the basis of new foreign bills of exchange, which are the instruments used by the banks to supply themselves with the precious metals from abroad."

This operation commenced, it will be observed, before the present tariff took effect. The result was that \$10,500,000 of specie arrived at New Orleans, within a year from the date of that article, near \$7,000,000 arrived at Boston, and about \$5,000,000 more at this port from Europe, within the same period, and the specie in the Banks of this city has risen from \$4,000,000 to \$13,000,000. This was the inevitable result of known causes then in operation, being the necessary supply by specie, of that

vacuum in the circulation, caused by the withdrawal of paper. This movement of specie, which, by giving an actual equivalent for the products of the farmer and planter, filled the country with currency, we distinctly pointed out as the commencement of that business, which has, during the past fall, made such advances in prosperity. The same process, nearly, has now again commenced. The purchases of goods by the South and West have been confined to the actual means of the people, and have been paid for in cash. Hence a new crop year has commenced without, as is usually the case at this season of the year, finding them in debt to the North and East. Already specie again begins to move south for the purchase of produce. A large amount will probably again seek that destination, which will be re-supplied to the Atlantic cities from abroad. The highest point in the foreign exchange market has been passed without producing an export of the precious metals, and the material for fresh imports is again on its way abroad. In all this movement of trade, indicating the sound basis on which financial affairs are now fixed, no demand has sprung up for bank facilities. This fact is curiously instructive, evincing as it does, that when trade is healthy it is done for cash, and the purchases of each class of citizens are with the proceeds of their own industry, and no one has a use for bank money, even when it can be obtained as now at 3½ per cent. per annum. On the other hand, the more business progresses on the present system, the more does capital accumulate in those institutions. Produce goes out of the country, and its proceeds are returned in cash to the seaboard, whence it very slowly distributes itself into all the channels of circulation, whither it is attracted by the low prices of produce. The monied institutions having in consequence found great difficulty in employing their funds, stock loans have continued to be almost their only resource in order to keep up their dividends. The effect of this direction of bank facilities has been to sustain a constant speculation in stocks. The general improvement in affairs, and the abun-

dance of money have operated to increase public confidence in the ultimate payment of all the state debts, and a gradual and firm rise in all stocks has been going on. The action of the banks in making loans upon stocks as security, to operators without means, has produced constant fluctuation, be-

cause speculators would buy freely, and cause an artificial rise, far above what the market would support. An attempt to realise, or a panic created by slight rumors, throws the prices down, yet prices at the end of every thirty days average higher than before. The rates are as follows:

	Rate.	Redemtable.	Feb., 1842.	April, 1843.	June.	Oct.
United States,	5	1844	98 a 97	— a —	101 a 100	101 a —
"	6	1844	97 a 97	— a —	102 a 103	102 a 103
"	6	1853	— a —	112 a 113	118 a 118	114 a 115
"	5	1853	— a —	— a —	— a —	108 a 103
New York,	7	1843-48	— a —	105 a 108	109 a 119	107 a 108
"	6	1850-54-60	79 a 80	103 a 105	106 a 110	107 a 107
"	6	1861-62-67	78 a 80	103 a 105	108 a 110	107 a 107
"	5	1860-61-65	71 a 73	97 a 98	103 a 105	102 a 102
"	5	1845	80 a 87	97 a 98	99 a 99	— a 100
"	5	1846-7-8-9	80 a 87	— a —	99 a 99	97 a 100
"	5	1830-1-7	80 a 87	— a —	99 a 99	99 a 100
"	5	1855-58	69 a 79	93 a 94	100 a 100	99 a 99
"	5	1859-60-61	69 a 73	94 a 95	98 a 99	99 a 99
"	4	1849-58	53 a 56	87 a 89	91 a 99	91 a 92
Ohio,	6	1840	88 a 70	86 a 70	86 a 93	94 a 94
"	6	1856-60	67 a 68	67 a 68	93 a 93	85 a 95
"	5	1850-55	— a —	54 a 55	80 a 85	82 a 83
Kentucky,	6	—	87 a 68	89 a 89	90 a 100	97 a 99
Illinois,	6	1870	18 a 19	23 a 23	40 a 41	34 a 34
Indiana,	5	25 years..	19 a 30	25 a 26	40 a 40	35 a 33
Arkansas,	6	—	33 a 45	39 a 39	25 a 40	36 a 45
Alabama,	6	—	— a —	50 a 60	80 a 85	60 a 67
"	5	—	50 a 55	— a —	60 a 65	58 a 60
Pennsylvania,	5	—	44 a 49	41 a 49	49 a 50	51 a 61
Tennessee,	6	—	— a —	— a —	89 a 90	90 a 92
New York City,	7	1857	— a —	107 a 110	113 a 115	111 a 112
"	7	1859	— a —	106 a 108	110 a 113	107 a 108
"	5	1850	79 a 76	94 a 95	96 a 100	99 a 100
"	5	1858-70	77 a 79	94 a 95	99 a 100	99 a 100

In those stocks which pay dividends there is but little fluctuation. They advance steadily both here and in Lon-

don, where the quotations have been at different dates as follows:

PRICES OF AMERICAN STOCKS IN LONDON AT DIFFERENT PERIODS.

	Rate.	July, 1840.	April 4, 1843.	June 17, 1843.	Sept. 4.	Sept. 15.
Alabama,	5	dollar.	— a —	— a —	60 a 65	67 a 69
"	5	sterling	78 a 80	— a —	66 a 70	68 a 70
Illinois,	6	1860	75 a 77	91 a 92	97 a 98	98 a 99
Indiana,	5	1861	78 a 80	92 a 93	97 a 98	98 a 99
Louisiana, M.	6	1844	86 a 90	69 a 70	80 a 85	86 a 88
" Ill.	6	1844	88 a 89	90 a 90	80 a 88	74 a 75
Massachusetts,	5	sterling	101 a 102	90 a 91	90 a 94	96 a 97
Maryland,	5	—	89 a 93	46 a 47	46 a 50	49 a 50
Michigan,	5	—	— a —	— a —	— a —	94 a 95
N. York State,	5	—	87 a 87	80 a 84	85 a 88	80 a 91
" City,	5	—	81 a 81	80 a 83	85 a 86	89 a 90
Ohio,	6	—	90 a 91	80 a 87	79 a 80	84 a 85
Pennsylvania,	5	—	81 a 83	40 a 41	45 a 47	49 a 54
Kentucky,	6	—	83 a 87	80 a 81	85 a 87	— a —
Tennessee,	6	—	— a —	— a —	83 a 83	84 a 85

The first column gives the rates before the failure of the States; the others show the gradual improvement during the present year.

