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THE FIRST STEAMBOAT ON THE LA PLATA;

OR,

"THE MONOGAMIST."

BY TIMOTHY FLINT.

Circumstances require concealment of actual and living names in the following narrative, and perhaps, the narrator being endowed with a brilliant imagination, and great volubility and copiousness of speech, there may be some touches of attempted embellishment. I shall have discharged my duty, as historian of the tale, when I have related the manner in which I became possessed of it.

During the inclement winter of 1831—2, I became so indisposed that my physician prescribed a southern climate. I took a steamboat on the Ohio for New-Orleans; and in six days from leaving the icy bound domain of winter in the early part of that bitter January, I was gliding by banks crowned with flowers, the thermometer at 68°, and the air as bland as May. From ill health a listener and spectator, I heard from the passengers many a thrilling story of love, lover's altercations, romantic marriages, duels, and desertions. In the midst of our tales, one of the crew accidentally plunged in the Mississippi. I heard the shrieks of the ladies on board; I witnessed his struggles, and saw him sink for the last time, notwithstanding all the efforts made to save him. I noted the tears and regrets of the passengers in half an hour subsiding into the same card-playing and reckless gaiety which this catastrophe had interrupted. Self complacency, I reflected, may here take medicine. We may each of us calculate on producing

a twenty minutes revulsion in the merriment of our deserted circle, and all will be as before.

From these stories so heard, I select the following, not because I thought it more interesting than some others that were related at the same time, but because I was more interested in the narrator. There was sympathy of spirit between us: like me, he was an invalid, and like me, never played cards, the eternal requiem of the ennui of a steamboat on the western waters. He could converse on other subjects than money speculations, the last new novel, or the acting on the boards of the western theatres. Though not beyond the middle age, and what ladies would call being a handsome man, sickness and sorrow had left their tracery on his brow, giving depth to his thoughts, and a rich tone to his voice, which buoyant and unsuffering gaiety can never possess. He had survived the tempests, and heard the thunder of the seas of each quarter of the globe. In particular he had traversed more summits, and contemplated more volcanic peaks of the Andes, than even Humboldt. He had resided in an official capacity some months, during the revolutionary storms of South America, in the sublime abodes of Quito and Antisana; as the reader knows, many thousand feet above the ordinary level of the clouds. The eloquence and freshness of his narrative may be lost in this transcript. I shall endeavor to copy his words, however, as nearly as I may. Whether the reader follow me or not, remains an experiment. But I know that the tale so intensely fixed my attention for a number of consecutive evenings, that I was always in my place, waiting for him to resume it, as we swept along the Mississippi wave. The official station which the narrator held, and the well known name of the family of the hero impose a delicacy as obvious as it is necessary, of substituting fictitious names. The narrator entitled his tale 'The Cure of Vanity' a patent medicine, which few would be disposed to swallow, and yet, if genuine, one of the most necessary called for in the healing art. The following is the story in question:

THE CURE OF VANITY.

In 1823 I sailed from Boston with the young gentleman who makes the principal figure in the following narrative. He had received what is called a liberal education, and his person, manners, and acquirements were alike splendid. He wanted the appetite for money, and the money getting faculty. Dreaming

awake, and subject to an absent meditativeness, touched with sadness, he showed none of the common impulses of vanity, ambition, and the desire of distinction. His thoughts and his life were apparently an interior operation. No strong emotions, excited by external things, had stirred his heart; and no pursuit had gained any predilection in his thoughts. Though his progress at the university had been of more than ordinary promise, and the hopes of a distinguished but fallen family rested upon him, he could be persuaded to no profession or employment offering emolument to himself, and the chance of contributing a surplus to the family. His prime was wearing away in musing indolence. His parents might have adopted the language of remonstrance and censure, but for an uncomplaining gentleness, a blameless discharge of filial and domestic duties; and had they not remarked, beside, that a hectic glow had commenced planting funeral roses on his cheek, raising undefinable conviction, that his thoughtful inefficiency was based in the consciousness that earth and its pursuits were no heritage of his, and that he was destined to wither in his prime. Such apprehensions called forth a parental solicitude unalloyed by any mixture of calculation. I was a relative of the family, intimately acquainted with all its members, and personally attached to this son, whom, for the sake of distinction I shall call by the name Theodore L——. About to sail for South America, charged with an official mission of some importance, and having the honor of being consulted by the family, as one of its confidential advisers, I proposed this voyage to Theodore, as one, that might improve his health, arouse his energies, and offer a career. South American independence had just been achieved by San Martin, on the plains of Miapo. Bolivar thundered in those valleys as the Washington of the Andes. I had observed, that he spoke of these incidents with more than his usual interest; and I knew that he had a passionate admiration for the beautiful and sublime in natural scenery. Such a voyage promised to gratify it. To the surprise of his parents, he aroused at the proposal; his eyes glistened with unwonted brilliance, and the project took immediate possession of his thoughts. His parents joyfully consented to the plan; and reposing entire confidence in me, committed him to my charge, as a kind of guardian, or rather, I may say, as to an elder brother; for, however my present appearance may gainsay it, I was then of youthful aspect, and not without the reputation of holding a place in the thoughts of the young and the fair.

I omit all the circumstances of the parting of this young man from his family, the charges of their parental solicitude, and the incidents of the voyage. I ought to remark, however, that during the voyage, a more intimate acquaintance with my young charge matured my regard to friendship, and convinced me, beside, that he was any thing but the calm and rather inert character he had been hitherto estimated. I should add, that the air of the sea evidently improved his health, and that he read much in relation to South America, and became profoundly interested in the natural and civil history of the country for which we were bound. When we discussed, as we sometimes did, San Martin, Bolivar, Chimborazo, and the Indian Missions of Paraguay, as described by Chateaubriand, Humboldt, and Southey, his eye flashed, and he seemed changed to a new and more energetic nature. As he traced the courses of the mighty La Plata and Amazon on the map, and pointed to the heights of the Andes, over which we expected to pass, new thoughts and purposes seemed to be inspired in his

mind. I discovered that the fault of his character lay rather in the excess, than the deficiency of enthusiasm. 'Somewhere in these regions,' he would exclaim, 'I hope to become a man, and redeem myself in the thoughts of my family.'

We entered the mighty La Plata, unable to descry its green shores on either hand. A favorable breeze enabled us to stem the strong current, and bore us rapidly to the place of our debarkation, Buenos Ayres. As neither of us had any important business to detain us in the city, we made no longer stay than to survey it and the adjacent country. This survey was a source of unmixed pleasure to both. We found in the persons to whom we were addressed, agreeable acquaintances. The second day after our arrival, a party joined us, and we were scouring the *pampas* that open immediately beyond the gates of the city. A recent *pampero* had prostrated the decaying vegetation of these strange plains of romance, and a splendor of grass, weeds, and flowers had succeeded, which defied all power of painting or description. There was a softness, a balm in the gentle breeze, a solution, as it were, of the mingled aroma of the innumerable bright flowers in the atmosphere, which as we sped on our fleet horses over the plains, produced an exhilaration which mounted into the head, while it filled the imagination with images of joy.

Beautiful as are these pampas and striking as is the view of their uncouth centaurs, *the guachos*, dwelling in the verdant depths of pastures of five square leagues, and surrounded by their ten thousand cattle, the monotonous uniformity of this exuberant region soon tires. The industry of our people is wanting to plant, build, and embellish. Two day's exploration satisfied us, and we returned to the city, prepared to commence our journey to Lima. Happily for us, American enterprise had already wafted there a steamboat, one of the most beautiful of that class of vessels. She was the first that had ever been seen on the La Plata. She was destined to ply between the city, and Ascension. The most magnificent river, the most striking scenery, the most elevated mountains, a country the most exuberant in fertility, gold, and gems lay before us. It was not a circumstance to diminish the interest of the first part of our journey, that we were to ascend the La Plata and Paraguay in a steamboat from the United States making her first trip up these mighty streams. It offered a route to our destination by no means devious; and taking into view the probability of the length, convenience, comfort, and cheapness of a passage, in comparison of the customary mode of travelling to Ascension, we could not hesitate a moment in enrolling our names among the passengers. But so much excitement had been raised in the generally incurious minds of the citizens, in the view of this new era and mode of travelling, so many more than the ordinary numbers of travellers to that place had wished to make this first trip, that we should, after all, have failed in obtaining berths, had not the captain been my countryman, and I personally known to him. My official station, too, had its influence, and we obtained an excellent state room. Our outfits, such as a few books and philosophical instruments, maps, articles of dress, and the customary equipments for travelling among the Andes, were soon prepared. Above all, having to traverse a vast extent of wilderness, the domain of guerillas, savages, wild beasts, and regions whose inhabitants were under all the excitement and distrust of revolution and guerilla warfare, we did not forget the most complete panoply of arms. I am far enough from thinking myself endowed with martial prowess,

but I had seen fighting, and the infliction of death. I could hardly restrain a smile as I saw my musing and poetic companion girt in armor. I should have confided as much in the utility of dirk and pistol in the hands of a timid girl on her first release from a boarding school. Events will show how little I understood him.

It may easily be imagined, what a spectacle of absorbing interest the departure of a steamboat, seen for the first time, on such a passage, would be to the citizens. I omit all the previous demonstrations with which the arrival of this boat had been met, and confine myself to the scene of its departure, in which I made a part. No event had ever created a greater sensation, from the founding of the city. The time was nine in the morning of a day of just such temperature, sunshine, and passing clouds, coursing along in the gauzy whiteness of spring, as we would have chosen. The bosom of the mighty stream was neither wavy, nor glassy quietness; but just rippling so as to impart the association of coolness. The plain, measureless to the eye, stretched out, till its waving grass, its numberless flowers melted into the horizon in the distance. The shore, balconies, roofs of the houses, the vessels, the deck of our boat, every point of eminence that could sustain a human being was crowded with ladies, citizens, guachos, and Indians. The roar of cannon, chiming of bells, and shouts of the spectators greeted the ear. The waving of handkerchiefs and the brilliance of bright eyes cheered the vision. The rush on shore of those who had obtained a place to witness the spectacle on board, or came to part from their friends who were bound on the voyage, the customary embraces, prayers, and tears at length ceased. The immense multitude stood, almost breathless and still on the shore, as the tinkle of the pilot's bell was heard, and the white foam began to fly from the revolving wheels. The large and splendid pageant majestically veered away from the wharf, and while she ploughed her bow deep in the stream, moved up the Plata like a thing of life, leaving her long dark columns of smoke behind her path.

My first mode of tasting the luxury of the voyage was to escape from the crowd, confusion, and heat of a moving mass of human beings, placed in a position so novel as hardly yet to be conscious where they were; and to ascend the upper deck, and there seat myself with my companion under the awning, inhaling the aromatic breeze, charged with the odors of the expanse of flowers along the shore, and quickened into coolness by the descending current and the ascending motion. My young friend was as well disposed as myself to luxuriate in this breeze, fanning our temples, and in the view of the numberless birds of the woods and waters startled from their course, which expressed their garrulous astonishment at the strange spectacle by uttering their peculiar cries, in seeing the verdant shores apparently moving as fast down the stream as we really ascended; in gazing on the near habitations, or more distant abodes of the guachos, great numbers of whom had crowded to the shore, and contemplating the spectacle of the ascending steamboat, appeared, in their astonishment, to behold with feelings intermediate between a prayer and a curse; and as they returned to their verdant solitudes, and their herds and flocks, crossing themselves, and uttering exclamations alternately to the devil and their guardian saints.

We were still straining our vision above, around, and on the line of verdure, which began to be dimly visible on the opposite shore, when the dinner bell reminded us, that other senses than those of the eye and ear, required gratification. What a task to arrange an orderly and good dinner for two hundred cabin passengers of so many nations, and languages, and conditions, and in a position so untried! To the development of order, in any head but that of a truly clever Yankee steamboat captain, it would have been confusion worse confounded. But our Captain had foreseen every thing, and arranged every thing, and every guest slid down to his plate as if this had been his hundredth trip. No noise, no murmuring, no confusion. A side table brought up the few who could not find seats at the long table. The dinner was ample and excellent, the wines and lemonade delicious; and however multifarious the guests, there was no difference in the good will and assiduity with which they applied themselves to the viands before them. When I had finished my own dinner, it was natural that I should traverse with my eye the double ranges of guests, that filled a table of more than a hundred feet in length, from one extremity to the other of the sumptuous cabin. Such a group could only have been imagined at the festival of laying the corner stone of the tower of Babel; Spanish, Creoles, Guachos, Indians, *Whitened* Mulattoes, Jews, French, English, Americans. It was such a collection as could only have been gathered in such a place, and on such an occasion. My pride of country was not a little gratified with the rapturous unanimity with which the whole table rose at the first toast to the health of the *Capitan Americano*, and success to the first trip of a steamboat on the La Plata. When the shouts had a little subsided, the female passengers rose to retire, as cigars were brought to the table. I had already noticed a gentleman, who sat next above me, and near the head of the table; (for as an *excellenza*, I too had been stationed near that point.) He was a man of countenance, port, and manner, that would instantly distinguish him, in any time or place, from the mass. There was a dignity in his air, a simple majesty in his countenance, that struck me at a glance. I now noticed a young lady, apparently his daughter, who rose with the rest, took the gentleman's arm, and, followed by two or three domestics, retired to the ladies' cabin. I was barely able, from my position, to catch a glimpse of her form and countenance; but it was a vision of loveliness, such as once seen is never forgotten. My young friend, I perceived, had been more fortunate in obtaining a more ample and longer survey of the beautiful stranger. This I inferred from his abstraction, the wrong answers he gave me, and the glistening of his eyes, intensely fixed upon her figure, as she moved away. By a common impulse, as we rose from table, we went to inspect the passage book, and ascertained that the gentleman in question was entered on the book by the name of Balthazar de Montanos, of Antisana, accompanied by his daughter Ines, and a number of servants, bound home from a voyage across the Atlantic. We found no difficulty in obtaining from our fellow passengers, to many of whom he was personally known, the additional information, that he sustained the noblest character; that it was, however, tinctured with melancholy and eccentricity; that, aristocratic and distant as he was in manners, he affected republicanism, and to disregard and abandon his title of duke, to hold light the possession of an immense fortune, and to forget that he had sus-

tained a rank only second to royalty. His only and beautiful daughter seemed the single tie that bound him to the common sympathies of his kind, and impelled him to act in some degree like other men.

Among the distinguished passengers were a couple of Colonels wearing the Colombian uniform, and belonging to the service of Bolivar. They were accompanied by a number of soldiers belonging to their regiments. For the rest, in the cabin and under-cabin, where the inferior classes found their own food and lodging in their own way, every grade and condition of humanity had furnished a representative. The whole length from stern to bow, above and below, was covered with a group as motley and party-colored, as the voyage was novel and exciting. The predominant race was Indian, whose peculiar dress, tall and erect forms, slender and taper limbs, lank, straight, black hair, and thoughtful copper-colored visages announced their resemblance to the common model of the ancient possessors of our whole continent. Most of them were servants; and among them were sprinkled negroes and mestizos of every hue between the black, the copper color, and the white. These, too, with their wives and daughters, were sufficient samples of the guachos. An impress of wild and fierce independence marked the countenances of these Tartars of the South American pampas, and announced that they considered themselves nature's free commoners, and that in their range of measureless plains, and mounted on their fleet steeds, they heeded neither laws, lock, nor latch, nor face of animated clay, in whatever form. Their women possessed the full fascination of the Spanish eye; and the traits of their demi-savage countenances were not wanting in interest and fire.

Our boat continued to plough its foamy path through the Plata wave without accident, until night enveloped us; illumined, however, by a Moon so brilliant, that it was determined to hold our course. Supper came with as much order, and as excellent in kind, as our dinner had been. The only disappointment was that our noble Peruvian and his fair daughter, probably supping in private, did not appear. The countenance of my ward told how keenly he missed the contemplation of the beautiful daughter. I would be glad to convey some impressions of the scene which ensued after supper. Then broke forth, in every direction and in every form, the joyous nature of these races, whose vivacity and fire of blood had been kindled at the sun. Songs, dances, the guitar, love-making, and the effervescence of the same spirit that makes the Spring lambs bound on the hills, prevailed apparently unmixed with ill humor, or approach to altercation. Every thing uttered *qui vive*, and it was difficult not to catch the sympathy of pleasure. The social impulse soon began to operate upon the heterogeneous material, and select groups commenced forming under this principle of elective attraction.

The predominant language on board was Spanish, which both my companion and myself spoke, as well as French, with fluency. As I was indicated by my title *Excellenza Americano*, conveying an impression of rank, and as, I may add, our city dress and fresh countenances contrasted favorably with the party-colored and generally brown visages, and uncouth costume of most of the passengers, in making acquaintances we were visibly supposed to confer rather than receive distinction. Our difficulty, therefore, was to repress acquaintances courteously, rather than to form them. We were introduced to the officers,

Colonels Ramirez and Henriques, who were bound with their soldiers on our route to Lima. We found them in the issue amiable and useful acquaintances. But our Cicerone was a French merchant, M. de Guignes, also bound to Peru. He knew every body on board; masters and servants, Mestizos, Guachos, Colombians, and especially the ladies, furnished sketches for his pencil. With the characteristic courtesy and volubility of his nation, he was ready to give us portraits in number and detail, that, under any other circumstances, would have been fatiguing. Here, gliding up these green shores, under this voluptuous air and brilliant moon, where every thing respired love and joy, curiosity was naturally the dominant feeling. He seemed disposed, however, to stretch our patience to the utmost, in sketching every body but the noble Peruvian, the only person about whom we felt much interest. Theodore L., in a tone almost querulous, reminded him, that he had told us nothing about the most interesting parts of the whole. He paused a moment, took a pinch of snuff, and with a countenance a little marked with a disposition to be merry with the complainant, resumed. '*C'est vrai. Voila un sujet digne d'interet. Tenez, prenez garde! Procul a Jove, procul a pulmine.* Take care, my young friend. It is dangerous to come too near to her. The wounds she inflicts upon all beholders, none can retaliate in turn. She is alike beautiful, insensible, and unpitying. Again I say, take care. The Duke Balthazar de Montanos, noble as he is in blood and character, and princely in opulence, is difficult of access, eccentric, and inscrutable. Allied to the noblest families in France and Spain, he disclaims his title, and vainly attempts to enact the republican. Possessing immense estates in the old and new world, he travels with the least possible parade. Of unquestioned courage, he journeys in these countries of revolutions, savages, wild beasts, guerillas, and every danger, without arms, or means of defence. To outrage he opposes no resistance. He takes in unresisting submission whatever is dealt to him by royalist or republican, and yields himself alike to the rule of the different bloody brigands, who have successively gained an ephemeral sway. Stranger still, his estates in Spain and Peru have been alike spared ravage and confiscation, and have remained in his possession. He seems to wear a charmed life and fortunes. He lives in his strange mountain perch among the clouds, unmolested by the bloody revolutions that have desolated every thing about him. In the public acts of ravage and confiscation of the successive dominant factions, he is always excepted by name. He is now returning to his eyrie with this daughter from the tour of Europe. I say nothing of her person. You see for yourselves. She knows all languages and all literatures, sings and plays like an angel, and wears a heart withal of adamant and ice. Hundreds have clambered to her eagle's nest, to woo her; but all have come down in despair and rejection. Had I not believed that she was betrothed to some devil dweller of the mountains, I would have made love to her myself. But *diable n'emporte!* I have no taste to find a rival in a mountain goblin, or make love to woman of Alabastar, however beautiful the statue.'

