

The Knickerbocker.

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EDITORIAL REMARKS.

IN assuming the editorship of this periodical, and disavowing having had any agency in it up to this time, I would pass in silence to my duties, as I am not accustomed, nor often tempted to speak of myself, did I not deem that a word explanatory of my motives to the undertaking, is due to the patrons of the Knickerbocker. Previous to being invited to this charge, I had wished, and been advised to try a change of climate, in the hope of re-establishing my health. It offered me a vocation, while making the experiment. I shall discharge these duties to the extent of my strength and power, so long as my health admits, and the public sustains me. Failing the one or the other, dishonor, I hope, will not attach to me, or the periodical, from the abandonment of the undertaking. I cast myself as a stranger on the courtesy of this great community, persuaded that it is too generous and discriminating not to judge me with candor, and award me according to my desert.

As I count to be estimated according to my doings, and not my professions, I shall say in a few words, that to foster genuine American literature to the extent of my ability, to put forth my utmost exertions to call out and encourage latent talent, to throw my mite into the scale of true taste, good learning, sound morals, and religion, and the great interests of society, so far as literature may be made to bear upon them, will be the steadfast aim of whatever may appear in this work.

In proffering the customary editorial courtesies to brother editors, and in bearing my earnest testimony against the correctness of a prevalent opinion in the editorial creed, begotten in ignorance and born in politics, that malignity is inspiration, untiring volubility eloquence, abuse wit, and victory the last word, I distinctly affirm, that I am not conscious of having ever in my life been the intentional aggressor, in assailing the writings, or disturbing the feelings

of any writer before the public. My sympathies on the contrary have all been with those ill fated and ill paid beings, whose hard destiny it is to grind and make sport for the Philistines. Nothing would be more grateful to my thoughts, than to see them, as they ought, striving who should do the other most good, instead of harm. But as these halcyon and millennial days of literature seem yet far in the future, and they choose that the career-editorial should be a life militant, and as the public seem too much inclined to interpret forbearance to mean imbecility, I have been led to doubt me of my past course of attempting to overcome abuse by silence, and to enact saint among the children of Belial. I shall continue to hail from under the banners of the peace society, but no longer to the limit of eschewing self defence. This periodical has already been assailed by a race called *legion*, on the presumption, that I was its editor. I cannot flatter myself with a better fortune, now that I am such, and answerable for its contents. Perhaps a sense of duty may impel me to aim an occasional shaft at some of the "proceres," the prominent leaders among my assailants. The remainder will please to receive profound silence, as my declared estimate of them. Meanwhile I console myself by the confidence, that I shall receive the courtesy, and win the esteem and co-operation of the endowed and the good. Of such I ask, and to such I cordially tender the right hand of fellowship.

TIMOTHY FLINT.

REMINISCENCES OF A RECENT JOURNEY FROM CINCINNATI
TO BOSTON.

Long Island, September, 1833.

Rev. Dr. F., Salem, Mass.

Dear Sir,—You may remember requesting a journal of my late journey to my native state, and must know that your requests have always been to me as commands. I have thought it better to give some of the prominent incidents and impressions of so long a journey, by putting down its reminiscences, after it has been brought to a close, after being cleansed of its dust, and the head being settled from the distraction and variety of its objects, than the ordinary monotonous particularity of noting down di-

urnal events. Much that would have been recorded, when seen in the magnitude resulting from being brought close to the eye, is omitted, when contemplated through the medium of time and distance. I do not flatter myself, that what I have here retained, will seem to you stamped with the value which is obtained, according to the precept of the Roman critic, from being kept *nonum in annum*. But you wished me to record these recollections, if at all, in the unvarnished simplicity in which they are brought forth from the storehouse of memory. If to be labored and *recherché* in writing were my *beau idéal*, which you well know it is not, this is not the occasion, nor are these the theme, nor are you the person, for whom I would make the attempt. I am well aware, that enough will be found in whose creed dulness is dignity, and to whom the language of the heart always appears garrulity. You know better than any one else, how little I heed their praise, or their censure. Though you may be awed by their presence and numbers, you belong as little to that generation as myself. I therefore relate, just as I remember and have felt, certain of your candor in relation to unconscious aberrations of memory, or expressed opinions not in consonance with your own. You well know, that, taking into view my health for the two past years, the capability of being able to sustain such a journey was beyond my contemplation, and that I set down the whole pleasure, which I have derived from it, as so much clear gain and unanticipated enjoyment.

It was the middle of June, when I left Cincinnati, and the thoughts of the citizens were agreeably relieved for a few days from the incumbent gloom of a cholera atmosphere, and from the fearful forebodings that it was about to become epidemic again, as last autumn, in making preparations for public testimonials of respect to Mr. Webster. Shall I say any thing of the feelings with which, scarcely able from debility to enter the stage, I left persons and a home so dear, in the dim haze of early dawn, when the steps of a solitary person along the pavement sounded, as if echoing in a sepulchre, and when it required little stretch of fancy to imagine, in the morning mist, the terrible pestilence settling down upon my house. I forbear the history of my apprehensions and feelings, as they would probably interest none but those I left behind.

The carriage commenced rolling through the silent streets—who, in such a transit, has not felt the singular and indescribable sensation from witnessing such stillness and solitude, when passing amidst the abodes of such congregated masses of life? There is nothing like the gloom from traversing a sleeping city. It pressed heavier at this moment on my heart from the consciousness of my own feebleness, the sentiment of what I was leaving in that solitude, the memory of the many and dear friends I had recently lost,

the retrospection of what this devoted city had suffered during the year, from mercantile embarrassment, from flood and pestilence, which had robbed it of so many of its best citizens, and was still menacing to extort another tithe of decimation.

Every good heart rises in gratitude to the Creator, while it realizes how readily its pressure of sadness yields to impulses of pleasure from new and exhilarating objects of contemplation, presented by a change of scene. Scarcely had the carriage reached the freshness and verdure beyond the precincts of the town, and emerged from its murky atmosphere, scarcely had the sun come up in its brightness above the morning mist, when the dewy coolness, the aroma of clover, corn, and wheat fields, the cry of the chanticleer, the glad voices of renovated nature, the pleasant sensation of rolling along the fine Macadamized road, and a friend added to the number of our passengers, brought a change over the whole tenor of my thoughts. Who is not gladdened by such omens? Who would not hail such easy and cheap susceptibility to impulses of pleasure?

The triumph of industry over the barren exuberance of the wilderness, the unexampled progress of cultivation and improvement in the west, are no where presented in a more striking light, than in the country between the two Miamies, through which our route lay. Fine farms with substantial brick or stone houses, smooth and rich meadows of abundant promise and bright verdure, from which not only the dead trees, but even the stumps, the ordinary and unpleasant concomitants of a new country, had disappeared, orchards and fruit gardens of magnificent show, the heavy grass and wheat, inviting the scythe and sickle, rose before us in unbroken continuity of succession. The numerous and noble wheat fields, familiar as I thought I was with the opulence of the western harvest, struck me now, as if seen for the first time. The morning was of unusual beauty. The mowers were sharpening their scythes. We had an admirable road along the beautiful country, and, thanks to the recent rains, not a particle of dust. The succession of farm houses was relieved at short intervals by villages; and the passengers, cheered by the influences of these scenes, were as cheerful and conversable, as could be desired. All this might have been expected in passing through a country on which opulence and industry had impressed the improvements of more than a century. The pleasure was heightened here by reflecting, how recently all this had been won from the wilderness. For richness, abundance, comfort, and denseness of agricultural population, I know of no portion of our country, which can furnish a pleasanter ride, than from Cincinnati to Springfield, comprising a distance from eighty to a hundred miles, according to the route taken. If

Ohio were all peopled, according to its susceptibility of population, as compactly as this fine district, it would contain, I should imagine, five millions of inhabitants.

The Yellow Springs furnish a watering place of the greatest fashion and resort north of the Ohio and west of Saratoga Springs. The distance is not far from seventy miles in a northerly direction from Cincinnati. The position is one of loneliness and indescribable beauty, in the midst of ancient and magnificent woods, and the grand scenery of the head waters of the Little Miami. Large and commodious buildings rise in the square space cut out from these woods. The place is elevated, commanding a boundless vision. The walks are amidst shady groves, cool, sequestered, and delicious. The waters are simply a strong chalybeate, and the great advantage which invalids generally derive from a residence here, must be attributed to pure mountain and woodland air, the exercise of promenades, and riding in these splendid woods, fishing and fowling in waters and woods where game and fish abound, and the strong physical and moral contrast of this regimen with the dust, foul air, scramble, restraint, fashion, and excitement of a city. There life is a forced existence against the stream of nature. Here it glides easily and naturally down its current. When we passed these springs, they were crowded with fashionable visitants from the cholera atmosphere of Cincinnati, from the surrounding country, and some even from your good city of Boston. Dress, fashion, scandal, match-making speculations, accurate estimates of the worth of the parties on the present practicable scale of computation, to wit, their money and prospects, airs and graces, vanity and affectation, balls and rides, in short, every thing in the little, which takes place at Saratoga in the great, were discussed here with the same eager importance (let not the visitants of the latter place curl the lip, while they read,) as there.

The roads from this point to the lake are excellent, after continued dry weather, for the clay is then gradually smoothed, and trampled as hard as if the road were Macadamized. At this time the deep and loamy soil was perfectly saturated with a daily succession of showers. In such case, the roads become almost intolerable. We were often in danger of being capsized upon stumps, which, at this distance from Cincinnati, begin to be common on the road sides. But the greater portion of the way offered no worse chance from being overturned, than a mud poultice for the hurts received, and the steam doctor's application, a mud bath. On our route from the Yellow Springs to the lake, we passed the considerable villages of Springfield, Columbus, Newark, Vernon, Wooster, Cleaveland, and some less considerable places. I need not add, that Columbus is the political capital of Ohio. It is a handsome village, in a charming situation on the Scioto, connected

with the great canal by a lateral cut. Its population is between three and four thousand. From the summit of the capitol is presented one of the richest landscapes, embracing a vast extent of fertile alluvial valley on the opposite shore of the Scioto, in the highest state of cultivation. In extensive promenades round this flourishing village, and in the society of some friends, I passed a couple of pleasant days. A number of respectable strangers were here. Cholera had not yet inflicted its fearful visitation upon the place, and I regret to learn, that the inhabitants have since experienced their share of this scourge. The difference between the advance of vegetation round this town and Cincinnati was not very perceptible. But hence to the lake it gradually and visibly diminished in forwardness, though there was no diminution of the magnificence of promise. The number and richness of the wheat fields still continued the same.

Every one has been struck by the aspect of the noble Gwynne farm, which we passed between Springfield and Columbus. It is understood to be the finest and most productive grazing farm in the United States. There are some thousand acres chiefly of the richest clover pasture, and vast numbers of cattle are sold from this estate. I have not seen finer cattle or in better condition. The difference between the economy and profit of northern enclosures, and the southern prairie pastures of Attakapas and Opelonas, which contain millions of unenclosed acres of rank grass, and on which range herds of four times the number of cattle that are kept here, is palpably manifest in the result. The dairy and profit of this farm exceed, I doubt not, in a tenfold proportion, those of any of the vacheries of these prairies.

It was an unpleasant circumstance, that in passing through this luxuriant country, our road was one continued mortar bed, into which we were in danger of being capsized every moment. Few travellers have passed the whole extent of the United States oftener than myself, and perhaps none have had so few accidents to record, or in these continual changes of travelling associates, and rencontres with such numbers of strangers of every condition and clime, have so seldom encountered the annoyance of personal rudeness. To convince me, perhaps, that I was not always to escape the vicissitudes of travellers, in departing from Springfield before morning light, I found my place on the back seat pre-occupied by a dandy. There was no question, but that the seat was my right by invariable usage, a right which, however, I would readily have waived, but from inability to ride backward, without experiencing extreme sickness. When I entered the stage in the darkness, and found my seat occupied by this young man, I calmly stated my claim by the promise of the contractor, by being a passenger through the whole line, whereas the occupant was only a

passenger for a few miles, a claim rendered more valid by the privilege of feebleness and seniority, and the sickness which I was sure to experience from riding backwards. He meditated a few moments, whether to yield to my request or not. The result of his cogitations was unfavorable to me. He answered in a sort of a growl, "I am d—d, if I resign my seat;" muttering at the same time, "I suppose it is some person from a flat boat." A young gentleman from Vermont of colossal dimensions, and a show of muscle, bone, and spirit in proportion, had been my fellow passenger the day before. I was apprehensive, that I had offended him by recurring, in general conversation, upon the sectional dialects of our country, to the Vermontese pronunciation of such words as *home* and *stone*. But it appeared this morning, I had an unexpected champion in my Vermont friend. In a voice not a little belligerent, he replied to the announcement of the young man on the back seat, "Sir, if you were the tenth part of a man, you would resign your seat to the sick gentleman," hinting some inclination to throw him out of the stage. The fine dressed person could now measure the limb and muscle of the speaker with his eye, and offered to resign his seat. But as we were closely stowed, and a passenger had made shift to give me a place on the middle seat, I refused it. It may be supposed, that there was no particular cosiness between him and me, during the rest of our ride together. I soon saw him placed in a distress, to such a person so truly ludicrous, that all ill feeling, and all purpose to report him by name vanished. In a long slough passage, through what is called "the three mile woods," we stuck fast in the mud up to the hubs of the wheels. In efforts to drag us out, the forward horses broke away, and we found, that we had neither hatchet, iron, nor cordage, with which to repair our broken harness. For some paces in every direction from the carriage, the mud and water were a foot in depth. We had scarcely alighted from our mud foundered vehicle, when the rain began to pour. Weary, wet, and hungry, and all our first efforts to extricate the carriage only breaking the harness more, and with some muddy miles between us and relief and breakfast, our prospect was any thing rather than agreeable. A bridge was to be made round the carriage, before we could approach it with hands or lever, without plunging mid leg deep. After a few moments' deliberation in the pouring rain, most of the passengers began to move in the mud with the soldier like indifference to dress, which is familiar to the habits of the western people. My friend of the back seat contemplated his examples stirring recklessly in the mud, and daubed like craw fish, and then his own fine dress, with a countenance ruefully dolorous. Called to take his share in the thick of the business, alike by the laughter, chiding, invitation and example of the rest, he finally took the desperate

plunge, and was soon, and to the general and visible satisfaction, as muddy as the rest.

At Cleveland we witness a sample of that transformation, which every part of our country is undergoing, and which causes towns to spring up, as by enchantment. The union of the Ohio and Erie Canal with the lake at this place, and its having been for some years a chief depot of merchandise from New-York for the interior, are circumstances, along with its fine harbor, which have rapidly reared a considerable town in this spot, so recently a wilderness. The aspect of the town is indeed crude, but shows an outline of great conceptions, with rising houses, stores, and public works, with the din of the saw and the hammer, the rattle of drays, the bustle of business, the masts of numerous lake schooners, steamboats, and great numbers of canal boats, in short, the sight and sounds of an incipient city rapidly growing to importance. I presume there are better boats than those in which it has been my fortune to embark on Lake Erie; for in point of comfort, fare, civility, and cheapness, those in which I have been are half a century, implying, in steamboat phrase, three or four years, behind the Ohio and Mississippi steam boats.

What a wonderful place is Buffalo! Who that hears the name, associated with ideas of the unpeopled wilderness, and that remembers that at the close of the late war but one house remained here, who that recollects, how lately this place was the *ultima Thule* of civilization in the thoughts of the Atlantic people, who that contemplates this first point of embarkation on the vast inland seas of the north-west, and terminated by solitudes as deep and dreary as can be found in the creation, can contemplate the magic, as of the Arabian Nights, which has reared this interesting city, this handsomest of American towns, in this place still set down in most thoughts as a savage solitude, except with delighted and unmingled surprise. In entering the harbor from the lake, you are brought in view of magnificent works to protect the harbor from the fury of the waves. Within, the show of water crafts, steamboats, the masts of vessels, and the multitudes of canal boats create the impression of a sea port, which, as sea vessels can now actually reach it through the Welland Canal, it may in some sense be considered. The churches, the public buildings, the squares, without any figure of speech may be termed magnificent. The position itself is one of great beauty; and its relationship to the broad and grand Niagara, and its proximity to the noblest cataract in the creation, together with the many points of interesting scenery in its neighborhood, render it one of the greatest resorts of travellers, with whom in summer it is always thronged. Buffalo would make a figure, and be considered a beautiful section, if by a magic, like that which has created it, the place could be transported to

the centre of New-York or Philadelphia. It was four years since I had seen it. The town seemed wonderful even then. But the progress since has been still more astonishing. Words convey very inadequate views, when they descend to the details of describing the houses, churches, and public buildings of such a place. An intelligent young Englishman, returning from travels in Mexico, accompanied me in my promenade round the town. I was not a little amused with his *naïf* and unqualified astonishment, his frequent exclamations of inquiry: what use the people could have for such splendid houses and stores, and whether he should see many such towns on his way thence to Quebec? No doubt on his return to England, where he will probably publish his travels, Capt. Hall, and Madame Trollope can give him the requisite information. I took the pains to number the list of arrivals and departures of lake vessels for one week, preceding that of my arrival there, as given in the papers, and found the number, beside those of steamboats, to exceed twenty. I read, at the moment I am writing this, that the public houses are full of travellers to overflowing, and that the splendid Eagle Tavern with its ample accommodations, can hardly receive all the travellers that offer. Would, that the moral progress of our country was advancing as rapidly as the physical!

In recurring to the circumstances of my passing through the state of Ohio, I ought not to forget the unremitting attention of Gen. Miller, late Governor of Missouri, who remained with me, and yielded me the kindest services, when obliged to lie by on my journey, and take medicine to alleviate repeated premonitions of cholera. I beg leave, also, to tender my acknowledgments to Mr. Haskins, of Buffalo, for his civilities to me, during my short stay in that place, and for kindnesses rendered before and since. The traveller, who may have occasion for a guide to whatever is interesting in that town, will find him alike intelligent and obliging.

I made the descent thence to Schenectady in the packet line of canal boats. This mode of travelling, to most people disagreeable, from its slowness and imposing too severe a tax upon their patience, is to me not disagreeable. The fare is good. Respectable families often enter as way passengers, and I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of more than one such family on the way. I had, also, an agreeable travelling companion in a young officer of the United States army, of the name of Eustis, recently a graduate from West Point. One improvement in canal boats is obviously called for; and it seems to me, that the area and construction of the cabins would easily admit of it. It is larger, longer, and more comfortable berths. It is strange that the owners do not perceive, that none would be content to pass their nights on the miserable pinched mattresses, which the canal boats offer, in

which the sleeper must lie edgewise, and can neither turn nor stretch himself, if any other mode of conveyance could be found. This matter is only just beginning to be understood in steamboats; where, until very lately, a man found himself uncomfortable at night, if more than five feet ten inches in height, and if in the habit of turning himself in his berth. Of all comforts, that nine travellers in ten would be most reluctant to dispense with, an ample, clean, and commodious berth is one of the first. It is absolutely tantalizing canal and steamboat travellers, to offer them gaudy cabins, glaring red curtains, rich and showy furniture, and the little, mean, narrow, short, hard, and dirty berths, that are such frequent and provoking concomitants of these pledges of better things.

I omit, as superfluous, any remarks upon the towns on the route of the canal between Buffalo and Schenectady, because, interesting as they are for number, magnitude, and position, they are, Rochester itself not excepted, less striking than Buffalo. One, however, listens with a sort of incredulity, while viewing the large, populous, and beautiful town of Rochester, to the story of its age, and finds it hard to be convinced, that its site and the country around it were so lately a wilderness. Every one has heard, that this place commands water privileges from the Genesee to an indefinite extent, and that it is famous for its lumber and flour mills, and manufactories. A young officer of the United States army accompanied me to the objects of interest in this town; and I ought to remark, that in every part of the country I have found United States officers peculiarly civil and obliging. Some of the churches here have towers unusually elevated; and from their balconies fine views of Lake Ontario and the surrounding country are presented. Genesee Falls would be considered a grand cascade, were it not so near that of Niagara; nor did I contemplate with indifference the point, where that strange being, Sam Patch, unique and unrivalled in the history of jumpers, met his fate. We have all heard of the young man, who, in the Paris revolution of the three days, offered himself to certain destruction from the royal cannon, provided his comrades would agree to call the bridge, where he would meet his death, by his name. It is abundantly obvious that the community contains multitudes of those burning spirits, who might be induced by the brute acclamations of the people to throw themselves from the pinnacle of a spire on the pavement below. Ought not the considerate to be careful, how they bestow these exciting applauses?

In passing on the rail-road from Schenectady to Albany, one experiences the unique sensation, with which it must require a long time to become familiar, resulting from the swift motion of a long line of cars following the smoking engine, as if it were a thing of life. The gentleness of the motion renders it difficult to estimate

its rapidity, which is easily measured, however, by the apparent dizzying flight of the trees and fences.

In passing down the Hudson amidst the unrivalled scenery of its shores one cannot fail to be struck with the constantly increasing rush of the multitudes entering and departing from steamboats, at each of the stopping places. The customs of the boat indicated a much more vigilant apprehension in regard to the fare, than formerly. Dishonesty naturally advances in the same ratio with avarice, and avarice requires the hundred eyes of Argus to find the means to send every body upon their travels.