The exceeding abundance of money in London, the continued payment of the dividends on the stocks of the leading states and the high and sustained prices of all stocks here have improved the state of public confidence there in regard to the ultimate payment of the debts, and consequently induced some investments in American stocks. Hence

on both sides of the Atlantic there has been a regular advance in stock values, which in itself is a powerful element in bringing about a settlement of state indebtedness. The indebted states are for the most part agricultural in their interests, and the means at their disposal for the discharge of debts and the purchase of goods, grows out of the money values of their produce, which in a great measure depends upon the state of the foreign markets for their sale.

The prospect was never more favorable than now for a large profit upon the labors of the farmers. The currency of large districts of the interior has been reduced to a low specie level by the liquidation of the banks, causing an absolute want of currency before the vacant channels of circulation could be supplied with specie. Prices of labor and of all the elements which enter into the cost of production have thus been exceedingly low. On almost all the public works the tolls have been greatly reduced and the means of transportation facilitated. Hence the crops can be placed in the Atlantic markets at remunerating rates far below the cost of production in former years. This influence has been exerted upon the products of the whole country. While the combined operation of a dear currency and increased industry has immensely improved the sources of supplies, the field of European consumption of those raw products has been immensely extended by the operation of nearly similar causes. From 1838 down to the present year, the tendency of the curren-

cy of England has been to contract, and prices consequently to fall under the vigorous measures of the Bank of England to recover its bullion. In all that period, the movement over the whole commercial world has been to curtail engagements, to diminish consumption and to economise expenditures. The movement of the Bank of England has been once more successful. By crushing myriads of private fortunes in all parts of the world, the tide of coin was once more turned into her vaults, where it has accumulated to an unprecedented extent, and money since the opening of the present year has been exceedingly abundant. These elements assisted by a full crop of corn have reduced prices of food to exceedingly low rates. Hence low prices and abundance of money have brought about an extent of consumption of the raw material of manufactures never before equalled. The article of cotton is an instance of this, and that which most nearly affects American interests. The progress of this trade is evinced in the following table:

CROP OF COTTON IN THE UNITED STATES. NUMBER OF BALES CONSUMED. POUNDS OF AMERICAN COTTON IMPORTED INTO ENGLAND. YARDS OF COTTON CLOTH EXPORTED FROM ENGLAND TO THE UNITED STATES. TOTAL YARDS EXPORTED FROM GREAT BRITAIN. PRICES OF UPLAND COTTON AND OF COTTON TWIST ON THE 1ST JULY OF EACH YEAR.

Year.	U. S. Crops.	U. S. Cotton Imports.	Cotton imported into England from U. S.	Cotton goods exported from G. B.	Cotton exported to U. States.	Price Upland Cotton, July 1st.	Price 40 s. Mule Twist.
1830-1	1,036,848	122,142	219,334,025	421,285,263	68,577,400		
1831-2	967,477	173,800	219,756,753	461,045,303	31,308,744		
1832-3	1,070,438	194,412	237,306,758	408,352,096	35,141,086		
1833-4	1,250,384	196,414	260,263,075	355,705,869	45,630,982		
1834-5	1,254,328	316,699	294,458,812	357,313,701	74,962,952	10	1
1835-6	1,390,735	326,733	298,615,092	637,667,027	62,042,139	8	1
1836-7	1,122,360	329,540	293,051,716	531,373,683	17,481,855	4	1
1837-8	1,801,497	240,069	431,437,888	690,077,022	28,493,123	5	1
1838-9	1,360,532	270,010	311,597,708	731,456,126	37,235,022	7	1
1839-40	2,177,836	303,103	437,856,501	799,631,997	32,073,004	4	1
1840-1	1,624,945	297,298	352,240,964	751,125,024	19,120,300	2	1
1841-2	2,169,374	397,810	527,340,000	357,980,000	31,242,201	3	1
1842-3	3,137,875	325,129	305,108,736	398,612,000	5,518,178	2	1

The consumption of the raw material in the United States in 1831 to 1833, was about 20 per cent. of the whole crop. During the past year it has been 14 per cent. only; showing that the production of the raw material is rapidly outrunning the American powers of consumption, notwithstanding that the import of cotton cloth into the

United States from Great Britain has fallen from 68,000,000 yards to 10,000,000. In the same time the quantity exported from Great Britain has doubled to all parts of the world. The figures show that nearly all the cotton cloth consumed in the United States is manufactured here. The quantity imported from Great Britain has fallen

from 75,000,000 yards in 1835, to 12,120,000 yards in 1841, during which years the compromise act was operating on its descending scale. In the same period the consumption of cotton in the United States increased 5 per cent., while the currency of the United States and England has been immensely contracted. This contraction of the currency operating with the immense increase in the supply of the raw material which depends entirely upon the immense population, capital and colonial markets of Great Britain for its consumption, produced that extensive and gradual decline in the prices of upland cottons and mule twists indicated in the table. The result is that the prices were lower July 1st, 1843, in Liverpool, both of the raw material and twists, than ever before. The corresponding low prices

of the manufactured cloths have been the basis of the immense export, which has been larger in the first six months of 1843, than ever before. At this juncture a good harvest has been got in, insuring a continuance of low prices for food, which must greatly enhance the British consumption of goods, rendered more active by the abundance of money stimulating the manufactures. These features in the cotton trade are very marked, but they apply in a greater or less degree to tobacco, rice, and those provisions, such as beef, pork, lard, butter, cheese, &c., on which the duty last year was greatly reduced.