When he had finished, we asked him if he had any objection to introduce us? He shrugged, adding, 'that is a matter of business, and without danger to me. For the rest, you are now warned, and must look out for yourselves.' The subject of his sketch was sitting at the bow of the boat, with his daughter leaning on his arm, and surrounded by her servants. Both seemed alike occupied in

silent contemplation. Our Cicerone led us forward, and presented us, not forgetting my title; and observing with characteristic diffuseness, that myself and friend spoke French like Parisians, and the Spanish of the Royal Academy; that we were profound *savans*, doctors in all arts. Knowing that his highness and daughter spoke court English, and were scholars like the Americans, he had supposed, that a mutual acquaintance would tend to beguile the ennui of the passage, and therefore, at our request, had had the honor to introduce us. The manner and superlatives of the Frenchman aroused the Spanish gentleman from his revery, and he received us politely, expressing a wish that we might become more acquainted, repeating the remark of our Cicerone, that such acquaintances were peculiarly pleasant in the fatiguing monotony of long voyages. The servants placed seats for us near their master, and the Frenchman left us to join a dance, in which he was engaged. The moon in her brightness was above, the sparkling waters of the Plata below, and the boat was rushing through the foam, creating a night breeze so bland, that images like those of Cleopatra's water excursion, could hardly fail to recur even to minds of disciplined severity. The address and conversation of the father were easy, noble, and of a man perfectly versed in all the forms of society. The daughter, too, occasionally spoke at proper intervals. The very tones of her voice produced a thrill, and gave effect to such a vision of grace and beauty as I had not yet contemplated even in my imaginings. You must know, at the time, I was a widower, devoted to the memory of the best of wives, enjoying no moderate harvest of fame among the ladies of my own country, as a monogamist on principle, and a nightly and Platonic visitant of the sepulchre of my deceased wife. No female friend dared hint, that I could love again, and I respected myself for my supposed constancy. Alas! for fragile resolves, not sustained by heaven. A single glance of the fair Peruvian's eye flitted away my Platonism to the moon that rolled above. I am not going to give you her features in detail, as if I were lecturing upon her beautiful anatomy. But the picture is so indelibly engraven here, (he laid his hand upon his breast,) that I can easily present you an outline. Hers was the true Spanish eye, gleaming witty, tropical fires, and the eagle strength and brightness acquired by dwelling in her romantic home. Anacreon would have accepted the roses and lilies of her face as the compound he desired for painting his image of beauty, had not an almost imperceptible touch of the olive been spread upon the ground of the alabastar. Her figure might have seemed too like a Minerva, but for a languor which softened her traits to a delicacy that inspired a peculiar interest. But her expression, and the tones of her voice! They were the heritage only of Ines, and could only have been fostered at Antisana, where, enveloped in mountains, she looked down upon the clouds and the sublunary world. You think me extravagant. Ah! you have not seen her.

But to come down from my heights of romance; in the course of our conversation, which imperceptibly continued until after ten, we learned that Montanos, so he chose to be called, loved chess, and could play the game as well as myself; that his daughter understood music, painting, and natural history, matters in which Theodore was more than moderately versed; that she was sufficiently conversant in the literature of modern Europe, to be fearful of putting forth all her powers, lest she should pass herself for a *bas bleu*. Here again Theodore

was her equal. Excellent congruities these, on which to build an intimacy. However the stern and musing father felt in view of these discoveries, I was sure I could perceive, even by moonlight, that his fair daughter was neither ice nor alabaster, in the prospect of making acquaintances so little to have been expected in such a place. We flattered ourselves that we had left sufficiently agreeable impressions for her to carry to her pillow. I could not doubt how her image would impress such a susceptible and poetic mind as Theodore's, when all Platonic and Monogamist as I was, I turned in my narrow berth a hundred times for shame, to find the memory of my dear departed wife giving place to the recent vision of the fair Peruvian.

Your looks remind me, that you fear I am imperceptibly drawing into the garrulous details of a romance. Be it so. I will endeavor to compress my narrative; for I cannot expect that you will enter into all the stored remembrances of delight with which I recall that pleasantest voyage of my life. Before we left the Plata, and entered the more beautiful Paraguay, we four, the Spaniard and his daughter, my friend and myself, had established a delightful and confiding intimacy, the modes and times of which were mutually recognised and understood as accurately as if they had been settled by treaty. Montanos was still more keen than myself for our stated games of chess, in which I allowed him to beat me just often enough to keep up the eagerness of the interest. I considered myself so much more used to society than Theodore, so much readier in saying those things which travel on a turnpike to a lady's heart, so much more considered as an *excellenza*, than my timid, almost awkward ward, that I never once dreamed of his taking the first place in the thoughts of Ines. Yet I might have apprehended some danger; for he had penned a sonnet to the fair Peruvian's eyes, which she had somehow obtained, and read; and in conversing with her he sometimes kindled into an eloquence, which extorted a smile that I had never obtained, and which instantly imparted a radiance to his eyes not inferior to her own. They both painted, and drew flowers with truth and elegance, and compared their paintings; and when they botanized together, he being far most of an adept in that science, there was a docile and pleased look of pupil toward teacher, that once or twice passed vague suspicions through my mind, which were, however, as soon extinguished in my own easy self love.

But had I been even disposed to be jealous, in this new and as yet unacknowledged flame, the difference of her deportment to him and to me would have banished every doubt. It was for me only to ask, and she sung and played her best, and with a perseverance which sometimes almost wearied me. For him, she seemed reluctant to do either. Her manner in his presence was silent, cold, embarrassed, and she visibly avoided being alone with him. When in common courtesy he offered his hand, she apparently shrunk from his touch; and he, bashful, diffident, and not looking beyond the surface of her deportment, not only soon desponded of obtaining any favorable place in her thoughts, but believed that he was positively disagreeable to her, a presentiment much calculated to produce its own verification. All this he confessed to me with a grief and dejection, which I attempted to remove by an unsparing ridicule, rendered none the less poignant by our mutual persuasion that her partiality to me was as visible as her repulsiveness to him. How could I deem otherwise? To me

she adopted the frank and confiding manner of a sister to a brother. When she would retreat in confusion from his offered hand, putting her arm within mine she often invited me to promenade the deck with her, pouring out the fulness of her enjoyment amidst the charming scenes of this passage in all the romantic phrases of female eloquence. So frank and palpable was her preference for my society, and so often and incautiously expressed in presence even of her father, that I was not only set down by Theodore, but by all the observant passengers, as her accepted admirer. M. de Guignes congratulated me on being the favored mortal who had broken the enchantment, and softened her icy heart. I could not doubt, that her father had observed, and by making no effort to impede our growing intimacy, approved it.

I began to be sensible that I too loved, and that I had forfeited all claims to being canonized as a monogamist, at least in my heart. But beside my reputation of this sort, my position, my habits, prevented the indulgence of a passion which would look to consummation in immediate marriage. The very term, so foreign to my late thoughts, brought a revulsion. But why must we marry, because we loved? Why not foster this lambent flame to a cheering rather than a scorching warmth, which might illumine our present intercourse, and be innocently extinguished when absence no longer furnished fuel? Seeing no reason to distrust an easy conquest whenever I should be decided to attempt it, and as happy as I could be in my present relations with her, I felt no haste to take irretrievable measures. I have only to regret, that in this sanguine self-complacency, I often treated the poetic effusions of the love and despair of Theodore with an irony which must have been so corrosive to a spirit like his, and so situated, that I admire most of all his noble forbearance, which was not worn out with a deportment so unfeeling. He possessed personal attractions and acquirements with which I was not vain enough to institute a comparison. Sometimes the real fervor of his passion impelled him, maugre all her coldness, through a compliment so ingenious, happy, and well turned, that I felt charmed and almost piqued that my own invention should not have first suggested the same thing. He painted, he sung, and when he failed not in courage, looked, and talked divinely. How happened this coldness and blindness to the handsome Damon who made verses to charm, and this frank and delightful partiality to me who, other considerations apart, was fifteen years his senior? But I had always believed the female heart inscrutable, or that, if there was any key to unlock the secret chamber, it was that easy assurance, which my enemy, perhaps, would phrase impudence, which I had learned in perfection by intercourse with the ladies of every climate, and which I possessed to an imperturbable and pre-eminent degree. My ward was bashful to awkwardness. This was my solution of the mystery to which I have alluded above.

As our boat bounded fortunately up the beautiful Paraguay, through the very plains of romance, where the Jesuits gathered their hundred thousand convert Indian families into an isolated Christian kingdom in the depths of the flowering desert, as we talked of this wonderful achievement, and imagined the scenes described by Southey—as Ines sung, and conversed, and looked the eloquent enthusiasm inspired by these scenes—I was more than once tempted to transcend the prudent moderation which I had prescribed to my passion. Happily the

indolence inspired by a different train of thought and other habits restrained me within my proposed limits. Another change in our position, presenting a new train of thoughts and actions, came in aid of my prudence. We were drawing to the close of our steamboat trip. The sublime snow clad peaks of the Andes began to be discernible in the distance, as their indistinct white outline rested upon the blue of the horizon. Next day, the twenty-fifth of our passage, we arrived, without material accident during the whole voyage, at Ascension, many of the party, and Ines among the rest, wishing it might have lasted a year. The parting between us and numbers of our passengers for whom we had contracted a sort of attachment, and whom we could scarcely expect again to meet on the earth, had a touch of real and affecting sadness. M. de Guignes had done us good service in various ways, and we regretted that we were to leave him at Ascension; but he promised, with the sanguine gayety of a true French heart, that when I should be fairly domesticated with my beautiful Peruvian bird on the perch of Antisana, he would be sure to visit us and do justice to our wine and good cheer.

Our curiosity was soon sated with the view of Ascension and its environs. But our arrangements for the long and dangerous journey across the Andes to Lima, were not so speedily or easily made. But the delay gave time for the collection of a respectable cavalcade, a circumstance, considering what was before us, much to be desired. It consisted of the two Colombian Colonels with twenty soldiers, twelve Peruvian citizens, my friend Theodore and myself, all armed to the teeth, and well mounted; and Montanos and daughter with a number of servants, male and female, who, for some inexplicable cause, as we had been previously led to expect by De Guignes, were entirely unarmed. When the Colombian officers, while we were counselling together, touching the dangers and the requisite preparations to meet them on our way, delicately adverted to the necessity of each one being fully armed, Montanos calmly mentioned that his people bore no arms, that he did not himself, and that if that were any impediment to his being received as a companion of our journey, he was perfectly willing to make it alone. We saw in his countenance the struggle of a noble and a fearless nature with some conscientious scruple, and unanimously requested him to accompany us; and he, to the evident delight of Ines, at once consented.

Behold us then a party of more than fifty persons, well mounted on horses and mules, each accompanied by a mule, packed with whatever experience had dictated to be necessary for the long region of forests and mountains we were to traverse. Colonel Ramirez with half the Colombian soldiers led the van, and the other Colonel, with the remaining half, brought up the rear. Montanos and his daughter rode their noble steeds as if horsemanship had been the business of their lives. It was understood that Theodore and myself were to ride beside them. The remainder of our associates were distributed in the cavalcade with double reference to convenience and defence. The word to march was given from the van, and we were soon hidden from the view of Ascension in the forests.

We took in our route Mendoza, Caragarty, and Neembuco, passing through a number of undistinguished villages with a few hundred inhabitants in their mud walled cottages. We soon reached the remotest limits of habitancy, and plunged

into the immense forests, that skirt the eastern declivities of the Andes. What a fund for admiration to Theodore were these lofty and primeval forests, unmarked with the footprints of civilized man! He admired still more the earnest spirit of botanical investigation, the untiring patience, and the inexhaustible cheerfulness put forth by Ines at every stage of a journey so long, so far from all the refreshments and comforts of social life, and in itself so wearying, that she often seemed at the evening encampment the only fresh and cheerful person of the party. When we encamped for the night, under the verdant roof of some huge palm, it was delightful to note her forgetfulness of self in her affectionate attentions to her father, and her resources for inspiring content and gayety among us all. After the exhiliration of coffee, emulating the gay birds in their evening warbling, she gave us her sweetest songs to the accompaniment of her guitar. With her example, thus gay and uncomplaining, the rest would naturally put forth too much pride to show fatigue and low spirits.

If the greater intimacy necessarily created by this journey called forth any difference in her deportment toward Theodore and me, it was only that her coldness and embarrassment toward him continued to increase, and that I was daily admitted to a fraternal confidence more entirely unrestrained. I could not disguise from myself, that this deportment, that the new and more interesting aspect in which I contemplated her, began to disturb my bosom with something of the feverish tumult of a passion that was every hour, in which I found myself alone with her, impelling me to a declaration. But my love wanted the piquancy and bitterness of jealousy and doubt; and I was easy and tranquil, in the undoubting persuasion that it was only to ask and have. Such a persuasion in a person of my habits is not apt to precipitate marriages. But thus tranquil on my own account, I was annoyed by the sadness and despondency of Theodore; and though I still continued to rally him without mercy, I began to entertain painful apprehensions as to the influence of his passion on his health. Often I implored him to abandon his hopeless love, for such we both considered it, and not melt away his convalescent strength and dim the renewed lustre of his eye by writing verses of love and despair, which were torn as soon as written, to a capricious beauty, who preferred without reason, and disliked without knowing why! But reason, suasion, prudence, common sense, have little to do in these matters. My Damon assented to my lectures, but acted none the less imprudently. It was in fact difficult to suppress a smile to see this drooping knight of the sorrowful and pale face, armed to the teeth, as soon as he was aware that his Dulcinea had retired to rest in her father's tent, and walking his rounds near the spot with the edifying vigilance of a sentinel. When I pointed out the ridiculousness and danger of these nocturnal vigils for one who repaid them with such a thankless requital, he was as ready to laugh at my picture as myself, and admitted that in case of attack he should probably make no brilliant figure in her eye as a cavalier.

In this order of things we had approached the pass of Quindice unmolested. We had hoped to reach it for the place of our evening encampment. But night drew on, and we were still a league from our point; and we were so fatigued and the night so dark, that we encamped by a fine spring, in a thick forest of palms, about half a league from a deep ravine between us and Quindice. Du-

ring the past day we had been alarmed by tracing the footprints of a body of horses and men, evidently on our route, and yet concealing themselves from our view. These were circumstances to inspire apprehension of an attack; and we had hoped to secure the front and flank of our encampment by resting on the bank of this ravine, which was only passable with great difficulty at one ford. As it was, we took every precaution to guard against surprise and to be prepared for attack, which the nature of the case admitted. Theodore, with a voice tremulous with undisguised alarm, urged us, after our coffee, to march on through the darkness to the ravine. The proposal met with little favor from the weary travellers, who had become confident and rash from having been allowed to march so far unmolested. Our Colombian officers, in particular, treated the apprehensions of Theodore with a derision so palpable, that my friend, meek and peaceable as he was, began to manifest a sternness and energy that changed their tone in a moment.

The camp was still, and Theodore, girt in arms, was walking his nocturnal rounds as usual. The beasts of our cavalcade were cropping their herbage. Lightning, gleaming at intervals, lighted the hoary peaks of the mountains before us with an inexpressible grandeur of outline. I had not yet slept, and was admiring the nightscene at the door of my tent, when I was startled by the trample of a mass of men rushing upon our camp. Next moment, shouting a fierce hurrah, a volley of fire arms was poured upon our tents. We all rushed forth in the confusion and darkness, again and again saluted with a shower of balls. What was to be done? Our Colombian heroes, staggered, pale, and bereft of self-possession, showed manifest dispositions, in the western phrase, to fight shy, or run. The occasion admitted neither of delay nor deliberation. Theodore seemed of more than ordinary dimensions, and another person. His eye glistened and his voice had the tone of firmness and command. 'I pray you,' said he to me, 'take command of the front, and I will manage the rear, the point, from which we are assailed.' I formed the front as well as I was able, and we returned the fire of our assailants. Their object was probably the robbery of Montanos, for the attack clearly concentrated near his tent. The gleaming weapons of the bandits were soon visible by our camp fires and the lightning. Montanos, surrounded by his domestics and holding his daughter to his breast, stood before his tent, exhibiting the port and submission of the Roman Senators when the Gauls entered the Senate house. Not so Theodore. In front of the defenceless family, having shot down the ruffian leader of the band, and his back defended by a tree, he applied his weapon until it was fleshed in the body of more than one of the miscreants. His example awed and shamed the wavering Colombians. We crowded round him, and the fight became a perfect meleé. Were Theodore the narrator, I hope he would report that I did my duty. But he was clearly the hero of the fray. Where had he learned such a murderous use of his weapons? Wherever he moved, the mass of robbers recoiled from him, or fell at his feet. The Colombians, assailed in flank and rear, began to perceive that danger was in retreating and safety in keeping with the main body. Rendered efficient even by their fears, they joined us in the defence. The robbers, apparently disheartened by our unexpected resistance and awed by the loss of their leader, fell back into the dark-

ness, trusting only to being able to shoot us down. Theodore was already bathed in his own blood, as well as that of the foe. Montanos was wounded, and Colonel Henriques, and one or two others, had fallen dead. It was necessary that we should become assailants in turn, or remain and be slaughtered without a chance of avenging ourselves. Theodore was the self appointed general of the assault; even I, awed by his voice and manner, settled into the ranks as quietly as the rest. We formed, and armed with swords and pistols, rushed upon the concealed foe. Some of the bolder ruffians felt the steel of our commander. But our regular and extended front and our bold bearing startled the robbers, and they fled. The clear and shrill voice of our leader was then heard calling on the servants and camp followers to collect our beasts and be ready to march. The command was so issued, as to ensure its performance. The trembling retainers were forthwith collecting and harnessing the cavalcade, quickened to diligence by an occasional volley from the returning robbers, whose balls, as they cut the palm leaves, whistled past our heads. Two of our number were found to be wounded too severely to ride. We formed a hasty litter, borne by the servants of Montanos, on which we placed them. The wound of Montanos was not such as to disqualify him from mounting his horse. Theodore aided Ines to mount, and gave the order to march. Removed from the light of our camp fires, we no longer afforded a visible mark to the robbers, though they continued to fire upon us as we marched in the darkness, until we reached the ravine, a circular bend in which received us, and sheltered us from the balls in every direction, except a narrow point in our rear.

Here we halted, kindled fires, examined the condition of our wounded, and ascertained the number of our slain. Our counsels were again divided. Some were for passing the night where we were. Others, and Theodore and myself were of the number, thought it best to interpose the ravine between us and our foe, as they now had the night before them, and could still penetrate our camp with their balls. On the opposite shore of the ravine we could not be reached, and two or three men could defend the ford against any number of assailants. Our counsels prevailed. It was a fearful place to pass even by day, much more so in the confusion and darkness of night. Just below us was a *Quebrada*, down which the water tumbled a hundred fathoms, with a noise truly terrific. To give the first example of plunging into this ravine, was not unlike entering the deadly breach. Theodore was the example. He groped down the shelving sides, and made his way amidst the water and rocks, until he reached the opposite shore and returned, convincing us that the crossing was safely practicable. He had taken the precaution to leave burning splinters of fat pine on a rocky islet in the middle of the ravine, which threw a glare upon the passage, greatly facilitating our crossing. The robbers, aware of our object, were again pressing upon our rear, and their balls whistling about us in all directions. We drove the horses and mules down the descent, and slid down the litter as we could. I offered my arms to Ines; but in this instance, she had forgotten her aversion to our leader, and told me, that he had previously tendered her the same service; and she fell into his arms, as he bore her down the bank, with a confidence which in cooler moments would have startled the demon of jealousy. There were cries and shouts and confusion in

abundance, during this crossing; but the whole company reached the opposite shore in safety, where we might now defy attack, and were beyond the reach of the muskets of our foe. We now ascertained that four of our number had been killed, beside Colonel Henriques; and one of our wounded, a Colombian soldier, died immediately upon our reaching the mountain shore of the ravine. Montanos had received a shot and a cut, each inflicting flesh wounds, which, though painful, were by no means dangerous. Our hero, overwhelmed with praise, and hailed as the deliverer of us all, was the next to have his wounds examined. At ease in regard to her father, who declared his wounds no more than scratches, Ines watched, in common with all our company, this examination of the case of Theodore with an undisguised and intense solicitude. He was, indeed, covered with blood, and had received various hurts both from swords and balls; but when the blood was washed away, and the extent of the wounds ascertained, the surgeon, for we had one among our Colombians, affirmed that not one of his wounds was serious. At this annunciation, so cheering to us all, Ines actually melted into tears, which she had clearly striven hard to repress. This, thought I, is no more than the natural impulse of female gratitude; for I was aware that she considered him the saviour of her father's life and her own. But I could not forbear feeling, that it was carrying demonstration rather far. However, love, I consoled myself with thinking, is one thing and gratitude is another, and perfectly consistent with a coldness, under other circumstances amounting to dislike. After all, I would have been willing to have shared Theodore's wounds for those tears. But though Ines and her father complimented me on my individual part in this combat, my friend had too manifestly won all the honor and laurels of the occasion; and now that he was settled back to his customary appearance and demeanor, I contemplated him with the astonishment of a new degree of respect, and a curiosity to examine where this Mars could have been so long concealed in the sighing and diffident person, whom I had hitherto considered my friend.