At length I embraced you, my dear friend, you, the playmate of my boyhood, the companion of my early studies, and connected in memory with every incident, project, pleasure, and vicissitude of my subsequent life. We once more saw together the church where we were baptized, and the church yard containing the remains of our parents and our kindred, the place of our first thoughts and imaginings, and beheld the faces of our kindred, and the companions of our first days, that still survive. What a change had time wrought, since our last visit to the same places! Many since then had passed beyond the last bourne. Others were scattered by their pursuits in different climates. One most justly dear had become utterly blind. Another, at whose hospitable table I had so often sat and listened to the merry tale and anecdote, sat apart in paralytic silence and melancholy. We have often expatiated on the theme, *that the fashion of the world passeth away*. It is such visits, made at intervals of years, that cause us to feel the truth.

Manufactures build cities in the east, as agriculture does in the forests and prairies of the west. To me it affords matter of unting interest to compare the changes introduced by the former and the latter. The one offers more show, fashion, vivacity, gayer dress and equipage, more movement, more amusing and sparkling conversation, in a word, a more forced and artificial life. Give me, however, the more quiet manners of those who guide the plough, and drive their herds and flocks afield, though more rustic, and it may be more awkward in their conversation and manners. Passing by Waltham, Leominster, Fitchburg, and the smaller manufacturing establishments, our survey of Lowell was somewhat particular and detailed. This town is a study to a west countryman, worthy of a voyage across the Atlantic. It is the most striking sample of what manufacturers can effect, and of the short time requisite to the result, I presume, that is to be seen on this side the ocean. It is a still more striking spectacle to one who had not noted its monthly and yearly progress, but who now observed it grown up to the show and populousness of a large town, and who well remembers to have often passed over its site, when one or two ordinary farm houses afforded the only evidences

of habitancy upon the sterile plain where the town stands. It presents double the show of houses and manufactures that it did when last we saw it. Some part of this show is beautiful, and some even magnificent. It wants nothing now of the public buildings, churches, and appliances for comfort and amusement, that belong to old towns, whose institutions have become consolidated by time. It is not necessary that I should here repeat our comments and reflections, as, at the striking of the dinner bell, we saw the mile of girls not now as on a recent occasion, moving in procession dressed for holiday show, but in the business garb and step of their diurnal vocation, issuing from the great manufacturing enclosure in one continuous stream for nearly half an hour. I trust, that the melancholy though eloquent views taken by Saddler and Blackwood's periodical, of the results of the large manufacturing establishments in England, have no applicability here. But when we saw the blanched faces, the slender forms, and taper fingers of the girls, and heard the report of the physician, with whom we were conversing, and thought of their position, and imagined the undertow of influence and consequences that is operating invisibly beneath this interesting exterior of grace and beauty, and recurred to the disclosures of Avery's trial, and compared this mass of fair faces with the muscular, hardy, bashful girls of ruddy cheeks, that used to be seen spinning and weaving, and tending the dairy in remote farm houses, we, who hold no factory scrip, and who have always loved the pursuits, the homely joys, and destiny obscure of the children of agriculturists, could not but inquire, which class was most likely to become good wives and mothers, and ruminate upon the tendency and issue of this prodigious change that is gradually coming over New-England. One thing to me is clear. It will produce an entire change in the manners and habits, and probably in the institutions. Philanthropy the most enlarged, religious zeal the most earnest and sincere, taking the form of excellent regulations, instruction, Sunday schools, humane and considerate provisions, have done all, and are still devising all that seems practicable to avert or heal the natural tendencies of this order of things in the large manufacturing establishments. But the great efforts of this kind, the numerous and strict provisions for regulating the morals of these places, prove the estimate of the danger that calls for them. It is the moral influence, the absence of maternal control, of parental instruction, and domestic restraint and training, that are to be dreaded. New-England is intrinsically too humane to allow these fragile beings to be overwrought, or to permit the corporate arithmetical intellect, which is said not to be guided by a soul, to count upon the products of the human tenants of these establishments, as though they too were a part of the machinery. To the dweller in cities, who sees with the physical

eye, the air of smartness and fashion with which all this show is invested, these factory tenants will seem infinitely more agreeable, and their condition more enviable, than that of the rude dwellers in a log cabin just rising amidst the western woods. At least this order of things will preclude the necessity of tens of thousands of emigrants from repairing there. But while we have countless millions of fertile and unoccupied forest and prairie acres, it is questionable if it would not be better for the whole country, if there were more emigrants and fewer tenants of factories.

The interior of the manufacturing establishments presents great numbers of foreigners; and the more complicated operations of weaving carpets and rugs, and coloring and printing calicoes are principally performed by them. It was interesting to note, how simple and unerring are those processes, the mode of executing which I had found it impossible to imagine. Every thing becomes simple when traced to its principles and causes. A glance here shows us how much more delicately, surely, and accurately the nerveless, unshrinking, untiring fingers of machinery operate, than those of the human hand. This place, too, presents in one view the most striking evidence of the astonishing progress of the arts concerned in manufactures. We were told that the machinery was not only equally perfect with that in similar English establishments, but that, for various nice operations, they have here simplified and improved upon the models in the old world. The beautiful and delicate engravings on the burnished cylinders for printing calicoes conveyed stronger impressions, in regard to the perfection of the arts among us, than any thing I have elsewhere seen or imagined. The products of carpets, rugs, and printed calicoes struck me to be as brilliant and beautiful as the best of those that are imported. The horrid clatter of the machine for *pounding cotton into linen*, the sights and smells of the dye houses, the whirl of the countless wheels, the infinite ingenuity exhibited in the machinery, the multitudes of girls moving up and down the long aisles of these strange habitations, amidst this everlasting din and whirl, not only confused my head in the inspection and hearing, but have more than once come over my dreams.

I revisited too the remote and quiet village, where, before I became a sojourner in the distant west, I terminated a ministry of fourteen years. Since then, I have wandered so far and so much, and have endured so many vicissitudes and sufferings, and have been so long and laboriously occupied in pursuits so wide from those of this place, that on returning to it, and looking round for my walks, the houses where I had solemnized weddings, and stood over the sick and dying bed, administered baptism, and attended funerals, in efforts excited to pain to call up from the deep places of memory images so confused, as to create doubt if they

were remembrances or dreams ; the whole seemed like the consciousness of transmigration, and of having long been in a different mode of being from that I passed here. It was painful to learn, that the people were so divided into schisms, and had formed so many churches, that no one possessed the means of sustaining a regular worship. There were the two or three churches, erected as hostile spiritual batteries against each other, where the means of the whole place were with difficulty adequate to the support of a single minister. In the whole excursion, from the green hills of the interior of New-Hampshire to the limit of a sea board ride on the south shore, in almost every village we saw this same array of rival churches, where the population called for but one. We every where heard the bickering and tale bearing of mutual efforts at proselytism. The ministry, that used to be considered in this region a tie as permanent and sacred as that of wedlock, now becomes in consequence a relation suddenly contracted and recklessly dissolved, a circumstance strongly tending to produce fickleness of character. How beautiful a feature would these spires constitute in the scenery of these neat and white villages, if they did not instantly bring to our thoughts, not the influences of the gospel of peace, but struggle, rivalry, backbiting, petty contention, alienation of families, ministers forgetting the dignity of their calling in stirring up these divisions, by creeping into the houses and becoming parties to them, in a word, the breaking down of all regular worship. Strange, that all this should grow out of the inculcation of the religion of the Prince of Peace ! Nothing, however, is too incredible to believe of the dogmatism and bigotry of human nature. The more minute and undefinable the question of dispute, the fiercer and more embittered the quarrel about it, and the more positively eternal salvation is made to depend upon embracing or rejecting it. The only endurable view we can take of these disputes, generally about nothing, is this. Strongly as every one affirms the contrary, the age is yet a thousand leagues from any thing like a liberal and tolerant spirit. The gas of human pride and intolerance of opinion would be dangerous, if it remained pent up in the human breast. Perhaps it escapes as safely through this valve, as that of politics, or philosophical dogmas. Unhappily the ultimate tendency is to bring contempt and reproach upon the *worthy name, by which we are called.*

I know not how to speak, or to forbear in recurring to the hospitality which I have received on this and former visits from the citizens of your beautiful and opulent town. The kindness I have received there is registered too deeply ever to be forgotten. The name ought not only to be interpreted *peace* but *hospitality*. It should become the abode of literature and the muses, for the air of repose and leisure, the *rus in urbe* aspect, the number and opu-

lence of its men of letters seem peculiarly to invoke study and meditation. Chestnut-street, with its ample and noble, but plain and unostentatious houses and gardens, and its long line of umbrageous elms, and the delicious coolness of their shade, presents a more inviting aspect than any other street which it has been my fortune to see.

A visit which we made to a manufactory in that vicinity, offered more interest than any single one we observed at Lowell. It was, perhaps, because the article manufactured was in my line, that the inspection of it gave me so much pleasure. It was the paper mill of Francis Peabody, Esq. This gentleman has long had a taste for scientific manufactures, and has carried some branches, particularly that of white lead to great perfection. Nothing can exceed the ingenuity of the machinery and the beauty of his process of manufacturing paper. Various steps in the common process are performed by manipulation, which are here operated by the unerring exactness of machinery. The rags are cut, passed on, and ground by cylinders, which one after another reduce them to a more perfect pulp, which is still propelled on to the weaving process, which is performed by machinery with admirable accuracy. At each advancing process, the article is seen in progress toward perfection. It finally is convolved over heated cylinders, and is thence unrolled dry and fit for the press, and is cut into sheets by two persons, who each cut off, I should think, a sheet every two seconds. The process of cutting and grinding commences in an upper story, and the pulp is conveyed down by a conduit, whence it regularly passes on through all these stages, so that the whole manufacture, from cutting to the ultimate finish, is uniform and continuous, and in constant circulation. The article thus manufactured is smooth, firm, equable, and beautiful; and as the stock is from assorted linen rags imported from Europe, is, I presume, of the best quality.

I cannot forget, and I hope neither can you, the day in which I parted from you, my dear friend, who gave up, in accompanying me on these various tours through the different parts of our native state, and who shared with me all our social pleasures, more than a month. The conversations and sentiments of these interviews are not recorded with the disclosures of rival candidates for office, nor the crimination and recrimination of displaced cabinets. But if aught that is said or felt on earth find a place in higher chronicles, these may be found to have been as worthy of record as those. You, at least, will need no other remuneration than the consciousness of having done kindness and conferred favors, and living in the memory of your friend. These pleasures are now added to the *things that were*. But I shall find a new enjoyment in passing them in review again by the aid of remembrance.

Though you were no longer my companion, during my stay at Boston, you are aware that another friend, to whom I owe obligations that I may not be permitted to record, and with whom I formerly passed one of the pleasantest journeys over the Alleghany hills and down the Ohio, performed to me the same kind offices in Boston, that you did in Salem. He too accompanied me in all my visits, was every where with me at the social table, and thus took from an invalid stranger the unpleasant sensation of feeling himself one. In a city like Boston, where a visitant has but a limited time to stay, and where the objects which he ought to visit are so numerous, he finds it difficult to discriminate and select. Aided by the counsels of one to whom all spectacles of interest in that city are familiar, this inconvenience was avoided. We passed our mornings in visiting those spectacles and in riding in the country, and the afternoons and evenings in the society of friends. Our rides in the beautiful environs of Boston constantly presented new views of the taste, splendor, and sumptuousness of the numerous country seats in that vicinity, which, in their number and magnificence, render the contiguity of Boston entirely unique, in comparison of that of any other American city. Not a few of these noble residences are of massive granite. Most of them are showy and highly ornamented, and almost all are embowered either in natural woods, or planted groves. We approach them by unhackneyed, shady, and sheltered lanes, undisturbed by the dust of the bustle of business, find them calm, cool, and sequestered. Knowing all these approaches and avenues, my friend, at each drive, carried me in view of a new succession of these opulent mansions, that seemed thus to increase in numbers as our rides were renewed. Groves laid out with natural and extended gravel walks, and beautiful gardens, and their rich show of green house fruit, were generally the ornaments of these seats, and present landscapes of ornament, choiceness, and abundance of fruit, and comfort and taste in the houses, which we find not to the same extent in any other part of the country. In one of these ancient and noble houses, I slept in the same apartment, which I had occupied thirty-three years ago, and now received from the grand children the same ample and delightful hospitality, which I then experienced from those of whom nothing now remained but their memory. From others of these abodes of hospitality I received welcome and attentions, on which I may not be permitted to dwell. The pleasant days and nights passed in these places remain green spots in memory. May the next stranger, who sojourns in these delightful places, be as kindly welcomed—more grateful he cannot be. Every one must have admired the sumptuous house of Mr. B., of Jamaica plains where I passed two nights. Shaded and gravelled avenues afford long promenades through natural and

planted woods. One conducts through a glen by an artificial pond fed by springs, over which there is a rustic arched bridge. Thence you begin to wind up an eminence of no inconsiderable height, amidst a thick grove of hemlocks, as umbrageous and deep as those on the sides of the Green Mountains. On the table summit, which is disposed in avenues, and which seems as rustic and wild as the Alleghany summit, is a summer house, which commands a most splendid view of towns, spires, hamlets, and a highly populous and cultivated region in all directions, save one, where Boston, at this point of view showing from its hills in imperial splendor, is seen grouped above its bay, islands, and sails.

In visiting some friends and a classmate at Cambridge, my friend, who is one of the proprietors of Mount Auburn, took me to see that famed cemetery, of which I had heard so much, and adequately conceived so little. To tell truth and confess a prejudice, I had preconceived any ideas rather than just ones of this place, touching which so much has been said. I had imagined white marble, the show and glare of wealth, stately and expensive monuments, and that aristocratic expenditure, which were certainly the general taste, when I first left Massachusetts. In a word, I had imagined those broad distinctions, which the rich are so generally disposed to carry even to the monuments and garniture of the house appointed for all the living. No such repulsive show was here. After passing under a noble gate, over which is recorded an appropriate verse from the scriptures, we enter the cemetery by a carriage track, affording a fine road through the grounds. I had often wandered, gun in hand, about these beautiful woods, rising to such striking inequalities of hill and dale from the extensive plain, when a boy at college. Even then this wild and extensive wood, though I could have no premonition that it would one day be a place of graves, filled me with awe and meditation, for it is intrinsically a beautiful wood, and such an one as would remind a stranger red man of the far forests of the Mississippi, and make him feel at home in it. It presents a forest of a hundred acres, marked out in winding walks amidst the stillness of pine clad hills and deep shady dells, where the robin red breast, and the other forest birds, build, rear their young, and sing, and where all about is as quiet as the eternal repose of the sleepers beneath.

Nothing could be imagined in better taste, nothing in more perfect keeping with the image that, I suspect, most people have formed of a pleasant resting place, after life's fitful fever has passed. Say what we will about the philosophic or even Christian indifference which we ought to feel in regard to the disposal of our remains, very few will ever find themselves above the strong sympathies and repulsions of our physical nature, in relation to this matter. We often hear people affirm, that they have no interest in

this subject. Who of them, if the alternative were proposed, would hesitate a moment between the choice of being buried here, or in the dreary stygian swamp of the protestant cemetery in New-Orleans, where a weight is required to be attached to the coffin, to sink it in the water, which rises within two feet of the surface? The associations and imaginings of poetry make up a much greater portion of our thoughts, than we are accustomed to realize. Rob this short dream of our sojourn of the fancies, affections, and sympathies that have no home but in the ideal world, and what have we left? For the *stale, flat, unprofitable*, and worn pleasures of uncolored, reality no one, it appears to me, would wish to remain long on the earth. Who of us, in making the last scene present, has not invested it with softening and soothing circumstances in the thought of closing his wanderings where they commenced, and laying down his burdens in company with his sleeping friends in such a sweet spot as this? While we were here, a breeze swelled, and sunk away in the funeral tones given out from the pines. Numerous visitants were wandering about in groups, in pairs, and singly, with a quiet and pensive gait, apparently in meditation, and as they met, separated, and crossed each other's path in silence, might seem as shadows hovering round the remains of their friends. Perhaps it was only the illusion of my own impressions naturally attributed to others, but it seemed to me, that the place and its accompaniments called forth deep thoughts and holy sympathies. As we saw them passing beside some beautiful spot on the hill-slopes, some opening between the pines, where the wintry sun would shed its beams, we could imagine them uttering the internal aspiration:

Oh, lay me in the spot where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow!

Strange, that this beautiful conception of a cemetery is, as far as I know, the first and only one of its kind in America. I view it as an index of a higher and better order of thinking. Placed, as it is, near the most opulent city in our country, and in the direct vicinity of our most ancient and best endowed university, where the greatest number of men of letters congregate, it seems a sort of public declaration, that in an age of scrip, avarice, corporations, and brass, some still retain heart and memory and the gentle and sacred thoughts that unite us with the departed.

A simple and befitting monument raised by her female friends to the memory of Hannah Adams, with an appropriate and simple inscription, noting that her remains first tenanted this beautiful city of the dead, or what seems to me a more befitting phrase, that inscribed over the entering gate of Jewish cemeteries—"The house of the living." One tomb, signalized by an elevated granite shaft, denoted something of the ordinary inclination for distinction.

Others bore pyramidal shafts of the ordinary height. Others were vaults with granite fronts, and covered with grass of a verdure so soft and tender, as to suggest the beautiful image of the Mantuan, "*herba mollior somno.*" Many burial lots, as yet unoccupied, were enclosed with iron railings, surmounted with funeral ornaments, and the spaces within, perfectly clean of weeds and grass, were planted with evergreens, shrubs, lilies, and flowers. No where were these monuments crowded, but were dispersed, as if emulating the rural sparseness of the habitations in the country.

I understood, that the whole of this extensive area is laid off in burial lots, which were offered by the original proprietors for sale. Numbered tablets mark the extent and number of these lots. Beside the fine carriage road, which intersects the grounds, winding walks, perfectly free from grass and weeds, though without anything of the regular starchiness of rolled gravel walks, conduct around and over the hills, and through the valleys, and seem to be trodden by frequent footsteps of visitants amidst these whispering shades, who come to dwell on the memory of their departed friends, and to commune with the contemplation of their own last sojourn.

Among the various parties in which we were cast, I had the pleasure to meet many of the distinguished literati and literatæ of the literary emporium, and to see many literary strangers, who were visiting it; and to become personally acquainted with individuals of this class, whom I had known as correspondents, or by the general announcement of their fame. No one can fail to find interest in comparing the impressions of manner, countenance and speech with the *beau idéal* we had formed of such persons in imagination. Those of Boston certainly create agreeable impressions by their unpretending and unaffected ease, and the amenity and simplicity of their manner and conversation. It is not necessary for me to bear a word of testimony to the ample hospitality of this city, which becomes at once the home of respectable and properly introduced strangers. Nor can such fail duly to appreciate the grumbling caricatures of the many base foreigners, who, having worn out this hospitality, begin to find in it ground for ridicule and abuse.

We did not find the least of our pleasures in visiting the gardens of the city and vicinity, peculiarly susceptible, from the striking inequalities of surface, of gardening conceptions, and often presenting magnificent points of view. Of the paintings, we visited, being no connoisseur, I am not qualified to speak any farther than of the pleasure they afforded me. Many of those at the Atheneum are said to be original *chef d'œuvres* and impart equal astonishment and delight, in impressing upon the beholder the powers of the pencil. I was most struck with the De Witt family, and a landscape, I think, by Titian.

I did not fail to follow the multitude to contemplate the wonderful group of 'Tam O' Shanter, to me the most impressive effort of statuary, I have ever contemplated. On massive blocks of hard reddish gray stone, weighing, I was told, some tons, the untaught artist, without model or master, has had genius and power to impress life and character of the most varied and marked contrast of expression, catching and fixing the laughers in their everlasting merriment, which, though in stone, soon creates a sympathetic laugh in all sadness but despair. The landlord, half glorious, half maudlin, holds his beer cup as though about to spill its contents, while straining the diminutive brain under his shallow, pinched, and servile cranium, to catch the point of the Souter's just uttered joke. He is by no means sure that he has it; but he strives to prove that he has by a sort of grinning, silly cackinnation of such unmeaning stupidity, that one is obliged to excuse his buxom and comely rib for listening with a visibly unconjugal interest to the losel rogue, Tam, who is improving the interval of the Souter's witty story, to hold a *tête-a-tête* with the landlady. She is a robust, finely formed village model of wholesome beauty, and listens with a most suspicious pleasure, while her position and elbow opposite that, on which she is leaning forward to catch the lowest tones of Tam's voice, indicate a vexed vigilance to the calls of customers, and a readiness not to forget to cry *coming!* Tam is a rustic rogue of a rake, spurred, his hat on, the side of his face, which is concealed from the landlord and Souter, with its speaking eye, has a leering and mischievous expression, while the show side of his face is tolerably honest. The Souter, however, was to me the glorious conception. Seen in front, he is only a witty village wag of a high order, capable of eliciting coarse and broad jokes, that set the table in a roar, and wearing a delighted consciousness and a self complacent sense of his powers and superiority. But in profile, contemplated from one side, instead of being a mere Thersites, his face is grand, instinct with genius and power; in short, a very Burns himself. Still his habits have made him a perfect Souter, and his very knees, his curved legs and parrot-toed feet indicate the habitual man of the lapstone; while the stockings of the three male figures, though all differ in texture and figure, are visibly of good seamed reticulated woollen yarn, and are as true and real hose, as can be had at the hosiers. The costume is said to be perfectly that of Scotch peasants of their condition, and evinces in the set, curves and arrangement of the drapery a profound acquaintance with the human figure; and hangs as easily, as if the figures were living, and finely contributes to the general effect, and to sustain the illusion of life. So much of this is there in the whole group, that one almost feels, as if the very close and eager stare of the visitants in the face of the landlady would make her blush, and interrupt her *tête-a-tête*.