The following table will show the comparative prices of grain and provisions in Liverpool on the 8th of September of each of the last thirteen years :

Sept. 8.	Butter. Cwt.				Bacon. Cwt.				Dried Hams. Cwt.			Mess Pork, per brl.			Red Wheat. Cwt.					
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.		
1831	84	0	38	6	42	0	48	0	50	0	56	0	52	0	58	0	9	0	11	6
1832	79	0	30	0	44	0	45	0	60	0	62	6	57	6	63	0	9	3	9	6
1833	74	0	79	0	34	0	30	0	48	0	54	0	53	0	55	0	8	0	10	0
1834	73	0	76	0	28	0	34	0	43	0	46	0	44	0	46	0	6	0	7	6
1835	72	0	76	0	30	0	35	0	48	0	50	0	51	0	52	0	5	0	7	6
1836	100	0	104	0	44	0	49	0	50	0	54	0	60	0	63	0	10	0	11	0
1837	92	0	95	0	56	0	60	0	58	0	64	0	66	0	68	0	8	0	9	6
1838	91	0	94	0	47	0	49	0	58	0	65	0	63	0	67	0	15	0	11	6
1839	87	0	92	0	44	0	54	0	56	0	65	0	67	0	70	0	14	0	20	0
1840	90	0	94	0	50	0	54	0	56	0	64	0	65	0	70	0	9	0	19	6
1841	91	0	92	0	51	0	56	0	60	0	64	0	70	0	74	0	14	0	15	0
1842	74	0	76	0	42	0	45	0	56	0	60	0	45	0	50	0	7	0	6	6
1843	68	0	70	0	35	0	38	0	56	0	60	0	45	0	52	0	8	0	9	6

Nearly every article on this list it will be observed is now lower than it has been since 1837, during which period a rigid contraction of the British currency has been going on. That operation has ceased, and with a modified duty the expansive process has again commenced there, without being answered by any corresponding inflation here. The banking system here is by far too much crippled to allow of any fictitious rise in prices. Hence our abundant crops, governed by specie prices at home, will have the whole benefit of the anticipated rise in England, and a large market be thrown open. A steady specie currency is for the United States the great and real protection to all classes. When prices are low here and high in Europe, our produce goes freely forth, and the returns are only of those articles, which being scarce and wanted here command relatively high prices, and therefore will bear to be imported. Between two countries both of which have specie currencies

and free trade, a great and mutually beneficial business will exist without detriment to either nation. Both will be gainers. Because the natural advantages of one will enable it to produce a particular article in abundance, which abundance will cause it to sink below the relative values of all its other productions. That article is then cheap, and it will be exported to the other country where it is not produced in exchange for a production of that country similarly situated, and the relative values of each article in each country will be restored, by getting rid of the surplus of the one article and receiving the redundancy of the other; an equilibrium is thus arrived at without either party suffering loss. On the contrary, each has gained by the operation.

This natural operation it is the business of protection to prevent. It is its theory that if we are in want of an article we must go without it rather than purchase it from abroad, until some



portion of our own citizens shall be able to furnish it. Thus the surplus products of another class, which would have been applied to the purchase, are rendered valueless. Hence it is that at the moment a combination of circumstances has opened to the United States a great foreign trade, that trade is strangled by the operation of a tariff which forbids suitable returns being received for exports. This effect of a tariff is illustrated in the operation of the United States commerce for 1842. The returns of the department in relation to it are now first published. At the extra session of Congress, 1841, a tariff was passed for revenue purposes,

levying a duty of 20 per cent. upon most articles before free, and raising the duty to 20 per cent. on articles that before paid less than that rate. This was called for, from the fact that the government revenue was deficient, and it being supposed that by bringing up the duties to the level of the compromise rate, an additional \$5,000,000 of revenue would be obtained, a duty was accordingly laid upon the leading free articles with the exception of tea, coffee, wool under 8 cents and raw hides. The general results of the imports and exports under this tariff are as follows, as compared with former years :

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF THE UNITED STATES FOR A SERIES OF YEARS, DISTINGUISHING THE DUTIES.

Year ending Sept. 30.	VALUE OF IMPORTS.			VALUE OF EXPORTS.		
	Free of duty.	Paying duty.	Total.	Domestic Produce.	Foreign merchandise.	Total.
1834	\$63,393,180	58,180,152	126,521,332	81,024,162	23,311,811	104,386,978
1835	77,940,493	71,955,949	149,895,742	101,180,082	26,504,495	127,684,577
1836	92,056,481	97,393,554	189,980,035	106,916,680	31,746,360	138,663,040
1837	66,230,031	71,789,186	140,989,217	95,864,414	21,854,962	117,419,376
1838	60,880,005	59,357,399	113,717,404	96,033,811	18,452,704	108,486,516
1839	72,040,719	85,569,481	157,689,580	100,951,004	17,408,000	118,359,004
1840	57,186,804	49,945,315	107,141,519	113,895,638	18,190,312	132,086,948
1841	66,018,741	61,986,446	127,946,177	106,382,732	15,469,081	121,851,813
1842	30,637,486	68,535,601	100,162,087	92,969,996	11,721,538	104,691,534

Here we have the fact that the total imports in 1842 were far less than in any other year of the series, and that the exports present the same results. The falling off in free goods for the year was \$36,000,000, and the increase in dutiable goods but \$7,000,000.

There remains a decline of \$29,000,-

000 in imports, the effect of a low revenue tariff of 20 per cent. We may now take a table of the articles which were charged with duty in 1842, naming the quantities and values imported in three years, in two of which they were free, as follows :—

Articles.	1840.		1841.		1842.	
	Quan.	Value.	Quan.	Value.	Quan.	Value.
Almonds, - - - - -	lbs.	2,920,080	109,963	815,105	56,572	1,772,620
Currents, - - - - -	"	280,765	56,651	1,135,756	102,441	1,590,638
Prunes, - - - - -	"	1,659,819	74,593	681,610	42,107	547,436
Figs, - - - - -	"	5,023,073	102,232	1,992,265	25,944	1,714,562
Raisins, - - - - -	"	13,620,963	787,229	9,967,141	615,414	20,629,927
Other Fruits, - - - - -	"	4,993,084	184,271	4,686,939	198,960	
Nuts, - - - - -	"	9,575	3,579	22,659	13,777	4,531
Nutmegs, - - - - -	"	142,890	122,603	207,543	122,061	114,916
Cinnamon, - - - - -	"	95,167	15,714	2,733	483	14,070
Cloves, - - - - -	"	268,951	47,568	109,225	17,297	272,937
Silks, vicia, &c., - - - - -	"		309,828		322,662	19,263
Other silks, - - - - -	"		7,979,100		14,018,573	3,660,499
Silk and Worsted, - - - - -	"		1,729,792		1,631,328	1,311,770
Camlet, - - - - -	"		7,440		10,585	3,622
Worsted Stuffs, - - - - -	"		2,297,358		3,712,206	2,368,122
Linen, bleached, - - - - -	"		4,179,129		6,594,769	2,982,413
Ticklenburghs, - - - - -	"		229,094		529,772	187,869
Shirting, brown and white	"		591,172		323,167	118,792
Boiling Cloth, - - - - -	"		74,534		43,596	7,045
		\$18,893,139		\$22,593,432		\$14,982,177