We rested in our present position one day, for the benefit of our wounded, and to recruit our strength for the passage of the Andes. Next morning was one of brightness and beauty, and Montanos and Theodore being able to resume the journey, and one of our wounded being borne in a litter, we commenced our ascent of Quindici, mounting one after another in a path so narrow, that it had the appearance of a serpentine gallery cut out of the sides of the mountain, which towered into mid-air above us. The Quebrada yawned but a few feet from our gallery, disclosing to view an abyss, which was bottomless to the eye, and was measured in its fearful depths, only to the ear, by the appalling roar of its waters. We all dismounted, as it were unconsciously, and slowly threaded our way upward beside our beasts, looking upward to impending precipices which seemed to prop the sky, and downward to depths which made us dizzy by the roar of their waters at the foot of the mountains. Theodore still was the favored person upon whose arm Ines leaned; and gratitude and a full perception of the sublimity of the scene, together with the freshness and the glow inspired by the exercise and the mountain air, imparted a celestial expression to her countenance. I internally settled in my mind, that, on arriving at Lima, I would offer myself, and that in future journeys she should take my arm, as a matter of duty.

I see your countenances invoke the crisis. I spoil a narrative unless I relate it in my own way, and I have a thousand delightful anecdotes of this passage over the Andes, and our subsequent journey to Lima. However, to oblige you, I omit all. We reached Lima in thirty days, all in good health. Here our journey terminated, and I was to enter upon my official functions. Montanos and daughter remained with us a number of days in this city, to recruit from the fatigues of their long journey, before they resumed their route to Antisana.

Again I thought seriously of embracing this interval of proposing to the father and daughter. But my habits of irresolution once more came between me and my purpose. I still vacillated. Another time, I thought, would do as well, and we had already agreed upon a visit to them at their residence. In fact, it seemed to me that neither father nor daughter looked forward with any satisfaction to the proposed separation. They had talked of resting at Lima four days, and had already protracted them to ten, and Ines still found some plausible pretext for the delay. Indeed, I discovered that she was agitated, pale, and in tears, which she strove in vain to repress, whenever the subject of our parting was discussed. How much was I flattered by this visible reluctance to separate from us! That I was a party concerned in this reluctance was confirmed to me by the constant increase of her sisterly intercourse with me, and of her distance and coldness to Theodore.

But joys, sorrows, and parting all have their course. The dreaded parting took place, and I omit all the thanks, tears, and promises connected with it, except that after one month I engaged to bring my friend with me on a visit to Antisana. Ines was calmer than I had expected. Montanos parted from us as if we had been children. Theodore found a safety-valve for the escape of his sorrows in the effusions of his muse; and the first night after Ines left us, I was so provoked at my irresolution in not having offered myself to her, that I kept vigil for very vexation and self-reproach.

Theodore had been appointed my secretary, and we entered upon our official duties. But that month seemed to us both of a length as if time had laid aside his wings. Theodore counted the hours, and I, undisturbed as I was by jealousy or apprehension, was sufficiently eager to atone for my past vacillation, and make the beautiful Peruvian my spouse. The first morning after the accomplishment of thirty days from their departure, the voice of Theodore in the street under my window awakened me at early dawn. I descended, and found every thing arranged for the journey. We were accompanied by two servants, each leading a mule laden with provisions and necessary articles, among which was a tent. We were all well mounted on mules, and set forth with the freshness of the morning, and the eagerness of love. The first part of our journey led us along lowlands, where we were scorched with a vertical sun. We then entered forests, and were embowered by lofty and ever verdant trees, and passed a region prolific in humidity and miasm. On the eighth morning of our journey we emerged from these grand, but sultry and feverish forests, and found ourselves at the foot of Antisana.

We commenced our ascent with the dawn, but expected not to reach the town, until the evening. A double gladness, freedom of respiration, and elasticity of spirit came upon us, as we cleared these hot plains and already breathed the fresher and purer air of the mountain side. The thought that we were

making for the abode of Ines was an added excitement. The road was only practicable to mules, in whose unfailing sureness of foot we had learned to trust; and we mounted the dizzying eminences with a confidence derived from experience. We paused, from space to space, to rest our mules and look back upon the heights we had ascended, to feel the empyrean air, fan our fevered temples, and to admire the developing grandeur of the prospect. At noon we had left the region of palms, and begun to enter the belt of oaks. A huge palm, the last of these products of the tropics, rose from a small terrace plain of rich soil. A cool spring bubbled from a circular space of white sand at its roots. The area around was a perfect tangle of flowering plants and shrubs, all glittering with the innumerable butterflies of that delicious clime, vieing with the gorgeousness of the flower cups, and vocal with the sleep inspiring hum of bees and hummingbirds. Rustic benches were placed round this spring and under this embowering shade. The point was half way between the foot of the mountain and Antisana. It was called *Posada*, and would have been named by Americans, 'The Traveller's Rest.' Cervantes never described a more enchanting spot, and Sancho never dined with a more devouring appetite, or drank his wine with more gust, than we on this occasion.

Our dinner finished, our mules browsing the herbage, and our servants asleep, we naturally conversed upon our probable reception by the father and daughter. With what enthusiasm had the latter described this charming spot, and bade us, when we reached it, think of her! Well we might, for her name was carved on the rind of the palm tree in a hundred forms, accompanied with innumerable devices of hearts and flames, probably by rejected lovers, who had reposed in this shade before us. Observing Theodore unusually dejected, I ventured to renew a strain of raillery, that tenderness for his feelings had for a long time interdicted. But as I remarked those eyes, that had flashed so different a radiance on the night of our attack at Quindice, ready to fill, I continued, rebuked, and repentant, 'Forgive me this time, and I will never sport with your feelings again. I much fear, Theodore, that one cause which gives you perseverance in this mad passion is its hopelessness. Who knows but I may resign my pretensions, if I have such, as you insist, and teach her to love you. Why does she not already? I am not insensible to your merits, and am well aware that you are every way more worthy of her than I am. Strange, that with all her intelligence and taste, she should have been so capriciously blind to this fact! How much more compatible she would be for you, than me. She has princely wealth—you have none. I do not need money, and should spurn the idea of being thought mercenary. I am, it is true, but a sorry protestant, much buffeted by Satan; and she, though liberal minded, is a devoted Catholic. I am a true son of New-England, and shall never be able to view any other country as a home; and we have often heard father and daughter declare their attachment to Antisana beyond all other places. She is scarce eighteen; and I, more's the pity, am verging upon forty. My social ties, charities, habits, or, if you will, my whims and caprices are all indelible; stamped, I admit, upon a ground a little egotistical. There is a great gulf of incompatibilities between us, which I forget in her presence, but remember in the hour of cool and unbiassed reflection. In your case almost all these points are otherwise, and the pliancy of youth and love would mould you to perfect congeniality.'

He interrupted me with some impatience, 'I do not love to hear you converse in this strain. If I thought you could fail to return the love of Ines, or be influenced to reject it by such futile abstractions, I should no longer esteem you. Love cannot be transferred, nor evaded by such considerations. No. My hopes on this side the grave are bounded by the subdued willingness to live with you and of finding my happiness in seeing you constitute hers.'

'My generous young friend,' I answered, 'this may not be. I am far from being decided, what course to choose, after I shall have arrived. You see this matter through a prism. I cannot fail to contemplate the sober realities of three months after marriage. I have by no means decided yet to offer myself. Come on, then, and call forth your courage and cheerfulness. No one knows, how cases may be reversed before we descend this mountain to Lima.'

Ourselves and mules refreshed, we recommenced our mountain ascent. As we reached the higher and cooler strata of the atmosphere, a serenity, and if I may so say, a sanctity of thought came upon us, in view of the inexpressible grandeur of the prospect around, below, above, as it continued to open and broaden with our ascent. The decline of the sun had already left the immense ocean of forest in the *tierras Calientes* in shade. But his misty and purple glow still rested on the sublime and gigantic cones, that stood forth, as a colonnade against the sky. What a scene was before us! the prodigious elevation, the majestic forms, the awful stillness of these eternal props of the firmament, the sinking and swelling of the breeze in the huge cypress tops near at hand, the distant roar of a waterfall, and the screams of some condors sailing in the cerulean far above the summits of the highest peaks, passed a crowd of thoughts through my mind, and produced an impression never to be effaced. Of the habitations, the littleness, the absurd vanity, the transient pageants of man, no trace was in sight. Snow-covered piles, infinitude, nature invested with features of solitary and fearful grandeur, left us alone with our thoughts and with God. If I ever worshipped, awe-struck, in spirit and in truth, it was here.

We now ceased to ascend, and came upon a broad smooth road, bounded on one side by a perpendicular line of impending cliffs, round a short angle of which our road wound, and the town, surmounted with dark Gothic towers, stood before us in the centre of a wide and beautiful plain. We soon after crossed a broad, quiet stream, skirted by magnificent woods, over a stone bridge. In this cool and quiet retreat, the town, the mountains, all disappeared. Emerging from this wood, we found ourselves near this populous, ancient, strange place, the abode of denizens who dwelt above the clouds.

The fresh air was redolent of the wide fields of most luxuriant clover, cane, apple and pear trees, orange groves, and so many mingled aromatic sweets, as to give us associations with 'Araby the blest.' A road, at right angles to that leading to the town, was marked at the entrance by a granite pillar, which indicated that this was the direction to the castle of Balthazar de Montanos. Its ancient, castellated, and massive towers, crowned with turreted pinnacles, were seen rising from a grove, on the banks of the river we had crossed, and half a mile from the town. 'Fit mansion for such guests,' exclaimed Theodore. 'The place, the dwellers, nature around all are in keeping. With her you cannot but be as happy as the angels. I will witness, if I may not share your felicity: you will not forbid me to remain with you?' 'Certainly not,' I answered, 'so far as I may be concerned in allowing it. But while you adore my wife, by

piping a second on your sylvan reed, what is to become of your parents, whose hope you are?' The question, I am sensible, was wanton and unfeeling. His flushed countenance, his subdued manner, showed me that he had the magnanimity to weigh the justice, rather than the unfeeling cruelty of my question, and until we reached the castle, he was silent, apparently ruminating fancies more bitter than sweet.

We were now slowly walking up a grand avenue, leading under the shade of lofty trees to a mansion, whose flocks, and herds, and fields, and accompaniments on every side reminded us of the abode of him of Uz. Montanos and his daughter, instead of receiving us with the state that might have been expected in such a place, had descried and recognised, and were hastening down the avenue to meet us. I sprang from my mule, entered under a lofty arched stone gateway, and was the next moment in the arms of Montanos, and the moment after had kissed the offered cheek of Ines, that glowed like the roses that clustered round us. 'You are cavaliers of honor, men of your word,' exclaimed our venerable host. 'This meeting,' I replied, 'is worth a whole life, and what I see and feel, a voyage round the world.' By this time Theodore had been pressed to the bosom of Montanos. Ines unconsciously advanced to admit the same greeting with which I had met her. But as he eagerly advanced, she turned pale and shrunk from his embrace. Repelled by a look which a lover only understands, he shrunk back in turn, not even offering his hand, and they stammered their greetings, as though they had met as enemies. Such a blind capriciousness, such odious ingratitude, would have made any other face than hers seem deformed. But the cordial greeting of the parent reassured my timid friend. Tears, embraces, congratulations, questions without answers, and answers without questions, and all the cross-purpose-words of full hearts filled up the interval of our meeting.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

SONG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MARTIN FABER, &c.

Oh! with a delicate art, most quaintly taught,
Meetly around thy lattice thou hast wrought,
In many a mazy twine,
The flow'ry vine.

Its sweets reward thee, and as Summer comes,
It yields thee up its odors and its blooms,
And folded in thy breast,
Its buds are blest.

Am I less valued than the Summer flower
Whose little life of sweets is but an hour?—
Am I of humbler birth,
And frailer earth?

Thou'st taught my fond affection to entwine,
Folding around thee as that gadding vine,
Oh, take me, with like art,
Unto thy heart.

THE FALLS OF THE MONGAUP.

The Falls of the Mongaup are in Thompson, Sullivan County, New-York. They are situated in the heart of the forest.

Struggling along our forest path
We hear amid the gloom,
Like a rous'd giant's voice of wrath,
A low, deep, solemn boom;
Emerging on the platform high,
Burst sudden to the startled eye,
Rocks, woods, and waters, wild and rude,
A scene of savage solitude.

Tumbling in sheets of dazzling snow
Headlong the torrent leaps,
Then, like an arrow from its bow,
In dizzy whirls it sweeps;
Then rushing through the narrow aisle
Of this sublime cathedral pile,
Amid the circling forest dim
It peals its everlasting hymn.

Pyramid on pyramid of rock
Tower upward, wild and riven,
As pil'd by Titan hands, to mock
The distant smiling heaven;
Across yon line of azure glow,
Branches their emerald network throw
So high, the eagle's passing flight
Seems but a dot upon the sight.

Here, column'd hemlocks point in air
Their cone-like fringes green;
There, trunks hang, knotted, black and bare
Like spectres o'er the scene;

Here, lofty crag and dark abyss
And awe inspiring precipice;
There, grottoes bright in wave-worn gloss,
And carpeted with rich green moss.

No wandering ray e'er kissed with light
This rock-wall'd sable pool,
Spangled with foam-gems thick and white
And slumbering deep and cool;
But where yon cataract roars down,
Set by the sun, a rainbow crown
Is dancing o'er the dashing strife,
Joy's phantom o'er the storms of life.

Beyond, the smooth and polish'd sheet
So gently steals along,
The very ripples murmuring sweet
Scarce drown the wild bee's song,
The violet from the grassy side
Dips its blue chalice in the tide,
And gliding o'er the leafy brink
The deer unfrighten'd stoops to drink.

Myriads of man's time-measur'd race
Have perish'd from the earth,
Nor left a memory of their trace
Since first this scene had birth;
These waters thundering swift along
Join'd in Creation's matin song,
And only by their dial-trees
Have known the lapse of centuries. A. B. S.

THE BURNING OF THE SHIPS.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER I.

The following Tale will be found, we trust, to possess a vivid interest, and to be marked with freshness and piquancy. If there be in it a passage calculated to give pain to an individual of the very respectable sect to which the heroine belonged, we have neither lot nor part in this matter. We have more than once borne our unequivocal testimony as regards our respect for that profession.—Ed. K.

On a bright morning in May, 1778, a young man, dressed in the uniform of the Continental service, was seen walking slowly along the high road leading from the interior of New-Jersey, toward the village of Bordentown, and about two miles from that place. His gait I have said betokened no great haste; on the contrary, he stopped repeatedly to gather wild flowers, which he tore in pieces without remorse, or ruth. His walk was to and fro before the opening of a shaded by-path, leading through a wood that skirted the high-road, and ever and anon, as he passed that retired path, he cast an anxious and eager gaze along its narrow vista. I would have waged any sum that he expected some one from that direction—but—whom? Gentle reader, if you guess not already, you will be at no loss when I describe the outward appearance of that youth. He was tall, erect, well proportioned in figure, with an open and expressive countenance and healthy complexion, browned by exposure to the sun—in fact, the very man to be in love with some romantic country girl, against the unreasonable wishes of her friends, and in defiance of the stern commands of a proud and ambitious, or mean and money-seeking father. Were I writing a fictitious tale, such a man should have been my hero, and I consider myself fortunate in finding him ready furnished to my hand. For though common enough in novels, and other fictitious and unprofitable stories, this sort of character is hard to find in *real* life.

Our youth thus continued to pace backward and forward, to the great damage of the aforesaid wild flowers and his fingers'

ends, (which he gnawed as if the arrival of his sweetheart depended upon the annihilation of the same,) for the space of half an hour, though in *his* estimation it was a half *day* at least, or some period of duration between that and eternity. But he did not wait in vain. Suddenly he quickened his pace, turned rapidly down the shaded by-path into the wood, trampling unheeded whole beds of violets and arbatus in his course. It would have puzzled an indifferent observer to guess the cause of that sudden impulse. But lovers, as all who have acted in that capacity know, are blessed with a special keenness of vision, or a peculiar instinct, teaching them with the certainty of demonstration the approach of that object 'dearer to them than life.' The waving of a shawl, the glancing of a ribbon through trees, which no human vision under other circumstances could penetrate, is enough, and *was* for our hero. They met—there was a taking hold of hands and a kiss, followed, like all stolen kisses, by a conscious and half guilty look around, to be sure no envious eye gazed upon the scene. This ceremony performed, the gentleman drew the lady's arm within his, and the happy pair, leaving the path, walked to a clump of pines, under which they found, upon an old log, a rural and lover-like seat.

But why this mysterious meeting in the loneliness of the silent wood? Can that erect and noble bearing belong to some proscribed outlaw, endeared by his misery and his guilt to the gentle lady? Can that open and engaging countenance cover the false heart, and base purposes of a villain? Or, less guilty, if not less miserable, is poverty his only but unpardonable crime in the eyes of a hardhearted father? Surely, some unexplained, some horrible obstacle, disturbs as usual the never smooth 'course of true love,' or why this secret meeting beneath the deep shadow of yonder evergreens, with no better seat than a gum log, instead of comfortably courting on the parlour sofa, or behind the more congenial concealment afforded by the honeysuckles that twine so gracefully over the nice summerhouse at the foot of the garden?

Were mine a tale of the imagination, I would reserve the development of this mystery for the last chapter. But I write history, and must tell truth, as I go along. The gentleman, I have said, was a soldier. The lady, I must now inform the reader was a Quaker, 'by the world so called.' It was against the 'testimony of early Friends' to paint likenesses, and the rule was not so often infringed in the time of Emma Richie's youth, as it is at this day. I cannot therefore give a minute description of her appearance, without drawing upon fancy for the materials, which I am determined not to do in this true story. I only know, as all will take for granted, that she was beautiful, and that her complexion was of the transparent kind usually attendant upon light hair and

eyes. But *her* hair was brown, and her eyes of a colour so dark that they were generally supposed to be black. The hair, as it curled naturally over her white and rounding forehead, was surpassingly beautiful, but like all other beauty, proved a source of serious trouble to its possessor. It had long been a cause of uneasiness of mind to all the straight-haired members of the women's meetings, and was finally declared to be against the discipline by that body. A delegation of two old Friends was sent 'to treat' with her parents about the matter, and authorized to set it straight. The father declared that he had nothing to do in the business; the mother professed 'great concern on her mind;' but the hair contumaciously continued to curl, and it was shrewdly guessed by many that no very effectual measures were ever taken to reform the beautiful error. There was an air of real or affected demureness about Emma's mouth, which but for the contradiction of her eyes, would have given too prim an expression to her face. As it was, her friends were often puzzled to determine when she was in fun or earnest, sober or mischievous. But her smile left no longer room for doubt. It shed over her face a joyous but sweet and composed expression perfectly irresistible. It broke upon her features like a June sunbeam upon the fields of green grass and yellow grain and waving forests, or like that beautiful and gladdening effect of early day, before his rays have reached the valleys and the plain, which the prophet so poetically termed 'the morning spread upon the mountains.' These particulars are to a great extent matters of record. The curling hair appears to have been the subject of grave discussion at more than one 'meeting of business,' and the case of two young men is also recorded, who were 'dealt with for too frequent gazing' at the same, and the appurtenances thereunto belonging, during silent meeting, instead of directing their attention to some more profitable subject. The young men pleaded guilty, and 'submitted to treatment,' urging, as some palliation, the strength of the temptation and the weakness of poor humanity. Upon acknowledging that they were 'sorry they had disobliged Friends,' the culprits were readmitted into favor.

Emma's dress comported with the rules of her society, and was as fine in its texture, as neatly fitted to the figure, and had received as much care in its arrangement, as ever was bestowed on the dress of a fashionable belle, or the strictest member of the society of Friends. In this there was no non-conformity to rules, which although they proscribe all gay colors, cannot, alas! divert the woman's attention from her attire. The fault is not in the rules, which are excellent, but the passion exists in the female bosom and must have indulgence. Refuse her the colors of the rain-

bow, forbid her to deck her person in its dyes, and she will devote equal attention in devising herself dresses out of white muslin, drab merino, and fawn-colored silk.