That there is no mistake, in regard to the general impression of life produced by the view of this group, is proved by the following anecdote, of the literal truth of which there can be no doubt. A citizen invited his lady, as they were passing the place of exhibition, to enter and see it. She declined, alleging that such shows were generally worthless deceptions. But the door being open, the lady looking in, observed that there must be something striking in it, or else the party of quakers on the opposite side of the room would not show so much delight in witnessing it. The group, seen at this distance, has the appearance of quakers in a frolic; and the lady had mistaken those figures for life.

With one incident more, associated with graver thoughts, I close a journal, which, I perceive, is growing beyond my first purpose. No meetings, I believe, from their circumstances and recollections are more generally interesting, than those of fellow students after a lapse of years, who have been severed by time and the stern avocations of life. Alas! the joys of life are chiefly to be sought in the stores of memory, or from anticipations as often renewed as disappointed, in the future. They are too frail and unsubstantial to bear the scrutiny and analysis of the actual present. The long remembered frolics and witticisms, the reckless cheeriness of heart, the plans and dreams of youth in minds as yet untainted with ambition and unscathed with care and disappointment, come over the memory like the flying clouds and spring breezes after the dreariness of a long winter. I had already and by courtesy been invited, though a sort of alien, to be present at a class meeting of the class graduating two years subsequent to mine. It was at the house of the Rev. Dr. C. of Dorchester. The luxury of a sumptuous dinner was the least part of the enjoyment of this pleasant interview. I ought not to forget a moral association connected with the meeting of this respectable class, which constitutes a sort of organized sodality. It is a fund for the relief of the widows of members of the class, who have deceased in decayed condition and indigent circumstances. Such an appropriation is in admirable keeping with the feelings which such a meeting is calculated to elicit.

The last evening which I spent in Boston will never be forgotten, at least by me, as long as memory shall retain her seat. It was passed at the house of our class mate chief justice S. who kindly undertook to invite such of our class in Boston and its vicinity, as could be assembled on so short a notice as a day. Some of us had not met for thirty-three years; and in that long interval the stern king of the scythe and hour glass had scathed our numbers with a deadlier mortality, than the issue of the severest battle. Five had fallen during the last year. They had made their exit, some by flood, some by field, and some by slow

decay. Some of the survivors were in distant climes, and most of them widely severed from each other. How changed from the union of the chapel and recitation room, when we were all together in the frolic freshness and sanguine inexperience of boyhood, before as yet a single passage of life had been disenchanting! The oddities and eccentricities, even the gait and the tones of voice of the officers of the government were all so vividly remembered, that more than one could evoke them, without calling their name, by a gesture or a tone. Not an anecdote, or *bon mot*, not a trick played upon the government or each other was forgotten. No class, I suspect, has so many, and so strongly remembered treasured anecdotes. The scroll of the class was called, and the biography of the members, living or dead, summarily given in a charitable and good natured strain. Those of us, who survived, had here the advantage of hearing our posthumous estimate; and we found, as may be expected, no small cause for gratulation, and magnifying the fortunate era that sent forth such a diversity of talents and merit, into a thankless and unappreciating world; though it appeared, that a fair proportion had mounted to the high places of society, or had found the secret of transmuting their industry and good fortune to gold. Our heroes and sages, upon our showing, only wanted their Homers and Pindars, to have figured with the best. One of the departed had prematurely reached the highest honours and the freshest and most imperishable fame of the sacred profession. A living member was justly awarded, by the concurrent voice of artists, on both shores of the Atlantic, with the first honours of the pencil. Another, stood at the head of the engineering department. Our host filled to the highest acceptation, the most responsible office in his native state, so that some of our numbers were found not unhonoured, if unsung. None, but those who heard, could realize how many sayings and doings, alternately grave, witty, or ridiculous, were remembered. From fruitful A, to unproductive Z, we had had our wits, poets, wags, and queer ones, as well as our great great men and artists. Again, the venerable Willard; the contemplative and seldom smiling Webber; the stern and microscopic analyzer of words, Dr. Pearson; the witty and eccentric Baron; the tall, erect, and well powdered Shapleigh, came forth from the past, and took us back to the days when our acquisitions of Greek, Mathematics, and Logic, were dearly purchased at the expense of many a sorrow, and when the most popular officer was he, who most frequently omitted recitations; again we shivered before the January dawn, at the long chapter and prayers in the unwarmed chapel; again we stumbled over the poor dead barber, Gallia, who found his fate in a winter's night, in the dark entry of the chapel, a little overcome with alcohol. Alas! most of our numbers, it was sad to reflect, had ceased

from trick, and quip, and crank in the silence of the sepulchre. Gray hairs reminded us, the survivors, that we could not be far behind. Our laughter, long and unrestrained as it was, had a character and a manifest tone of pensiveness, for none of us could fail to have made the internal inquiry, when and where we few should meet again? I have not passed an evening calling forth more kindness of feeling. The mirth was of the cast that cheers the heart, indeed, but springs from the same fountains which give birth to tears.

I only add, that I record these reminiscences at the Narrows, on Long Island, in the view of the splendid bay of New-York, studded and whitened with sails, and in front of the fresh and verdant landscapes of Staten Island, and that I am, as ever,
Yours, &c. T. F.

SONG.—FROM THE GERMAN.

I love this little floweret,
Its sweetness is to me,
Not like the rose or violet,
Or common ones we see.
It was sheltered in her bosom,
When first it met my sight,
And thence it took its loveliness,
Its scent and color bright.

I love this little floweret,
And though the maid be gone,
The gentle maid who wore it,
I still must love it on.
For me it has a token,
My heart remembers well ;
And sweet, within my memory
The tale it has to tell.

Forever thence I've bless'd it,
For, when it met my eye,
It brought the maid who gave it,
Still fresh to memory.
'Tis sad that she who made it,
Still sweeter in decay,
Should, while the floweret flourish'd,
So quickly fade away! G.

INDIAN NAMES.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

“How can the red men be forgotten, while so many of our states and territories rivers and lakes, are designated by their names?”

Ye say they all have past away
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanish'd
From off the crested wave,
That 'mid the forests where they roam'd
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

Yes, where Ontario's billow
Like ocean's surge is curl'd,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world,
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the west,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their conelike cabins
That cluster'd o'er the vale,
Have disappear'd as wither'd leaves
Before the Autumn gale:
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
 Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
 Amid his young renown.
Connecticut hath wreath'd it
 Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breath'd it hoarse,
 Through all her ancient caves,

Wachusett hides their lingering voice
 Within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
 Throughout his lofty chart.
Monadnock on his forehead hoar
 Doth seal the sacred trust,
Your mountains build their monument,
 Though ye give the winds their dust.

Ye deem those red-brow'd brethren
 The insects of an hour,
Forgotten and despis'd, amid
 The regions of their power.
Ye drive them from their fathers' lands,
 Ye break of faith the seal.
But can ye from the Court of Heaven
 Exclude their last appeal?

Ye see their unresisting tribes
 With toil-worn step and slow,
Onward through trackless deserts press,
 A caravan of wo.
Think ye the Eternal's ear is deaf?
 His sleepless vision dim?
Think ye the *soul's blood* may not cry
 From that far land to Him?

We are phrenologists, but not persecutors; and our motto is *audi alteram partem*. This article from a fair lady is too good a hit on our cranium to be rejected from our pages.—ED. K.

M Y H E A D.

“The day is come I never thought to see!
Strange revolutions of my farm and me.”—DRYD. VIRG.

My head! my head! the day is come
I never, never thought to see;
When all with fingers and a thumb,
May to thy chambers have a key!

That is, if thou wouldst but submit
To come beneath the learned touch,
And let the judge in judgment sit
Upon thy bumps, that prove so much.

I used to think our heads might let
Their own contents, at will, be shown;
I never thought mankind could get
An outward way to make them known.

But now the sapient hand has cut
The matter short, and all may tell
Thy value, as they'd prize a nut,
And know the kernel by the shell.

If half the light that has been thrown
On heads, were only poured *within*,
Thou wouldst not thus, be left to own
The darkness that is now thy sin.

But, while the world is in a blaze
Of purely phrenologic light,
Thou, wildered thing! art in a maze,
And destitute of faith and sight.

They use a thousand meaning words
Thou could'st not utter or define,
Of which, to tell the truth, three thirds,
Were gravel, in a mouth like thine.

They hold me out an empty skull,
To show the powers of living brains;
'Tis just like feeling of the hull
To tell what goods the ship contains.

And whether nature or mishap
Have raised the bump, 'tis all the same;
The sage's crown or dunce's cap
Must be awarded as its claim.

This hobby that so many sit,
And manage with such ease and grace
I dare not try with rein or bit,
It seems so, of the donkey race.

And yet, my head, no doubt, 'tis all
A fault of thine, a want of sight,
That so much said by Combe and Gall,
And Spurzheim cannot turn thee right.

I know not what thy case may be,
If thou art hollow or opaque;
I only know thou canst not see,
And faith declines one step to take.

This burst of light has turned thee numb,
Depriving thee of every sense!
So now, if tried, thou must be dumb,
Nor say one word in self-defence!

ANDREW BICHEL, THE BUTCHER OF GIRLS.

The following Story is translated from Bavarian State Trials, collected and reported by Ferrenback. There is no particle of fiction in these bloody and terrible details. Can the reader fail to remark, that this wretch must have had a brain organized different from the common? His development of destructiveness must have been monstrous.—ED. K.

A human soul without a spark of human feeling, and crimes which have reached the highest pitch of cruelty, malignant craft, and cold blooded villany, attainable by human volition, are the subject of this narrative. While the indignant feelings of deeply offended humanity are thus made to revolt within me, I need all the powers of self-control, in order to retain that calm composure which the duty of my office demands.

In the summer of the year 1806, Barbara Reisinger, the daughter of a day laborer at Loisenried, left her parents in order to seek employment as a servant maid and disappeared. No account of her place of abode, or of her fate, ever reached her paternal home.

In the beginning of the year 1808, a similar occurrence took place with another young girl, by the name of Catharine Seidel, at Regendorf. She went out one morning to have her fortune told by a certain Andrew Bichel, from a so called earth mirror, but she never returned home to her sisters, who, after she had been missed, inquired for her in vain from Bichel.

For a long time the disappearance of these girls, as well as every suspicion that a crime had been committed, was hidden from the knowledge of government. The parents of Reisinger comforted themselves with delusive hopes, and the sisters of Seidel deplored in silence their sister's loss; the surviving sisters had, indeed, been told that Bichel's wife sold clothes belonging to their sister Catharine, but to this report they paid little attention; they contented themselves with going to Bichel, and making further inquiries from him concerning their sister who was missing. Their unsuspecting minds, their good natured simplicity, long received his empty subterfuges as truth. Finally, a fortuitous occurrence occasioned the first commencement of judicial investigations. The younger sister of the lost Seidel, whose christian name was Walburga, came accidentally into the workshop of the tailor at Regendorf, where she found some pieces of fustian which had once been a part of her sister Catharine's dress, but of which the tailor was now directed to make a piece of clothing for An-

drew Bichel. This discovery was of too glaring a nature not to awaken suspicion, and on the 19th of May, 1808, Walburga Seidel gave notice of it to the county court at Burglengenfeld.

Her deposition was as follows: "About thirteen weeks ago, while deponent was absent, Andrew Bichel sent, at about half past seven o'clock in the morning, a woman to the house where her sisters dwelt, to tell Catharine to come to his house, pretending that somebody wanted to speak to her. Catharine accordingly went to him; but she immediately returned and told her elder sister, Therese, that Bichel was going to show her an earth-mirror, in which she would be able to see her future fortune; but that she must bring as much of her wearing apparel along with her as would be required to change her dress thrice, and that these clothes must be fine and good—the best she possessed. Catharine now packed up her clothes together and hastened to Bichel; but from that moment she never appeared again. On the second or third day after she had disappeared, her elder sister, Therese, went to Bichel, whom she found at home within locked doors, in order to learn what had become of Catharine. He gave her no other answer than the following, which was in direct contradiction with what he had told others, he knew nothing of the absent Catharine, she had gone away with the same man at whose request she had been called to his house. Bichel gave but eight days ago, the same account to deponent and to her sister, in answer to their repeated inquiries. Immediately after the removal of her sister, it was, however, currently reported in all the village that *Bichel had sometime ago showed the earth-mirror to a cousin of his, who immediately afterward had also disappeared*, and whose clothes Bichel had sold, observing that she would no longer need them, because she had become the wife of a gentleman and now wore long dresses."*

Immediately on the next day, (the 20th of May,) the court proceeded in person to Regendorf, in order to cause the necessary researches to be made in Bichel's house, to effect his arrest, and to make certain inquiries upon the spot.

When the court arrived, Bichel was in the woods, and two bea-dles were consequently sent to arrest him. In the meantime his wife was guarded in her house, and the court examined Seidel's elder sister, Therese, in the court house. The latter confirmed, in a more detailed account, the deposition of her younger sister particularly as it regarded the clothes which the deceased had taken along with her to Bichel's house. She also declared the

* In contradistinction from the short petticoats, commonly worn by the wives and daughters of peasants and tradesmen in German villages and country towns.

day on which she disappeared was the 15th of February of the same year, (1808.)

The examination of Therese Seidel was not yet ended, when a beadle brought and exhibited to the court a cotton handkerchief found on Bichel's person when he was arrested, which he seemed very anxious to conceal or to throw away. Scarcely had Therese Seidel cast a glance at this handkerchief, when she exclaimed, "Jesu' Maria, that is my sister Catharine's handkerchief!" She examined it more minutely, and she repeatedly averred that she knew it to be the same.

The court now proceeded immediately to the examination of Bichel; but he pretended that he was entirely ignorant of any cause of his being arrested. He said that he had bought the handkerchief at a place where frippery is sold in Regensburg, and that he had bought the fustian, which he had given to the tailor, from a female dealer who was entirely unknown to him. He denied his having any particular acquaintance with the sisters Seidel; and he asserted that all he knew of Catharine was, that a young man, with whom he had no acquaintance, had made an assignation with her; that she had probably gone away with him, and that Catharine Seidel had been seen walking in Landshut in a long dress. But his whole demeanor, his evasive, improbable, or precipitate answers, as well as the sudden changes of his countenance from pale to deep red, betrayed but too plainly his yet concealed guilt. Especially when he was asked, "Whether he had any earth mirror?" His countenance became red as fire, while he insisted that he knew nothing of any such thing; only that, about a year ago, a man with a great wen and a swelled chin had come in his house, who had shown male figures to the young girls in a raree-show.

The sheriff now searched Bichel's dwelling; and he soon found in a bag that was concealed in the corner of the dwelling room, several pieces of wearing apparel. Still more were, however, discovered in the loft, and these the beadle Ziegler recognised, at the first glance, as the property of Catharine Seidel. Bichel's wife pretended that she knew nothing of these clothes; and she maintained that she had received some of those which were in the bag from her husband, who had got them from the father of (a girl who was also missing) Barbara Wankler (Reisinger.)

Besides this, it was proved by several witnesses that Bichel's wife had partly offered for sale and partly worn several articles of clothing belonging to the two last mentioned girls: that both before and after the time when Catharine Seidel disappeared, he had also endeavored to inveigle several other girls into his house, on pretence of telling them their fortunes; that he had appointed a meeting at his house with the girl Seidel on the day that she

disappeared; and that on the same day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, she had been seen near his house with a small package.

All these circumstances indicated the existence of a great and terrific mystery. But yet the essential requisite for instituting a criminal process, the substantiation of a specific crime, was still wanting.

That Catherine Seidel had disappeared was certain; that Barbara Reisinger had disappeared was equally certain; and that *some* crime must lie at the bottom of all this could scarcely be doubted. But what crime? Was it abduction? Was it manslaughter? Was it murder? No determinate track was here to be found that might lead to a discovery; all was vague conjecture. The dead bodies were not to be found. In Bichel's house there appeared neither spots of blood nor other indications of a bloody crime. At first it seemed as if a pit, found under the chamber adjoining Bichel's dwelling room, might lead to a discovery; but its examination proved fruitless.

This discovery was reserved for a dog. Whenever the beadle passed Bichel's house with his dog, the dog sprang to the wood shed and stopped, smelling about it until he was repeatedly called off. This excited suspicion; his master began to form conjectures, and took some of the inhabitants of the place along with him, in order to dig under and about the shed. Scarcely had the ground been dug up in the hindmost corner, where a considerable quantity of rubbish had been densely pressed together, when there were found first several bones, and then, at the depth of a foot and a half under ground, the lower part of a human body covered with decayed rags of brown calico. In the ground that rose above the shed and by the side of a lime pit, lay a large heap of billets of wood; and when these were also removed, there was found, at no great depth, a half decayed head with the upper part of its trunk, which the beadle immediately suspected to be the body of Barbara Reisinger.

By continuing to dig, there was also found, near the same spot, a second human body, of which the lower part had been separated from the upper. From the first, the legs had been cut off, and the other body had been cut open near the breast. The beadle and the witnesses present immediately declared, they knew, by the features of her countenance and by her pinchbeck ear-rings, that this was the body of Catharine Seidel. These remains (with the exception of the upper part of Barbara Reisinger's body, which on account of its putridity and offensiveness could not be taken from the pit) were by the beadle carefully deposited in the dwelling room of Bichel's cottage, where a watch consisting of four persons was set over them.

Andrew Bichel's second examination was just about to commence, when notice was given to the court of this important discovery. The court therefore immediately proceeded, with its attendant physician and two surgeons, to Bichel's house. Here the pit in which the lower part of a body had been first discovered was primarily inspected, and then that part of the body which had not been removed, and by the side of which the half decayed head had lain. It was pronounced to be the upper part of a female body. The decayed substance of the heart was still plainly discernible in the open breast. The upper limbs lay loose and scattered about the pit.

Of the examination of the remaining parts of the bodies found, the following was the result. The lower part of the body first found was known by the curvature of the thighs, and the formation of the hip bones, to have belonged to a female body; the legs were chopped off above the knee joint; and the head that belonged to this body could not be distinguished by its features, all of which had been entirely defaced by the process of corruption. No marks of violence were found upon the skull; it still retained all its teeth, and it was evident, that it had once been covered with very long dark brown hair.

The physician attendant on the court remarked, in the circumstantial official report afterwards made by him, that, judging from all the circumstances of the case, the parts hitherto mentioned must probably have belonged to the same body.

The head of the second body was still covered with fine chestnut hair, and in the ears were yellow metal ear-rings. Near the right temple bone towards the forehead, and on the back part of the head, were found large spots in which the blood had settled; but the bones had not been fractured. In the throat, by the left side of the cartilage of the larynx, there was a stab an inch deep, and five quarters of an inch broad, but which had injured neither the jugular vein, the carotid artery, nor the windpipe. The breast had been split open in its whole length through the middle of the breast bone; the lungs and heart, still lay in it, and had not been injured.

The official attendants, acquainted with these subjects, immediately conjectured, that the operation of opening this body must have been performed with a knife struck with a hammer. The arms were still hanging to their respective pieces of the breast, they were livid, and the blood had settled under some parts of the skin, but here also, no injury had been done to the bones. Below the ribs, the vertebra of the back bone had been cut through, and thus the lower part of the body had been severed from its upper part; the first was found wrapt in a dark red petticoat, and when this was taken

away, both legs were found cut off above the knee joint, one lay between the thighs, and the other by the side of the left thigh. All the muscles of the abdomen, and even the ossa pubis, had been cut asunder. None of the viscera of the abdomen were to be found; they were afterwards, particularly the stomach and the caul, discovered in the dung heap.

Respecting this second body, the physician attendant on the court observes in his official report: "It cannot be maintained with certainty, that this person had before dissection been dead, or even mortally wounded. If she received a blow on the head, it may have caused a concussion of the brain, and perhaps instantaneous stupefaction; but she could not have been killed by it on the spot. There is no reason to suppose that she was strangled; nor is it credible that she can have died of the stab in her throat, no large blood vessel having been injured. The violent opening of her body must therefore be considered as the efficient cause of her death." Finally, the beadle, whose deposition was taken and entered into the protocol, and the five men who assisted in disinterring the corpse, bore evidence that they knew the second body to be that of Catharine Seidel. Her two sisters, likewise, testified that they knew the two ear-rings, and the four silver buttons which had been found in Bichel's house, to have been their sister's property. From humanity they were excused from being obliged to bear witness to the identity of the corpse itself, which, in consideration of the evidence already obtained, would have been useless cruelty.

Bichel's second examination now took place. He began by declaring that he was now determined to tell the truth; yet his first answer was again a long fable, according to which Catharine Seidel had been killed in his house by persons unknown to him. But at the very next question, he already took this declaration back again and approximated somewhat toward the truth. With the assurance that he would no longer persevere in his obstinacy, but would willingly tell all that had happened if he might only be spared punishment, he now confessed, that he had killed Catharine Seidel with a billet of wood; but he averred that it had occurred accidentally, in the heat of passion, during an altercation with her. Thus in answer to every question proposed to him he continued to advance new falsehoods, and every new falsehood ushered in the confession of some new truth, which generally, however, was again mingled with other falsities, and palliated by various subterfuges, until finally, after continual endeavors to avoid confessing any thing, even the most indifferent circumstance voluntarily, the result of his confessions was found to be, that, in order to gain possession of her clothes, he had wilfully murdered Catharine Seidel, and had then chopped in pieces and buried her

body. The circumstantial details of this fact will be found below in their proper place.