This was the effect of a 20 per cent. revenue tariff, which, without yielding the estimated \$5,000,000, brought into

the Treasury \$3,440,000 only. The duties upon all these articles were raised by the tariff of 1842, to an aver-

age of 25 per cent., and the effect has been in proportion, weighing upon commerce, and curtailing the means of the Treasury. The great want of goods naturally arising from the long continued depression of trade, produced, during the third quarter of the present year, an increase of business, and prices generally rose. This fact induced comparatively large orders for imported goods, under the impression that the improvement would be progressive, and that prices would rise above the grade of the Tariff, as in former years. This has not, however, been the case. Prices, after going up for a short time, became stationary, and then fell, because the wants of the interior were governed by their cash means to make purchases, and were not fed, as in former years, by bank facilities, to buy on credit. Under the high prices caused by the tariff, the farmers get less goods for their money; hence, the moment that the effective demand ceases, the tariff becomes a bar to commerce. The influence which the tariff has had upon the commerce of the country has been felt by the national Treasury in its diminished receipts, affording a pretext for the issue of a new emission of Treasury notes, to supply a deficit of \$5,000,000 in the government means, in addition to the \$19,000,000 which has been added to the national debt since the 4th of March, 1841. These notes will make \$24,000,000 borrowed in three years to eke out the means of the Federal Treasury. The new notes are to be issued in a form to which our country has been a stranger since the accounts of the revolution were settled

up, viz., government paper-money. The law of Congress authorizing the issue, provides for their emission in sums not less than \$50 each, bearing an interest, not exceeding 6 per cent., on this authority, and availing itself of the situation of the market, the department makes the notes payable on demand, in the city of New York, and bearing an interest of 1 mill per cent. only. Thus, these notes are, to all intents and purposes, paper-money, and of the most dangerous description. The present law of Congress, indeed, limits the issue to \$5,000,000, but next year the 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  a 6 per cent., amounting to \$5,668,000, loans become due, the regular revenue of the government will again be deficient, and Congress will be called upon to make some new provision. If the paper-money is found to answer its purpose, that of providing temporary means, there is great danger that renewed and extended issues will be made, and national bankruptcy be the inevitable result. As soon as an increased quantity of these notes shall be in active circulation, they will of themselves create an advance in exchanges. They will then, from all sections of the Union, seek their point of redemption, New York, where, under a large foreign demand for coin, such as that which broke the late National Bank repeatedly, they must, necessarily, be dishonored. This is a danger of the first magnitude, incurred only through party madness, in destroying trade, depriving the government of its customs, and forcing it upon paper-money expedients, as in time of war, merely to afford a fancied protection to manufactures.

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## LITERARY BULLETIN.

### AMERICAN.

Our publishers seem to be preparing for a great demonstration in the way of literary novelties,—some indeed have already commenced the issue of a few attractive new books. We alluded in our last to the first-fruits of the new *Annals* and *press-books* for the New Year; others have since appeared, and the following, we hear, are immediately to follow: The Poetical Writings of Eliza Cook, comprising a complete collection of her esteemed lyrics, many of which have been long such universal

favorites in the musical world. This volume is we understand to be the most elegant specimen of book-making ever attempted in the country; its embellishments, twelve in number, are exquisitely beautiful. Altogether, this volume will form a perfect bijou for the boudoir, or centre table, and cannot fail of attracting the notice of all lovers of beautiful books. It is to be published by the Langleys about the 25th of the present month. The same establishment will also issue about the same time, in one handsome volume,

octavo, an illustrated edition of the popular works of Mrs. Ellis: embellished with a series of highly-finished line engravings, which are also exceedingly well done, and will impart quite a new and attractive interest to the admirable writings of this favorite authoress; we could scarcely imagine a more acceptable family present-book for the approaching holidays. The new forthcoming production by Mrs. Ellis, completing her series, entitled "The Mothers of England," may be expected in the course of the month, printed by the Langleys uniformly with their fine edition of the author's other works. Also another by the same pen, "Pictures of Private Life." We are gratified to learn that at length a collected volume of the poetical works of the late Mackworth Praed—whose exquisite lyrics and other fugitive pieces have so long remained unedited—is about to appear under the auspices of Rufus W. Griswold, who has long devoted himself to the agreeable task of collecting these admirable effusions of a true poet. The Messrs. Langleys are to be the publishers. They also announce for immediate publication, "The Result of the Court of Enquiry on the Mackenzie Case," from official documents at Washington, to which will be appended a review of the whole by James Fennimore Cooper. "Guy's Forensic Medicine" is the title of a new excellent medical compend, which is to appear in parts, edited by Dr. C. A. Lee. Part I. will be ready during the month—as also a new, revised and extended edition of Dr. Jas. Stewart's work on the "Diseases of Children," and an improved edition of that unrivalled juvenile, "Robin Hood." Loder's "New York Glee Book," containing 100 glees, quartets, trios, and songs, in parts, and price only one dollar, is now ready. Mr. Watson's "Annals and Occurrences of New York City and State in the Olden Time," &c. is to form a large octavo, and will speedily appear. We hear high expectations entertained for this work, the result of many years' laborious research. It is to be accompanied with illustrations. Such a work, presenting a reflex of the past, with the manners, doings, and portraits of our ancestors, cannot fail to interest everybody. Mr. Colman's "European, Agricultural and Horticultural Tour and Survey," is to be commenced on the first of the ensuing January, and continued in parts at intervals of two months.

The Appletons are just about to issue

Professor Liebig's new work, "Familiar Letters on Chemistry, and its relation to Commerce, Physiology, and Agriculture." "Portrait of an English Churchman," by Rev. W. Grealey; also by the same, "A Treatise on Preaching." "The Unity of the Church," by the Rev. H. E. Manning. "Lyra Apostolica," a collection of Church poetry—all the foregoing in the 12mo. form. The same firm have also now issued "The Rose, or Affection's Gift for 1844," illustrated by ten fine little engravings—A new volume of their juvenile series, called "The Farmer's Daughter," by Mrs. Cameron—and Mr. Parnell's new work, "Applied Chemistry in Manufactures, Arts, and Domestic Economy."