Emma's consisted of a white silk bonnet, very small, and close to her face, tied with white ribbon; white muslin gown, and a white crape shawl around her shoulders, and gathered up so as to show the graceful rounding of her figure. The only colored article upon her person was a pink ribbon, which she wore around her neck; an indulgence for some reason allowed to the young members, while all other colors are most especially eschewed. Even this is not *recommended*, only *permitted*, and that much against the weight upon the minds of the strictest of the sect. If they *can*, the young friends are advised to do without the indulgence; but if that is impossible, a pink ribbon, provided it be not too long, is allowed in consideration of the weakness of the younger sisterhood. Some of the other rules concerning dress are apparently less reasonable. Why the women are allowed to dress in black, while that color is denied the men, is incomprehensible. But that man who would presume to clothe his shoulders in a black coat, might as well deny the inspiration of George Fox. A set of heterodox Quakers exist in the neighborhood of Boston. The principal point in which they differ from the Society, and the only one by which they can be *outwardly* distinguished, is that of being addicted to black coats.

But my reader must be anxious to hear what is going on all this while between the lovers. I give notice that I mean to detail no private conversation, except what concerns the story, and which he has therefore a right to know. The rest I shall consider sacred.

"But what in the world kept you so long?" inquired the lover.

"Indeed I could not help it, William. We are to have the English Friends at dinner, and mother wanted my aid. I should not have got off at all, if she had not sent me to neighbor Comstock's for a basket of *fifth month dukes*."

"What in the name of nonsense are *they?*"

"That is the way with you world's people. You are so given to the Heathenish appellation of days and months, that you cannot understand a Christian language."

"If your eyes would keep your counsel Emma, you *might* make a capital quiz; but *they* always tell the truth. But what *do* you mean by fifth month dukes?"

"Cherries that ripen in the fifth month, by the world's people called 'May-dukes.'"

"Nonsense."

"I see thee thinks us fools; but in truth we are not so *very*

particular. But friend Comstock is a *little* more so than the rest of us. He does not feel easy to call one of Heaven's gifts after a Heathen idol."

"Friend Comstock is right then, and consistent. You would not call the month after the Heathen god, and why should you the fruit? Is it not quite as absurd to say '*fifth month*,' as '*fifth month dukes?*' The only difference is, that you are used to the first and not to the second."

"I would not have said a word to thee, William, about the foolish cherries, had I supposed they would have put thee in such a pet. But if thee will promise to be pleased again, I'll adopt friend Comstock's expression, since thee prefers it. I am always glad to oblige thee."

"Well, no matter, Emma. I'm a fool, and you shall say what you please. Here is a little present for you. You must wear it for me. I bought it of a French pedler. It was the prettiest he had."

"I'll *keep* it for thy sake, William; but only think of my going to meeting with a blue ribbon round my neck? What could I say to old Friends? If it were pink, now!"

"Why so; is it less gay?"

"Oh! pink is the color of the rose, thee knows."

"And blue that of the sky. But why are you so fond of drab? That is not the color of the rose!"

"Oh! drab is the natural color of the wool."

"Did you ever see a drab sheep, Emma?"

"Well, I don't know what is the reason; and further, I don't care. Early Friends wore it, and we choose to."

"Exactly, and you have given the only good reason I ever heard yet—*you so choose*. In a free country, it is unanswerable; but it is only so as far as you *do* choose, and should not operate upon those who do *not*. This only convinces me of what I have often told you, that you are the veriest slaves in Christendom. That invisible Pope, the weight of the meeting, holds you in more than inquisitional awe. You must needs practice what you see no reason for, and abstain from enjoyments you deem innocent; and if you venture to ask a reason for the one or the other, your mouths are stopped by the information that such was the practice of early Friends, or by some other engagement equally convincing to a reasonable, and reasoning mind. You remind me——"

"Now, William, hold thy tongue; for if thee sets fairly under way on that subject, thee will never stop until it has made me angry. Beside, thee cannot convince me."

"Convince! no, indeed, I'm not fool enough to hope it. There is one reason why no one of your Society ever *can* be convinced. It is part of the discipline, I believe, never to listen to any reason

that makes against its errors. *I* convince! Moses and the Prophets, the four Evangelists, with St. Paul to boot, have failed, and *I* can scarcely expect to succeed!"

"Do they say any thing against Friends?"

"They do not mention the Society by name, I believe, but are pretty hard upon some of its errors."

"Come, William, we have had enough of this. Thee is too fond of the subject, and want discretion in urging it so far. Why should thee be so anxious to change my views upon this subject? There are no essential differences between us. Why cannot thou adhere to thy forms, thy bishops, with their white sleeves, and thy steeple houses, as George Fox called them? If I do not feel able to adopt them, I shall not scold thee for doing so. Thou art unjust in thy abuse of Friend's principles. I am attached to them; then why should I change them? Our difference need neither divide our hearts here, nor separate our destinies hereafter. We both adore one God and Father, both trust in the merits and intercession of one Saviour, and pray for the sanctifying influence of the same Holy Spirit, to guide us into all truth. Our peculiarities are harmless, if not meritorious. My parents, *all* whom I love, except thee, are Friends. It would be a sore cause of grief to them, especially to my mother, were I to leave their faith. Then why urge me? My principles shall never clash with thine. I am satisfied to see those who can, consistently with their own feelings, practice its forms, while in conformity to that portion of inward light given to me, I prefer the principles and bear the testimony of Friends. But I'll promise thee one thing, William —I will never turn preacher, that is if I can help it."

"That would be a pity; for you have a copious gift. I never heard so full an outpouring from the gallery. I hope you feel easier. But is it possible you have not felt the curiosity to ask, what urgent reason induced me to send for you this morning?"

"Why, there is nothing to be curious about. Thee's always crazy to see me. Thee never wrote me a note in thy life, without having an urgent cause to see me."

"Yes, but I have a *seriously* urgent one this time. If you will promise not to faint, I'll tell you. You need not turn so pale, you goose. It is not much after all. Only we expect an attack upon the ships at Bordentown."

"When? not to-day?"

"No, but to-night. A considerable force, in small vessels, has reached Burlington, and we have no doubt they are designed to destroy the property here."

"At Burlington! they may be here in an hour."

"We have taken measures to be advised by signals, of the mo-

ment they leave Burlington. The wind is adverse, and they cannot beat up here in less than two or three hours."

"But you do not mean to contend with them?"

"It is true, we cannot hope to protect the ships; but M'Caulley will not give up without firing a gun or two, by way of compliment. We have made preparations to annoy them without giving *them* much chance to hurt *us*."

"Dear me! I shall have no peace until it is over. Why did thee tell me, William, since I can do no good?"

"Yes, but you can. Emma, you know how obnoxious your father is to the enemy. His Quaker feelings have kept his hands from blood, but not from aiding us rebels in many important particulars. He has set a bad example to his society, who have generally been as submissive as the king's people could desire. It is believed that the opportunity will be taken to strike terror unto all evil doers through him. I fear this is part of the duty assigned to the force at Burlington. We must avoid a repetition of the Caldwell tragedy. Your father must remove his family into the interior. I was on my way to see him, but heard he had gone to Crosswick's meeting. As I could not wait, I resolved to entrust the secret with you. Wait till he comes home, and then communicate the news in private."

"But why keep it secret? Should not our neighbors——"

"No, they are in no danger."

"Oh, dear! when will the war be over. Thou art surely Quaker enough to desire peace."

"Oh, yes! honorable peace. And then, that farm we talked about."

"Yes, but first, thy profession of Friends' principles—the exchange of these gaudy regimentals for a drab coat reaching to thy heels, and broad enough to cover both of us of a rainy day. How respectable thee will look—maybe seated in the gallery."

"Very pleasant indeed, to the fancy, but like most of her pictures, not likely to be *realized*."

"Not realized! How are we to be married then, and go upon that farm? Does thee expect me to disoblige Friends, and offend my parents, just to pleasure thee? I thought there was nothing hard or impossible to lovers!"

"Emma, you are incorrigible. Is there no article in the discipline against malicious mischief? Your father would not care if we were married to-morrow, provided he knew nothing of it, till it were done, and was not compromised with the meeting. Your mother would not be pleased, I know, but after awhile she would remember that I am *not* a Presbyterian, and might have been worse than I am. Then as to Friends, they would read you out,

and after a month or so, read you *in* again, and there would be an end."

"That is true; I should only have to express my sorrow, which before a month I may truly do, and the fold would be opened to the wandering and repentant lamb."

"Emma, I must bid you good-by; for my time has expired. Remember what I told you; I shall not feel easy till you are off. Don't fear for me. I'll dodge the balls for your sake. Good-by!"

"Farewell, William; I did not think thee would go so soon. I will do all thee said. Farewell!"

The young soldier brought a horse from the wood, and rode away at full gallop. The lady wiped divers tears from her eyes, and quietly pursued her way to neighbor Comstock's house, where she procured a supply of 'fifth month dukes,' and returned home.

CHAPTER II.

When Emma reached home she found her mother and all the family busy in preparing a grand dinner for the expected strangers. The English Friends, Joseph Dido and Martha Nagelby, were that morning holding meeting at Crosswicks, where it may gratify my readers to learn they were favoured, (see their Journal, page 37,) with a 'comfortable sitting and a plentiful opening.' Joseph and Martha were, as their names prove, *not* man and wife; and though to the world it may seem strange that a rosy English gentleman of forty should leave his wife and children to visit Friends in America, with a companion young and handsome, of the softer sex, whose husband also remained in England, let not the Philistine scoff, nor the daughter of the uncircumcised sneer thereat. Such things are not uncommon among Friends, and be it spoken to the credit of this moral people, I never heard of any harm coming of the practice. A visit from a travelling Friend, more especially when he is also an *English Friend*, is esteemed a great honor, and calls forth the most solid testimonials of hospitality.

At twelve, then the usual dinner hour in the country, all the preparations were completed, and Jonathan Richie's equipage was seen approaching up the avenue of young poplars. This valuable exotic had been lately introduced into the country, and Jonathan was as eager as any of his neighbors to ornament his grounds with their stiff and lofty forms. There they stood straight and

tall, like *some* maiden ladies I have seen, neither useful nor ornamental. I need not describe the equipage: every body has seen a Jersey waggon, and knows what it was of old, and is now. It approached, drawn by two of those fat, lazy, and lounging horses which rich farmers always drive, and at the slow gait to which they are accustomed. Joseph Dido and Martha Nagleby were accompanied by Nathaniel Comstock and Samuel Robertson, two public Friends, connected with Crosswick's meeting and Jonathan Richie.

Friend Dido was a handsome comfortable looking Englishman, with the appearance and manners of a gentleman. Martha, his companion, a tall fine looking woman, of dignified appearance, and rather comely face. Nathaniel Comstock looked, as he was, the quintessence of quaker formality. He scorned all form, though without being aware that in his studied opposition to 'the world's ways,' he had slipped to the other extreme, and was as much a slave to a formal avoidance, as the 'world's people' can be to an observance of them. It was with him a point of conscience to keep his hat on in the house, during the most oppressive weather and under the most inconvenient circumstances. When he accosted a Friend in the street, he would double brace his sinews and stiffen his body, and pronounce his 'how's thee do' through his inmost nose, as if the whole ceremony were a part of his religion. Nathaniel was a selfish, money loving, worldly minded man, encased in the outward covering of a Quaker. I desire to do no injustice to this respectable community, but such persons exist among them as well as among other societies of Christians. It is no argument against a good thing, that it is liable to abuse. Nathaniel knew that a strict conformity to its discipline would ensure him the countenance and support of his society provided he could keep his inward rascality to himself. In this he succeeded, though his character was not above suspicion with the wiser portion of the meeting. Still he was rich: and wealth is power, with all men, or societies of men, civil or religious, and with the self denying and world contemning Quakers as well as others. So long as Nathaniel was contented to remain in a lay capacity he found no opposition, but he was suddenly bitten with that restless flea, ambition, and aspired to the ministry. Friends did not approve the proposition, and the candidate was advised to wait and test the call more fully. But the 'weight on his mind increased' so fast, and 'his uneasiness' became so pressing, that he was at last permitted to 'relieve his mind.' Accordingly, on the first ensuing first day, being the seventh of eighth month, 1770, he took his seat among the ministers and before long arose. Great expectation was excited, as usual, at the 'opening' of a new public Friend, and while Nathaniel stood in silence for a minute before he began

to speak, you might have *heard* the profound stillness that reigned around. A pin which dropped from Sybella Hoskins' starched neckerchief, was distinctly heard as it struck the floor, to the extreme end of the men's meeting. At length the words began to drop, one by one, from Nathaniel's *nose*, (I had liked to have said mouth,) with an interval of about thirty seconds between each. 'It—has—been—on—my—mind——for a—long time, to address Friends———The thought weighs heavy on my mind———— and I can't feel easy to suppress it. It appears to me,———— that it would be more consistent and becoming for all Friends to mind their own business.'

The pronunciation of the first six words occupied three minutes. The next clause was delivered with more rapidity, one or two words at a time, like water from a full porter bottle, as the speaker proceeded, the matter continued to flow more readily, like the aforesaid bottle, when having lost some of its contents, it bolts out the remainder as fast as the internal vacuum can be supplied. The rest was given forth freely: the voice raised, and the words were pronounced at its highest and most discordant pitch, the bottle having nearly emptied itself.

This was not esteemed a very *reaching* sermon, but as Nathaniel was just opening, it was hoped he would become 'much enlarged.' He made several subsequent attempts, but not much 'to approval:' as he had received, he gave but little. The best attempt was his last, and it is still quoted and deemed worthy of preservation in the country. He rose one day, and without preamble or addition, he expressed the following elegant and appropriate sentiment—'Young folks *thinks* old folks fools, but old folks *knows* young folks to *be* fools.' This was his last public testimony. His wife met him at the door of the meeting house, and before the congregated elders—the very weight of the meeting—thus accosted him,—"Oh! Nathaniel, why *will* thee make such a fool of thyself." Whether this gentle remonstrance had the effect, or he received a hint from the old Friends that he was not approved of, is not known: but he never felt moved again. He continued however strictest of the strict in his deportment and conversation. He it was who always addressed an old tinker, by name 'Munday,' as 'neighbor Second day;' and of whose 'Fifth month dukes' the reader has already heard enough.

So much for Nathaniel's history and character. I cannot forbear some description of his outer man, for it was original and unimitated. He was very tall and very thin. His very small head was thinly covered with gray hair and attached to a nose of immense proportions and singular conformation. It was an Isoceles' triangle, resting on its shortest side, as its base, and of course stuck out almost directly from his face, with the air, as he walked,

head and chin erect, of a greyhound when he hears the horn of the morning. An old Indian of the Brotherton tribe, styled it the 'father of all noses.' Beneath this phenomenon opened as singular a mouth. In its quiescent state it did not look very large, being puckered up like the mouth of Nathaniel's purse. Like it, too, its openings were little profitable to his neighbors, though both possessed a capacity for reception wonderful to behold. Imagine this mouth and nose fixed by a long and thin neck, on as long and thin a body, and this supported by a pair of the merest spindle-shanks, attached to two of the heaviest and most ill shaped feet in New-Jersey, and you have Nathaniel Comstock—of whom enough for the present.

Samuel Robertson was the very reverse of his thin neighbor, in disposition and in person; and clearly demonstrated, in his life and conversation, that all the usages of his society might be strictly and religiously observed, without offending those from whom he differed in sentiment, or infringing one rule of true and genuine politeness. Samuel was a gentleman by nature and education, in heart and in manner. In his day, he appears to have been considered rather a phenomenon among his people. In point of education, there were probably few among them equal to him; but doubtless many possessed his other good qualities. If it were not so, the Society of Friends have made a rapid improvement. For where we could show one wolf in sheep's clothing, like Nathaniel, we could produce ten who have imitated Samuel Robertson in his gentlemanly deportment, his liberal feelings, and his generous philanthropy.

Jonathan Richie was never meant by nature for a Quaker; and though he wore the dress and observed the outward practices of the sect, was totally deficient in that spirit of forbearance under insult, or, to speak more correctly, that suppression of the irritable feelings, which forms an important part of the practice of its professors. Still, though quick, he was easily appeased, true-hearted and intelligent. He had taken great interest in the Colonial cause, and itched to have his hand in the work. But the influence of his wife and friends had sufficed to keep his fingers from fight and himself from expulsion.

Rachel Richie was a fat and prejudiced, but at the same time kind and hospitable old woman, perfectly satisfied with herself and 'Friends,' and firmly convinced that all the rest of the world were in the bonds of iniquity, and the depths of ignorance. This good opinion of herself and her opinion showed itself on all occasions, and sometimes provoked our young acquaintance, William Vallette, (Emma's lover,) beyond forbearance, though he had every reason to desire her good feelings. She would take frequent occasion to observe upon his religious opinions, the form of

prayer, written discourses, and observance of Christmas, Easter, &c., all which she termed 'Heathen superstitions,' evidently without entertaining any idea of the meaning of the charge. This invariably brought on an argument in the course of which, while she always displayed a sorrowful ignorance of every thing in the shape of books, except the contents of two or three 'Journals of travelling Friends.' Rachel would express a provoking and condescending pity for her young friend's blindness, which invariably threw him out of his argument into a passion. If he stood this unmoved, she was sure to conquer him. After he had exhausted all his ingenuity upon some (in his opinion) absurdity of her creed, and nailed it with scripture, she would dress her face in a half contemptuous, half pitying smile, and complacently answer, that she 'did not feel easy to adopt that opinion;' that 'the light within her was sufficient for her,' or, to his equal satisfaction, that 'Friends thought otherwise.' This in answer to a plain injunction of Scripture would inevitably throw poor Vallette into a fever, which was only increased by the placid, and still contemptuous and pitying smile, with which his petulance was received. Upon one occasion, he was tempted to retaliate upon her the disrespect she had expressed toward a venerable clergyman of the Episcopal Church, by denying the inspiration of John Stokes, a highly gifted minister whom Friend Rachel almost adored, and quite worshipped. He persuaded her to admit, that though John's inspiration might be fully equal to that which dictated the bible, yet that since the bible was *certainly* an inspired production, all other inspiration must unite with it, and all which should differ from, or be in any particular unlike the inspiration of the bible could not be inspiration at all. 'Well then,' said he, 'show me that holy men were ever inspired to speak nonsense, and I will believe the nonsense of John Stokes to be inspiration; but not *till* then.' There was an end of all calmness and placidity upon the countenance of Friend Rachel in a moment. Contempt gave way to rage, and Vallette was glad to escape the presence. As he valued his chance for Emma's hand, he took care to avoid theological disputes with her mother from that time forward.

Here, as I write for the instruction of my fellow men, I must be permitted to waste a little upon them. Dr. Franklin used to say, that if all things lost on earth went to the moon, how full she must be of good advice. Nevertheless, I am resolved to do my duty, and to wash my hands of the blood of all men.

Firstly, then, ye aspirants after and pretenders to the light of inspiration, never admit the bible to be the true standard, by which your claims shall be weighed. It will prove a dangerous test, and ten to one you will suffer by the comparison. You have heard

of that celebrated philosopher, who in pity for the blindness of this dark world, hung his rushlight upon a tall post. It gave no great amount of radiance, it is true; yet as it shone at midnight, amid pitch darkness, and was hung above the heads of his neighbors, it passed among them for a new star, or a comet. But the philosopher became ambitious with partial success, and resolved to lend his powerful aid to the sun, and having so effectually lighted the night, proposed to illuminate the noonday. As might have been predicted, he made but a poor business of it. His lamp burned, but gave forth darkness rather than light, since the only visible evidence that it continued to blaze, was the smoke it evolved. Its fire evidently was not of the same essence with the heaven-born radiance of the glorious sun; and even his neighbors perceived how little claim his paltry light had to a communion with the stars of the firmament, when they saw it perched scarce out of their reach, on the top of a twenty feet pole.

Then take wisdom from the philosopher's failure, ye who would hold up the light of your vaunted inspiration to aid the beams of the sun of righteousness. Keep your candle from his rays—hide it by day—bring it forth only by night.