When the examination now began to turn upon the second body, he trembled, he turned pale, he blushed; but he boldly denied his knowing any thing of this body. He professed to remember only, that a distant relation of his, born in Loisenried, whose father was a day laborer in that village, and whose name was Barbara, (he could not remember her surname,) had once served a tavernkeeper in Regensburg, by the name of Schwarzfisher. Not long ago, he had again seen her at Regensburg. Some of her wearing apparel had a year ago been given him, partly as a gift and partly in order that he might dispose of it for her. During the whole of this examination, which contained no less than ninety-four interrogatories, the prisoner well supported the character of a hardened villain. Fixed upon the ground, his looks expressed at every striking question the internal combat of malignity with confusion; every answer that contained the admission of a new circumstance, showed his internal rage against the truth, which by the force of facts in evidence against him had, involuntarily and contrary to his intention, been extorted from his lips. Not a tear was in his eye, no compunction in his heart.

The court fortunately recollected a passage applicable to this case, which occurs in the royal ordinance of the 7th of July, 1806, concerning the abolition of torture, and the conduct to be observed in respect to subjects of inquisitorial examinations when they deny their guilt. In its twenty-first paragraph, this ordinance directs:

That in "cases of murder, the prisoner be taken to the spot where the murder was committed; that the corpse be exhibited to him, and he be made to declare whether he knows it, and that, whenever it is practicable, a new examination be instantaneously instituted in the presence of the corpse."*

The court therefore proceeded with Bichel to Regendorf. He was first conducted into the office room; and at his very entrance he was overwhelmed by the reflection that he was now at the place where his crimes had been committed; he nearly swooned, and it was necessary to give him water to revive his spirits. The judge addressed him with good sense and feeling: "You are now at the place of your residence, in the vicinity of your house and of your crimes; confess now at once the whole truth candidly; you will

* The efficacy of this mode of proceeding prescribed in this paragraph (of which the insertion into the plan proposed for making a new code of criminal laws for Bavaria, met with great opposition when that plan was first discussed) has been repeatedly proved by the test of experience on various occasions. A murderer who for three years had persevered in denying his crime, was brought to confess it simply by conducting him to the place where the murder had been committed. In cases of child murder this method has never failed to extort confessions.

soon be brought to your house and you will see the identical corpses." But the determination of his will was even stronger than the mighty feelings that overpowered his body almost to swooning. He stood firm by the assertion, that he knew nothing of the second body which was said to have been found in his house. He was now conducted to his own cottage. In the dwelling room lay upon boards the two corpses, each put together as well as they could be done. He was led to the first. (The body of Barbara Reisinger.) He shuddered in all his limbs; the expression of his countenance actually became terrific, he asked water to revive his spirits. To the question, Do you know that body? he answered, No! I never saw a body after it had lain in the grave. They led him to the second body. He is now no longer able to stand upright; he sinks upon a chair, all his muscles tremble; his visage exhausts itself in frightful contortions, and in this second body he acknowledges the corpse of Catharine Seidel. "I know it by her hands and by the opening of her body." The consternation with which he beheld the first body was held up to him. "I trembled only," he replied, "from consternation, as did all who were present; who can behold such scenes without trembling?" and he persevered in insisting upon his pretended ignorance.

Yet the impression of that scene was not lost. Haunted, in the solitude of his prison, by the terrific representations of his excited imagination, he could no longer endure the anguish he experienced. Two days afterward, Bichel himself requested a hearing; and he then confessed that he was guilty of the murder of Barbara Reisinger also. In respect to this murder, however, as to that of Catharine Seidel, he firmly and steadfastly denied any co-operation, or even privity, on the part of his wife.

After the prisoner had been repeatedly examined, and after all the incidents attendant on these murderous deeds had been as fully ascertained as could be done; and after their certainty had been fully established by the confession of the criminal and the evidence of witnesses; the documents of the case were sent to the royal court of appeals at N——, which on the 4th of February, 1809, gave sentence: That Andrew Bichel of Regendorf be dragged to the place of execution; that he be broken alive upon the wheel from his lower extremities upward, without preceding mercy blow; and that his body be left to remain upon the wheel.

This sentence, together with the documents of the case, was then sent to the royal upper court of appeals, as the second resort of revision, where it was fully confirmed, and the case then referred for the purpose of obtaining his Majesty's supreme decision respecting its confirmation and execution.

Andrew Bichel, who professes the Catholic religion, was born at Wetterfeld, where his father lived as a day laborer; he is now

deceased as is also his mother. He married at Regendorf, where he is domiciliated as a cotter, and owns a cottage worth 200 fl. He had no children by his wife, yet they lived peaceably together; both seemed to be, as it were, created for each other; they seemed to be brother and sister: so said the witnesses. Nor was his general character one of the very worst. His well known faults seemed even to be counterbalanced by several at least negative virtues. He was neither given to intemperance, to gambling, nor to quarrelling. He was even advantageously distinguished as a religious character; that is, as a man zealous in maintaining that external appearance of religion which is compatible even with the worst principles of moral conduct, and the most malignant disposition; he was regular in his attendance on divine service. On the other hand, he was addicted to stealing; not indeed on a great scale, but to the committing of petty depredations. He was particularly, at least as was commonly reported, a dangerous neighbor to productions of the soil. Upon the property of the tavern keeper, Schwarzfisher, who for three years employed him as a day laborer, he committed numerous trifling depredations, by pilfering potatoes, turnips, and the like, which the latter overlooked, until emboldened by his master's indulgence, he at length ventured to take the hay from his loft, and thus compelled him to turn him out of his service. Even these few traits suffice to mark an avaricious, mean spirited character; a man who abstains from committing greater offences, only from cowardice; who fears not crime itself, but only the perils of crime. Even the fact of his peaceable conduct to his wife, and of his aversion to quarrel with his neighbors, cannot, when we reflect upon his later acts, be explained by ascribing it to the kindness of his disposition, but rather by regarding it as the consequence of a cowardly, unmanly character, which induces a man rather to pass over gross insults, than venture to act the character of one who offends not for fear of being offended, who suffers injuries because he is afraid to resent them, but who will avenge them the more horribly when possessed of the power and the opportunity of doing so with secrecy and safety, and without fear of detection. Cowardice is ever closely allied with craft, and is akin to cruelty. In the mind of a coward, if I may so express myself, a store is laid up of hatred, of concealed rage, and malignant plottings, which gathering strength from the very force that suppresses and condenses them, and guarded by nothing but the base apprehension of danger, breaks forth with destructive violence when the moment of indemnification arrives. Even an innocent person, if but weak and helpless, is sometimes regarded by a coward as a desirable victim, in whose sufferings his long depressed and humbled feelings of self importance may once more exult and glut their lusts. How old and how

true is the saying, that the basest of slaves, when he becomes a master, is the most terrible of tyrants. Another trait which appears to me incontestably visible in the character of this wretch, is that petty avarice, which, because it wants the courage to attempt greater acquisitions, is ever eagerly prowling about in quest of trifling gains, but which still thinks the greatest too small, and is therefore unwilling that any thing should escape it after once having come within reach of the net, wherein the prey chiefly aimed at has been safely entrapped. His retiring and sober habits, his aversion to gambling and drunkenness, appear to me to be explicable, only by considering them as the consequences of this trait in his character, and I therefore do not consider them as virtues, but rather as the manifestation of a much deeper vice. Avarice and mean spirited covetousness are in their very nature connected, if not with absolute cruelty, yet with hardheartedness. Such vices generally take root in minds void of passion and sensibility, in the cold temperaments of men, to whom the living warmth of human affection is wanting, and who, shut up within the narrow compass of their own selfishness, weave skilfully, like the spider, their nets, wherein with malignant craft they lie concealed, and greedily watch every opportunity of gain. When such destitution of feeling, such hardheartedness, covetousness, and cowardice are united with habitual coarseness, arising from a total want of education and moral training, and when to these qualities is superadded a contracted understanding, ever stupidly gazing upon a single point upon which it has once fixed its view, it is then that the mind has reached that consummation which renders it capable of perpetrating enormities such as Bichel's. A man of such a disposition, will be guilty of no crime which cannot be committed without boldness, courage, or audacity; he will attempt no highway robbery, nor will he steal by breaking open doors, or mounting into windows; but, if a fit opportunity offers, he will not hesitate secretly to apply a firebrand, to administer poison, to murder persons while they are asleep, or he will treacherously entice girls into his house; he will, perhaps, cunningly deprive them even of the little feeble strength they possess, and then, were it but to gain possession of their clothes, or to snatch a few groats, he will butcher them in cold blood. The last was the crime of Bichel.

His first murder of this kind—his first at least of which the documents of his case give any account, (for whether it was indeed his first, may in the case of such a man be doubted,) was committed soon after Michaelmas, in the year 1806, on the person of Barbara Reisinger, of Loisenried. She was staying, after she had got out of service, with her parents; but she left them about Michaelmas, to seek a new engagement. For this purpose she went to Regendorf, to Andrew Bichel, who was to procure one for her. She

found him at home with his wife, and she acquainted him with her wish. He told her, that at that moment he knew of no suitable situation for her, and to this she replied, that since that was the case, she would apply to an intelligence office at Regensburg. While they were discoursing on this and similar subjects, Bichel's wife absented herself, and went to another village, where, according to the account given by her and Bichel, she was engaged to work, and was to remain all day. Thus left alone with Barbara Reisinger, the thought entered Bichel's head, (or had it not perhaps entered there much sooner?) to appropriate to himself her clothes and to murder her. She brought indeed nothing with her but what she wore upon her person. The rest of her clothes were in the keeping of her father; but as he knew of Bichel's acquaintance with his children, and also knew that his daughter was gone to Bichel's house, in order that he should procure an engagement in service for her, nothing could be easier than under some plausible pretext to get possession of her clothes. Bichel therefore gave a turn to his conversation with Barbara Reisinger, which soon introduced the subject of fortunetelling, and particularly the story of the so called earth-mirror, of which he pretended to be in possession, and in which any girl might see the fortune of her future life, her lover, her future husband, the sincerity or unfaithfulness of her lover, or whatever else the female heart is most desirous to know. The success of his plan was soon ensured by the eager curiosity of his victim. The poor girl ardently desired to look into his prophetic mirror. Bichel left her, covered a board with a white cloth, and soon returned into the room with something that he called a covered earth-mirror, and a paltry little perspective glass. He laid both on the table, and observing, that those things were too holy to be touched, he told her, that she must suffer herself to be blindfolded, and that her hands must be tied behind her back, in order that she might not be led into any temptation to reach after them. His unfortunate dupe willingly consented to every thing. Bichel then bound a cloth around her eyes, tied her hands together, and scarcely was his victim thus prepared, when with a stout knife he stabbed her in the throat, after which, (at least as he says,) she heaved but one sigh and sunk to the ground. He then opened her body, chopped it in pieces, in order the more easily to hide it, and buried it in a pit which he dug under and around the shed where the corpses were found. The room, which was streaming with blood, he cleansed with water, and strewed sand and dust upon it, in order to hide the spots. When his wife, on her return in the evening, remarked how very wet the room was, he avoided further inquiries by observing that in fetching a pail of water he had overturned it. Neither was the composure of his mind disturbed, nor did his external conduct suffer the least alteration in consequence of

this act. He performed his labor afterward as he did before, and prepared coolly and deliberately to devise the means of securing the earnings of his cruelty. During the Christmas holydays, he was boldly proceeding to Loisenried, in order to ask for the clothes of the murdered girl, but he had scarcely set out on his journey, when he met her father, who was going to Regendorf to inquire about his daughter. "Well how is it? Again no clothes?" cried Bichel to the father of the murdered girl. "I have already sent several messengers to you to tell you to send me your daughter's clothes. She is gone away in the suite of an ambassador, having together with her husband been employed in his service. She bade me receive her clothes and send them after her." The father Reisinger maintained that he had not received the messages of which he spoke. "Well! as I have once set out on my journey, I will go back with you, and fetch the clothes myself." They returned together; the mother packs all the clothes that her daughter had left behind her carefully together, and delivers them to Bichel; and the father then accompanies the murderer of his child a considerable part of his way back, and good-naturedly carries his booty after him. Sometime after, Reisinger was informed that Bichel had been selling wearing apparel belonging to his daughter. He went thrice to Regensburg in order to make inquiries concerning his daughter, but was unable to obtain the most trifling information concerning her. At length he went to Bichel himself, at Regendorf, in order to call him to account for his conduct; he tells him that he suspects him to be a scoundrel; but Bichel repulses him with threats, and assures him, that he need no longer concern himself about his daughter, because she has now got means of living comfortably.

The ignorance and boundless simplicity of the parents and of all the other persons acquainted with so many suspicious circumstances, render it alone conceivable, that for so long a time no information of the whole occurrence should have reached the judicial authorities. In the meantime, Bichel was seeking new sources of similar acquisitions. The purpose of his first act had been so easily accomplished, and its reward had been secured with so much safety, that the thought of making a business of repeating it, would naturally suggest itself to a mind such as his. The man who has once deliberately committed an inhuman act, will, if its end continue to influence him and an opportunity recurs, most assuredly not rest satisfied with having committed it once. He has already once beheld with his own eyes the horrid aspect of an enormous crime; if the sight of these gorgons did not then turn him into stone, to see them a second time will scarcely affect him with the slightest shudder.

Like a serpent Bichel now sneaked around the neighborhood, in order to entice other girls to put themselves, deluded by super-

stitution, in the power of his knife. How many may have been tempted by his craft has not been fully ascertained; but several instances appear on record in the documents of his trial. About Christmas, 1807, he addressed himself to a girl of twenty-one years of age, by the name of Graber, and he soon made her absent lover the subject of their conversation, by inquiring whether she had received any letters from him? When she answered "No," he replied: "Well, if you will keep it a secret, you may come to my cottage, I will show you a mirror, in which you may see whether your lover still lives or is dead. But in order to see such things in it, you must wear a cord, which is so holy that no one dares to touch it otherwise than with a cloth." He added, that she must bring her handsomest dress and a very good chemise along with her. She promised to come, but did not keep her word; and, but a few day's before his arrest, Bichel sent a woman to her to hasten her coming. Under a similar pretext he sought to entice a certain Julia Daweck to enter his house, with wearing apparel, and frequently renewed his importunities to induce her to come. Also Margaret Heimberger was one whom he had selected as a victim. All these persons were, however, saved either by their incredulity, their secret fear of Bichel, or by some fortuitous occurrence. But none of these circumstances saved the unhappy Catharine Seidel, whose murder put a period to his atrocious acts, though not to the criminal intentions and machinations of his will.

Nine months before he effected his purpose, when he was returning from Regensburgh in company with Catharine Seidel, he had already marked and coveted her handsome clothes, had determined to murder her, and had begun to contrive the means of getting her in his power. He began a conversation with her, extolled the virtues of his earth-mirror, and appointed a time when she was to meet him at his house. Why did she not come immediately? Did she finally come in consequence of *repeated* persuasions? Why was the plan not executed sooner than nine months afterward? Of all these things the documents of the trial give us no information. But now, may I be permitted to introduce the prisoner's own words? they are too important and too significant to be lost.

"On the day of the murder," he says, "I caused Catharine to be called; when she came I said to her, as I am now alone I intend to let you look into the earth-mirror. Go home, therefore, and fetch your clothes, the best and handsomest you have, that you may be able to change your dress several times. And when she afterward came in her every day rags and brought her clothes in her apron, I put a board in a white cloth, and placed a small perspective glass upon the table, and forbade her to touch the mirror. I then tied her hands together with a piece of twine, such as they use for tying paper (it was the same which I had formerly

used for the girl Reisinger,) and I also covered her eyes with a cloth. Then I stabbed her in the throat with a knife which I already had in readiness, so that the blood flowed. Then I wanted to see how she looked inside, and I therefore took a chip chopper, placed it upon the middle of her breast bone, and struck it with a cobbler's hammer. And so I opened her breast, and with a knife I cut through the fleshy parts of her body. Immediately after giving her the stab in the throat I proceeded to the opening of her, and *though a man may be able to pray ever so fast, yet he cannot get through the beads of a rosary or pray ten Ave Marias in so short a time as that in which I opened the breast and the rest of the body.* Then I cleansed her, as a butcher does slaughtered cattle, and I chopped her body in pieces with a hatchet, accordingly as I wanted them to fit the hole that I had dug on the hill. I must say, that while I was opening the body I trembled with eagerness, and felt as though I could have cut a piece off and eaten it.

“After the girl Seidel had received the first stab she still uttered a cry, heaved six or seven sighs, and tried to defend herself with a struggling motion of her hands. And as I opened her so soon after the stab, it is not impossible that she may yet have been alive. With my doors well barred, I cleared away and buried the hacked up body. The intestines I put in a large pot, in which food was usually boiled for the swine, and covered them up in the dung heap. The bloody chemise and dress of the girl Seidel I washed out twice, and in my endeavors to conceal these things from my wife, I removed them, *as a cat does her kittens*, from one hiding place to another. The rest of the bloody things I put in an oven and buried them.

“My only motive for murdering the girls Reisinger and Seidel was to get their clothes. I must say that I was not driven to it by want. But it was exactly as if somebody stood by my side and said to me, ‘Do it, and buy grain; you will get something by it; you may have something made for yourself, and it will never be found out.’”

In answer to repeated questions, whether he did not also harbour or gratify lascivious designs upon the unfortunate girls? he has indeed constantly denied that such was the case. But his curiosity to examine the interior of a female body, his greediness to devour the yet reeking flesh of the murdered girls, the trembling eagerness he showed, and finally the fact universally proved by experience, that lust and bloodthirstiness are closely allied, render it highly probable, that sexual lust must have exerted at least a secret influence in suggesting these murders and the mode of their execution.

A judicial inquiry, whether the murders were actually committed, and concerning the identity of the murderer, would not be

here in its proper place. Two courts of justice have on this subject given unanimous decisions. That the law menaces such a criminal with the sentence of death, and with the utmost severity in the mode of its execution, is well known.

All that can be said regarding the aggravation of the guilt of this case is contained in the narrative itself; and this surely renders any answer to the question, "Whether this criminal can in mercy be exempted from suffering death?" superfluous. If this miscreant dies not the death of justice, who can possibly deserve to be ordered to execution?

Nevertheless, I conceive it my duty, most submissively to propose to your majesty, that the sentence pronounced upon him be mitigated; not for the sake of the criminal, whose infamous conduct would, morally considered, deserve the greatest possible punishment, but for the sake of the state, which, whenever in the cruelty of its punishments it attempts to vie with the cruelty of the criminals, does itself in the minds of its subjects an irreparable injury.

My most submissive proposal therefore is; that the sentence of death pronounced against Andrew Bichel be indeed confirmed, but that the mode of its execution be changed to decapitation.

A R E Q U I E M.

BY G. B. SINGLETON.

Weep; the spirit fled,
 All too early blighted:
 Weep; the tears we shed,
 To its worth are plighted.
 Saving not, we mourn,
 Though such idle token,
 Scarce may tell the deep forlorn,
 Of the young heart broken.

Weep; the noble form,
 Late that stood a tower,
 Prostrate by the storm
 In a single hour.
 Weep, that such a heart,
 Pure, and proud, and holy,
 Stricken thus, must still depart,
 Like the mean and lowly.

Weep, and let the flood,
 From your sad eyes flowing,
 Keep the faded bud
 In your memories glowing.
 Still in homage dear,
 Let the gentle shower,
 Nourish still the silent bier
 Of that blighted flower.

- I. Domestic Manners of the Americans, by Mrs. Trollope. II. Three Years in North America, by James Stuart. III. Men and Manners in America, by the author of Cyril Thornton. IV. Observations on the United States and Canada, by Isaac Fiddler. V. Notes and Observations, &c., by Adam Ferguson, Esq. VI. The Americans, by an American in London. VII. Letters on England, &c., by a German Prince.

We place this farrago of titles at the head of this article, merely to indicate the subject of the following remarks.

The grand defect in travellers, and the reason why scarcely one in a hundred gives no more useful or interesting information touching the countries they visit, than any of us could give of the moon, is this. Man—the true unsophisticated, two legged, unfeathered man, is naturally and prodigiously an egotist. Whether he call himself *I*, in the style egotistical, or *we*, in the style royal, number one is the hero, the subject, predicate, and conclusion, the beginning, middle, and end, by which he measures and compares every thing that he sees, enjoys, or suffers. By this standard he tries the condition, improvement, literature, philosophy, religion, every thing that becomes matter of description.

A traveller of this description comes upon a point of scenery that others have considered beautiful, with a headache. He sets down the scenery as detestable, the coloring of a sickly yellow. The defect is in his own vision. He is imposed upon by the stage driver, or has a blockhead for a fellow passenger. He notes, that the community are divided into two classes, knaves and blockheads. He gets a bad dinner at an obscure tavern, and infers, that the nation are all foul feeders. In a word, his own habits, tastes, and pursuits, are the common measure by which he settles every value. Incapable of generalization, abstraction, or philosophy, he puts down the individuals and incidents with which he is brought in concurrence, by mere accident, as genuine samples, and judges of the whole country by these alone.

Very few travellers possess the enlargement of thought, and the generosity of feeling, and the capability of generalizing, to qualify them for giving adequate and just views of the countries they undertake to describe.

The London Quarterly travels by its instruments in the United States, and what does it find? No law, no gospel, no common honesty, very little common sense, no literature, no improvement—the *advance* of the country *retrograde*, dwindling population, no comfort, no order—all anarchy and confusion, in short, all the appalling results of democracy, and a nation left to the wretchedness of self-government.