Wiley & Putnam will publish, in a few days, new editions of Dana's Mineralogy, Downing's "Landscape Gardening," Mahan's Civil Engineering, and Downing's Horticulture, &c.

Redfield has completed his Pictorial Bible, with over 1600 engravings, in various styles of binding. We suppose few will neglect such a book—one so cheap and beautiful. Mr. R. has just published a most attractive and unique little series of Ladies' hand Books of Needlework, consisting of six varieties—quite loveable books, and which, no doubt, will find many fair admirers.

The re-publication of the English Reviews has recently passed into new and highly efficient (because *practical*) hands, which gives promise of important improvements in the publication of these sterling works. Leonard Scott & Co. is the style of the new firm under whose auspices these works will hereafter be issued.

Lea & Blanchard will publish this season, "On the Nature and Treatment of Stomach and Urinary Diseases," being an inquiry into the connexion of diabetes, calculus, &c., with numerous coloured plates, from the fourth London edition, by William Prout, M. D. &c., in 1 vol. 8vo. "Outlines of Pathology and Practice of Medicine," by William P. Allison, in 1 vol. 8vo. "A Practical Treatise on the Diseases of Children," by D. Francis Condel, in 1 vol. 8vo. "The Dissector, or Practical Anatomy," with numerous illustrations, by Erasmus Wilson, author of "Human Anatomy," with modifications and additions by Paul Beck Goddard, M. D., &c. &c., in 1 vol. large 12mo. "Abercrombie on the Brain," a new edition, in 1 vol. 8vo.

We are constrained for once, although a little clashing with our own interest, to

allude to the liberal enterprise of Mr. Winchester, of the New World Office, in the course he has pursued with his recent publications—such as the fine illustrated edition of Froissart, now on the eve of completion—a work hitherto wholly inaccessible to the general reader. A beautifully illustrated work on the Mexican Antiquities, by Brantz Mayer, is nearly ready for publication; also other popular works of fiction are constantly emanating from this press; and among works of a graver cast, we might mention the corrected and condensed edition of Alison's History of Europe, in one volume, for \$1, in which the egregious and extraordinary inaccuracies of that celebrated historian are amended, and his tedious verbosity reduced: a most acceptable service to the million who read for instruction as well as entertainment. This work must have prodigious success.

We learn with pleasure, that Mr. Wright Hawkes, of New York, now in Paris, a gentleman of abilities perfectly qualifying him for the task, has nearly ready for the press, a translation of M. Blanc's "History of Ten Years since 1830"—a work already of eminent popularity abroad, reviewing as it does with singular force and clearness, the general European history of the present epoch since the Restoration of the Three Days. The concluding volume of the history has not yet appeared, but Mr. Hawkes has been made acquainted with its contents in advance by the author. It will be published immediately on the issue of the conclusion of the work in the original.

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ENGLISH.

The new Annuals for the ensuing season are "The Keepsake," "Book of Beauty," and the second series of the "American in Paris," with eighteen exquisitely beautiful illustrations—more beautiful than usual—a feature which will give a preference to this volume in the eyes of many. "The Friendship's Offering" and the "Forget Me Not" have also appeared. It is strange that some of the English publishers have not issued an *Illuminated Annual* this year, as the prevailing taste seems to tend that way; there is but to be one book of this kind as far as we can learn, it is to be styled "The Prism of Thought for 1844," done in arabesque, &c. The British "Prize Cartoons," consisting of eleven superb historical pictures, beautifully executed in eithorint, will be completed in large folio—price five

guineas a set. "Moore's Irish Melodies" is to be one of the most delightful books of the season in the way of embellishment, being illustrated by fifty fine designs after Macleise, with the text also engraved; and the musical volume entitled "The Book of Beauty for the Queen's Boudoir," with a gorgeously illuminated title, frontispiece and cover, is well worthy its ambitious name. The "Etching Club" have just completed "Goldsmith's Poems" uniformly with those of Thomson, &c., with wonderful success and taste. Longman's have among other novelties—The Philosophy of Christian Morals by Spalding; Chronicles of the Kings of Norway, translated by S. Laing; a new volume of Howitt's "Visits to Remarkable Places," comprising the birth-places and tombs of the celebrated poets, with illustrations; Poisson's Treatise on Mechanics, translated from the French by Harte, 2 vols. 8vo.; Sir Edward Ellis' New Chronological Tables, from the Creation to the present time, &c.—and a new volume by Maunder, entitled "The Universal Class Book," a New Selection of Reading Lessons for Every Day in the Year; each Lesson either recording some important Event in General History, Biography, &c., which happened on the day of the month under which it is placed, or detailing, in familiar language, some interesting fact in Science, occasionally interspersed with concise Poetical Gleanings: Questions for Examination being appended to each day's lesson, and the whole carefully adapted to Practical Tuition consistent with the present advanced state of knowledge.

"The Knights Crusaders' and Bishop's Effigies" in the Temple Church, London, as restored by Mr. Edward Richardson, Sculptor. They may justly be considered the finest collection of the Crusaders' Tombs in Europe, and, as restored, present beautiful specimens of the ancient military costume, as well as evident portraits of distinguished nobility of that martial and romantic period, several of which have been identified. There are eleven plates, including twenty-four views (side and front) to one-eighth size of the originals. With appropriate and descriptive Texts, including many curious particulars met with in the process of restoration. Imperial quarto.

Murray has just commenced a new series of cheap issues, under the general title of "Colonial and Home Library," each volume price two shillings. Southey's Nelson, his Essays, life of Crabbe, and other popular works, are to follow. &c.

This is a movement rendered necessary, or at any rate induced by the absence of the foreign non-protective system in literature. Charles Knight has at length nearly completed his great "Cyclopedia," and with the last issue of his Pictorial Shakspeare, the eighth volume, that most acceptable and elaborately beautiful monument to our great vernacular poet: with either of these works he might have safely retired with his laurels, but we are glad to observe that he is determined not to let his pen lie idle:—his new work is to be called "Old England," regal, ecclesiastical, baronial, municipal, with historical and topographical accounts of its antiquities, &c. It is to be illustrated with three thousand engraved and two dozen coloured embellishments, 20 folio vols. The following are the new medical works:—"A Manual of Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology," by A. S. Taylor: "The Principles of Medicine, comprehending general Pathology and Therapeutics," &c., by Williams. "Elementary Instruction on Chemical Analysis," with a preface by Liebig. "Elements of Natural Philosophy," being an introduction to physical science, &c., in monthly parts. "Liebig's Familiar Letters on Chemistry"—the revised edition of his "Agricultural Chemistry," and "Parnell's Applied Chemistry," &c., in parts.