Secondly, You who are given to religious arguments, with bigoted and ignorant partizans, beware how you insinuate aught against the purity of *their* creed, or the perfection of *their* prophets, but content yourself with defending your own; you will find it sufficient occupation. You may naturally conclude, that since they take all sorts of liberties with *your* creed and *your* teachers, you may with propriety express your sentiments in return. You will find yourself mistaken, and give unpardonable offence. If you have no reason to regard the good or ill opinion of your adversary, it may be very well and very satisfactory to speak your mind; but if you are courting his daughter, or wish to borrow his money, by all means keep it to yourself.

The visiters were ushered into the parlour, opened specially for this occasion, and received by Emma and her mother.

"Joseph Dido, my wife, my daughter,—Martha Nazleby, my wife, my daughter Emma."

"Pleased to see thee, Joseph—pleased to see you *all*, friends. Emma, take friend Nazleby's bonnet. Samuel, how's thee do? Well, Nathaniel, how's *thee?* And Rebecca?—I *heerd* she was poorly."

"Complains of being some better this morning, thank thee, Rachel."

"Come, Rachel," said Jonathan, "has thee got nothing for these Friends? They have ridden far this morning."

"We can give them something, but poor to what such travellers have been used to."

"We are not used to any thing better than thou art, Rachel, I assure thee," said Friend Dido, as they walked into the room where dinner was prepared.

It may be as well to remark here, one peculiarity by which an English Friend may be distinguished. He speaks good English. It must be from disinclination to take the necessary trouble rather than from ignorance, that American Quakers so universally commit high treason against the King in his capacity of Defender of the Grammar. 'How's thee do'—'thee would,' &c., certainly come much easier to the tongue than 'how dost thou do,' and 'thou wouldst.'

Being seated at the table, our Friends assumed that solemn manner and perfect silence which always precedes their meals—an appropriate and affecting ceremony, when the form is accompanied and sanctified by the inward and spiritual grace. The dinner progressed without much conversation, except an occasional remark passing between Joseph and Samuel, and the brief and oft repeated exhortations to eat, addressed to the guests on the part of their host and hostess.

"Why, Friend Dido, I declare thee *does* not eat at all. *Do* take some more of the roast pig—well then, try the boiled beef, thee'l find it very good—No? Well, this is a very tender young chicken. Emma, give Joseph some chicken. Martha, I am afraid thee finds nothing thee likes; why, thee eats nothing at all."

Nathaniel did not open his mouth to speak, except to say "Yes, thank thee," when Jonathan offered to replenish his plate; but sat with his tall figure bent to the table, his nose almost touching it, and poured the food into his capacious mouth with a rapidity and energy truly miraculous. It was well he wore a napkin close to his chin, for his mouth, even *his*, was not able to receive the torrent with which he fed it. Some wondered were all this food went to. It ran to nose and feet.

When the meal was finished, the conversation began.

"Thou wert at Burlington Quarterly Meeting, Joseph, I believe," said Samuel Robertson, who though an American, was conscientiously scrupulous of speaking ungrammatically, and was almost a solitary exception to the general rule.

"Yes," said Joseph.

"Was Robert Dot at meeting?"

"Yes, and Susan Sacherville. We had a profitable meeting, and experienced a great state of inwardness."

"I thought so," said Nathaniel, wiping his mouth. "Robert Dot was highly favored on that day. The power accompanying his words was very reaching. Did thee not feel it so Joseph?"

"Yes, at first; but Robert himself told me he over-stayed the motion, and persisted to speak, though he felt an inward inclining

to sit down, and so it came to pass that great flatness and uneasiness ensued. The latter part reminded me of George Fox's prison —'the savour whereof was very grievous to be endured.'"

"Was there not some difference among Friends at that meeting," inquired Friend Rachel.

"Yes," said Martha. "John Pearce, as soon as the meeting was gathered into an inward, waiting state of mind, felt constrained to address Friends. He felt some concern on his mind on account of backsliding of certain former members, calling themselves Free Quakers, and violating the testimony concerning war, holding what they termed defensive war to be allowable. John had it on his mind to confer privately with Joseph Haywood on the matter."

"Was Joseph at meeting?"

"Yes, and John had opportunity with him afterward, and let him know his uneasiness; but it was not removed."

"Did Joseph speak?"

"He expressed himself under weight. But it was signified by Friends, that, as he was under dealing for contumacity, it would not be to approval."

"I hear Tobias Haley opened as a public Friend."

"Yes, and a new woman Friend appeared in supplication, but not to edification of Friends."

At this period of the conversation, Jonathan, who would much rather have talked with the Englishman about the wonderful things in the old country, of the events and prospects of the struggling Colonists, and had attempted in vain to turn the current, left the room on pretence of business. Emma, who had watched in vain an opportunity to speak privately with him, soon followed and delivered her message.

"That was kind in William, and I will not forget it. He is a fine fellow; don't thee think so, Emma?—I thought so. I must go to Bordentown, and see about the matter. Tell Quommino to put the horses to the wagon."

Jonathan, having informed his friends that urgent business called him to Bordentown, prepared to depart alone; but Nathaniel, having some purchases to make of Amos Smith, the principal storekeeper and moneyed man of the vicinity, offered, to his great annoyance, to accompany him.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

PORTRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED CONTEMPORARIES, No. I.

DR. BOWRING.

We have a great, and we believe a good purpose in view. Accident has determined us to begin with this gentleman. Among a multitude of memoranda, relating to the philosophers, the statesmen, the orators, the naturalists, the painters, poets and sculptors of the mother country, as well as of our own, which are now lying before us, the first that happened to turn up, on referring to them a moment ago for the purpose of preparing a few Sketches from Life, were the impressions recorded immediately after a first interview with John Bowring, LL. D. the Editor of the Westminster Review, the author, translator, poet; linguist *and*—philanthropist; about whom so much has been said, and so little known, by the newspapers and reviewers of our country, within the last half a dozen years.

With the *kind* of reputation he enjoys, not only at home, but here, and throughout the whole of northern and a part of southern Europe; now as a critic and reviewer, and now as the author of much beautiful and simple poetry; here as a linguist hardly inferior to Sir William Jones himself, and there as the only 'faithful and free' translator of many an unknown language, with all its treasures and glories, into the plainest English *prose*, carefully pursuing the very *rhythm* of the original, if nothing more, it is, it must be—and we may as well prepare the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER for it in season—a very difficult thing to give a faithful portrait of the man, and at the same time to satisfy the prepossessions of the public.

But let us begin with his outward appearance. Dr. John Bowring is not far from forty-six; about five feet nine inches high; of a slender make, with one of the most poetical faces you ever saw; a capital forehead, lofty, transparent, ample and serene, a clear sharp nose, with a chin sufficiently characteristic, though not by any means remarkable; a pleasant mouth; and eyes, which, in spite of his golden spectacles, and the distortion caused by their long use, are capable of being lighted up as with inward fire. Add to this, that his complexion is light, and his hair, if we may trust our memory, dark brown approaching to black and sprinkled

with gray—and you have all that we can remember of the outward man. Altogether, in look, stature, voice and speech, and we may add in temper and character, both having obtained their reputation by employing others, or by working over the material of others, he bears a great resemblance to the amiable Mr. G——, editor of the Token. Both are industrious men, both pleasant warm-hearted men, both have an itch for small poetry and smaller prose, both have a pretty good opinion of themselves and of the importance of their labors in the great commonwealth of literature, and both——but as we are no great admirers of Plutarch, and not much addicted to *racing* parallels, *whether or no*, we will drop Mr. G. and return to Dr. Bowring.

The first time we ever saw the latter, though we had long known him by reputation, and long wished to see him, was at the Argyle-rooms, London. We were both listening to a series of lectures in Spanish, German, French, and Italian delivered by natives, and introductory to a course in the several languages mentioned, upon the literature of their respective countries. There were perhaps fifty other listeners—not more; though, we believe, the introductories were gratuitous. And this occurred in the metropolis of the British Empire, at a time of great public sympathy for the sufferings and sacrifices of the many distinguished men who had been cast abroad by the convulsions of Europe; and after the *patronage* of Dr. Bowring had been secured, (then but John Bowring, Esquire,) the chief linguist of the age, and as these poor foreigners had been led to believe, by the newspapers and booksellers that puffed his translations, of great influence and elevated standing in the literary and fashionable, if not in the commercial world—for he was a merchant withal. One by one they had arrived, like so many conspirators,—and conspirators they were in truth, for just enough to keep body and soul together—in that huge metropolis, believing they had found a citadel and a sanctuary for such as they—men shipwrecked in the tempestuous brightness of a revolutionary hurricane. But they arrived only to be disappointed—deceived—betrayed. At the suggestion of Mr. Bowring, who meant well, but wanted the courage to deal frankly with them, they were induced to club together their little all—their pocket money—and try one foolish experiment after another, till they had nothing left, not even hope; and were finally rescued from starvation, by the expedient of a dress-ball given at the opera-house, under the patronage, not of John Bowring, Esquire, but of the Duke of Sussex, and some others, for the relief of the Spanish refugees. With that Mr. B. had nothing to do, further than to appear—radical though he was, in a regular built *Court-dress*, and run about hither and there, announcing the names of

here and there a nobleman, to here and there a commoner—nothing more.*

These incidents are so characteristic of the man, who is eternally doing mischief with the best possible intentions, that no honest biographer could pass them over. And now that we are upon this part of our subject—why not throw in two or three more? We will—we must.

After the failure of the lecturing establishment above referred to, Mr. B. planned another magnificent contrivance for the support of these unhappy foreigners, among whom were Castellanos, Desprat, (he who gave up his pay to the Spanish Cortes) the Canon Riego, (brother to the celebrated Spanish General Riego,) Prati, (an Italian advocate and fine belles-lettres scholar,) the Aid-de-camp of Mina, (we forget his name,) Schnell, who furnished eloquent, profound, and most extraordinary papers for the Westminster Review, on Greek literature and the Orations of Demosthenes, written by himself, in English worthy of Jeremy Taylor himself, though he spoke not a word of any language but German; Rey, (author of a comparison between the judicial institutions of England and those of France—a very valuable work.) Ugo Foscolo, whose papers in the 'Edinburgh,' were done into English by Miss A——. Carle Voelker, the celebrated professor of Gymnastics, and a multitude more; some few of whom like the Canon Riego, had other means not so precarious, to say the least of them, as the patronage of John Bowring, Esquire. The second scheme was this—to set up a private institution for the study of the European languages, laws, and literature, in partnership; wherein the physical and moral capabilities of the student would be developed at the same time, and as carefully and essentially, as the intellectual. This, too, was a plausible scheme enough; and if any body else had planned it but Mr. Bowring, or had he told his dupes the simple truth, and not overrated his own influence nor suffered them to do so, till they relied altogether upon him, it might have been successful. As it was—nothing came of it but renewed loss, mortification, and discouragement to his *protegés*, or patron*ees*, though for ourselves we are satisfied that the London University, always a favorite scheme with certain of those to whose skirts Bowring attached himself years and years ago for distinction or notoriety, such as Bentham, Brougham, and Romilly, was the natural growth of this failure. The soil was enriched by it, if nothing more. Let us add here, that entire

* The tickets were a guinea—and about four thousand persons were present we should say. The house was crowded to the ceiling, and the floor, which extended from the back of the stage to the dress-boxes, so full, that only two quadrilles could be made up!

justice may be done to the foresight and wisdom of Dr. Bowring, that the Gymnastic establishment succeeded—so far as to cost Jeremy Bentham about *seven hundred pounds sterling;* (three thousand five hundred dollars with exchange) and no small share of his reputation as a provident calculator of chances, and a reasoning benefactor of the people, whose welfare was upon his heart, like fire upon the altar it consumes, for three quarters of a century. For a time, and so long as the Gymnasium flourished, it was Bowring's plan; and sustained by Bowring's *patronage.* But when it fell through—alas! for the kind-hearted, credulous Bentham. He had to foot the bills, and abide the 'pelting of the pitiless storm,' in the pillory of public opinion—p—p—p—. We are no friends to alliteration, whatever our readers may think on reading that passage.

But speaking of Bentham, we are reminded of two other little affairs, eminently characteristic of his biographer, Dr. B. The first is the establishment of the Westminster Review. That was a plan of the doctor's to secure to himself a respectable maintenance, and to Mr. Bentham the reputation of paying for it. After it had been carried on several years, instead of there being a balance in favor of the philosopher, he found himself out of pocket not far from *four thousand pounds sterling,* (*nearly twenty thousand dollars!*) Yet the doctor still persisted in carrying it on—for the welfare of the human family, 'the greatest good of the greatest number,' and the glory of Jeremy Bentham. Now that the latter is in his grave, it has probably begun to pay.

We have spoken of Dr. B., as the *biographer* of Jeremy Bentham. He deserves it, or rather we hope he *will* deserve it; though if he should be satisfied with being his amanuensis, and nothing more, it would be far better for the reputation of both. It so happened that the author of this article was dining with the philosopher of Queen-Square-Place, when there came a letter urging the venerable man to *dictate his own life,* to one of his two secretaries, who should be enjoined to take it down faithfully and scrupulously, as it fell from their great master's lips. He—that is we ourself—seconded the prayer of the writer, who, if we are not much mistaken, was Mr. Silvester Parkes of Birmingham, author of the History of the Court of Chancery, and so highly complimented by the present Lord Chancellor of England, in his great speech on the abuses of English law, when he was Harry Brougham, or as they call it there, *Hairy Broom.* He refused, saying he had no *time,* though he did nothing after dinner; but soon after this, we were informed by one of the secretaries in question, that Mr. Bowring had undertaken to devote two evenings a week to the duty; and right glad were we, and *are* we, to find it true. Let it be in fact, and in all simplicity, the language as well as thought of Jeremy

Bentham, and it will be one of the most instructive and entertaining books that ever appeared; and, therefore, all that Dr. John Bowring can reasonably wish for, a profitable job for himself.

And here, another little anecdote, one of a thousand we might mention, to show the warm-hearted, obliging temper of the man, occurs to us. A gentleman, (Mr. White of Battersea Priory,) happened to be in Paris at the time when Mr. Bowring was there; if we do not mistake, it was a few days before the latter had contrived to get himself arrested and imprisoned for a conspirator—a conspirator! John Bowring, Esquire, the inoffensive translator of *Northern* barbarisms into *English*, a conspirator against the peace and dignity of the French Empire! Really it was too good a joke, and quite of a piece with the fright of Dennis the critic, when he fancied every sail that appeared, to be a French government-ship, hovering on the coast, till he might be kidnapped and carried off to her. But so it was. By meddling and prattling, by looking significant, and by mentioning the names of known revolutionary characters in England, as it were by chance, he contrived to get himself into a prison, where he was confoundedly frightened; and out of which he contrived to escape only by the interposition of Mr. Canning, to whom Mr. Bentham applied for the purpose, declaring his belief that poor Bowring meant no harm, and that if they would only let him go, the House of Bourbon might stay where it was—and be d—d to it. Well, at this time, both Mr. White and Mr. Bowring happened to be together in Paris. The former had collected a number of fine pictures, and was rather inclined, we suspect, to get rid of them, as Dr. Bowring would of his parodies, for *originals*. The latter called to see them; saying that he knew the Duc d'Orleans *intimately*, and saw him every day; that his hotel was like a home for him, that he would speak to '*the duc*' particularly about the pictures, and that as '*the duc*' *was building a picture gallery back of his hotel* at the time, he had no doubt 'the duc' would be of great use to Mr. W. in disposing of his pictures, if he wished to do so. A week or two went by after this—day after day—and no Mr. Bowring appeared. Mr. W. afterwards met the Count ——, Aid-de-camp of the Duc; and in the course of conversation made some inquiries about Mr. B. The Count knew no such person, and, as he was always about the duc, he thought the duc did not. Not to be too certain, however, he would inquire. He did so, and it turned out that the Duc had never heard the name of Mr. Bowring! This we had from the younger Mr. Sully, who had it directly from Mr. White, himself; and though we cannot vouch for its truth, it is so much of a piece with two or three stories which we know to be true, that we are disposed to believe it implicitly. But the best of the joke was the idea of fastening a *picture gallery* upon the Duc D'Orleans!—the very last

of the whole Bourbon race likely to indulge in a thing of the sort; a man who went about the streets of Paris, at the time referred to. like a private citizen. One of the stories referred to above, as within our own knowledge was the following: The celebrated Bentham had attached to himself a young lawyer, whom he had sought out and finally domesticated in his own house, with a view to have him do what half a dozen others had abandoned in despair, complete the publication of a small work on judicial evidence, in one volume, preparatory to the appearance of the great work in five huge octavos, from the illegible, ten-times culled and refuse notes and memoranda of the author. The individual refused to undertake the job, till assured that he could finish it in six weeks. Long before that time had expired, and before he had been able to decipher a fourteenth part of the MS., the philosopher took him off to write a paper for the Westminster Review. Before that was finished, Mr. Bowring applied to him to undertake the translation of the great work of Mr. Bentham on Morals and Legislation—promising him two hundred pounds, (about one thousand dollars,) for the job, and apologising at the same time for the inadequacy of the profferred compensation, by stating that little as it was, it would be a dead loss in a pecuniary view; the object being merely to give Mr. Bentham an opportunity of appearing before the British public in the language they were accustomed to. The job was undertaken: but before it was completed, the blowing up of another scheme of the amiable and ingenious Dr. Bowring, when his philanthrophy in the cause of the Greeks became rather questionable, led the translator to announce that one volume was finished, and that if agreeable to others, it would be very pleasant to him, to touch a small portion of the *quid pro quo*. To this very natural proposition. what think you was the reply of Mr. Bowring, the contriver and instigator of so many plans for the relief of the industrious, the clever and the highly-gifted? A stare of perfect amazement!—a brief, anxious, and hurried look into the other's face, a slight trembling of the under lip—and then, would you believe it! a reluctant avowal that all he had done was done without authority and without inquiry, and that in short, he would apply forthwith to Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. John Smith, the banker, and two or three more very hearty admirers of Mr. Bentham, and if *they* would furnish the money, he should be happy—very happy—nothing would give him more pleasure—than to keep his engagement. There was but one reply to a proposition of this nature. That reply was instantly made, and there the negociation was concluded forever.

Connected with these transactions however, is that of the Greek loans, which, viewed in one light, has been regarded far too seriously by the admirers of Dr. Bowring; while viewed in another, it cannot be regarded too seriously by any body. Acting as a mere

speculator and stockjobber, John Bowring, Esquire, who was then a merchant, as well as a poet by trade, what did he more than most of the players at the stock-exchange would have done? He did but puff up the stock, and after he had purchased to the full extent of his means, capital and credit, pretend to great disinterestedness—talk of his Philhelenism, of Lord Byron, of Colonel Stanhope, of a free press, and of the sacrifices due to that country 'of gods and godlike men.' He did but do this, and withhold information, which as secretary of the Greek committee he was in possession of, and which, had it been put forth, would have kept the stock down forever and ever, in the money market. And when the speculation threatened to prove ruinous, notwithstanding all these, and other similar stock-jobbing efforts, he did but go to the Greek deputies, and say to them, that in his philanthropy and reckless devotion to the cause of their country, he had ruined himself—pledged all his resources—and exhausted the patience of his best friends—that he was a husband and a father—and that, in short, he and Joseph Hume, the munificent M. P., would be under the disagreeable necessity of abandoning the cause of Grecian liberty, if they were not *indemnified* for all the sacrifices they had hitherto made, or were likely to make—*in cash*. What could the poor Greek deputies do in such a case? Dr. Bowring was the secretary of the Greek committee: Mr. Hume was a leading member there, as well as in the House of Commons. And, *therefore*, they submitted: and what did Mr. Bowring then? Why nothing more than is held to be lawful with stock-brokers, though not altogether the thing for poets, and scholars, and philanthropists—burning with unquentionable ardor in the cause of liberty. He went on puffing the stock, till it was up—up—up—as high as it appeared likely to go; when he wrote a most affecting letter to the Greek deputies, and mentioning his wife and children once more, and recapitulating the sacrifices he had made, he got the stock back at the old price! and thereby cleared more than ten thousand pounds sterling, (about fifty thousand dollars,) by his Greek philanthropy. Stay—on second thoughts, we begin to believe these transactions were reversed in the order of occurrence. But however that may be, the facts are substantially as we have stated them. Now, say we, regarded in this light—as the doings of a crafty broker, laboring in his vocation, there was no such unpardonable misconduct here; and when he was called upon by the Times and Morning Chronicle to answer to the charge, had he come out like a man, or rather like a shrewd merchant, and acknowledged the truth, there the matter would have ended. But this he wanted the courage for; and the consequence was, that, after denying the whole story to the writer of this article, who was fool enough to believe him, the whole story was proved; and the Doctor goes down to posterity as a man who

was betrayed by the commonest of all common motives, into an abandonment of all disinterestedness, all enthusiasm, all poetry, and all sympathy in the cause of a great and suffering nation; as a man who proved unfaithful alike to all parties; to his own countrymen who trusted in his representation of the affairs of the Greeks, when they hazarded their money like spendthrifts and prodigals, and to the Greeks, who fell away disheartened, and hopeless, and powerless, when they were obliged to reckon Bowring the Philanthropist, among their betrayers. Behold the short sightedness of the man! For the sake of a few paltry hundreds a year to himself, he puts Bentham, his friend and benefactor, to the charge of thousands for the Westminster Review. For the sake of a few thousands to himself, he leads his countrymen into a ruinous speculation upon Greek stock, where hundreds of thousands are lost. Such will be the judgment of posterity—of this, he may be assured. How often has he heard the great man, whose death will but put more money into his pocket, by means of the auto-biography referred to, and perhaps by testament, ridicule the utter foolishness of goverment—contracts, where a premium is paid for extravagance in the shape of a *per-centage* upon disbursements; whereby, for the sake of a paltry five per cent., perhaps, the country is taxed with its hundreds and thousands. And yet, of the two cases, which were a sign of the greatest folly, or the greatest wickedness?