A traveller ought to be so much of a philosopher, as not to put down an individual for a species, and a man of so much goodness and kindness of heart, as to sympathize with happiness, though it be not his happiness; to rejoice in the diffusion of comfort, though it be not his comfort; and to be glad in seeing millions full fed and free, though they have sought these blessings in a different way from that adopted in his country. In fact, a traveller noting what he sees for publication, ought never to forget that the sun does not shine, the pastures look green, or the fields yield their fruits for one or a few, but for the million. It is the condition of the million at which a generous and capable traveller should look. How are the dwellers in cottages and farm houses? They have in America, says Mrs. Trollope, "plenty of beef steaks and onions." Very good so far. Whether is it better, that the million should have beef steaks and onions, and marry and live as they please, and procure their beef steaks and onions in Maine or Georgia at their choice, or that some thirty thousand should be dignitaries, literateurs, blue stockings, writers of plays, visitors of theatres, and the rest hewers of wood and drawers of water? For our part, we do not hesitate in our preference for a moment.

We believe the educated English to be the people least qualified on the globe to be travellers. Yet there can be no question, that among the opulent and higher classes of that people, there is, as they contend, more comfort, more magnificence, more taste, more of that aggregate of every thing that money can procure or inventive luxury imagine, than in any other country. But these constitute the attributes of a forced state of existence. Good food, clothing, shelter, protection, and what the Kentuckian calls range, are the real attributes of a happy existence. But coming away from this narrow, pinched, green-house state of being, with its thousand nobles, dignitaries, and literati, and its millions of starving paupers or sickly manufacturers, to a vast range, to the view of a nation of agriculturists, with "beef steaks and onions," with a sturdy indifference to the opinions of others, satisfied that they know better than any Englishman whether they are happy or not; the round, ruddy, self-complacent Englishman looks round and says, why this is not England, this is not English, these sheep are not fed with turnips, this wheat was not drilled, this house was not built with a cast iron frame, these people pay no tithes, these citizens, though they love titles, will not allow the laws to transmit them, these folks when they address you, do not take off their hats and say "please your honor." In short, they are so stupid as to have ways and institutions, and thoughts of their own, adapted to their own climate, condition, and circumstances, when they might with all ease have copied ours. They are so foolish as to

think and feel themselves happy, when we, without the trouble of their consciousness, must know it to be otherwise. Your true Englishman is a genuine *Smelfungus*. He finds every thing out of England naught—and yet, strange to tell, he is transporting his portly form and rosy face, his curled lip and self-satisfied nature, to every country, to find on arriving a theme for vilifying lands which sought him not, invited him not, and could have done well without him. Why do these grumblers, who can no where on the earth see any thing but England, or the want of England, go abroad? They swarm in every country; every where, during this very summer, we have met them, in the west, the north, and the east, taking notes, grumbling, and no doubt, preparing books for the meridian of the London Quarterly; and thus is ill feeling fostered between two nations speaking the same language, having institutions as nearly similar as the different circumstances will justly allow; and if they would understand and feel rightly towards each other, fitted in every way to aid each other in accelerating the “march of mind,” the cause of God and man, with more energy and effect, than any other combination of national concurrence which the earth can present. Instead of this consummation so devoutly to be wished, these selfish egotistical scribblers will have the bad efficiency to generate a hostility in the end, as deadly as that of Carthage to Rome, a hate so much the more embittered, as it springs from a sort of family quarrel, is kept up by ridicule and sarcasm, and is based on differences utterly trifling and unimportant. Such are and will continue to be the fruits of these weak and odious forthputtings of English egotistical self-complacency.

Every one sees and laments the evil—but where is the remedy? It would be found in the coming among us from England of a traveller, if such an one could be found, as Combe, to be explicit in developing our thoughts, a philosopher, a scholar, generous, enlarged; capable of grouping generals, and presenting the condition and character of the million; infinitely above putting down such miserable babble as that of these travellers about what they saw at log houses, in steam boats, stages, and camp meetings. We have, in the instance of Irving, Rush, and others, such views of the English people; and notwithstanding the somewhat liberal calling of names in our newspaper notices of these travellers, the great mass of our people, as Mr. Stuart very justly observes, entertain the kindest feelings toward this nation so truly great, notwithstanding the prodigious deductions which their egotism compels us to make, from our estimate of them.

Meantime, as such an order of things is not soon to be expected, and as the probability is that we shall continue to diverge from each other in greater hostility, it may not be amiss to give con-

densed views of the recent books of English travellers in our country, that we may divide to each their proper share of praise, mischief, and misrepresentation; for, strange as it is, these books, for the most part so miserable, are read just in proportion to their abusiveness. For example, Captain Hall, Mrs. Trollope, and Mr. Hamilton, particularly the latter, surpass all other writers in the harshness of their views of us; and theirs are precisely the books which every body reads; whereas Stuart's book, fair, generous, and philosophic, if not piquant from its abuse, the most just and impartial book about us that has been published, if we are rightly informed, is comparatively unsaleable.

Of Captain Hall's book enough has been said, and we do not mean to enlarge these remarks by dwelling on it. A single observation might answer for a volume. Every one knows that he found every thing, church and state, great and small, within doors and without, men and women, food and shelter, in the United States, essentially wrong and bad; and changed the whole to good, and comfortable, and right, by just crossing the Niagara into Canada. Still more, in Spanish America, on the shores of the Pacific, the comforts and improvements of which countries every sailor, who has travelled twenty miles into the interior is competent to settle, this gentleman, so disposed to grumble, when our country is the theme, found things agreeable, and travelling comfortable and romantic, almost to a fault. These single facts, if innumerable others were wanting, ought to be, we should think, sufficient to fix our estimate of Captain Hall's book.

Mrs. Trollope's book, "*Domestic Manners of the Americans*," has strangely fixed public attention both in England and America. It has been immensely circulated in the former country, to the extent of a great number of editions, and has been translated into French and Italian, and has been read, we imagine, by greater numbers of people in the United States, than any book of travels upon our country that has ever been published. Why it has been so it is unnecessary here to inquire; there is a piquancy, broadness, coarseness, and individuality in the caricature and aspersion, which, we regret to say, is but too much to the public taste. From mere accident we have had more chances of personal acquaintance with her, than perhaps any other person who has publicly spoken of her. Moral considerations would restrain us from extenuating any of her faults, and personal, if not moral ones, would hinder us from putting down any thing in malice. In reply then to the question, which has been asked us, we are sure, a thousand times, what sort of person was Mrs. Trollope, and what were her objects in visiting America? We reply, she was in person a short, plump figure, with a ruddy, round, Saxon face of bright complexion, forty-five, though not showing older than thirty-seven, of appearance singu-

larly unladylike, a misfortune heightened by her want of taste and female intelligence in regard to dress, or her holding herself utterly above such considerations, though at times she was as much finer and more expensively dressed than other ladies, as she was ordinarily inferior to them in her costume. Robust and masculine in her habits, she had no fear of the elements, recklessly exposing herself in long walks to the fierce meridian sun or the pouring shower, owing a severe fever, no doubt, to those circumstances. Voluble as a French woman, shrill and piercing in the tones of her voice, piquant, and sarcastic in the tenor of her conversation, she was a most accomplished mimic; and as she had travelled in France and Italy, and knew the language and light literature of both those countries, and was, moreover, acquainted, as we knew from her correspondence, with the most distinguished men and women of genius in England; as she was, in particular, perfectly *au fait* in regard to every thing that concerned theatricals, and play writing, and play going people; as she had seen every body, and knew every body in Europe, of whom we hear, her conversation was remarkably amusing. Religion she considered a mere matter of state, an engine to keep the people in awe, though she always spoke respectfully of profession, so far as she deemed it conscientious. There was nothing in her countenance or manner to promise the infinite fund of anecdote and observation, that she could pour forth in an unremitting continuity, from morn to eve. Instead of being a woman of low origin, as has been represented, her father was a clergyman of the established church, of some distinction, and himself an author, from whom she inherited a considerable and unalienable annuity. Her husband was a graduate of one of the universities, we believe Oxford, a barrister of the inner temple, and a brother, as we understand, of Admiral Sir John Trollope, distinguished by having gained a most brilliant victory over a French fleet, and possessing a great fortune, which Mr. Trollope, husband of the American traveller, expected to inherit; but in which he failed, from the circumstance that the old Admiral married, somewhere about his eightieth year, and had an heir born to him. Such we have often heard her relate her circumstances and relations to be; and we have no doubt, from other sources, of their authenticity. She was in correspondence while in this country, as we know, with Misses Mitford and Landon, and we believe with Campbell, the poet, and other names well known to fame. Having been trained to the expectation of inheriting a great fortune, and having views of conventional morals and decorum, not of the severer class, not restrained by religious considerations, and mixing much with the gay and pleasure seeking, she had probably run through the common and allowed range of fashion, and exhausted the common forms of pleasure, and worn it all out to satiety; though we have every rea-

son to believe, that, while in America, whatever liberty she may have taken with the lesser morals, she was exemplary in her observance of the higher duties; (we say this in particular, in reference to the residence of Hervieu, the French artist, in her family, which connexion naturally furnished much tea table conversation.) She was amiable in the highest degree in her relations with the people about her in the suburbs of Cincinnati, where she resided, during the greater part of her stay in America, and among whom she was extremely popular, enacting among them *Lady Bountiful*, with a graciousness of distribution, and nursing the sick, which every where gains favor. Beside Hervieu, an amiable and most accomplished French painter, enthusiastically devoted to his profession, her family consisted of one son, now a distinguished member of one of the colleges in England, and two daughters, the three nearly arrived at maturity.

She came to this country, induced to the step, as we suppose, by the eloquence of Frances Wright, who was about at that time to bleach out the Ethiopian tinge of the negroes, by her own peculiar process, change their bumps, and make them free, wise, &c., as the French say, *toute de suite* at Nashoba. In Mrs. Trollope's teeming and imaginative brain, we have no doubt, the dreary forests of Nashoba, with its huge tulip trees and sycamores, and its little log cabins, with their dirty and half clad negro tenants, and so poorly roofed, as to require the accomplished lecturer to hold up an umbrella to shield her from a shower, while she was lecturing them within doors, was a sort of splendid hall, with columns and arcades, where she could see the aforesaid process of bleaching passing under her eye, and where Hervieu, as Bonaparte said of his campaigns when going to his rock, could paint it. Arriving there in a steamboat from New-Orleans, after having had her fair and thin skin bitten by some hundred thousand mosquitoes at the Balize, after imagining she could smell in early spring yellow fever in every gale, while ascending between the immense marshes to New-Orleans, and after informing herself so well about that city, as to affirm, that she could not purchase a box of paints in the place, merely because, inquiring along the Levee, she could find none in the shops where they sold pork and lard, she hurried away from the fever doomed city, with the speed and terror with which Lot fled from burning Sodom, to Nashoba. - There imagination unhappily awoke to reality. In two days, if we recollect, she fled from the halls and the bleaching process of Nashoba, cutting loose, we apprehend, from her platonic partnership with Miss Wright, whose eloquence and power she used to vaunt, but whose brain she deemed touched, and came, as fast as steam would waft her, to Cincinnati, where she arrived without a line of introduction to any individual, and where our acquaintance with her commenced.

There, visited by her husband, who spent one winter with her, she passed two desultory and aimless seasons, rearing, the while, a huge building called a bazaar, which was no air castle, but a queer, unique, crescented Turkish Babel, so odd, that no one has seen it since, without wonder and a good humored laugh : a building which cost her twenty-four thousand dollars, on which she actually paid some twelve or thirteen thousand, leaving the remainder minus, spending, probably, four or five thousand dollars more in French articles of fancy finery, which she exposed for sale in stalls in this building ; and so injudiciously, owing to her total ignorance of the American market, and of the proper place in which to build her Bazaar, and to her entrusting the sales to irresponsible and probably dishonest foreigners, that the establishment ran her in debt, instead of yielding her a revenue. A fact will explain this utter ignorance. When told, that the market could not be transported from the place where people had been accustomed to purchase, she imagined that her Bazaar would tempt the crowd of fashionables a quarter of a mile from their accustomed haunt. When advised to examine the fancy stores in the city, and furnish herself with such articles, as they had not, she only conformed to this salutary counsel, after her orders had arrived from France. The consequence was, that in eking out the defects of her store, she visited one of the most ample assortments in the country, holding up her hands in undisguised astonishment, to find that such a large and splendid assortment had found its way there, antecedent to the grand findings of the Bazaar, an assortment of twenty times her capital, and far more rich and expensive. How could such things, she exclaimed, have found their way to the United States.

The result of all this is easily seen. As incapable as an infant of such a project in her own country, in America her ruin was more complete than that of infantine folly. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* But this was not the sorest evil. The ladies of the interior overdo the ladies of the Atlantic cities in dress, as imitators generally overreach their model in show and gaudiness. In such a town as Cincinnati, persons are measured by their exterior. It was to no purpose to urge that she was endowed, amusing, and a blue stocking dyed in the wool. None would welcome or receive her, save in four respectable families, and they were not families that gave parties, she was never admitted. Hence the *corn cake* and *dodger cake*, a species which Mrs. Trollope had the honor of inventing, for it was never heard of in Cincinnati before ; and hence the pork and hominy, which she found in the parties at Cincinnati. Every person knows that a party is the same thing in every opulent family in the United States, and every one understands with how much truth such an assertion could be made

of a party in New-York or Philadelphia. She saw nothing of the western country, except what could be seen in coming up in a rapid steamboat between the swamps of the Mississippi and the bluffs of the Ohio, and every one knows, that in such ascents that is just nothing at all, in regard to qualifying a person to speak of the western country. Of the scenery about Cincinnati judge from one circumstance of her competency to describe it. She has represented the immediate environs of Cincinnati to be a dense and disagreeable forest. The fact is, as every one who has seen the place knows, that the improvident axe has despoiled the contiguity of that city of its chief ornament, its beautiful woods, and has left it in the midst of naked hills instead of its original splendid native groves. The walk, where she was so bitten, and stung, and horned, by all sorts of wasps and snap-dragons, and where she sank so deep in the decayed leaves and putrid matter of logs, is one of the cleanest and most open and pleasant shaded promenades in the world, where we have walked twice three hundred times, and have never been stung by wasp or humblebee, never bitten by mosquito, or horned by snap-dragon for the first time; and that this is the true character of the walk, every child in the vicinity is aware, and knows, too, that it is the peculiar and wonderful attribute of the Ohio forest to be singularly clean of all underbrush, and to consist of tall, straight stems, like the trees of an orchard. We pass wholly over her affirmation, that the fruits in the markets of that city are mean. We believe foreigners would generally accord, that it is the best fruit market in America, perhaps in the world. The slang language which she puts into the mouth of her servants, and the common people has not even the remotest smack of west country dialect. It is entirely woven, warp and woof, from Cockney and Yorkshire. As to the log house, and the lady who saw people but once in a month, we imagine it exists no where but in her brain. In a word never was person so little capable or so little disposed rightly to describe scenery, country, and the physical circumstances of eating, drinking, building, and living. Manners, when and where she chooses, she describes well, for it is in her line.

We have neither time nor inclination to note the thousand mistakes, either of wilfulness or ignorance, which so abound in the book, as to make it abundantly ridiculous to every person who daily has the scenes and manners under his eye. We dare say, that many an intelligent school boy could make out a picture of the country and the domestic manners of the Chinese, with far more keeping and truth, or at least *vraisemblance*, than Madame Trollope has done of the same things in relation to the United States. Enough has been said of her book in this point of view, and we have already bestowed too much space to it. We only add under

this head, that the circumstances which caused her so uncourteous a reception at Cincinnati were adventitious, resulting from the habit of the ladies there of estimating people according to their show and dress. Had she come with numerous letters, and been an elegant figure dressed in the most approved fashion, there is no doubt, that she would have made her way in every circle. As it was, had she made her debut in Boston, where the ladies are somewhat more in the habit of judging beyond the exterior, we dare presume she would have been a rare lioness, and a first rate show.

Let us do justice to Mrs. Trollope, though she has done so little to us. As the periodicals have described her, she was a woman of uncommon cleverness, a first rate talker; and she went, as they say in the west, for quantity of that article. She was the most accomplished mimic we have met in our walks. She knew more about plays, English, French and Italian, than any person with whom we are acquainted. She had been familiarly acquainted with Lord Byron, as we should infer from the style of his writing in her album, and with most of the persons of name before the public. Among the great number of her gross misrepresentations, the greater part, we have no question, were the result of her ignorance, as that about inability to procure a box of paints in New-Orleans. Others were the fruit of her inflated Anglo-mania, which she carried to the utmost extreme. But among these, as grains of wheat in a peck of chaff, there are, we are sorry to be obliged in conscience to say, a great many stinging truths, which it is much more becoming to hearken to, and reform the habits and errors which they censure, than to be angry with her for uttering them. Among them is the villanous and filthy and savage and universal habit, growing into use even by boys, of chewing and smoking tobacco; and we are compelled to say, that we have noted, in a recent journey of great extent, a fact which, since Mrs. Trollope has called our attention to it, has forced itself on our observation, that the Americans are most filthily given to spitting, though they do not, as the Edinburgh says, spit as soon as they are born, and spit through life, and spit out their expiring breath. Let her apply the lash to these vile customs. Let her correct the visible rudeness and boorishness of manners, that seems to be growing up from our habits of equality, and being all as though inmates of a public house on the road and in steam-boats. Her rebukes have already done visible good. May they still do more. There is ample space for further improvement.

We hasten to the doctrine, as ministers say, which we extract from the above, and for the express purpose of raising which we have given this detailed, though very condensed account of what we know of Madam Trollope. Had that lady come to Cincinnati

with letters from General La Fayette, and Mr. Constant, and Miss Mitford and Miss Landon, and Mr. Campbell, *et aliis*, and in possession of what she actually wasted at Cincinnati, some sixteen or seventeen thousand dollars, with her *dentes sapientiæ* cut, with plenty of fashionable dresses, &c., and she would have been dined and toasted and the fashion. Her sayings would have been quoted. Her free manners would have been perniciously contagious. Her movements would have been imitated; and as she was, like another famous person, remarkably goodnatured, when she was pleased, she would have been a general favorite. Admitting that her son had prospered, and the Bazaar been the resort for the sale of laces, and the means of making his fortune, behold, what a book this same lady would have made about America! She deals much in superlatives. She describes nothing by halves. Moderation is not her virtue. America would have been an ocean of milk and honey. The people would all have been lamblike, and half saints. The government, in church and state, an *oceana*, a *parallelogram*, a pattern republic. In short, she would have found every thing just as far south-west toward paradise, as she has now found it north-east *a l'infer*. Behold, saith the best of books, how great a fire a little matter kindleth! See, said the statesman to his son, what contemptible wires behind the curtains play off the puppets of kings and states. The manner, in which the ladies of Cincinnati conducted toward a foreign blue, makes her book black instead of *couleur de rose*. That influences the Quarterly. The Quarterly is the instrument of my lords and gentlemen; and its fifteen editions make the reading portion, that is to say, the intellectual and effective portion of the British nation our enemies. The abuse contained in the book, and the reaction of English enmity make us their enemies in turn. We first fight the wordy war of tongue and pen. The emergency comes, and evil passions, and concentrated and long-gathered bitterness concur with reasons of state, and the passions of a dominant party, to engender a war, and we redden the ocean and the land with human blood, that is spilled because Mrs. Trollope had no letters of recommendation, and was a short dumpling and ill-dressed figure—a war of a frock and a petticoat.

Of Mr. Stuart's "Three years in North America," we need only remark, that it is one of the most just, fair and impartial books of travels that we have read, in regard to our country; neither fulsome in praise, nor bitter in censure, but taking the calm, philosophic, middle tone. As far as we have travelled on the same ground, we can affirm, that we have found his views and descriptions uncommonly accurate. We, at least, ought to praise him, for of the second volume, we may say, "*quorum magna pars fui*," and sometimes we are marked with a quotation and some-

times not, a mode of dealing with us to which we are not unaccustomed, and not seldom from persons, who, having stolen from us without confessing the theft, end by abusing us. But this excellent book of travels, by a man whom, from the acquaintance we had with him, as well as from his book, we should pronounce amiable and well-intentioned in the highest degree, wanting the piquancy of slander and abuse of us, we fear will meet with a very different reception from Madam Trollope's book.

"Men and Manners in America" is a work of a very different description from that of Mrs. Trollope, but on the same key note, and has the same general object. This work wants the vivacity and ease of that, though it has a full measure of its malignity. It puts forth great pretensions. The author, Mr. Hamilton, had a previous fame, as the writer of Cyril Thornton, and we therefore read it with attention; and we have met no work, which displays at the same time so much littleness of mind, and magnitude of vanity. It shows a man as large as Jack Falstaff, with the importance of knowing the whole science of eating, and drinking, and dressing. In short it is the work of an immoderate and immeasurable coxcomb. He presents the same spectacle in this book, which, while on his travels among us, we are told, he presented in this city, where his arrogance of assumption excluded him from a second visit to the best circles of society. He was seen, the while, promenading Broadway in his famous fustian jacket, affecting the voluptuous crawl of Bond-street, and peering in the majesty of mortified neglect from his half closed eyes at those demi-savages around him—the Americans. At that time, like the well known madman in Don Quixote, who deemed all mad but himself, his egregious vanity led him to believe, that he had *cut* our whole people, while the fact was, that all who know him were disposed, we believe, to cut him. In this work he has his revenge. We give a few samples *en passant*, for we will not disgrace our pages with long extracts. New-York is barely tolerable. Eating, the most important of functions with him, is just bearable at Niblo's though the cookery and arrangement are bad. The people bolt their food in a trice, and have a disgusting way of eating their eggs. The ladies are pretty, but at two and twenty their bloom is gone. The people speak between a drawl and a whine, and their national vanity is exceedingly ridiculous, which may serve as a sample of the manner in which New-York is done up.