"Memoirs of William Smith, LL.D., the Geologist," by J. Phillips. "Results of Reading," by Shemford Caldwell. "Farming for Ladies, or Instructions for Rearing all sorts of Domestic Poultry."

"Precious Stories," is the cognomen of a new little manual, consisting of selections from eminent English prose writ-

ers of the past 3 centuries, by Wil-mott

The following are some of the new works of fiction:—"Sir Cosmo Digby, a tale of the Welsh riots," by St. John. "The Belle of the Family;" "The Grave-Digger;" "The Smiths and Allanston, or the Infidel," by Lady Chatterton. "The Baronial Hall," by L. C. Hall, &c., is a beautiful work: the plates in folio after Harding, are very choice: part first ready. "Memoirs of the Earl St. Vincent," by Tucker, is nearly ready. Also, "Ireland and its Rulers since 1639;" "Pictorial Tour in the Mediterranean," by Allan, 2 vols. 8vo. Another new volume on the seat of the late War in the East, is announced for speedy publication, entitled "Diary of a march through Sindh and Afghanistan," by Rev. J. M. Allen. Also, a volume by a Physician, entitled "Thoughts and Reflections in Sickness and Health." Among the numerous pamphlets on Puseyism, we observe the following, entitled "Catholic Safeguards against the errors, corruptions and novelties of the Church of Rome," by Jas. Brogden, M. A. Murray's list of forthcoming novelties is by far the most attractive, it consists of the following:—"Life and Voyages of Sir Francis Drake," by J. Barrow. A new work on Modern Egypt and Thebes, by Wilkinson. Letters from the Bye-Ways of Italy, with plates. "Russia and the Oral Mountains," by R. J. Murchison, &c. "The Fresco Decorations and Stuccoes of the Churches and Palaces in Italy, with Descriptions," by L. Gruner, comprising 45 superb plates, in folio.

#### NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The first meeting of this body, after the Summer vacation, was held at their Rooms in the University, on Tuesday evening, the 2d of October. Among those present were the Hon. Gullian C. Verplanck, the Hon. Chief Justice Jones, and other gentlemen of distinction, and many visitors.

The Chair was taken by the President, the venerable ALBERT GALLATIN.

After the reading of the minutes of the last stated meeting, and also of the special meeting called to receive the President of the United States, the Recording Secre-

ry, in the absence of the Librarian, announced the donations to the Library since the month of June, and read several letters from the donors.

One from Judge Jay stated, that on the 7th of October, 1767, Letters Patent were issued under the great seal of England, appointing eleven gentlemen, selected from various provinces, for the purpose of ascertaining and determining the partition line between the colonies of New York and New Jersey—that the Commissioners assembled in New York, 20th July, 1769, and appointed John Jay their Clerk, and

that all the documentary evidence excepting maps, submitted by the agents of the two colonies, and which was very voluminous, was entered upon the minutes, and the accuracy of the whole attested by Mr. Jay, under his signature—that the volume had remained in his possession and was now presented to the New York Historical Society as the most proper repository for it.

A letter from H. J. Porter, Esq., of Victoria, Miss., accompanied "a Homographic Chart of the Mississippi River," of which he is the author. A communication was read from the Hon. William Hill, Secretary of State in North Carolina, with an attested copy of a resolution passed by the General Assembly, January 27th, 1843, directing that the agent of the New York Historical Society be furnished with one bound set of all official documents, including the decisions of the Supreme Court and the Laws and Journals of the General Assembly of the State which might be hereafter published under the order of the Legislature, and also one bound set of all documents published in preceding years, if the Secretary shall deem it consistent with the State's Collection.

An application was submitted from the agent of Wabash College, in the State of Indiana, for a copy of the Historical Collection published by the Society—and on motion of Mr. Lawrence the Executive Committee were authorized to furnish the volumes. A note from Professor Delmar accompanied the second volume of the celebrated Spanish History by Padre Marianna, presented by that gentleman to the Library.

Among the other donations were an elegantly bound volume of Herring's National Portrait Gallery, in four volumes, from the author, and fourteen folio volumes of English newspapers, of a date immediately preceding the Revolutionary War, from George P. Putnam, Esq., and thirty volumes of official documents presented by the Legislature of New Hampshire.

Mr. Lawrence (the first Vice President) observed that the general understanding was that a vote of thanks was, of course, passed to the various contributors, and that it was deemed the duty of the Corresponding Secretaries to make the suitable acknowledgments. He said, however, that as he had examined the presents then on the table, he would take the liberty of making a few remarks in relation to them. He was happy to observe among the books recently published, one for which the Society was indebted to a gentleman of their association, whose ser-

vices in furtherance of their objects had been, on other occasions, noticed, and who was now extending his sphere of usefulness, by a visit to the *saxons* and learned institutions of Europe. He said that, having minutely examined Mr. Folsom's translation of Cortes' Despatches, as well as the Essay by which it is preceded, he could bear testimony to the fidelity of the one, and to the value of the information contained in the other; and that he was sure that, whatever may have been his impressions of the civilization of the Mexicans at the time of the conquest, or the ability of the Spanish leader, as derived from historians, no one could peruse the letters of the great commander without admitting that he had formed but very imperfect ideas of both. He alluded to a statement made to him, since he had been in the room, by Mr. Bartlett, of the existence, in the collection of a gentleman at Washington, of the first dispatch of Cortes, which Dr. Robertson, in his History of America, stated could not be found in his time, which is understood to have eluded all the recent researches of Mr. Prescott, and, of course, not contained in Mr. Folsom's collection.