As a translator, we think rather highly of Dr. Bowring. His method is peculiar and the results happy, though we are inclined to believe his translations of great authors, mere paraphrases, and unfaithful in what should be the predominating features of such labor. The music is preserved, and the thoughts, when those thoughts are on a level with the highest efforts of the translator's imagination. But beyond this they are of necessity feeble and false; and as we can easily measure the height and the depth, yea, the length and the breadth, of Dr. John Bowring's imagination by his *original* pieces, we may be sure that the burning passion, the overpowering pathos, and the terrible sublimity of the great northern bards *are not*, and *cannot* be rendered by him.

Of his early translations, two passages only do we remember, and even those two he had forgotten years ago, when we tried to find him guilty of their authorship, thereby proving that their singular beauty had not even been perceived by him, much less generated. One is about

"Fountains *floating in odors and gold.*"

Another contains a description of the north wind—

'Pealing among her banners.'

Now these two passages are the finest we recollect in his early works, and of his later, we have nothing to say; all that we know of them, except through the Quarterly Review, is a book entitled

MATINS AND VESPERS, and sublimely dedicated to Mrs. Barbauld, borrowed as the author timidly acknowledges, from the German of Dr. Witschel's *Morgen and Abend*, and crowded with such mere newspaper trumpery, as you will find in the last efforts of desperate blank verse weavers, such as Satan Montgomery, or the Annuals of the day, under the signature of John Bowring. Take a passage in illustration from the '*Lines written at Sea*'—original we are sure.

"When the bark by a *gentle* breath *is driven*,
And the bright sun dances in the heaven
Up and down, as the rocking boat
Upon the ridgy waves *doth* float.
And the fresh sea sprinkles the sloping deck
And naught is seen but some snowy speck
On the distance—and the sky above
And the waters round—*'tis sweet to move*
Gladly from one to another strand
Guided by some invisible hand."

There! that we take to be about the length and breadth of Dr. Bowring's *original* poetry, and we may add, moreover, the *height* and *depth* of it. And is such a man capable of representing fairly and worthily—of *personating* as it were, in the face of heaven and earth, and before all the nations, the giants of the stormy and illustrious north? Take one more example of his *impromptology*.

"May the pilgrimage—
Of the white haired sage,
Of Queen-Square-Place,
Be a long, long race.

The peculiar and happy mode of translation referred to above, is the following: He takes the original—works it over in his mind, gets full of his author, and then sits down and consults dictionaries and natives, and tries to render, not line by line, but the whole in a lump, as it were, into his own language; observing where it is practicable every peculiarity of measure. Having allowed him this merit, we are obliged to stop—human charity can no further go—for as to the merit of authorship, if authorship means originality of a great mind, we hold him to be about upon a par with those who take watches to pieces, and put them together again for smoke-jacks.

As a linguist, he enjoys too high a reputation. He reads, perhaps, half as many languages, as Sir William Jones did, by *the help of a dictionary*; yet he is familiar but with two or three, and of those two or three, he speaks only two with any considerable fluency, the Spanish and the German. His French is very bad—his English not much better.

As a Reviewer, and as the editor of the Westminster Review, his labors are hardly worth mentioning. He never wrote an article

in his life, that any other writer of reputation would be willing to acknowledge. In the outset he was associated with Mr. Southern, the editor and proprietor of the London Magazine, who had acquired his reputation chiefly, if not altogether, by one article upon Byron. They pulled together pleasantly enough, so long as both happened to pull the same way; but Southern being a literary stock-jobber, whose two or three editorships were so many sinecures, till his writers found him out, and the Doctor having the ear of Jeremy Bentham, the partnership was dissolved. But while it endured, there were pleasant doings enough, you may be sure. Southern got all the pay for the contributions to the London Magazine, with a part of the pay *intended* for the contributors to the Westminster Review, over and above his editorial and other pay. But then his expenses were great, he was above betraying himself by his poverty to the sneers of people, who remembered him at the University, and were wicked enough, and base enough, to reproach him with being the son of an honest barber, and of course, he could not afford to pay his contributors—how could he? this guinea a page, when it cost him two thousand pounds a year to live, and every guinea would purchase an opera-ticket; and so they quarelled, and parted, after a division of the spoil, or, in other words, of Jeremy Bentham. And here it occurs to us to mention another anecdote or two, relating to these journals, which we had from the mouths of the parties—going to show the true character of the Westminster Review, that Champion of Radicalism, Reform, &c., &c., &c. A gentleman, whose translations from the German are unequalled, being applied to by Mr. Southern for a paper, sent him one for the Westminster Review, which he and Bowring were delighted with. By and by, it was thought a little too bold—going a little too far against his Majesty of Prussia. It was finally returned, as being, on the whole, *rather* too liberal for the Westminster Review, the great liberal champion. That very review, after a touch or two of the scissors, and the alteration of a paragraph, was then furnished to the Quarterly, (the champion of t'other side,) accepted,—and published!—So much for independence over sea!

Another case and we have ended our story. Mr. P——, of Birmingham wrote an article for the Westminster Review, on Dr. Lingard's reply to the Edinboro' Review. It was accepted by Mr. Southern, the junior-editor, who after consultation, says, a part is a *little* too strong, it must be *boned*. After which Mr. P. is asked if he has any objection to let so much as does not appear in the Westminster Quarterly, go into the London Monthly. Mr. P. says, no. Whereupon the next London Monthly (of which S. was co-proprietor,) comes out with the *best parts of the whole article;* but so divided, that a note which Mr. P. had written, and put Dr. Kitchener's name to, for fun, as a recipe for making a *Tory His-*

tory—is actually separated from the text, and put into the last part of the number, as a *bona fide* recipe by Dr. K.! 'The rest of the article reduced to one and a half sheets, will appear in the W. R.; and as Dr. Lingard has been replied to since the article was prepared, that reply to Dr. L.,' said a friend, 'will probably be annexed for the W. R., and worked up with the balance of the article!'

We have now done. The Westminster Review is flourishing now, and so is the editor with his Dutch diploma of LL. D., &c., &c. The facts we have stated are facts. Let those who know the reputation of Dr. Bowring, as a reviewer, a poet, a translator, a linguist, a critic, and a philanthropist, judge how far he is entitled to that reputation.

AUTUMN.

Death draws latent beauty upon the palest cheek,
And flashing glances of the eye Consumption's power bespeak;
The Dolphin while expiring with varied lustre glows,
And day is ever fairest when waning to its close.

Thus glorious is Autumn—but mournful as 'tis bright,
For who can mark the hectic's flush with feelings of delight?
Who on the radiant Dolphin with gay regard can gaze,
Nor mourn approaching darkness in sunset's richest blaze?

E. B. C.

The following graceful lines which appeared, with a few typographical errors, in a provincial paper, have been corrected and handed to us by the accomplished authoress for insertion. We are delighted to make the Knickerbocker the medium of rendering generally known one of the finest effusions of this lady's gifted muse.—Ed. K.

THE SONG THE CRICKETS SING.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

I cannot to the city go,
  Where all in sound and sight
Declares that nature does not know
  Or do a thing aright.
To granite wall, and tower, and dome
  My heart could never cling.
Oh! no—I'd rather stay at home
  And hear the crickets sing.

I'm certain I was never made
  To run a city race,
Within a human palisade
  That's ever changing place.
Their bustle, fashion, art, and show,
  Were each, a weary thing;
Amid them, I should sigh to go
  And hear the crickets sing.

If there, I might no longer be
  Myself, as now I seem,
But lose my own identity,
  And walk as in a dream.
Or else, with din and crowd oppressed,
  I'd wish the sparrow's wing,
To fly away, and be at rest,
  And hear the crickets sing.

The fire-fly rising from the grass
  Upon her wings of light,
I would not give for all the gas
  That spoils their city sight!
Not all the pomp and etiquette
  Of citizen or king,
Shall ever make my ear forget
  The song the crickets sing.

I find, in hall and gallery,
Their imitations faint,
Compared to my live brook and tree,
Without a touch of paint.
And, from the brightest instrument
Of pipe, or key, or string,
I turn away, and feel content
To hear the crickets sing.

For who could paint the beaming moon
That's smiling through the bough
Of yonder elm, or play the tune
The cricket's singing now?
Not all the silver of the mine,
Nor human power could bring
Another moon, like her to shine,
Or make a cricket sing.

I know that when the crickets trill
Their plaintive strains by night,
They tell us, that from vale and hill,
The Summer takes her flight.
And, were there no renewing Power,
'Twould be a mournful thing,
To think of fading leaf and flower,
And hear the crickets sing.

But why should change with sadness dim
The eye, when thought can range
Through other worlds, and fly to Him,
Who is without a change?
For, He who meted out the years
Will give another Spring—
He rolls alike the shining sphere
And makes the crickets sing.

And when another Autumn strips
The Summer leaves away,
Should silence sit upon the lips
That breathe and move to-day:
The time I've past with nature's God,
Will never prove a sting,
Though I've adored him from the sod
On which the crickets sing.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

It is now some four or five years, since a brief article went the rounds of the papers, stating that the ruins of an extensive city had been discovered in the interior of Mexico, which had been surrounded with a wall of vast circumference, and of regular hewn stone Masonry. In the precincts of this American Babylon in ruins, were towers, temples, columns, arches, and massive fallen fragments of every form and size of dwellings, streets choked up with rubbish, and all the memorials of a city of great former populousness and splendor, of an architecture more resembling Greek and Roman remains, than those of the Incas, or Mexican princes. The silence of Spanish antiquarians and topographical writers upon a subject of such absorbing interest, caused the report to be doubted. Recent researches have, however, removed all uncertainty upon the subject, and the following memoir, read before the Lyceum of this city by Dr. Akerly, embraces all the details hitherto known upon the subject. The memoir consists of letters and the dedication of a work on the subject from Dr. Corroy, one of the most enterprising antiquarians engaged in investigating these extraordinary remains.

The locality of the ruins is as follows: The nearest maritime town is that from which the captain sailed. It is called Laguira, or Isle of Carmine, laid down on the charts as Laguira de Terminos, in latitude 18° 33′ north, longitude 19° 49′ west from Washington. It is called by the Mexicans and the natives 'The Holy City,' and is 150 miles west of Laguira, in the interior. Laguira is near Campeachy, and within the political limits of Mexico.

It would appear, however, says the Evening Post, from the letter of another correspondent of Dr. Akerly, that there is still a large field of antiquities in Central America unexplored by scientific research. The forests to the east and west of Palenque, are full of the gigantic ruins of a race now vanished and forgotten, who possessed a degree of civilization greater than that of any aboriginal nation at the time of the Spanish conquest, and perhaps a written language, and the only records of whose existence are the ruins of their vast edifices, their bas-reliefs, their statues, and their inscriptions in an unknown character and dialect.

THREE VISITS TO THE RUINS OF PALENQUE.

Letters describing three journeys to the ruins, dedicated to Dr. Samuel Akerly, a citizen of the United States of North America, member of the Lyceum of Natural History in the city of New-York, &c, &c, &c., written by his associate member, and affectionate friend, F. C.

State of Tobasco, in the Mexican Federation, in the year 1833.

DEDICATION.

Dear Doctor,

These historical letters, although very imperfect, are the result of much labor and fatigue, attended with heavy expense. You will not find in them any elegance of style, but only a faithful description.

The Ruins being in the interior, it has been impossible for me to reside on the spot, according to my original plan; and to avoid repetition, you will find my reasons in the course of my letters both for your own information and for that of the public. It was quite impossible for me to treat of the first expeditions that were made for the conquest of Mexico, and I have therefore left that subject to professed historians, and have confined myself chiefly to the attempt to give an idea of Tabasco, my adopted country, where I have now resided nearly twenty-six years. I have endeavored to give a brief description of the fertile territory of this state, which is absolutely unknown to literary men, naturalists, and intelligent writers; and also very imperfectly known to geographers, and even to the authors of the best gazetteers; it seems indeed as if God and man had abandoned it to eternal oblivion.

Some of my friends have requested me to write the history of this region. But, my dear doctor, I am deficient in the qualifications of an historian. But you will perhaps ask, since I find myself unable to give the history of a territory inhabited for little more than three centuries, how I can venture to write the history of ruins, masses and piles of stones, whose antiquity reaches back more than four thousand years.

To this I answer, first, as before said, I am deficient in the qualifications of an historian; second, that it is very difficult to obtain the necessary documents and materials; third, that not a single historian, geographer, or other writer has treated or written of Tobasco, except of Juan Grijaloa's entrance into it, and of its conquest by Herman Cortes, which took place on the 25th March, 1519, and very superficially even of these facts. Now it is indisputable that the title deeds in my possession of my own farm, from the original documents preserved in the archives of Mexico, dated in the year 1613, carry us back 220 years from the year 1833, and throw some faint light on the ancient city, called by the conquerors 'De Nuestra Senora de la Victoria,' (our Lady of Victory) which became the first capital of this ancient province, now the state of Tabasco, and the scene of the victory of Herman Cortes. But my materials are not sufficient; on the contrary, they only throw deeper obscurity over my investigations into the history of Tabasco; so that I have prepared nothing, and have by no means all that is requisite to form the cement of the work. On the other hand, I have in a complete state, Three Journeys or Excursions to the Ruins; I have a Manuscript History of them; I have examined with particular attention their remains, their edifices, their subterraneous apartments, and inscriptions, and, above all, the enormous tablets of written characters, and as Botarini calls them, the songs. I have examined the gigantic figures, and whatever else time has spared; and have compared them all with the drawings in my possession, particularly with the plan of the principle palace, which the artist, Mr. Juan Frederic Waldeck, executed on the basis of one in my possession, and corrected by his personal observation; in addition, I have in my possession many other materials; as for instance, idols which I have compared with others found in different spots, but which plainly appear to have belonged to the same people; lastly, I have the information which Don Francisco Saverio Clavigero gives of the Italian (Milanese) traveller Don Lorenzo Botarino Benadani, as also the modern, valuable, and instructive German work which I shall quote. With these materials, I have no doubt of being able

to prove that the enigmatical ruins known by the name of Palenque, or the Stone Houses, are those of a city once inhabited by the Toltecan, or Toltequan nation, built as is supposed, 4600 years ago; that it was known by the name of Huchuetlapallan, and Tlapallan; that it was abandoned by its inhabitants from about the year 544 after Christ, and that from this epoch to the present year 1833, we have 1289 years, which long space of time accounts sufficiently for our now finding no entire palace or edifices, but only fragments and ruins.

At the request of the Society of Geography at Paris, of which I have the honor to be a regular member, I have prepared an account of the basso-relievoes of the adoration of the cross, and an exact description of the river Michol, improperly called Micol, all which will appear in my third excursion.

By means of the materials to which I have referred, I hope, dear doctor, to make it plainly appear that the true origin of our mysterious ruins is now discovered; and if this should not be proved, or should be at all questionable, the hope at least will remain to me, that antiquarians and linguists of talent, like Messrs. Rifaud and Bail of France, or others of other nations, may make a voyage hither for the express object of visiting these ruins, and may decipher the characters which are still intelligible, establish a true hypothesis, and remove all ignorance respecting the origin of these prodigious remains. But what I have promised in this respect I shall attempt in the account of my third excursion; and this I ought to finish as soon as possible, since the whole seems threatened with speedy and utter ruin.

Although it is my wish, dear doctor, not to enlarge in this dedication, a fault which is always wearisome to the curious reader, yet I cannot omit to state, that from the time I first thought of publishing my investigations, my determination was absolutely to avoid politics; but reasons affecting my character and my honor compel me to touch on that subject which I will endeavor, however, satisfactorily to explain.

I remain your very affectionate friend and servant,

FRANCISCO CORROY.

Tabasco, 1833.

Correspondence with Dr. Francisco Corroy, of Tabasco, in Central America, on the *Ruins of Palenque*. Read before the New-York Lyceum of Natural History, September 23, 1833. By Samuel Ackerley, M. D.

A corresponding member of this Society resident in Tabasco, one of the States in the Confederacy of Mexico, has been many years engaged in the investigation of a subject of deep interest to the learned world. Though not connected with the immediate objects of the Lyceum of Natural History, yet the writer of this communication is induced to offer it to the Society, as it will make known to the members the labors of one of their foreign associates.

The subject to which the attention of the Society is now invited belongs to the Antiquities of America, in the central parts of which have been discovered the ruins of an immense city, overgrown by a dense forest of huge trees; on the clearing away of which, large edifices have been brought to light, together with temples and palaces built of hewn stone. Though in a state of great dilapidation, the rubbish has been cleared away from some of them, and their interior

explored, exhibiting to the view of the astonished beholder evidences of a nation once existing there, highly skilled in the mechanic arts, and in a state of civilization far beyond any thing that we have been led to believe of the aborigines previous to the discovery of Columbus.

The writer's attention has been drawn to this subject by a correspondence with Dr. Francisco Corroy, of Tabasco, who has been many years laboriously investigating these ruins, collecting information, making delineations of the penates, idols, and priapi found in that region, and the remarkable figures in relief upon the interior wall of these dilapidated temples and palaces. The outline of one of these palaces has been traced by Dr. Corroy, and he states it to be more extensive than the Tuileries of Paris. The information collected by him from personal observation and otherwise has been embodied in a series of letters addressed and dedicated to the writer hereof, and ample enough to make two volumes, which are intended for publication at some future time, as he is still engaged in the same interesting researches.

To most persons in this country an inquiry into this subject may be considered more curious than useful. And so it may be in relation to our immediate and pressing wants. But may not important results arise from the investigation of such a subject? Who can read or hear without astonishment the fact, that in the province of Cha pa in Central America, has been found a city in ruins, formerly constructed of stone, situated on an elevated plain, covered with an umbrageous forest, the growth of hundreds of years, beneath which are still found the mouldering fragments enveloped in the rubbish of their own destruction? This city has been ascertained to extend along the plain in one direction from seven to eight Spanish leagues, which are equal to about thirty English miles. The antiquities of a people inhabiting a city sixty or more miles in circumference, centuries since in a flourishing condition, on the continent of America, cannot fail, when better known and further investigated, to attract the attention of every reflecting mind.