His cabin in the Steamboat from New-York to Providence, was of a temperature "which a Salamander would have admired exceedingly." Tremont House had good living, but miserable architecture. Talk to a New Englander, he says, of what is generous, high, and noble, and he will look on you with a vacant countenance—but New England is decidedly the division of the United

States which finds most favor in his eyes. Hartford is one of the stupidest places on the globe, and the dullest of all tasks is reading an American Newspaper. A certain woman, of whom he speaks, was *only* a yankee, and troubled with an *indisposition*, somewhat endemic in New-England, *to pay money*. In New-Haven he was lodged in a sort of dog hole without plaster. The smell of his bed was most offensive, the sheets were dirty, and the coverlid had the appearance of an old horse cloth. His dinners and suppers and breakfasts, matters which he evidently deems of prime importance, and about which he is an amateur, *con amore*—are always bad. A daughter of Jefferson, he affirms, was sold some years ago at New-Orleans, and purchased by a society of gentlemen, who wished to testify, by her liberation, their admiration of the statesman. *Query?* Is not this a most infamous falsehood?

Philadelphia is mediocrity personified in brick and mortar. Philadelphia is, *par excellence*, a city of mediocrity. Amidst all this arrogant denunciation, there is something transcendently amusing in his puppyism, while speaking of our literature. The best furnished library in the list (of theological libraries,) is that of the theological department of Yale College, which contains eight thousand volumes. The institution of New-Hampton (*Query?* where?) possesses only one hundred volumes, and is attended by fourteen students. There is nothing at this moment in the United States worthy of the name of a library. At present an American might study every book within the limits of the union, and still be regarded in many parts of Europe, especially in Germany, as a man comparatively ignorant. Is not this Mr. Hamilton a rare block-head among a race of that stamp?

Baltimore gets praise from him, though he finds the monument a mean affair. This might have been expected, though he avers that he has no sensibility in reference to the defeat of the British attack. The ladies of Baltimore he finds handsome, though he repeats, that an American lady, when past the first bloom of youth, presents an aggregate of straight lines and corners, altogether ungraceful and inharmonious. A certain protrusion of bone presents a degree of *scragginess*. The capitol at Washington has some beauties, but more faults of architecture. You may be sure, that he does not find the moral and intellectual better than the physical, and the speaking of Congress and the politics of the American people are no better than their towns, women, and dinners. We give a fair sample of the whole book in the following extract, describing the eloquence of Congress.

The first great objection, therefore, to American eloquence, is, that it is *not* American. When a traveller visits the United States, and sees the form and pressure of society; a population thinly scattered through regions of intermina-

ble forest ; appearances of nature widely varying from those of European countries ; the entire abstinence of luxury ; the prevailing plainness of manner and expression ; the general deficiency of literary acquirement ; the thousand visible consequences of democratic institutions ; he is naturally led to expect that the eloquence of such a people would be marked at least by images and associations peculiar to their own circumstances and conditions. This anticipation would, no doubt, be strengthened by the first aspect of Congress. He would find in the Capitol of Washington two assemblies of plain farmers and attorneys ; men who exhibited in their whole deportment an evident aversion from the graces and elegances of polished society ; of coarse appetites, and coarser manners ; and betraying a practicable contempt for all knowledge not palpably convertible to the purposes of pecuniary profit. The impression might not be pleasing, but he would congratulate himself on having at least escaped from the dull regions of common-place, and calculate on being spared the penalty of listening to the monotonous iteration of hackneyed metaphor, and the *crambe recoccta* of British oratory, hashed up for purposes of public benefit or private vanity, by a Washington *cuisinier*.

In all this he would be most wretchedly deceived. He might patiently sit out speeches of a week's duration, without detecting even the vestige of originality, either of thought or illustration. But he would be dosed *ad nauseam* with trite quotations from Latin authors, apparently extracted for the nonce from the school-books of some neighboring academy for young gentlemen. He would hear abundance of truisms, both moral and political, emphatically asserted, and most illogically proved ; he would learn the opinions of each successive orator on all matters of national policy, foreign and domestic. He would be gorged to the very throat with the most extravagant praises of the American government, and the character and intelligence of the people. He would listen to the interminable drivellings of an insatiable vanity, which, like the sisters of the horse-leech, is for ever crying, "Give, give." He would follow the orator into the seventh heaven of bombast, and descend with him into the lowest regions of the bathos. Still, in all this he would detect nothing but a miserably executed parody—a sort of bungling plagiarism—an imitation of inapplicable models—a mimicry like that of the clown in a pantomime, all ridicule and burlesque. In American oratory, in short, he will find nothing vernacular but the vulgarities, and the entire disregard of those proprieties, on the scrupulous observance of which the effect even of the highest eloquence must necessarily depend.

In the western country, to use his own phrase, "he goes the whole hog," that is, he finds every thing savage, mean and contemptible. He considers Madam Trollope the greatest benefactor the Cincinnatians ever had. She alone has made the place known to fame, and the citizens ought to place her statue in the market-place. The Steamboat, in which he descended to Cincinnati, is described in terms of unmeasured reprobation and disgust. He had never seen any thing so disgusting in human shape as the passengers. Their manners and their morals were alike detestable.

In regard to the impudence of Mr. Hamilton's assertions, as well as their truth, take the following: In speaking of the meagerness of our libraries, he says, that if a scholar were thoroughly acquainted with all the books that the United States can produce, the reading would only make him a second rate scholar in England and Germany. Now every scholar knows, that it is not the massiveness, but selectness of a library, that renders it valuable. Ten thousand properly chosen volumes would be the extent of a library for use. The show of the lumber beyond perplexes and embarrasses the choice. But this fact apart—there are more books in America, and such as any competent English scholar would pronounce of the most indispensable order of standard, scientific, and classical books, than any scholar could read in three lives, commencing at ten and reading to ninety. This no one will dispute, who knows any thing of the matter. Enter the library of Harvard University, or that of the Boston Atheneum, or the Philadelphia Franklin Library, and then judge of the value and truth of Mr. Hamilton's book from the impression of facts under the eye. It is not the want of books, but of discriminating selection and right use, that retards Scholarship.

But we have too long dwelt on this book. From New-Orleans, which he finds tolerable, back to the States by the way of Mobile, the Indian Nations, and Georgia, to the north again, every thing is alike execrable, until he steps foot over the Canada line, where he respites at his ease, and begins to draw upon his laudatory powers. Here he finds himself no longer a stranger, and feels himself disposed to do the honours of the country to a party of Americans, whom he finds on the paradisiacal north side of the river Niagara. Of all English travellers that we have read, not excepting Rev. Mr. Isaac Fiddler himself, he is the rudest, most ignorant, false, dull, and utterly worthless. The only passages in which he makes any pretensions to fine writing, are his views of the Mississippi, and comparisons of it with the Niagara. It is a most curious sample of what the renowned Mr. Bayes, in the *Rehearsal* calls transprosing. Mr. Stuart has drawn his writing on the same subject from Flint's Geography and History of the Western States—a little mutilated, and about a tenth part digested. Mr. Hamilton has again transposed Mr. Stuart—but, like the famous Botany bay thief, who in melting down the plate, left the owner's name upon a fragment, that betrayed him, the two transmutations leave the origin of all this writing perfectly discernible, and yet though he could steal his supposed eloquence second hand from an American writer, he finds the best writers in America behind the third rate scribler of an English village.

But what shall we say of the Rev. Isaac Fiddler's United States and Canada? Alas! we never perpetrated a pun in our life, and

we will not now upon the name of this worthy. It is the most harmless, clever little soul, who talks in such a pretty arcadian style, about his *cows, and pigs, and jaunting car*, that the reverend innocent must find sympathy, if not respect, in every American bosom. It is a precious gem of a blockhead of the first water in that line, and we dismiss him, only observing, that he finds every thing sadly out of joint every where in this our state of Denmark, and that the Americans are a nation of irredeemable ignoramuses, because they did not find in the Rev. Isaac Fiddler, an English Bossuet, and because the people were both indisposed and disqualified to patronise the study of *Shanscrit*!!

We have before us another volume of American travels, practical notes made during a tour in Canada, and a portion of the United States, by Adam Ferguson, published in London, 1832, one volume. He came from England to New-York, and took the route thence by Buffalo to Canada. On his return he went as far south in the states as Washington and Mount Vernon. A man of leisure and fortune, he has no disposition to find fault. He dwells chiefly upon Canada and Michigan, is exceedingly practical and plain, but fair, calm, and just. Few persons have seen things more accurately, or described them in a cooler spirit of justice. What he condemns is for the most part what is worthy of being condemned. But on the whole, the book is laudatory, and made up in good feeling. The man is amiable, and his book breathes a spirit of kindness; but like the other books of British travellers that possess justice, philosophy, and good nature, will not be read.

“Nunc audi alteram partem.”

We have before us an amusing book in reply to the slanderous works, upon which we have been dwelling, entitled the *Americans* in London, by an American, C. Colton, in one volume, London, 1833. It is a well written book, and soundly and righteously does he apply the lash to Captain Hall, Mrs. Trollope, and the London Quarterly, which finds it particularly unaccountable, that such a demi-savage people as the Americans, should wince at the manner in which we are served up by travellers and reviewers. It finds us irritable, thin skinned, and sore to a most ludicrous excess; and Mr. Colton proves, ironically, that we ought not only to receive the lash kindly, but bless the righteous Mandarins who lay it on. There are some mistakes in this book, but it possesses a great deal of genuine humor, and measures back his own to John Bull, *pressed down and running over*. It is very particular in vindicating the Methodists of the western country from the grossness, and extravagance with which Mrs. Trollope charges them. The writer speaks with the air and apparent information of one, who knows well about that whereof he affirms, and his vindication is alike

eloquent and triumphant. We find ourselves so kindly treated in the book, that we dare not extend our praise of it in these running notices, for we have space for no other. Whoever wishes to see grumbling and slanderous British travellers in America presented in their true colors, and their copartners, the British Reviewers, dealt with according to their deserts, should read this well written work.

We close this article, which has grown so far beyond our first purpose, by adverting to a book, in which the English themselves have had dealt back to them some comfortable measures of retribution in kind, to show them, how pleasant the unction of abuse is to be anointed withal, though apparently there is one great difference between Prince Puckler Muskau's strictures, and the abuse of British travellers in America. Great part of the latter is mere loose invective, showing only that the traveller is angry, and uses the language and resorts to the distorted exaggerations of an angry man. The German Prince makes his cantharides adhere, by quoting chapter and verse, and sustaining himself by the minutest detail of facts. No traveller could have been better fitted to judge of the English nation. Himself a member of the eldest and proudest aristocracy in Europe, he is the right person to delineate the arrogance of a nobility essentially Plebeian in its origin. Alike acquainted with the English and continental languages, and literature, he must be felt to be competent to unmask the overweening presumption, ignorance, and self complacency, so inherent in the English character. Bred himself in the most elevated regions of what the world calls high society, and strong in the consciousness of possessing all the chivalry of politeness, he seems the exact chronicler to paint the manners of a people, who, while they assume to be more refined than all others, and to measure all other manners by their own standard, are themselves a proverb, and a simile on the continent, there considered as embodying the very quintessence of rudeness, and the uncouth peculiarities of the most disgusting egotism. Such are their thoughts, while they smile internally, and pocket the guineas. High minded, philosophical, and exquisitely alive to social pleasures, he seems precisely the traveller whose criticisms may be severe without being suspected, whose praise has no stain of adulation, and whose animadversions cannot be charged with being cynical. The style of his book happily combines the ease and vivacity of the French, with the deep thought of the Germans. His illustrations evince him an accomplished scholar, his remarks an acute and philosophic mind, and his descriptions display the truth and freshness of nature. His estimates of character are sketched with equal fidelity, felicity, and effect. We know of few books of the class at once so enter-

taining and instructive, so delightful in the aggregate, and so accurate in the detail.

Let us hear, how this accomplished German Prince handles this people, that presume to measure every thing abroad by the standard of their own manners, government, and literature. We have space for but a few extracts, which may serve, however, as samples of more extended ones, had we place for them.

“The peculiarity of English manners may be much better observed here, at the first ‘abroad,’ than in the great world, which is every where more or less alike; whereas the same individuals, of whom it is in part composed, show themselves here with much less restraint. In the first place, the stranger must admire the refinement of convenience with which Englishmen sit: it must be confessed that a man who is ignorant of the ingenious English chairs, of every form, and adapted to every degree of fatigue, indisposition, or constitutional peculiarity, really loses a large share of earthly enjoyment. It is a positive pleasure even to see an Englishman sit, or rather lie, in one of these couch-like chairs by the fire-side. A contrivance like a reading-desk, attached to the arm and furnished with a candlestick, is so placed before him, that with the slightest touch he can bring it nearer or further, push it to the right or the left at pleasure. A curious machine, several of which stand around the large fire-place, receives one or both of his feet; and the hat on his head completes the enchanting picture of superlative comfort.

“This latter circumstance is the most difficult of imitation to a man brought up in the old school. Though he can never refrain from a provincial sort of shudder when he enters the brilliantly lighted saloon of the Club-house, where dukes, ambassadors and lords, elegantly dressed, are sitting at the card-tables, yet if he wishes to be ‘fashionable’ he must keep on his hat, advance to a party at whist, nod to one or two of his acquaintances; then carelessly taking up a newspaper, sink down on a sofa, and, not till after some time, ‘nonchalant’ throw down his hat, (which perhaps has all the while been a horrid annoyance to him;) or, if he stays but a few minutes, not take it off at all.

“The practice of half lying instead of sitting; sometimes of lying at full length on the carpet at the feet of the ladies; of crossing one leg over the other in such a manner as to hold the foot in the hand; of putting the hands in the arm-holes of the waistcoat, and so on, are all things which have obtained in the best company and the most exclusive circles: it is therefore very possible that the keeping on the hat may arrive at the same honor. In this case it will doubtless find its way into Paris society, which, after being formerly aped by all Europe, now disdains not to ape the English, sometimes grotesquely enough, and, as is usual in such cases, often outdoes its original.”

“It is indeed inconceivable, and a proof that it is only necessary to treat us contemptuously in order to obtain our reverence, that, as I have remarked, the mere name of Englishman is, with us, equivalent to the highest title. Many a person, who would scarcely get admission into very inferior circles in England, where the whole of society, down to the very lowest classes, is so stiffly aristocratical, in the various states of Germany is received at Court and *fête* by the first nobility; every act of coarseness and ill-breeding is set down as a trait

of charming English originality, till perhaps, by some accident, a really respectable Englishman comes to the place, and people learn with astonishment that they have been doing all this honor to an ensign 'on half pay,' or a rich tailor or shoemaker. An individual of this rank is, however, generally, at least civil, but the impertinence of some of the higher classes surpasses all belief.

"I know that in one of the largest towns of Germany, a prince of the royal house, distinguished for his frank, chivalrous courtesy, and his amiable character, invited an English Viscount, who was but just arrived, and had not yet been presented to him, to a hunting party; to which His Lordship replied, *that he could not accept the invitation, as the prince was perfectly unknown to him.*"

"Whichever turn the thing takes, you can hear no more of what is passing on the stage, where actors and singers, according to ancient usage, do not suffer themselves to be interrupted by such occurrences, but declaim or warble away, 'comme si rien n'était.' And such things happen not once, but sometimes twenty times, in the course of a performance, and amuse many of the audience more than that does. It is also no rarity for some one to throw the fragments of his 'gouté,' which do not always consist of orange-peels alone, without the smallest ceremony on the heads of the people in the pit, or to shail them with singular dexterity into the boxes; while others hang their coats and waistcoats over the railing of the gallery, and sit in shirt-sleeves; in short, all that could be devised for the better excitement of a phlegmatic *Harmonie* Society of the workmen in Berlin, under the renowned Wisotsky, is to be found in the national theatre of Britain.

"Another cause for the absence of respectable families is the resort of hundreds of those unhappy women with whom London swarms. They are to be seen of every degree, from the lady who spends a splendid income, and has her own box, to the wretched beings who wander houseless in the streets. Between the acts they fill the large and handsome 'foyers,' and exhibit their boundless effrontery in the most revolting manner.

"It is most strange that in no country on earth is this afflicting and humiliating spectacle so openly exhibited as in the religious and decorous England. The evil goes to such an extent, that in the theatres it is often difficult to keep off these repulsive beings, especially when they are drunk, which is not seldom the case. They beg in the most shameless manner, and a pretty, elegantly dressed girl does not disdain to take a shilling or a sixpence, which she instantly spends for a glass of rum, like the meanest beggar. And these are the scenes, I repeat, which are exhibited in the national theatre of England, where the highest dramatic talent of the country should be developed; where immortal artists like Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, have enraptured the public by their genius, and where such actors as Kean, Kemble, and Young, still adorn the stage."

"The English national music, the coarse heavy melodies of which can never be mistaken for an instant, has, to me at least, something singularly offensive; an expression of brutal feeling both in pain and pleasure, which smacks of 'roast beef, plumb pudding, and porter.' You may imagine, therefore, what an agreeable effect these incorporations with the lovely and refined conceptions of Mozart must produce."

“ And, indeed, people here are too slavishly subject to established usages ; too systematic in all their enjoyments ; too incredibly kneaded up with prejudices ; in a word, too little vivacious, to attain to that unfettered spring and freedom of spirit, which must ever be the sole basis of agreeable society. I must confess that I know none more monotonous, nor more persuaded of its own pre-excellence, than the highest society of this country,—with but few exceptions, and those chiefly among foreigners, or persons who have resided a good deal on the Continent. A stony, marble cold spirit of caste and fashion rules all classes, and makes the highest tedious, the lowest ridiculous. True politeness of the heart and cheerful ‘ bonhomme ’ are rarely to be met with in what is called society ; nor, if we look for foreign ingredients, do we find either French grace and vivacity, or Italian naturalness ; but at most, German stiffness and awkwardness concealed under an iron mask of arrogance and ‘ hauteur.’ ”

“ In spite of this, the ‘ nimbus ’ of a firmly anchored aristocracy and vast wealth, (combined with admirable taste in spending it, which no one can deny them,) has stamped the Great World of this country as that ‘ par excellence,’ of Europe, to which all other nations must more or less give way. But that foreigners individually and personally do not find it agreeable, is evident by their rarity in England, and by the still greater rarity of their desire to stay long. Every one of them at the bottom of his heart thanks God when he is out of English society ; though personal vanity afterward leads him to extol that uninspiring foggy sun, whose beams assuredly gave him but little ‘ comfort ’ when he lived in them.”

“ What contributes much to the ‘ dullness ’ of English society, is the haughty aversion which Englishmen (note well that I mean in their own country, for ‘ abroad ’ they are ready enough to make advances) show to addressing an unknown person ; if he should venture to address them, they receive it with the air of an insult. They sometimes laugh at themselves for this singular incivility, but no one makes the least attempt to act differently when an opportunity offers.

“ Love of mischief is quite peculiar to the English people, and forms the sole apology for the grudging inhumanity with which the opulent classes shut up their charming pleasure-grounds. It is worth inquiring, however, whether the moroseness of the rich was not the cause, instead of the effect, of the mischievous temper of the poor. It is difficult for people on the Continent to imagine to what a pitch it goes.”

“ I did not observe that this struck any body ; indeed the interest was generally so slight, the noise and mischief so incessant, that it is difficult to understand how such distinguished artists can form themselves, with so brutal, indifferent, and ignorant an audience as they have almost always before them. As I told you, the English theatre is not fashionable, and is scarcely ever visited by what is called ‘ good company.’ The only advantage in this state of things is, that actors are not spoiled by that indulgence which is so ruinous to them in Germany.”

“ The English, like true Turks, keep the intellects of their wives and daughters in as narrow bounds as possible, with a view of securing their absolute and exclusive property in them as much as possible, and in general their success is perfect.”

This is a sample of the manner in which Prince Puckler Muskau describes the people who caricature and deride all others. How have they borne the lash? Have they too whined, and proved themselves morbidly sensitive? Oh, yes! Never was prince or peasant so cut up. The London Quarterly dishes him in one, and the other ministerial journals in other ways, each according to his own fashion. But all hang and quarter him, without benefit of clergy. Alas! It is a very difficult thing to whip and be whipped *And if*—says the lawyer, in regard to the gored ox. That essentially alters the case. Well, saith the best of all books, they that take the sword shall perish by the sword.

MADRIGAL.

ALTERED FROM BEN. JOHNSON, BY G. B. SINGLETON.

Look on her eyes—they light
 All that love's world compriseth;
 Look on her brow, 'tis bright
 As love's star when it riseth.
 Mark her face, it is fair,
 The opening flower not more so;
 Mark the soul in her air,
 And wonder not I adore so.

II.

Saw you the li'y grow,
 Before rude hands profaned it?
 Saw you the driven snow
 Before the soil had stain'd it?
 Felt you the fur of the beaver,
 Tasted the bag o' the bee,
 Look'd on the swan's down ever?
 Far softer, far sweeter is she.

LITERARY NOTICES

OF NEW WORKS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The third and fourth volumes of the *COMPLETE WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT*, with a Biography and his last Additions and Illustrations, to be comprised in seven volumes. New-York; Conner & Cooke.

A magnificent work, beautifully got up in numbers, each comprising one of his novels. For cheapness, convenience, and elegance, we have seen nothing from our press that can surpass this work, which will place the entire writings of that wonderful man, the favorite of all who read the English language, within reach of the means of every reader. We earnestly wish these enterprising and spirited publishers the success they merit—kinder wish in their line, we cannot utter.