After referring to some of the more valuable works upon the table, Mr. Lawrence said that his object in rising was not, however, so much to express gratification as to the contributions that had been received, as to call the attention of the Society to a gross libel, in the most insidious form, on the most honored name in the history of the country. It was contained in a preface written by one who, it would appear from internal evidence, was an English dissenting minister of the Baptist persuasion, to an American poem, ("What Cheer; or, Roger Williams in Banishment,") reprinted by him at Leeds. Mr. L. made a respectful reference to the founder of Rhode Island—the subject of the work—as well as to its author, Judge Durfee; but he remarked that the gentleman who had transmitted it to the Society, by erasing with a pen the objectionable lines, had only presented them more clearly to view. He then read a passage from the English preface, which, after extolling Roger Williams, thus proceeds:

"In comparison with such a man, what are the names of Solon, or Lycurgus, Romulus, or Numa Pompilius, Marlborough, Nelson, or even Washington himself, who, after fighting so nobly the battle of independence, ignobly left to his heirs a legacy of slaves, not even excepting her, from whose bosom he had drawn the first nutriment of life." Of the special allusion to the infant education of Washington he could say nothing—he was not aware that

Marshall or Sparks threw any light on the subject. Nor should he enter into any discussion of the abolition question, or of slavery in the abstract. We cannot apply to men of another generation, and placed in different circumstances, the same rules by which we would judge those of the present day; and, on the subject of African slavery, the sentiments of Christendom have experienced a greater alteration since the death of Washington, than they underwent during the whole preceding period, from the time when, by the mistaken humanity of Las Casas, the first importations were made into Cuba.

That Washington possessed slaves, either inherited from his ancestors or obtained by marriage, is not imputed to him as a crime even by the English editor. What were his sentiments, when the abolition of the slave trade first began to be agitated in England, and when no one could have anticipated the extinction of slavery itself in the West Indies, may be learned from his own writings. In a letter to Robert Morris, dated April 12, 1786, he says, "I can only say that there is not a man living, who wishes more sincerely than I do to see a plan adopted for the abolition of it (slavery;) but there is only one proper and effectual mode by which it can be accomplished, and that is by legislative authority; and this, as far as my suffrage will go, shall never be wanting." To Mr. John F. Mercer, September 9, 1786, he says, "I never mean, unless some particular circumstance should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase, it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted, by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law."

Again, in writing to the Marquis de La Fayette, 10th of May, 1786, he confirms the above sentiments: "The benevolence of your heart, my dear Marquis, is so conspicuous upon all occasions that I never wonder at any fresh proofs of it; but your late purchase of an estate in the Colony of Cayenne, with a view of emancipating the slaves on it, is a generous and noble proof of your humanity. Would to God a like spirit might diffuse itself generally into the minds of the people of this country! But I despair of seeing it. Some petitions were presented to the Assembly at its last session for the abolition of slavery, but they could scarcely obtain a reading. To set the slaves afloat at once would, I really believe, be productive of much inconvenience and mischief; but by degrees, it certainly might, and assuredly ought, to be effected; and that too by legislative authority."

Ten years later, 11th of December, 1796, in a long communication to Sir John

Sinclair, he assigns, as a cause, for the price of lands being higher in Pennsylvania than in Virginia and Maryland, that "there are laws here (in Pennsylvania) for the gradual abolition of slavery, which neither of the two States above-mentioned have at present, but which nothing is more certain than they must have, and at a period not remote."

Had Washington, in the absence of all attempts to prepare the emancipated slaves to occupy a useful position, hesitated as to suddenly throwing them upon the community as vagrants, he might well have been justified by considerations connected with the happiness of those whose interests it was his object to promote. But, that his course was otherwise, the provisions of his will, which was accessible to the editor, in common with every intelligent man in Europe and America, will show.

"Item—Upon the decease of my wife, it is my will and desire that all the slaves whom I hold in my own right, shall receive their freedom. To emancipate them during her life would, though earnestly wished by me, be attended with such insuperable difficulties, on account of their intermixture by marriage with the dower negroes, as to excite the most painful sensations if not disagreeable consequences to the latter, while both descriptions are in the occupancy of the same proprietor; it not being in my power, under the tenure by which the dower negroes are held, to manumit them, &c." The will proceeds to make provision for the support of those of the slaves who were incapable of taking care of themselves.

Mr. L. referred to the well-known fact that Mrs. Washington anticipated the period for their emancipation, and gave immediate freedom to the whole of the slaves. He added that, pure as the character of Washington was, he had not escaped the attacks of malevolence. The calumny in relation to Jumonville, who is alleged to have been killed while the bearer of a peaceful summons, by a body of provincials under command of Washington, then a major, at the commencement of the old French war, gained a general currency on the Continent. Originating in national antipathy toward the English, with whom Washington was then identified, and having been made the theme of a poem by a French writer of distinction, it has been incorporated in all their histories to the present day; and even in the *Biographie Universelle*, a work of singular accuracy, an attempt is made, while conceding the charge, to exonerate Washington's conduct by the apology of youth. The examination by Mr. Sparks of Gover-

nor Dinwiddie's papers, affords a full refutation of the story, and proves, that if Jumouville was a peaceful messenger, the fact could not have been known to Washington. Mr. Lawrence remarked, in conclusion, that when he reflected on the mischief which the Jumouville of M. Thomas had done, he could not allow a libel, which gathered strength from its connection with a patriotic poem of a respected American, to take its place on the shelves of a library destined, as he trusted, to last for ever, without presenting the refutation palpable as it was.

Mr. Bartlett exhibited a copy of the journal of Lieut. Col. Simcoe, an officer of the British army, detailing his military services in this country during the war of the Revolution. The book was privately printed for the friends of the author, and this is the only copy known to be extant, not even its title being found in any general catalogue either in England or America.

At the commencement of the contest, Col. Simcoe, then a captain under General Gage, attempted to organize a corps of American loyalists, and his original purpose was to form a regiment of blacks in Boston, but this failed from their strong attachment to liberty; and it has been noted as a curious fact, "that the first American who lost his life in that great contest for Freedom was a negro."