The name of this city so ancient and of such astonishing magnitude, is unknown, though distinguished by writers, and the modern residents of the country, as the RUINS OF PALENQUE, which name is derived from a neighboring Spanish settlement. Dr. P. F. Cabera, of New-Guatemala, the commentator on Capt. Del Rio's account of these ruins, has endeavored to prove that the ancient and true name of the city was HUCHUETTAPALLAN. Professor Rafinesque, of Philadelphia, who has also made these ruins a subject of investigation connected with his History of American nations, denominates the ruined city OTOLUM, a name still applied to a stream in the immediate neighborhood. The reasons for adopting these names will be given in the course of this communication from the authors themselves.

The ruins of this ancient city are beginning to attract the attention of the Sçavans of Europe, and the Geographical Society of Paris has offered a premium of four thousand francs, or eight hundred dollars, for the best account of them. The work of Dr. Corroy will probably merit the reward when made known and forwarded to the Society. But he is not yet informed that such a reward has been offered, nor is it known to the Society that he has written on the subject.

In making this communication the writer has no other design than to call the attention of the American public to this interesting inquiry, by stating the

substance of his correspondence with Dr. Corroy on these immense ruins, and information collected from other sources relating to the same subject.

The friend and correspondent of the writer is a French physician, a long resident and practitioner of medicine of *Villa Hermosa, or Tabasco*, on a river of that name about seventy-five miles from its embouchure in the Gulf of Mexico Tabasco is also the name of one of the States in the confederacy of Mexico, lying south of Vera Cruz, and east of Guatemala. Dr. Corroy has been many years enthusiastically devoted to the investigation of the ruins of this ancient city, which is forty leagues in a south-westerly direction from Tabasco, from whence he has made several excursions to explore them. A gentleman from New-York who has been at Tabasco and is acquainted with Dr. Corroy, states in a letter to the writer that 'the doctor is a worthy man and hospitality is his motto.'

Dr. Corroy's correspondence was first commenced with our late learned and distinguished countryman and member of this Society, Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill, whose papers, books, and manuscripts were bequeathed to the writer. Among them are numerous letters on the antiquities of North America, but none of them detail facts so surprising as those relating to the ruins near Palenque in Central America.

The first letter to Dr. Mitchill, dated at Tabasco, 29th December, 1830, gives the information that Dr. Corroy, was constantly engaged in making researches and collecting materials from these interesting ruins, preserving and delineating those worthy of such care, among which were numerous idols, and one of an unknown substance, upon which he set a high value. Dr. Corroy also states in this letter, that he had sent Dr. Mitchill, by the brig Eliza of New-York, a fragment of a sculptured head from the ruins, in size two French feet by one and a half. Dr. Mitchill was requested to satisfy his own curiosity with this piece of antiquity, and then forward it to Mr. Jomard, member of the Geographical Society of Paris. The brig Eliza having been lost by shipwreck, together with her cargo, the sculptured head was never received.

The second letter to Dr. Mitchill, was dated at Tabasco, 15th May, 1831. This letter was accompanied by a small box, containing several idols of baked earth, the head of a snake, and a hollow cup or vase of the same materials, found in the neighborhood of Tabasco. These however are similar to those discovered among the ruins. The idols were four or five inches in height, with two holes in the lower posterior part, forming a whistle, each one of a different sound or key. These remains of Indian antiquity were also requested to be forwarded to Mr. Jomard. They did not arrive in New-York until after the death of Dr. Mitchill, which caused a delay in their transmission to Paris, and which was subsequently effected by the writer hereof.

The third letter of Dr. Corroy is dated at Tabasco, 30th November, 1832, and is directed to Dr. Akerly, the writer, in consequence of his announcing the death of Dr. Mitchill, and proposing to continue the correspondence. In this letter Dr. Corroy says:

'I was at Palenque on my third visit exploring these admirable ruins when on the 21st July, 1832, I received your letter of March last, on which account I have been unable to answer it until the present time. It is impossible to give you in one letter the details of things so surprising discovered in this ruined city. At present I can only inform you, that since September, 1819, to the end of Oc-

tober, 1832, I have been constantly engaged in collecting materials and preparing a work for publication. The materials are copious and will form two volumes, and I propose to put them in the form of letters written and dedicated to you, for which I ask your permission, and request your affirmative reply. I have a description of these ruins, which neither Don Antonio Del Rio, nor any other person has been able to give. The expenses of my voyages and explorations have cost me more than four thousand five hundred dollars. I possess my dear doctor many idols, some of them formed of baked earth, others of stone, and one of a material supposed to be a petrifaction of jasper, or of a species of marble, and also one of gold, but, unfortunately for me, its value is only about four dollars.'

'I have a plan of Tabasco, with three routes which conduct to the ruins. I have also a plan of the grand and principal palace of the ruins, which palace is more extensive than the Tuileries of Paris. I am also in possession of numerous designs. Inform me, my dear sir, if my work and collection can be advantageously published and disposed of in New-York.

'On my return from the ruins I received the books and the likeness of Dr. Mitchill, which you had the goodness to send me. In your letter to me, you remark, that on one of the idols which I sent to Dr. Mitchill, to be forwarded to Mr. Jomard of Paris, there appeared to be characters similar to Greek letters. On this point, there is no doubt in my mind, that the tribes which formerly inhabited this ancient city, were composed of Phenicians, Egyptians, Greeks, Asiatics, Arabs, and Chinese.

'This country, or the state of Tabasco, has few minerals, but is extremely rich in animal and vegetable productions, and I can enrich the Museum of the Lyceum of Natural History of your city with such as may be interesting to you. Have the goodness to send me a barrel of fine plaster of Paris for making moulds and casts of idols and other interesting things from the ruins.'

A fourth letter dated 8th January, 1833, is a duplicate of the preceding, adding that although born a Parisian, he has been so long a resident in Spanish America, and accustomed to speak and write in the Spanish language, that it is easier for him to do so in that, than in his native tongue. He is also anxious to know if Mr. Jomard has received the box of idols, and why he has not heard from him. This is already explained by the fact of Dr. Mitchill's death, and subsequent events delaying the transmission of them to Paris.

A letter from Dr. Corroy, dated at Tabasco, 24th January, 1833, advises the writer of his continuing to pursue the pleasing subject of the investigation of the ruins. He also enclosed a communication in the Spanish language, on the subject of a native plant of Tabasco, known there by the name of the *Bejuco* (*Lianne*) *Guaco*, which is an antidote to the bite of venomous serpents.

This essay on the Guaco the writer has caused to be translated, and will make it the subject of a separate communication. The plant or vine is the *Eupatorium Guaco*, which appears to be unknown to Dr. Corroy, who does not profess to be a botanist. The genus to which it belongs is in favor of its possessing remedial virtues, for there are three species of *Eupatorium* in these United States of North America, all possessing medicinal qualities, viz: *Eupatorium perfoliatum*, Thoroughwort; *Eupatiteucrifolium*, Wild Horehound; and *Eupat. purpureum*, Gravelroot.

To these letters of inquiry as to the publication of his work in New-York,

and the dedication of it to the writer, he was informed that upon consultation with the Messrs. Harpers and other publishers here, it was his and their opinion, that although it would, and must necessarily be a very interesting work, it must be illustrated with numerous plates, the engraving of which would be expensive, and the sale so limited as not to compensate him for his expenditures. Paris or London was therefore advised as the most likely place to succeed. This admission was made with regret, but justice required that this advice should be given to prevent a friend from running into a ruinous expense, without benefit to himself, or the scientific world. As to the dedication, he was advised to make it to some one that was known among the Sçavans, and whose name would direct the attention of the public to his great work.

The next letter from Dr. Corroy, dated Tobasco, May 5th, 1833, and directed to the writer, announces as follows:

'I had the honor, two days since, to receive your very agreeable letter, dated at New-York, 15th May last, remitted to me by Mr. Eastman. I feel very sensibly his attention to my wishes in conveying my letter to you, and in taking charge of the articles you sent with your reply, and I am much indebted to your goodness.

'Having received with yours a letter from Dr. De Kay, the Secretary of the Lyceum of Natural History of your City, announcing my election as a corresponding member of said society, I shall do myself the pleasure of answering it in a few days, and also my dear Doctor, in writing to you more in detail. I have also received the mould and the cast of the idol you sent me, which is an excellent imitation, for which and other attentions, I tender you my sincere thanks.

'Mr. Eastman informs me of having left at the barrier of this State, not only a barrel of fine plaster of Paris which you sent as announced in your letter, but three others, which I hope will enable me to present you the mould of a Cross from the ruins, which the Geographical Society of Paris and several learned men of Europe have repeatedly solicited.

'My dear doctor, I admire your modesty in not being willing to permit me to dedicate my work upon 'The Ruins' to you. But I have disobeyed your orders; my dedication is made and directed to Dr. Samuel Akerly, and I know of no remedy but submission.

'As to Mr. Waldeck's being in Mexico, as announced in one of your newspapers, as you inform me, it is not so. He occupies a small house erected upon the Ruins, where he has resided fourteen years, making drawings and excavations as far as his limited means will allow. I have received several letters from him, in one of which he says; 'If you fear the Asiatic Cholera Morbus, come and live at my cottage, where the healthful climate and uniform temperature will free us from this malady.' Have the goodness to present my respects to the Honorable the Secretary and Members of the Lyceum of Natural History.'

A paragraph in one of the papers of New-York, announcing the substance of one of the letters from Dr. Corroy, elicited one from Mr. George Champley, dated at New-York, 20th April 1833, directed to the writer, in which he says:

'A few days ago perusing a city paper, I saw a communication to your address (which I know to be from a friend of mine in Tabasco,) respecting the

'Ruins of Palenque.' After mentioning the 'Idol of massive gold,' and other things connected with this (not) 'singular place,' (as there are other 'immense piles of ruins,' which I am inclined to think my worthy friend Dr. Corroy has no knowledge of) he states his having vases, &c. made from an 'unknown substance.' The whole of these articles I saw in Tabasco in 1831—2, at the Doctor's Sitio, when on my journey to the interior and the Pacific across the Andes.

'On my journey along the valleys of these mountains I picked up several pieces of what the Doctor calls an *unknown substance*, a specimen of which I enclose. You will at once perceive what it is. On my return in May last from San Christobal, I had not an opportunity of seeing the Doctor, or I should have made known to him the existence of *other ruins*, as he is somewhat of an enthusiast in examining the 'records of time' which are scattered about that interesting country where the foot of Humboldt never trod. The Doctor is a worthy man, and hospitality is his motto. I have several Mexican seeds which are new here, and some specimens of their gigantic maize which I shall be pleased to distribute to any one on application for the purpose of planting.'

The unknown substance mentioned in the foregoing letter, a specimen of which was sent by Mr. Champley to the writer, proved upon examination to be calcareous spar.

The last letter received from Dr. Corroy, dated at Tobasco, 1st June, 1833, contains the following information.

'The bearer of this is an intimate friend of mine, Mr. J. N. Pieper, Merchant, of this place, whom I take the liberty of particularly recommending to your attention, &c.

'The three barrels of white powder which I received with your letter is not the right kind of plaster for making moulds or casts, but the half barrel which you sent is really fine plaster, and very good for the purpose desired. I forwarded it to Mr. Waldeck who lives at the ruins, forty leagues from Tabasco, and we should have commenced moulding, and making casts and fac-similes of the characters and bas-reliefs on the walls of the ruins to supply the museums of all nations, and individuals who desire to have them, as well as other curious and interesting things from this ruined city, supposed to have flourished nearly one thousand three hundred years ago, but the quantity was too small, and we must suspend our operations until you can send us an additional supply. I must observe to you that it should be put up in small barrels, to render it easily transportable, because in this country, every weight is supported by the head and upon the back, particularly in travelling to the ruins where there are no established roads.

'I received with your very agreeable letters of the 15th and 26th March last, the letter of Dr. De Kay, Corresponding Secretary of the Lyceum of Natural History, announcing my having been unanimously elected a Corresponding Member. Herewith I forward to you my letter of acknowledgment and thanks to the Lyceum, for the honor conferred upon me.

'I also take the opportunity by Mr. Pieper, of enclosing to you the dedication of my work on the Ruins, and beg you to have it translated into French and English, and have it published in the papers of your city, sending me a copy.

'The last letter I received from Mr. Waldeck was written at the ruins, and dated 24th of May, 1833. He states that he has been informed, that in the United States there has been published in his name a work and drawings on the Ruins, and he has requested me to contradict the authenticity of such a work, and I beg you, my dear Sir, to do it for me and in my name, being well persuaded, that if such work has really been published, it is an imposition.

'Not having sufficient plaster to operate with advantage, I shall wait for that which I beg you to send me to enable me to repair to the ruins, and take from the walls of the temples and palaces there, the written inscriptions, hieroglyphics, and images in relief impressed thereon. You may rely upon it you shall not be forgotten in our operations. I hope also to make some additions to the Museum of your Lyceum.

'In my third voyage and journey to the ruins, I made all the haste possible, in order, and among other things, to procure a fragment (which I send you) of one of the most ancient books, which was almost devoured by the mites. The manuscript, however, proves that it was written posterior to the conquest of this country by the Spaniards, as it is in the Spanish written character, but in the Tzendal language, as you will see from the memorandum on the back of the manuscript. I hope it will be acceptable to you, as it is the largest portion of the book that can be obtained.

'Again I recommend to you my friend, Mr. Pieper, profiting by the safety of the opportunity by him of enclosing some drawings, which are three giants, two idols, and two priapi, the originals of which are in my possession, with many others, which trifling present you will receive in remembrance of the goodness you have manifested toward me,' &c., &c.

The preceding contains abstracts of the most interesting parts of Dr. Corroy's letters written in French, from which we may infer he has made considerable discoveries and developments of these ancient ruins, in addition to those of Del Rio already published. Mr. Champley's letters state that there are other 'immense piles of ruins' in that interesting country not known to Dr. Corroy. Some of these, however, are doubtless referred to by Del Rio as existing in Yucatan and other places not visited by him, and such as the Spaniards now designate as '*casas piedras*' or stone houses. At twenty leagues south of the city of Merida, in Yucatan, are a number of these stone edifices. Of them, 'one very large building has withstood the ravages of time, and still exists in good preservation; the natives gave it the name of Oxmutal. It stands on an eminence of twenty yards in height, and measures two hundred yards on each facade. The apartments, the exterior corridor, the pillars with figures in medio relievo, and decorated with serpents, lizards, &c., formed in stucco, beside which are statues of men with palms in their hands in the act of beating drums and dancing, resembling in every respect those observable in the buildings of Palenque.' (Del Rio, page 7.)

These and other similar ruins in Yucatan lie to the eastward of Palenque, and the other 'immense piles of ruins,' referred to by Mr. Champley, lie to the westward, as observed by him on his journey across the country to the Pacific ocean. These astonishing facts indicate the existence and extermination of a people who constructed and inhabited these stone buildings long before the discovery of Columbus, as the Spaniards at the time of the conquest of that part

of the continent, found such of these stone edifices as were not in ruins inhabited by people who were not their builders, and to whom the nation that had erected and ornamented them, and the period of their construction, was unknown. The immense extent of these ruins and the casas piedras, (stone houses) scattered over the country in different directions, would lead to the belief, that at a remote period the country was inhabited by a populous nation, highly skilled in the arts which now afford us the only records whereby to ascertain their existence.

The first account of these Ruins was published in London, in 1822, being an English translation of the report of Del Rio, together with the commentaries of Cabrera. Since that time the attention of the learned men of Europe has been directed to their further investigation, but Dr. Corroy, residing in the neighborhood of the Ruins, has probably made the greatest progress in these researches.

'Antonio Del Rio, Captain of Artillery, was sent, in consequence of an order from his Majesty Charles the Third, dated March 15th, 1786, by his Excellency Don Joseph Estacheria, Captain General of Guatemala, to examine the ruins of a city of very great extent and antiquity, the name of which was unknown, that was discovered in the vicinity of Palenque, district of Carmen, in the presence of Chiapa, where he found magnificent edifices, temples, towers, aqueducts, statues, hieroglyphics, and unknown characters, that have withstood the ravages of time and the succession of ages, and of which he made many plans and drawings.' (Cabrera's Comment on Del Rio, p. 36.)

In consequence of this order, Captain Del Rio was sent with a large party of men armed with axes, billhooks and other implements, to remove the trees and shrubs with which the ruins were overgrown, and having cleared the ground and removed the rubbish, he penetrated the interior of these temples, towers, palaces, &c., and was the first to bring to light the aqueducts, statues, hieroglyphics, and the unknown characters and bas-reliefs upon the walls.

The report of Captain Del Rio was accompanied by many drawings and representations of the curious and mysterious figures and writings discovered in the interior of these stone buildings. The policy of the Spanish government caused these interesting relics of antiquity to be concealed, and they probably would not have been given to the public had not the revolution in Mexico brought them to light, and their subsequent publication in 1822, together with the remarks and comments of Dr. Paul Felix Cabrera of the city of New-Guatemala. Del Rio's report is short and defective, and many of the drawings and delineations referred to are wanting. A more perfect account of the Ruins of Palenque is a desideratum. For such, the Geographical Society of Paris has offered a premium of eight hundred dollars, and such an account will in all probability be found in the manuscript work of Dr. Francisco Corroy, corresponding member of the Lyceum.

Cabrera endeavors to trace the origin of the people who were the constructers and inhabitants of these casas piedras, or stone houses, now in ruins; and even to fix the date of their arrival from Africa. He states his belief that they had their origin from the Carthagenians, (Del Rio, p. 95,) that the Carthagenians visited America before the Christian era, and 'that the first colony sent to America by them was previous to the first Punic war' (p. 85,) between the Romans and

Carthagenians, which commenced ' in the four hundred and ninetieth year of Rome, and the two hundred and sixty-fifth year before Christ,' (p. 84.) and that they established the kingdom of Amaguemecan, or Anahuac, at some period during the first Punic war. (p. 76.)

This kingdom, however, was not of long continuance, and its ruin gave rise to that of Tula, or the Tultecas. ' The origin of the Tulteca nation, hitherto unknown, (says Cabrera, p. 75,) has now been proved; they were Chichimecas or Naquatlacas like the others, but so much exceeding them in stature, that there were some of gigantic size among them; they obtained the name of Tultecas from excelling in manufactures and arts, particularly that of working in gold and silver:' Torquemada says the word Tulcetas means ' excellent artist.' The name of their capital, now in ruins, near Palenque, is said by the same authority to have been *Huehuetlapallan.*

This ' is a compound name of two words, Huehue, old, and Tlapallan; and it seems the Tultecas prefixed the adjective to distinguish it from three other places which they founded in the districts of their new kingdom, to perpetuate their attachment to their ancient country, and their grief at being expelled from the same; whence it arose that the place which formerly had the simple name of Tlapallan, was afterward denominated Huehuetlapallan; at least so says Torquemada. Such, without doubt, was the name which anciently distinguished the Palencian City.' (Cabrera, p. 94.)

Professor Rafinesque of Philadelphia, however, states that the true name of this ancient city was Otolum. In a late interview with him the writer submitted the foregoing correspondence, and the Professor has given his views on the subject in a letter to Dr. Corroy, of which he has permitted an extract. viz..

' I have been some time engaged in preparing a work on the general history of the people of the two Americas, and I have been necessarily attracted by the antiquities of Central America. My work is based upon Philology as a means of tracing the origin of nations. A branch of the work, on the origin of the primitive Asiatic and American Negroes, (for there were negroes in America before the discovery of Columbus,) has procured me a golden medal from the Geographical Society of Paris. I have traced the origin of black people to the centre of Asia, whence all others have diverged like rays.

' In the Atlantic Journal, which I have published in Philadelphia for two years past, I have addressed several letters to Mr. Champollion upon the antiquities of Palenque, or rather of *O-tol-um*, the true name of the site of the great ruins, preserved by Del Rio in the name of the stream which washes its borders, and which signifies *the waters* of Tol, as the great city in ruins was anciently the capital of the *Tol-tecas*, (or people of Tol,) and they were the descendants of the *A-talans*, named by the Greeks Atlantes.'

Here is a conjecture which merits every attention. I apprize you of another still more important.

' I have been in search, and have at length found *the key* to the inscriptions of Palenque or Otolum. I have given to Dr. Akerly to be forwarded to you my table containing this key, printed in 1832, and entitled a *Tabular view of the compared Atlantic Alphabets and Glyphs of Africa and America.* I have there analyzed the Glyphs of Palenque, and discovered that each glyph is a word composed of ornamented letters, after the manner of our anagrams, and according

to the practice of the ancient Chinese. I have collected many of these letters forming glyphs, (for they take many forms as in Egypt,) and compared them with the two ancient known alphabets of Africa, the Libian, and the Tuaric, the parents of the ancient African Atlantes. Here is my great discovery, and it is for you and other explorers of the ruins to verify and confirm it.'