THE MARTYR'S TRIUMPH, BURIED VALLEY, AND OTHER POEMS, by Grenville Mellen. Boston; Lilly, Wait & Colman, 1833.

We regret wanting space for an extended review of the contents of this volume. Still we feel reluctant to pass the work in silence, brief as our notice must be. Mr. Mellen has long stood before the public one of its favorite bards, and we may add, unquestionably the favorite of those powers that inspire song. All these verses are not alike inspired; that could not be expected. But there is a vein of imagination, an elevation of thought, and, more than all, a tenderness of pathos and chastened feeling, which will make their way to the heart of the reader, and inspire him with a love of the author, whose life is still the sweeter song. Instead of marring beautiful verse by analysis in tame prose, we will do the author a better service by letting him speak for himself in the following Invocation.

AN INVOCATION.

Come out of the sea, maiden
 Come out of the sea,
 With thy green tresses laden
 With jewels for me;
 Out of the deep, where the sea-grass waves
 Its plumage in silence o'er gems and graves
 Come out, for the moonlight
 Is over the earth,
 And all ocean is bright
 With a beautiful birth:
 The birth of ten thousand gleaming things,
 Darting and dipping their silver wings!

Come out of the sea, maiden,
 Come out of the sea,
 With thy green tresses laden
 With jewels for me.

Come up with your rosy syren horn
 From caves of melody,
 Where the far down music of death is born
 O maiden of the sea !
 Come, breathe to me tales of your coral halls,
 Where the echo of tempest never falls ;
 Where faces are veil'd
 In a strange eclipse,
 And voice never wail'd
 From human lips ;
 But a fathomless silence and glory sleep
 Far under the swell of the booming deep
 Come out of the sea, maiden,
 Come out of the sea
 With thy green tresses laden
 With jewels for me.

Come forth and reveal
 To my tranced eye
 Where thy elf sisters steal
 In their beauty by,
 Like victors with watery flags unfurl'd
 Mid the buried wealth of a plunder'd world :
 Where the sea-snakes glide
 O'er monarchs drown'd,
 With their skulls yet in pride
 Of diamonds crown'd :
 Where the bones of a navy lie around,
 Awaiting the last stern trumpet's sound.

O tell me if there
 The uncoffin'd dead,
 Who earth's beautiful were,
 To their billowy bed,
 Some cavern of pearls, are borne far in,
 Where the spirits of Ocean their watch begin,
 And their long hair, flung
 O'er their bosoms white,
 Is the shroud of the young,
 The pale, and bright ;
 And guarded for ages untouch'd they lie
 In the gaze of the sea-maid's sleepless eye.

For, maiden I've dream'd
 Of long vigils kept
 O'er lost ones who gleam'd
 On our hearts ere they slept.
 The visions of earth—too pure for decay
 In the silent, green ocean-halls treasur'd away.

And there to her rest
 A seraph went down,
 With her warm heart press'd
 To the heart she had won ;
 Mid the shriek of the storm, and the thunder of waves,
 Sea-maiden, she shot to thy echoless caves.

O come—I invoke thee,
 From thy dim chambers hither—
 Bear me under the sea,
 Where white brows never wither :
 Lay me there, with my pale and beautiful dead,
 With her wet hair sweeping about my head !
 Come out of the sea, maiden,
 Come out of the sea,
 For my spirit is laden,
 And pants to be free ;
 I would pass from the storms of this sounding shore,
 For the cloudless light of my years is o'er.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE, Vol. 1. New-York, 1833.

This is a periodical respectably conducted, filled with good matter, got up in a good spirit. It shall not be our fault, if we do not walk beside our brother periodical in the disposition of a generous emulation, striving who of the two shall exercise most kindness, and best advance the literature of our city and country.

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE AND THE LOW COUNTRIES. 2 vols. Philadelphia ;
 Carey & Hart

These legends are by the well known author of "Highways and Byways." Some of them possess a harrowing interest. As for example, "The Lady of the Cold Kisses," the author evidently smiles sarcastically at the monstrosity of his own story. It is always injudicious to take any thing from the *vraisemblance*, by not being serious in a narration, and appearing to believe one's own tale. On the whole, few books are better adapted for the reading in Steamboats, and those places where the spirit needs to be stirred by thrilling fictions.

PARABLES, translated from the German of Krummacher. 1 vol. 18 mo. pp.
 216. New-York ; Peabody & Co.

This work though translated with great fidelity to the original, does not much abound in Germanisms. Whoever has read the Idylls of Gessner, and is acquainted with the manner of many other similar German writers, will admire in this work the same extreme simplicity, a kind of child-like *naivete*, which will recommend it to all lovers of that kind of writing. It was thus the ancients instructed. It was thus Socrates taught. One circumstance must

increase the value of these fables. They breathe a strain of the purest and holiest thought, and tend to inspire a spirit of communion with nature and its author.

SKETCHES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY, containing the Stories of Serjeant Jasper and the boy Gwynn. pp. 70. New-York; Morgan & Burger.

These stories are happily told, in a pleasantness and piquancy of manner, between that of the far famed Weems and Peter Parley. It is got up in the style of the latter; and we know not why it may not prosper as well as that great favorite of the children's republic.

DISCOURSES AND ADDRESSES ON SUBJECTS OF AMERICAN HISTORY, ARTS, AND LITERATURE, by Gulian C. Verplanck. 12 mo. pp. 257. New-York, 1833; J. & J. Harper.

In these addresses, the proper analysis of which belongs to our Quarterly Reviews, we recognize the same amenity of polished diction, pure style and elevated thought, which have marked all the similar efforts of this gentleman. Few men have deserved better of our American literary republic, or have done more to purify and exalt our taste in literature, particularly in the department of biography, of which he may be pronounced the American Tacitus, and of the fine arts. What was so pithily said by him who proposed only to compose the songs of the country to govern it, may with still more truth be said in reference to the intellectual dominion of those who compose and deliver academic addresses of college, and other anniversaries. They have the best opportunities of throwing salt into the fountains, and thus to purify all the streams that irrigate the land. The *alumni* transfer the influence to fourth of July orators, and the whole country becomes intellectually imbued with the healthful influence. The bearing is immense. Let those who minister in these important functions, bethink themselves of what they are doing, and, like this gentleman, give precept and example to repress bigotry, and raise up a spirit of liberal piety in its stead—to diffuse sound maxims in science, and give an onward impulse to good learning and the arts. This is the way, and these are the discourses, to call off the thoughts of the American young men from the noise and contention of politics, to those elevating intellectual pursuits, which flourish in the shade and in retirement, and which at once enlighten, and improve the mind. We earnestly recommend the perusal of these elegant and instructive addresses.

ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH, by the author of "Pelham," &c. 2 vols. 12 mo. J. & J. Harper; New-York, 1833.

Many a young lady will be bitterly taken in, by eagerly grasping volumes, which, in size and form, resemble those of her favorite novelist, and purporting to be his last work; and will look with painful disappointment for the hero and heroine, the plot and the catastrophe of a novel.

The work before us is as remote from that species of writing as can be imagined. It is in fact, a series of essays or disquisitions upon an infinite number of subjects, apparently disconnected, but really having all some bearing upon an inquiry into the character of the English people, and the tendency of their social system. The manner is brilliant, the phrase, style and matter piquant, and the whole antithetical, and having, to avail ourselves of his own phrase, the *clique* of the present fashion of writing. In a word, it is for matter and manner what the admirers of Bulwer would expect of him upon his subjects. He shows his colors throughout, as a sort of moderate democrat and an ardent philanthropist and lover of liberty, agreeing in some points with all the parties of English opinion, and in other and leading points disagreeing with all. But his tone is much oftener that of censure than of praise; and no British traveller has advanced severer things of us and our institutions, than this eloquent writer has said of his own country. In short, he has avenged us of England. Having added, that the first part is somewhat quizzically addressed to Talleyrand, we immediately enter upon the only useful ground that our limits permit, making some few extracts from the book.

In speaking of the character of his nation, he inquires, why the English and French have quarrelled for so many centuries? A quarrel nine times out of ten is merely the fermentation of a misunderstanding. The Greeks, in the habit of *burning* their parents, were wonderfully indignant at the barbarity of the Callatii, who were in the habit of *eating* them. The Englishman is vain of his country, Why? It has produced HM. In his own mind, he is the pivot of all things, the centre of the solar system. He cares little for any body, but himself. As for example, a certain merchant sojourned at an inn; and the *boots* by mistake called him up too early, Sir, quoth the boots, the day's breaking. Let it break, growled the merchant, it owes me nothing. According to Mr. Bulwer, while every thing in England has the semblance of democracy, it is really aristocratic. He finds, that all the great men as soon as they have made a ladder of popular favour, and mounted to some office not in the gift of the people, become at once strong aristocrats, and despisers of the aids by which they ascended and the mass from which they rose. We can assure him, that as far as our experience goes it is the same thing with us. He regrets the want of popular amusements in England. We are still more deficient in this respect than the English. One reason why the French peasantry are humane and moral, undoubtedly, is the number and the humanizing influence of their amusements.

Where all the village train, from labor free,
Lead up their sports beneath the hawthorn tree.

The grand means to keep people from fanaticism, bigotry, unsociable gloom, and guilty pleasure, is to give them innocent amusements and social enjoyments.

It appears, from the showing of Mr. Bulwer, that the hospitality of the English is very accurately adjusted to the capacity of the parties of making a show and paying rent. All the morals, and tenderness, and generosity of the country seem to him confined to the middle classes. The common sense of the English,

which has been so much insisted on, is, according to him, only the keen and self-ish perception of *meum* and *tuum*. The duel between Mr. Hum and my lord Haw, is admirably managed. His reflections upon military reform are judicious, and his illustrations, by the exhibition of fictitious examples, eloquent and impressive. Never have your *matter of fact people* been better hit off. His picture of match making is exceedingly graphic, and yet revolting. The influence of *clique* is one of the masonic secrets of English society. They who possess it have the power of selling and dispensing a person's estimation, male or female, and in every walk. Prophets in England, as elsewhere, appear to be out of honor at home. Hence such multitudes of the English wandering abroad. He quotes a passage of most pathetic eloquence, on the infancy of the poor, from Elia. We have not read any thing of deeper pathos, and, at the hazard of crowding our pages, we give it entire.

“The innocent prattle of his children takes out the sting of a man's poverty. But the children of the *very* poor do not prattle! It is none of the least frightful features in that condition, that there is no childishness in its dwellings. Poor people, said a sensible old nurse to us once, do not *bring* up their children; they *drag* them up. The little careless darling of the wealthier nursery, in their hovel is transformed betimes into a premature reflecting person. No one has time to dandle it, no one thinks it worth while to coax it, to sooth it, to toss it up and down, to humor it. There is none to kiss away its tears. If it cries it cries, it can only be beaten. It has been prettily said that ‘a babe is fed with milk and praise.’ But the aliment of this poor babe was thin, un nourishing; the return to its little baby tricks and efforts to engage attention, bitter ceaseless objurgation. It never had a toy, or knew what a coral meant. It grew up without the lullaby of nurses; it was a stranger to the patient fondle, the hushing caress, the attracting novelty, the costlier plaything, or the cheaper off-hand contrivance to divert the child; the prattled nonsense (best sense to it,) the wise impertinences, the wholesome lies, the apt story interposed, that puts a stop to present sufferings, and awakens the passion of young wonder. It was never sung to—no one ever told to it a tale of nursery. It was dragged up, to live or to die as it happened. It has no young dreams. It broke at once into the iron realities of life. A child exists not for the very poor as any object of dalliance; it is only another mouth to be fed, a pair of little hands to be betimes inured to labor. It is the rival, till it can be the co-operator, for the food with the parent. It is never his mirth, his diversion, his solace; it never makes him young again, with recalling his young times. The children of the very poor have *no* young times. It makes the very heart bleed to overhear the casual street talk between a poor woman and her little girl, a woman of the better sort of poor, in a condition rather above the squalid beings which we have been contemplating. It is not of toys, of nursery books, of summer holidays, (fitting that age;) of the promised sight, or play; of praised sufficiency at school. It is of mangling and clear starching, of the price of coals, or of potatoes. The questions of the child, that should be the very outpourings of curiosity in idleness, are marked with forecast and melancholy providence. It has come to be a woman, before it was a child. It has learned to go to market; it chaffers, it haggles, it envies, it murmurs; it is knowing, acute, sharpened; it never prattles. Had we not reason to say, that the home of the very poor is no home?”

It is impossible to find a more forcible expression in any book, than that, which he applies to Sir Harry Hargrove, a scholar with a mind full of obsolete errors and threadbare prejudices. "If," says the author, "a truth for a moment gleam upon him, it decomposes all his habits of thought, like a *stray sun-beam on a cave full of bats.*" Dreadful indeed must be the sufferings of the overwrought and unfed poor in the manufactories of that country, by the evidence of the late solemn investigations. No wonder they are so depraved; no wonder the far greater number of the children among them are illegitimate, when the felons fare better, and are better fed than the paupers. But we may not farther dwell upon this eloquent book. Every thing in church and state, under his searching inspection, appears abundantly out of joint in that singular country, whose inhabitants claim such unlimited license to vilify and find fault with all others. According to him, education is in a low and most wretched condition. The higher education, the more systematic morality, taught in despotic Prussia, are found to be based on much more respect for the people, than is entertained in England. We are pleased to find that Mr. Bulwer considers religious education indispensable to national prosperity. Hence, he is an earnest friend to infant schools, Sabbath schools, and universal education. On all these points he is a thorough reformist. He is with us in deprecating the inculcation of the gross doctrines of materialism, which constitute the universal creed in France, and seem to be becoming prevalent everywhere, among what are called the higher orders. Harping a theme, on which we have earnestly dwelt again and again, he finds that religion does not consist in dogma, and cannot be obtained by the analysis of mathematical reasoning. It is a sentiment, a feeling. It is love. It is tenderness of heart. It is the pathos of error and wretchedness. It is an impulse of instinct, raising the soul to the Divinity, as flame ascends, and as rivers roll to the sea. Hence the coldness of the decorum of modern fashionable pulpits is calculated well enough to inspire sleep, and yawning, and any thing rather than earnest feeling. Well was Dr. Young aware of this, when, striving to operate upon his audience, by the well bred whisper, and the courtly enunciation, he paused, remarked his inability to move them, and burst into tears.

We could devote many pages to comments upon this eloquent and useful book, which, we doubt not, will be severely handled in England; but most of our readers will peruse the book themselves, and render further comment unnecessary. Multitudes will fasten upon it as a novel, and, allured by its sprightliness and pungency, and the new views which it takes of England, will be imperceptibly drawn into useful information, instead of dwelling on the flimsy follies of a modern novel, and will get instruction, where they sought only amusement.

We remark one curious fact recorded, as a constituent of English conversation. We have observed it in innumerable instances to be equally a ridiculous appendage to American parlance. We mention it, because our own object is utility, and because no ridiculous habit is easier to reform. Mr. Bulwer notes, that an English narrator, in common colloquy, hesitates, and adds *er*, or it should be, as with us, *uh* to the final syllable. It is quite as common in America as in England, to hear a man relating an anecdote after this fashion. I believe *uh*—that the truth-uh is not, as there told-uh—but that-uh, &c. Every one can remember to have heard volumes of conversation in this stumbling, hesitating, gaping manner, with the ridiculous *uh*, at the end of every third word. You will now

and then meet with a man, who has felt the manifest absurdity and awkwardness of such a clownish appendage to his conversation, who converses right onward, as direct as if he read what he has to remark, without any of this vile uh, tagged to his phrases. We suspect this to be one of the mechanical and almost unconscious advantages, which a pleasant talker possesses over the common style of conversation. This avoidance is so easy, that surely no well bred man would wish to practise it.

THE HARPE'S HEAD, a Legend of Kentucky, by James Hall, author of the "Soldier's Bride," &c., 12mo. pp. 256. Key & Biddle, Philadelphia.

After a few circumstances of scenery, we are brought acquainted with 'our hero,' whose coat, waistcoat, and breeches, appearance, port, and circumstances, are not given after the fashion of Scott; but the imaginations of his fair readers are turned out wool-gathering upon a mystery. But we are soon led into a thick plot, and other personages are described with *mighty particularity*. The descriptions are puffy and detailed, giving fearful omens of a storm in a teapot. In good sooth, there has been so much of this west country twaddle, that we are heartily tired of it. Jack Downing's slang does well for a half a column of a newspaper. Walter Scott's Doric Scotch interests, because he has genius, and that can gild every thing it touches; and his Scotch have always either force of character or pathos. But a whole book made up of *salt river roaring*, and west country slang dialect, is more tedious than a book of anecdotes, in proportion as the details of the former have neither the salt, nor piquancy of any sort of the latter, and can have no other interest, than, dealt out in very small parcels at a time, to raise the coarse laugh of broad farce; a laugh, in which no man indulges without losing, on after reflection, something of self respect. This gentleman's Peter Featherton, and some other things in the Western Souvenir were well, and good of their kind. But we find the washy twaddle of this and half a dozen similar books full of long and wonderful details about nothing, without any pathos, any deep feeling, any moral, any aim, or end, as dull as last year's almanacs. If any one can read this book through, we wish him joy. But his thoughts and ways are not ours.

AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW. Cambridge, Massachusetts.

A work as malignant as it is lumbering and dull. The reverend editor, we are told, understands at least one department of the 'Natural Sciences,'—the right bestowment of poppies both from the desk and his review. Nothing but the final sleep can quell him whom he has not science to despatch, in two paragraphs, from either place to the land of dreams. He came over an ill fated book of ours last spring, raking us fiercely fore and aft, 'smelling bottle in hand.' Our friend, Charles Hammond, affirmed, that this effort did indeed *smell of the bottle*, matter and manner; and sure we are that none but a drunken man could have penned it. Moral considerations should have taught the reverend gentleman better manners; nor does such an impotent effort at assassination seem in keeping, when coming from the philosophic shades and *repose* of Cambridge. But we assure the gentleman, that such reputation as we happen to have is out of his reach; and he does wrong to talk of 'nailing a person,' who has heard so much thunder as we have, 'to the wall.' The amiable and witty man must not think of applying such a cru-

cifying operation to one who has seen so many years. It is altogether too rough a process. Let him not run a muck at us with his poppy cake, and we will sustain as we may the threatened operation of being nailed to the wall.

He affirms, that we know nothing about the *natural sciences*, that is, as he teaches them. But, reverend sir, we do know a thing or two; for example, we know the difference between a blockhead and a good head; and we know that if our book had been as dull, as science should be by your gauge, we should have been adjudged your brightest leathern medal, and been made free of your corporation of owls in a leaden box. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* We dared to be other than dull. That was our crime, and a most wanton rebellion against your canons. Your reviewer found us guilty of the physics of Aimé Martin, whose work had had nine editions in Paris, and was, probably, as good a book upon physics, as Mr. Willard could write. The ignorance and error, which you please to charge upon us, are really the crime of Aimé Martin. Every error, but two, which you animadvert upon is his. Little would you have been willing, but from your own ignorance, to have ascribed to us the writing of that accomplished scholar, one of the thirty-six departments of whose brain, would probably contain twenty such intellects as yours, without the sensation of being crowded. Stick to your poppies, sir, and let men, whom you do not understand, alone.

ATALANTIS, A Story of the Sea : in three parts, pp. 80. J. & J. Harper ; New-York.

We recognise in this eccentric sort of water-witch drama the effort of a former acquaintance of ours, of most nimble wit, imagination run wild, and a brain full of strange and fiery fancies. There is pregnant matter in him. Most severely has he been whipt by the scorpion lash of criticism. Dr. Busby, the renowned ancient trainer of English scholars, used to say that the rod was his sieve. They, who sifted well through it, were sure to attain eminence. This young gentleman has neither been crushed, nor broken down in spirit, nor exasperated into the conviction, that the critics were all wickedly in the wrong. He has profited much, and there is a *vast* space for further improvement. But to the story. It is a clear and well got up Arabian night affair, a real sea goblin concern, with enough imagination and eloquence, and beautiful figure, and splendid conception, and wild paintings of such stuff as dreams are made of, thrown away upon it, to have woven and embellished a real painting of life and living things, that would have come home to men's business and bosoms. As it is, Atalantis and Onesimarchus, Nea, and the rest of the Calibans and sea monsters smack far less of nature, *vraisemblance*, and any the least touch of humanity, than the forms of men which fancy can image in the evening clouds, or the shifting hues of the coals as approaching night gives new lustre to a wintry fire. Magic is now beyond the credulity of eight years. The mind takes no pleasure in seeing a moon-calf of the sea by his devilment whipping up islands, and sinking them again. The conceptions are utterly too wide from human nature and human sympathy. Isabella and Leon are however, as they phrase it in Kentucky, '*real humans.*' They are wrecked by the magic of that filthy and nauseous spawn of sea vermin, Onesimarchus. But Leon turns out to be little better than a shadow by falling in love with the dainty mermaid Atalantis, or rather she with him. A wedding is the result, and down they go ten thousand fathoms deep in Davy's Locker, among the sea green meadows, coral caves, and drowned bodies with pearls for eyes.

This young man has talent, and that of no common order. We wish, instead of these wild, crude, brainless, and bloodless conceptions, to which even Lord Byron could not give the power of creating sympathy, he would give us verses and dramas about the men and women of our visible diurnal sphere. One real unfeathered biped, though he were a tinker, can furnish material for more of our sympathy, than all the imaginings that ever painted what takes place beneath the broad flat sea. Nevertheless, to give the reader a taste of the splendor, imagination, and fancy of this tale, we offer him the following. It is a medium sample of the whole. It is the three last stanzas of the song which Atalantis sings as she descends with her beloved Leon to the depths of her briny realms.