Captain Simcoe next appears, during the march of Sir William Howe from the Patuxet to Philadelphia, in 1777, as the major commandant of a corps of rangers, composed of American Royalists, to which he gave the name of the Queen's Rangers; and with them he was actively engaged in the battle of Brandywine and at Germantown, and in various other passages of arms during the occupancy of Philadelphia by the British. When New York became their head-quarters, Col. Simcoe was employed near Kingsbridge, and in the lower towns of West Chester; and bore a prominent part in the battle of White Plains. In the winter of 1778-9, he was posted at Oyster Bay, on Long Island; and during the succeeding summer near the Croton river, with occasional excursions to Long Island. He attempted, also, some hazardous exploits in New Jersey—in one of which, undertaken for the destruction of a flotilla of large boats in preparation, as was supposed, for a descent upon Staten Island, he fell into an ambuscade; and being stunned by a fall from his horse, which was killed under him, recovered to find himself a prisoner. His life was placed in some jeopardy by the indignation excited among the people for some outrages committed by his Rangers; but through the interposition of Governor

Livingston, he was awarded the immunities of a prisoner of war, and placed upon his parole at Bordentown. Subsequently he was imprisoned at Burlington, of which he complains bitterly; and being afterward exchanged, appears during the winter of 1779-80, in the command of the British fortifications at Richmond, upon Staten Island. This was the coldest winter within the memory of man, when the entire harbour of New York was frozen over; and the American General, Lord Stirling, made a descent upon Staten Island from New Jersey, at the head of a large force, but after landing, suddenly retreated without any assignable cause.

In the spring, the Queen's Rangers were ordered to the south, arriving at Charleston a few days before the capitulation of General Lincoln. Col. Simcoe seems to have been soon recalled; and in June bore an active part in New Jersey in sacking Elizabethtown and Springfield, after which he traversed Long Island, guarding against the French in the county of Suffolk.

He was next detached in the celebrated Virginia expedition, headed by the traitor Arnold, who, after the death of General Phillips, retained the command until the arrival of Lord Cornwallis.

In the skirmishes on the James River, and the sacking of Petersburg and Richmond, Col. Simcoe, although in ill health, was the most efficient officer of the expedition. He adroitly deceived both Baron Steuben and the Marquis La Fayette, either of whom might have vanquished him had they known his strength; and dashing forward to the Roanoke, opened a way for the advance of Cornwallis. He soon afterward returned to New York, and his corps of rangers was dissolved.

Subsequently, Col. Simcoe was charged with the government of Upper Canada, holding his small court at Niagara, until the selection by himself of the present city of Toronto. These particulars are gathered from a sketch by Col. Stone, the biographer of Brant, with whom Col. Simcoe was on terms of great intimacy.

Mr. John Jay remarked, that although, as the Vice President had correctly stated, there was a general understanding that the thanks of the Society were returned for all donations to the Library, gifts of unusual value demanded a more special acknowledgment than was due to the honor of a stray pamphlet, or an ordinary volume. He therefore moved,

That the thanks of the New York Historical Society are due to the General Assembly of North Carolina, for the courtesy and liberality with which they have acceded to the request for copies of the Legislative Documents of that State, and



that the Secretary be directed to present the acknowledgments of this Society to that body.

The resolution was unanimously adopted, and on motion of Mr. Jay, it was also

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society be returned to George P. Putnam, Esq., for the rare and valuable series of English Journals, and other books presented by him to the Library.

Mr. J. R. BARTLETT read a paper giving a sketch of the progress of Ethnological Science, and of the attention it is now receiving in various parts of the world. Some of the most learned men of Europe are engaged in the elucidation of subjects connected with this science, and the governments of England, France, Russia and Prussia, have scientific expeditions in distant regions, engaged in investigations, which will tend greatly to the increase of our knowledge of the early history of nations, which have left behind them no other memorials of their existence than crumbling monuments and unknown inscriptions.

Mr. B. spoke of Dr. Pritchard, Humboldt, Gesenius Lepsius, and other distinguished Archaeologists, and of the contributions they had made to the science of Ethnology. In America, those who have contributed by their works to its advancement, are Dr. Morton, by his valuable work, the "Orania Americana," Mr. Gallatin, by his work on the "Indian Languages," which embodies a vast amount of interesting information, and vocabularies of all the languages North of Mexico, and East of the Rocky Mountains; Messrs. Stevens and Catherwood, by their late works on Central America, and Yucatan, showing that a great nation once occupied this continent, far advanced in the Arts; and Mr. Bradford, by his work on the "Origin of the Red Race." These inquiries all tend to illustrate the history of the Aboriginal Races of America, which is still veiled in so much obscurity.

In Persia, much Ethnographic information has recently been brought to light by the French Architects and Artists, attached to the French Embassy in that country. Their operations embrace ruins of the ancient cities of Nineveh, Babylon, Ecbatana, Persepolis, Ctesiphon, &c. These researches, in connexion with the labors of Grotefend and Lassen, who have deciphered the arrow-headed inscriptions of those cities, are of great importance in elucidating a portion of the

world's history of which we know so little. The French Government has lately sent a party to explore the regions between Cashmere and Kafferistan, with orders to report on the geography of those countries, the various native tribes by which they are occupied, their languages, monuments, &c.

In Asia Minor, a new field for antiquarian researches has been opened, which bids fair to throw much light on the history of several nations, and particularly the Greeks, at a period the history of which we know but little. The researches of the English have chiefly been in ancient Lycia, where, in two different expeditions, Mr. Fellows has made some important discoveries of cities, remains of temples, inscriptions, &c. He has also been able to make out the language of the people who erected these edifices, through bilingual inscriptions found there. He is now on his way there again, with a large company and a steamer, for the purpose of transporting to England such monuments of art as are valuable and in good preservation. The French and Prussian Governments have scientific expeditions besides in other parts of Asia Minor.

We regret that our space does not allow us to follow out into further detail, an abstract of Mr. Bartlett's learned and interesting paper. But as a copy was requested by the Society for publication (together with a presentation of thanks to the author), we shall have a future occasion to notice it.

Mr. Gallatin made some remarks in reference to the subject of Ethnography, and the forthcoming work on the Foulahs, of William B. Hodgson, Esq., of whose labors and great accomplishments as a linguist he spoke in terms of high eulogium.

The Society then adjourned.

At the next stated meeting of the Society to be held on the first Tuesday of November, we learn that a paper will be read by Dr. D. FRANCIS BACON, entitled "An Ethnographic View of the African Tribes, from the Senegal to the Gold Coast, their Geographical Boundaries, their Affinities and Distinctions of Language, Government, Customs," &c. And also a paper by CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, Esq., on "The Manners, Customs, and Costume of the Anglo-American Colonists previous to the Revolution."

NOTE.—A reply to Mr. Brownson's recent articles on Government, which it was intended to insert in the present number, cannot find admission till the next.

ERRATUM.—Page 509, line 33, for "presence," read "pressure."