I lure thee not with subtle strains of art,
Wrought for thy slumbering heart—
The simplest note, the humblest influence,
I offer to thy sense—
Assailing not thy reason with a song
Of witchery and wrong—
But with a tone, made simple to thy ear,
I call on thee to hear—
And with a choice of brighter destiny,
To dwell beneath the sea.

Thou wilt not lose the sky, for, haply press'd,
Once to the sea-maid's breast,
Thy spirit throws aside its clog of clay,
And freely soars away.
Yet perishing not—thy form has but become,
With renovated bloom,
A principle of freedom, which may roam,
Making the world its home;
But chiefest, in the sparry caves of sea,
Dwelling with love and me.

Far down in the deep waters is an isle,
Where sunbeams ever smile—
Strong are the rocks the gentle shores protect,
With flow'rs and fruitage deck'd—
Glad are the azure waves that round it glide,
With music and with pride—
And sweet affections born of love and truth.
Have there perpetual youth—
While hearts, more fond than those from which we flee,
Give gladness to the sea.

AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW. Sept. 1833, pp. 254. To be published in future by Messrs. Key & Biddle.

This number consists of ten articles, of which five are on American subjects. We have had time to do no more than to give them a cursory inspection. Our impression on the whole is, that the number is a respectable one. Some of the articles we have pencilled for further perusal and can only say at present, that we found great pleasure in reading the review of Felton's *Homer*, and Roscoe's *Life and Writings*.

MILITARY AND NAVAL MAGAZINE OF THE UNITED STATES. Sept. No. pp. 64.
Washington; Thompson & Homans, 1833.

It contains fourteen articles, which well sustain the former reputation of the work. We extract from it the following spirited 'Midshipman's Return.'

THE MIDSHIPMAN'S RETURN.

Away, away! for my native hills,
The fruits, the flowers, and the berries ripe;
The woods, the lakes, and the sparkling rills,
The rocks, the vines, and the splashing mills,—
Far from the sound of the boatswain's pipe.

Hurrah! good driver, crack up your team!
I long to leave the sight of the sea,
With its ships, and its silvery gleam,
To roam on the banks of my native stream,
As gay and free as I used to be.

Away! lash on the trunks, Mr. Whip,
For there I've shells and curious things,
For which, unless you allow them to slip,
I'll have a kiss from a rosy lip,
More dewy than the morning's wings.

Hurrah! no more mast-headings to cry,
When on the watch for falling asleep;
From boats, and ropes, and angles I fly,
From lunars and trigonometry—
Hurrah! and no more watches to keep!

No more to be scared by the dread First Luff,
Or Captain's threats for wrong 'day's work'—
For log-book blots, or any such stuff;
No more to dine upon beef and 'duff,'
Or water to eat with a fork!

Good bye, Billy! our anchor's aweigh,
Billy, the noblest and best mess-mate!
The driver whips as he wheels me away,
Snap, crack! as if the deuce was to pay,
And on our speed depended the state.

Hurrah! for the sweet breathing grove,
The bowl of milk, and the strawberry feast,
The friends at home, and the maiden I love;
Long shall it be e'er again I rove;
On shore I'll remain for three weeks at least!

THE MODE OF PROTECTING DOMESTIC INDUSTRY. Pamphlet, pp. 48; By Clinton Roosevelt. New-York; McElrath & Bangs.

This is a section of the illimitable and bottomless political economy and tariff discussions. We observe that disputants upon these questions can come

to at least as many opposite conclusions, as religious sectarians can draw from the scriptures. From the same starting point one can land at the north and the other at the south pole. The writer before us seems no friend to the banking system in general, and he assails the U. S. Bank in particular, with unsparing acrimony. The American or Hamiltonian system finds little more favour at his hands. He is adverse to the theory, *laisse aller*, and seems to like neither free trade nor tariff. In a word we should think our earnest declaimer, whose work is hot with Cayenne, was most difficult to please. 'Non nobis tantas componere lites.'

THE GUIDE TO DOMESTIC HAPPINESS, in a series of letters. New edition 18 mo. pp. 144. New-York; Charles Wells.

The tone of this little work is deep, and the character stern and serious. But it is full of useful instruction and excellent precepts. Would that they were more known, and heeded. There would be more happiness, where alone it is to be found, around the family altar.

THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER, by the author of 'Sayings and Doings.' 2 vols. Philadelphia; Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

This is a genuine old fashioned love tale, the plot turning upon the many colored incidents of society and love. We deem that a novel ought to be such, to commence in a falling in love, to go on in all the jealousies, doubts, distresses, poutings, reconciliations, just making the harbor of matrimony, and then being driven out to sea again, and to end in a death or two, to make way for a marriage. If it be convenient to throw in a duel or two, so much the better. Then whole pages must be filled with dramatic dialogue of such brief lines, as to make excellent matter for the author, who is paid by the page. This is one of the best novels of this class, and will be read with great interest by all those, who desire to find the true incidents and catastrophe of an ancient love tale of the by gone days.

BRIDGEWATER TREATISE ON THE POWER, WISDOM, AND GOODNESS OF GOD, by Dr. Chalmers, &c. Philadelphia; Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 12 mo. pp. 308.

Dr. Chalmers in this work, with his accustomed eloquence, and girded in his strong panoply, 'to justify the ways of God to man,' takes up the great argument, that man in his natural and moral powers is fitted for this universe, and that it is fitted for him. No other argument can be more conclusive in proving an intelligent and benevolent creating power. From the nature of the soul and the adaptation of this world to make it happy, through the discipline of virtue, he infers the immortality of the soul. From the supremacy of conscience, the inherent pleasure of virtue, and misery of vice, he infers its accountability. Such are the leading topics of discussion in this high theme. It is much in the style and manner of Brown and the other Scotch writers of the modern Edinburgh School rather diffuse and declamatory, not always clear, from sacrificing

perspicuity to long periods, of Ciceronian members, involved and rounded for the sake of rhythm and effect. This may be most impressive to those, who love declamation and the mystic style of those writers who are considered deep in proportion as they are difficult of comprehension. But for us, one page of the simple, clear, arranged, and lucid writing of Combe, on the same general theme, conveyed more information than all the harangues that could be compressed into a folio, in this manner of Chalmers and Brown and the other declaimers of that school.

ORAN—THE OUTCAST; OR, A SEASON IN NEW-YORK. 2 vols. 12 mo. New-York; Peabody & Co.

This eccentric work—partly novel and partly satire, embodies a good deal of negro dialect, slang, and profanity, is rather tart upon the manners of New-York, and the unfortunate beings called dandies. It is not without interest and smartness; and we should think that the author possessed the promise of a higher effort. This is evidently little more than an attempt at a jeu d'esprit.

THE LAST MAN, by Mary W. Shelly, author of *Frankenstein*, &c. 2 vols. Philadelphia; Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

We suppose this lady to be the widow of the far famed poet and atheist Shelly. She has constructed a thrilling tale of much pathos, power, and horror; wilder, more extravagant, and remoter from probability, than ever entered the fevered brain of an expiring man, held back on this side the invisible country by the momentary stimulus of alcohol and laudanum. It is a sort of detailed and prose copy of Byron's terrible painting of darkness. Gloomy indeed must be the musings of the widow of a man so gifted and so horribly dark in his creed as Shelly, imagining herself alone in the universe. A love tale, and the usual incidents of a novel, the era of which is supposed in 2098, conduct Verney by the aid of earthquake, pestilence and shipwreck, to his dreary catastrophe of being THE LAST MAN—an unfortunate title, which we are sure ladies will not admire; for though men are filthy, smoking, spitting animals, with rough chins, yet they are useful in keeping off the dogs from ladies, and divers other offices of indispensable utility. Yet there is genius in these volumes, and many a sad mind will be arrested by the sombre eloquence and force of these paintings.

SELECT WORKS OF TOBIAS SMOLLET, 2 vols. 8vo., with a Memoir of the Life and Writings of the Author, by Sir Walter Scott: Philadelphia; Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

We are glad to see the select works of this standard author, over which so many thousands have indulged the hearty and medicinal laugh of their young days, got up so handsomely and in such a cheap and accessible form. These volumes embrace the novels and poems of Dr. Smollet; writings, which will continue the freshness of their interest, as long as the English language shall last. The only remark necessary to be made, in regard to the prefatory memoir, is to name the author, Sir Walter Scott, and to say that it appears to us one of his most pithy and happy notices. We wish the publishers the success, which their undertaking and the manner of its execution so amply merit.

THE MODERN CYMON, from the 'Jean' of C. Paul de Kock, 2 vols. Philadelphia; Carey, Lea & Blanchard, 1833.

This is one of the most amusing books that we have read. We admire that more works of this kind are not translated from the French. Novels of this class are much more adapted to the meridian of American manners, than the Bond-street dandyism of English novels, which invariably transport us a thousand leagues from any of the truth and simplicity of nature. In this book, there are no lords, no castles, nothing of the slang and clique of the artificial and forced state of existence. The characters are few, the plot simple, no episode, the interest untiring, unrelaxing. The characters are all common persons in the middle walks; and yet the writer proves, that man, in the abstract, not the lord nor the dandy, is the material of true interest. The attention to this story never falters for a moment, and continually increases to the catastrophe. Jean, the hero, is a spoiled only child and heir; who spits, smokes, swears, is rude, learns nothing, knows nothing. But he has a good organization, and is on the whole a good subject. All in good time he meets with Caroline, loves, and in consequence experiences the most complete transformation. Caroline returns his love, and marries him. The moral is good, and nothing is wrong but the rather improbable and marvellous magnitude and completeness of the metamorphosis.

CHEERING VIEWS OF MAN AND PROVIDENCE, drawn from a Consideration of the Origin, Uses, and Remedies of Evil, by Warren Burton. Boston; Carter, Hendee & Co., 18mo., pp. 264.

We have only space most cordially to recommend this excellent little work to the attention of those more thoughtful and serious minds, who wish to see light thrown upon those passages of the divine government, that, to ordinary observation, are apt to appear either doubtful, or involved in inexplicable gloom. Upon earth and its evils, upon life and its sorrows, upon death, and all beyond, this book has shed a bright and cheering aspect, and has eloquently vindicated the wisdom and benevolence of the Almighty. The amiable and promising youthful author has recently published a work, 'The District School, as it was,' which has deservedly been exceedingly popular. This excellent moral work, whose title we have quoted above, on the contrary, has fallen we are told, unhonored from the press. We regret it, and assure our readers, that, in our judgment, few works of the kind will better repay attentive and consecutive perusal. We much mistake, if the name of this young man does not soon become favorably known among our distinguished writers.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF LORD BYRON, in twelve numbers. Teller, Turell & Co., Periodical Booksellers, New-York.

This is a magnificent undertaking, and one of the handsomest and most correct editions of the noble poet, that can be met with. The work contains many poems and much prose of his, which has not appeared in any previous edition. This, therefore, may fairly be pronounced a more ample and complete edition of his works, than has yet appeared. Appended to it is a Biography and Critical Analysis of his writings, by Mr. Halleck, whose talents and fidelity in that line need no encomium. There is an advantage, also, in these periodical editions of the standard writers, which the publishers of these days, deeper read than those of the olden time in hu-

man nature, begin to understand. We are beguiled in this way into the purchase of books, by not meeting the whole draft at once, but by encountering it in small periodical payments, which else would not have been bought. The effort, we trust, cannot be other than successful.

MARTIN FABER, THE STORY OF A CRIMINAL. pp. 189. New-York, 1833; J. & J. Harper.

This is a kind of Eugene Aram tale, of harrowing interest, in short periods, in the dramatic and declamatory style, and with great force and eloquence in the delineation of character. Martin Faber is a most fiendish, gratuitous villain, '*nullum virtute redemptum*,' without a touch of good in his nature. Such characters are unnatural. Men are neither fiends, nor angels, but a little of both. This walking monster is contrasted by William Harding, a strange, eccentric, nervous genius, as extravagantly good, as the other is bad. But we are not going to deprive the reader of the interest of the *denouement* for himself. We noted obvious defects in the style, but defects incident to youthful genius and talent. The language, the phrases, like the characters, are exaggerated. There is not sufficient softness of light and shadow in the transitions. But these defects apart, this story will excite and sustain interest, though we cannot but doubt the tendency of tales of such unmitigated horror. This, however, contains a broad and good moral, the reward of virtue, and the agony and punishment of guilt, brought about by their own natural tendency.

BUCKINGHAM'S NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE. Sept. 1833.

The leading article of this number is a Biographical Sketch of the Hon. Edward Everett—felicitous, compact and just. The whole number is filled with interesting matter. The untiring industry, and unabated energy of the editor, under the pressure of the severest of earthly afflictions, is worthy of all praise. This excellent Periodical has attained a rank in this department, which places it above fear from enemies, and beyond the need of any eulogy of friends.

THE INVISIBLE GENTLEMAN, by the author of 'Chartley, the Fatalist,' &c. 2 vols. Philadelphia, 1833; Carey & Hart.

The author of this work, probably deeming the public sated with novels beginning in love, proceeding in intrigue and thickening difficulties, with a duel or two by way of episode, and ending in the catastrophe of marriage, has broken new ground. This novel places the hero and heroine before us, ready at the commencement for a launch into the gulf of matrimony. But the hero walking in the garden of his future father-in-law, meets with an ugly, unearthly old gentleman, who contrives to anoint his left ear with invisible salve, and the right ear with visible. Pinching the left ear renders him invisible, and the right restores him back to vision. With a vile curiosity, to hear what his beloved and some of her 'dear friends' think and say of him, he goes among them invisible. Bloody noses, lies, fainting, jealousy are the consequence. He afterward plays *blind man's buff* to immense advantage. The plot thickens, he becomes fearful to his friends, and in the eye of his father-in-law sold to the *bad one*. He gets involved in an inextricable labyrinth of lies, duels and difficulties. His beloved cuts him, and he finds the privilege of in-

visibility no privilege at all. Such, we suppose, is the intended moral. But the queer ancient giver of this bad privilege meets him, just at the crisis of his being in the very depths, delivers the *poor pilgrim* of his budget, and in becoming sure of being always visible to his beloved, she relents, and the bushel of perplexities finally empties, as usual, into the sea of marriage. The whole affair must be considered an allegory, in the Bunyan style, inculcating in a very amusing story the advantage of always being in a moral condition to be presentable. In fact, it is a sermon, in the form of a novel, against subterfuge and lies; and though, in the affair of conferring invisibility, not the least effort is made to preserve *vraisemblance*, the originality of the plan renders this book one of great interest.

POEMS, by William Cullen Bryant. pp. 240. New-York; E. Bliss.

Though this Collection has been for a considerable time before the public, we have had no opportunity to notice it; and there is in all the productions of this writer an amaranthine and unwithering freshness, which, with all lovers of song and the intellectual glory of our country, will need no apology for recurring to this book at any time or place. No poet in our country, we might perhaps add in any country, is so exquisite in rhythm, so classically pure and accurate in language, so appropriate in diction, phrase, simile, metaphor, as Bryant. He dips his pen in words, as an endowed painter his pencil in colors. The most fastidious will scarcely find a word to alter—and of all poets he is in his material, development, allusion, and accessory ideas, the most scrupulously pure and chaste. His vein is deep, his chosen themes serious, and generally tinged with a not unpleasing melancholy. Pathos is his pre-eminent endowment, and his lyre discourses its most excellent music, when the strain is the grave, and the trophies of the all-conquering king, the broken ties of earth, and their reunion in heaven. Humor, though evidently his strange work, comes occasionally at the bidding of his muse, not broad, but a humor in keeping with his whole character, as a poet, terse, chaste, delicate, raising only the internal smile of the mind, the best and happiest kind of all. The "Ode to a Moscheto," and 'A Meditation on Rhode Island Coal,' are samples. But the lines 'To a Waterfowl,' some verses in the 'Thanatopsis,' 'The Groves were God's first Temples,' and 'To the Evening Wind,' must always be chief favorites with lovers of what is elevated in thought, splendid in imagination, and rich and felicitous in diction, as long as English poetry shall last. Still, for us, we admit, 'The Death of the Flowers' is the sweetest ode in the collection, and of its kind the most beautiful in our language. *Decies repetita placebit*. We never tire of repeating it. Never has been such an admirable delineation of New-England autumnal scenery. We cannot forbear quoting the last stanza, often as it has appeared before the public.

And then I think of one, who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom, that grew up and faded by my side,
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept, that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was, that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

We would love to examine the crania, (and we have furnished such in our country,) of those *writers, critics! poets!* who could find in their hearts to vilify, belittle, or damn with faint praise William Cullen Bryant.

TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES, comprising visits to the most interesting scenes in North and South America, and the West Indies, &c., by Capt. J. E. Alexander, &c., author of 'Travels in Ava, Persia,' &c., large 8vo. pp. 378. Philadelphia; Key & Biddle.

We have not had time to give this large volume the attentive reading, which it obviously deserves, and we intend to recur to it at length in a future article. At present we can only remark, that we are glad to see the spirited publishers producing in a form so cheap and handsome, a work which, from the inspection we have given it, we should think the most interesting and amusing, and we may add, instructive of any book yet written by British travellers in America. Among the snatches of verses, which abound in the work, we observed a stanza on the many interesting strangers, particularly among the young and beautiful, who repair with hectic in their bosom, and its funeral rose in their cheek, to the splendid island of Madeira, to die amidst its showers of roses, and balmy atmosphere. We give the stanza *transposed*, as Bayes has it, and the original, from which it is altered. Alexander's version :

The genius of the isle, that showers
His germs of fruit, his fairest flowers,
Hath cast his robes of vernal bloom
In guardian fondness o'er their tomb.

Original, from which the above was imitated, by M. P. Flint, of Alexandria, La.

The genius of the wild has strown
His germs of fruits, his fairest flowers;
And cast his robe of vernal bloom,
In guardian fondness, o'er her tomb.

In this way these sapient travellers first appropriate any good things, they find upon us, and then, perchance, turn round, and vilify us.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF PHRENOLOGY, &c. Edited by George H. Calvert, with an Introduction by the Editor, 12mo. pp. 192. Baltimore; William & Joseph Neal.

This work contains a selection of articles from the Edinburgh Phrenological Journal, and the transactions of the Edinburgh Phrenological Society, illustrated by a great number of plates. Of the fundamental principle of this science, a principle, from which all its important doctrines flow, as axioms, to wit, that the brain is the organized machinery of thought, that it is divided into as many organs, as there are specific, intellectual, moral, and sentient faculties, is in our view a truth so obvious, that it will soon be thought absurd to question it. From these principles, simple and obvious as they seem, if established and universally received, consequences to education, science, morals, and religion will flow, of which even the disciples of phrenology scarcely dream at present. It is of the utmost importance that a science, which has been so vilified on the one hand, and misapprehended on the other, should be presented in its simplest and most abbreviated forms. This is an excellent manual for this purpose, and withal contains a great amount of amusing reading, blended with the instruction. We consider it a very seasonable book on the subject, and are grateful to the editor for the industry and care with which he has presented it to the public.

TALES OF THE CARAVANSARY, by James Baillie Fraser, author of the 'Kuzzilbash,' &c., 12mo. pp. 288. Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

There is a charm in oriental tales, partly from an association with the most impressive of all books, the Scriptures, partly from the recollections of our juvenile days of vernal freshness, when no book charmed like the Arabian Nights, partly from the primitive simplicity of life and manners which such tales present, from the gorgeous drapery and glowing colors, and splendor of imagination, which the writer of these stories has well understood, and known how to make the reader feel. Those who remember with how much delight they perused the Kuzzilbash, will need no incitement to keep up their interest in this book, which we find quite as amusing as that.

Works preparing for the Press.—Mr. Samuel L. Knapp, the well known author of a Biography of Daniel Webster, and of various other works, has issued a Prospectus for publishing 'A Female Biography.' From the long direction of his talents in that line, and from his established character as a writer, from his research and application, there can be no doubt, that it will be a work of interest and utility. The Biography of American Females is certainly a desideratum in our literature. Celibacy Vanquished; or, The Old Bachelor Reclaimed, translated from the French, by Timothy Flint. 2 vols. 12. mo.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

We suspect the American press has never been more active or prolific, than within the few past weeks. All sorts of books have been given the public, and apparently on no higher compulsion, than the ardent *cacoethes scribendi*, as plenty as blackberries. We have a number of books, among which are Coplas de Don Jeorge Manrique, from the Spanish, by Professor Longfellow. Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard's excellent and cheap edition of the very instructive, but, we should think, somewhat prejudiced travels of Baron D'Haussez. An Abridgment of the Christian Doctrine—a Catholic Manual, we understand, of the highest authority in that church. An Appeal in Favor of the Africans, by Mrs. Child. The Repealers, a novel, in 2 vols., by Mrs. Blessington; and the fifth vol. of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet of History, both by Carey, Lea & Blanchard. The Emigrant, a Poem, Cincinnati; and other works on our table, which we are unable to notice in this number for want of space. We hope to recur to them in a future number.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received from various quarters, a great number of contributions, both in prose and verse, many of them of much interest, and merit in point of composition. We tender the contributors our grateful acknowledgments. From the press of matter on hand, some of them we shall be obliged to lay over, perhaps, a couple of numbers. We hope, they, who find their contributions placed under this necessity, will not imagine that we intend to neglect or forget them.

We are requested to state, that Historical Ballad, No. 3. in the last Number of this Journal, from the German of Goethe, was not translated by Mr. E. Fehrman, as there given. The mistake arose from the inadvertance and haste, in which the former editor made up the matter for the press.