The table of professor Rafinesque, and the drawings forwarded by Dr. Corroy, are herewith submitted. It is, perhaps, too early to enter into conjectures on the origin of the people who constructed these casas piedras, or stone houses, and who were expelled or exterminated by more savage tribes. More extensive explorations of the ruins are required and further information before we can draw correct conclusions. Something may be expected from Dr. Corroy, but it is very much to be regretted that so little attention is paid to scientific researches like his, that his work cannot be published in New-York with advantage to the author. Cabrera's remarks on Del Rio, are very plausible, profound and learned, but not conclusive as to the Carthagenian origin of the people of Palenque. Professor Rafinesque, by a new method of inquiry, has arrived at results which promise great aid in developing the obscurities which hang over these interesting ruins. His researches are creditable to his zeal and industry, and are evidences of a profound spirit of investigation. In the mean time we must wait for further developments by Corroy, Waldeck, Rafinesque, and others.

SERENADE.

The moonbeams kiss,
In smiles of bliss,
The bright, the dimpling deep;
Her silv'ry light
Is cheating night,
And zephyrs gently sweep.
My light boat's sail
Receives the gale
Which woos it o'er the sea:—
Then come, my love,
Thou'lt gaily move
O'er moonlight wave with me.

There's not a star
That beams afar
Above the midnight sky,
But well might hide
Eclipsed its pride
From lustre of thine eye.
And should a cloud
Their brightness shroud,
For darkness fear not we,
Thine eyes' bright ray
Shall guide thy way
O'er moonlight wave with me.

LITERARY NOTICES

OF NEW WORKS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SKETCHES OF TURKEY, IN 1831—32, by an American. 8vo. pp. 527. New-York; J. & J. Harper.

We have long derived all our notions from Europeans, and the knowledge of Turkey possessed by Europe for many centuries, has amounted to little else than profoundest ignorance. For hundreds of years that vast empire was never mentioned in international relations, and its very existence was unmarked and uncared for, except when the thunder of the cannon of its Sultans before Rhodes, Malta, or Vienna, alarmed Christendom with the terrors of the old Crusades. In intermediate times, the public curiosity was sufficiently satisfied as to a people with whom there was little or no commercial interchange, by hereditary stories of decapitations and dethronements, of impenetrable harems and luxurious Pachas, and a thousand nursery wonders of Arabian Tales. The enterprising mind of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, first helped to break this singular crust of ignorance and prejudice, and her entertaining, though incorrect and exaggerated letters, and above all, her mode of life and residence in Turkey, contributed to create an interest in knowing more of the singular people with whom that accomplished woman was so much attracted. Since her time, many Travellers have published volumes minutely, but often with striking incorrectness, detailing all they could see of the country and manners of its inhabitants. It was hardly however, until the war of the Greek Revolution had attracted the sympathy of Europe, and above all, until the daring genius of the Sultan Mahmoud II. and of the Pacha of Egypt, had opened an intimate relation between their countries and Europe, that much of real importance was known of Turkey and its politics. So rapid has been the change induced by the decisive and liberal policy of these men, that every day is more intimately developing its interior, and more openly extending the commercial relations of other nations with every part of its wide possessions. The late treaty with this country is a proof of this, and there can be no doubt, that this general intercourse and the consequent effect of the wide diffusion of knowledge and more liberal principles throughout the empire, will give a new turn for years to come, to the advancing civilization of the age; and commerce, as well as civilization, will each acquire an additional impetus in diffusing their benefits over the fertile plains of a beautiful and extensive country, which, in the very heart of Europe, still retains the characteristic barbarity of the middle ages. So true is this remark, that if we were to take the respective years of the Hegira and the Christian era, as a standard of comparative civilization, we could hardly find a juster; and 1247, the present year of the Hegira, will nearly correspond, as regards the advancement of the people in social comfort and political liberty, with the same comparatively barbarous period in the Christian Calendar, when European Society was but a vast mass of conflicting materials, controlled and held together by a relentless despotism.

We feel much national exultation that a citizen of our republic should have added so essentially to the knowledge we possess of this great empire. Dr. De Kay's work is indeed every way creditable. It is written with a direct and manly frankness, that pleases us much; there are no circuitous paraphrases, no elaborate straining after effect, he comes directly to the point, seems anxious to give all the information in his power, and gives it without circumlocution, or unnecessary detail. He is neither felicitous, or learned, however, when he meddles with the disputes of scholars, and holds rather heretical opinions on points of some moment to men of letters, and there is too much narrow and unmeaning flippancy, when he has occasion to remark on foreigners; the anecdote about the English officer, Chap. I. would have been much better left out. However, where there is so much to commend, we have no wish to be hypercritical—and fulfil a more pleasing duty, in presenting our readers some entertaining passages from this valuable work.

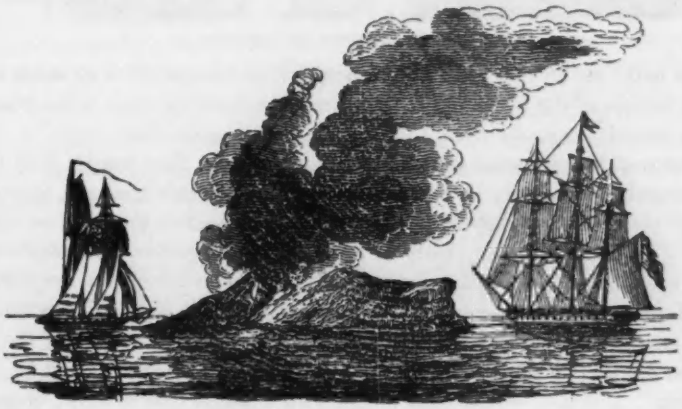
We have the following interesting account of the Volcano, whose sudden appearance above the waters of the Mediterranean, formed such a subject of speculation to the Geologists of Europe. That a new Island should be in a state of actual formation in the bosom of a great sea, is a fact that may well interest all who take an interest in Terrestrial phenomena. The account is graphic, and the accompanying sketch which we likewise give, is a useful illustration.

'On the morning of the 16th of July the first officer reported, that during the whole of the preceding night he had observed at intervals a singular illumination of the heavens. We were then south of the island of Maretimo, and our course was southeasterly along the southern coast of Sicily, and the light proceeded from the eastern quarter of the horizon. At daybreak a large volume of smoke was seen which was at first supposed to proceed from the Malta steampacket known to ply in these seas. This conjecture received new strength when one of the men aloft sung out that he saw the chimney; as we approached, it became evident that the volume of smoke was too considerable to proceed from any or all the steam-vessels in the world united together, and, moreover, its vertical position was entirely different from that long horizontal stream of smoke which accompanies a steamboat in motion. Etna was then summoned to our aid, but a reference to the chart and to our position indicated that it could not proceed from that source. At meridian we were in latitude 36° 55′, and the column of smoke bore from us due north; we were then naturally led to the opinion that this smoke must proceed from some new volcanic source on the southern coast of Sicily, or, what was more probable from its apparent distance, that a subaqueous volcano was in operation between us and the land. The appearances presented during this day were of the most sublime nature; an immense column of dense white smoke appeared to issue from the ocean, and, although continually changing in form and volume, constantly preserved an elevation of one thousand feet. At times it would appear like a lofty pyramid, again it would curl out into immense wreaths, apparently covering miles of surface, like an enormous umbrella, and then it would shoot up and branch out in various directions, assuming somewhat the appearance of a grove of gigantic trees. These changes in the form of the column of smoke were no doubt owing to successive eruptions which observed no regular periods of intermission, but varied in intervals of from three to ten minutes. The base of the column near the water resembled a cone about twenty feet above the horizon, and this was the only part which remained unchanged. At intervals, which we

judged to occupy the space of one hour, the eruptions, as manifested by the increased volume of smoke, became much more violent, and at such times, with a glass, I could distinctly perceive the ascent of a shower of stones, which was marked by numerous perpendicular black streaks appearing through the white smoke; this appearance w uld last several minutes. During the afternoon the sky became overcast with a thick reddish haze, owing, no douht, to the immense quantities of volcanic ashes and dust dispersed through the air. We afterward fell in with a brig whose decks had been literally covered with these ashes. During the night this white pillar of smoke continued to be distinctly visible, and sharp flashes, resembling lightning, were observed to issue from its bosom. As we proceeded on our course, the next morning it became gradually less distinct, and at three in the afternoon was no longer visible.

'We have thus for more than thirty-six hours been spectators of one of the most grand and terrific operations of nature, a spectacle which rarely occurs, except after the lapse of centuries. I have already mentioned, that when the smoke bore from us due north, our latitude was 36° 55′, and, consequently, it could not be very far from the island of Sicily. The fact of our seeing the shower of stones so distinctly would seem to prove that we could not have been more than ten or twelve miles distant from the volcanic focus.

'Our conjecture respecting this subaqueous volcano was afterward verified at Constantinople; and from a painting, which was made on the spot two days after we passed, we are enabled to present our readers with the annexed sketch.*



Volcanic Island, near Sicily.

'With regard to its exact situation, we could, of course, only make an approximation; according to the most recent accounts it lies in latitude 37° 7′ 30″ north, longitude 12° 44′ east of Greenwich.'

The Caiks, or Boats in such continued demand upon the waters around Constantinople, and which form such a main feature in the peculiarities of the Turkish Capital, are well and graphically described.

'We took a caik (pronounced cah-eek) this morning, and crossed the Golden Horn to Constantinople. These caiks are the neatest and prettiest boats that ever floated on the water. Light as our Indian bark canoes, they are far more tasteful in their form, and skim over the water with surprising velocity. In their shape

* By the kindness of the publishers we are enabled to give additional value to our extracts by adding the illustrative cuts.

&c. they strongly reminded us of those ancient paintings of boats in which Charon is represented as ferrying departed spirits over the Styx, and as they have no row-locks their noiseless progress heightens the resemblance. They are elaborately carved within, and nothing can exceed the scrupulous cleanliness with which they are constantly preserved. The watermen are dressed in a loose white Canton-crape shirt, and wear on their heads a small scarlet scull-cap, which appears to be a feeble protection against a burning sun. They have the reputation of being very civil, notwithstanding their mustachios, which give them a ferocious look, and they afford the finest specimens of the genuine Tartar physiognomy to be found in the neighborhood of Constantinople.

Turkish Caikgees, or boatmen.

'These caiks are so very light that passengers are compelled to sit down on a carpet in the bottom of the boat, and the least motion, even the turn of the head, is sufficient to disturb the equilibrium. They are so numerous that one is in continual apprehension of being jostled or run over, in which case they would, from their delicate construction, inevitably be destroyed. Accidents of this kind are, however, very rare; they shout as they approach each other, glance off to the right or left as required, and hundreds may frequently be seen crowded together, and yet shooting forward in various directions, and avoiding each other with matchless dexterity. The number of these caiks has been variously estimated at from eight to fifteen thousand; they cost from fifty dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars a piece, and the men are paid fifteen dollars per month, finding themselves. Gentility is measured by the number of oars. A shabby fellow uses a caik with a single pair of oars; a gentleman must have two, but cannot exceed three. Foreign ministers are permitted to use seven, while the sultan frequently figures with twenty. From various opportunities which we subsequently had of testing their speed, there is no question that a three-oared caik, manned by Turkish rowers, would far outstrip our fleetest Whitehall barges.'

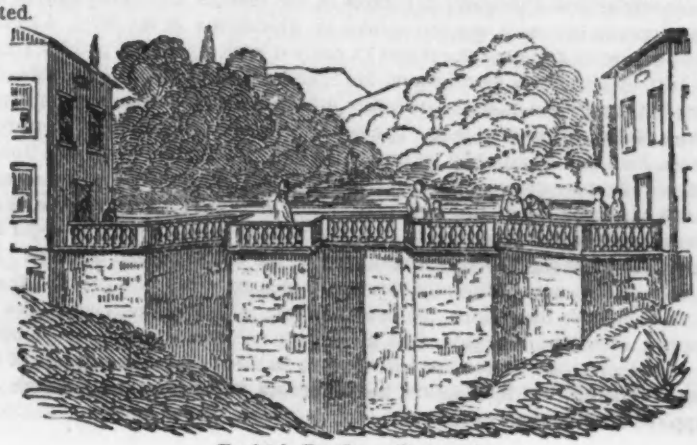
New-York has long been celebrated for its wretched waters, and on that account, we deem the full and admirable account which Dr. De Kay has given of the Waterworks at Constantinople so valuable, that we extract the whole. The real, and in fact, the only utility in travelling, is thus attained when the objects visited are rendered, by the advantage of a luminous description, subservient to the interests of mankind at large; or, even in our case, of particular communities. Our city citizens will thank the doctor for his accurate description.

'Every stranger is struck with the numerous contrivances around Constantinople for supplying it with pure and wholesome water. Belonging to a city in the United States which has long been distinguished for its nauseous and detestable water, and for the culpable negligence of its rulers on a subject of so much importance, no opportunity was neglected to obtain all the information in our power in regard to the hydraulic establishments in this neighborhood. The result, however mortifying, must not be concealed, and we therefore state, that on a subject intimately connected, not only with the comfort, but with the health of the people, the commercial emporium of the United States is some centuries behind the metropolis of Turkey.

'Under the Greek emperors, Constantinople was supplied with water by means of aqueducts, and large reservoirs were established in different parts of the city. These latter, however, have now gone into disuse, as expensive and inadequate for the purposes intended. Under the present system, all the water-works about Constantinople are under the management of an officer, termed the soo naziri, or inspector of waters. It is his business to keep them in good repair, and he is responsible for any accidents which may obstruct or diminish the supply. As no time is to be lost to repair injuries, this officer is clothed with great power, and he compels every one to assist in restoring the line of communication. This resembles the corvee of old France in some measure, but is much more oppressive; for the soo naziri fines most rigorously all who dwell in the vicinity of any breach or injury unless they give immediate information of the disaster. So important are these water-courses considered that the sultans have always been in the habit of making annually a formal visit of inspection, which is accompanied with much ceremony, and ordering such improvements and alterations are deemed necessary.

'It is impossible to travel anywhere in the vicinity of Constantinople without being struck with the great pains taken by the Turks to treasure up every rill, or the minutest trickle from the face of the rocks. These are carefully collected in marble or brick reservoirs, and the surplus is conveyed by pipes to the main stream. In passing through sequestered dells, the traveller frequently comes suddenly upon one of these sculptured marble fountains, which adds just enough of ornament to embellish the rural scene. They are frequently decorated with inscriptions, setting forth the greatness and goodness of Providence, and inviting the weary traveller to make due acknowledgments for the same. Unlike our civilized ostentation, the name of the benevolent constructor never appears on these sculptured stones. The quaint Turkish adage, which serves as a rule of conduct, is well exemplified in this as well as in many other instances; 'Do good and throw it into the sea; if the fishes don't know it, God will.'

'Among the hills at various distances, from fifteen to twenty miles from the city, are constructed large artificial reservoirs. These are termed bendts, a word of Persian origin, and are built in the following manner: Advantage is taken of a natural situation, such as a narrow valley or gorge between two mountains, and a strong and substantial work of masonry is carried across, sufficiently high to give the water its required level. Four of these *bendts* were visited and examined, but there are several others which we did not see. A description of one of the largest will give an idea of the manner in which they are constructed.



Turkish Bendt, or Reservoir.

'A solid wall of marble masonry, eighty feet wide, and supported by two large buttresses, rises to the height of a hundred and thirty feet from the bottom of the valley. It is four hundred feet long, and the top is covered with large marble slabs of dazzling brilliancy. On the side next the reservoir, a substantial marble balustrade, three feet in height, gives a finish to this Cyclopean undertaking. A tall marble tablet indicates the date of its erection, or more probably of its repairs or reconstruction. From the date, 1211, it appears to have been built about forty-six years ago. It is called the Validay Bendt, and is said to have been built by the mother of the reigning sultan. It is furnished with a waste gate, and, at a short distance below, the water from the reservoir is carried across a ravine by a short aqueduct. About two miles from this is another bendt, erected in 1163, which corresponds to the year 1749. This is also a magnificent work, although inferior in size to the preceding. They both supply the aqueduct of Batchikeui, which, as has already been stated, furnishes the suburbs of Pera and Galata with water. Beyond Belgrade are other reservoirs which will be elsewhere noticed. These supply Constantinople proper with water.

'In order to convey a clear idea of the direction of these various hydraulic works, it may be advisable to follow each singly. Beyond Belgrade is a large bendt, which sends its waters into a basin already partially supplied from another reservoir. A mile farther on, the water is carried across two aqueducts, the larger of which is known as the aqueduct of Mustapha III. From this it is conveyed into the aqueduct of Justinian. This is twelve miles from Constantinople. It consists of two tiers of arches, each forty-two feet wide. The arches are four in number; the total length of the aqueduct, with its abutments, is seven hundred and twenty feet, and its greatest height a hundred and ten feet. A gallery pierces the square pillars, forming the first story of arches, and allows a passage through its whole length. There are four small arches at each end of the first story, about twelve feet wide. The precise epoch of the construction of this aqueduct is not known, although it is commonly attributed to the emperor Justinian II. This aqueduct receives also water from two others, the principal of which is known under the name of Solyman. This is sixteen hundred feet long, and eighty feet high, and consists of two stories of fifty arches each. It is a Turkish work. Another aqueduct also conveys water into that of Justinian, and is generally supposed to be of the age of Constantine. It is three stories high; the lowest tier consists of thirty-three arches, fifteen feet wide, the second of twelve arches, and the uppermost of four. It is three hundred and fifty feet in length. All these magnificent and costly structures are intended for the supply of Constantinople alone, and we will now trace the course of the water. Leaving the aqueduct of Justinian, it follows the right bank of the Cydaris, and receiving in its course various tributary rivulets from the neighboring hills, it enters within the walls of Constantinople near the *aygry kapoosi*, or crooked gate, whence it is distributed over the city. It was impossible to ascertain the quantity of water furnished through this series of hydraulic works; but, judging by comparison with that which supplies the suburbs, it cannot be less than fifteen millions of gallons within twenty-four hours.

'We will now return to the aqueduct of Batchikeui, and follow the direction of its waters. These are carefully brought round the heads of the valleys in covered canals, in which there are at certain intervals sudden breaks or alterations in the level, which answer the double purpose of agitating the water in contact with air and of precipitating its impurities. It likewise affords fountains on the road for the use of cattle and weary travellers. When hills intervene, tunnels are boldly driven through, at the depth of fifty, eighty, and in some places a hundred feet. The course of these tunnels may be traced on the road between Pera and Buyukdery by numerous pits, which were about two hundred feet apart. These pits were convenient for giving air and light beneath, and also afforded a ready means of getting rid of the excavated earth and rocks. It is possible, that at the period when these tunnels were made, the pits were previously dug, in order to enable them to give the necessary direction and level to the subterranean passage. Branches from the main stream are continually thrown off to supply the villages, and the palaces of the sultan along the Bosphorus. Notwithstanding all these expensive works, it sometimes happens, after long droughts, that the supply becomes scanty in the suburbs; and during my residence here, I have known water to be sold at Pera and Galata at from two to six cents the pailful. This, however, never occurs in the city itself, which is abundantly supplied at all seasons of the year.

'Where a valley of great extent is to be crossed, the Turks have resorted to an ingenious contrivance, which I have nowhere seen clearly described, but which, from its simplicity and value, merits a more particular notice. From the want of sufficient mechanical skill to manufacture water-pipes strong enough to bear the weight of a large column of water, they adopted the following plan: In the direction of the proposed water-channel, a number of square pillars are erected at certain short intervals. They are about five feet square, constructed of stone, and, slightly resembling pyramids, taper to the summit. They vary in height, according to the necessities of the case from ten to fifty feet and in some instances are even higher.

Sooteray, or substitute for Aqueduct.

'They form a striking peculiarity in Turkish scenery, and it was some time before the principle upon which they were constructed was apparent. The water leaves the brow of a hill, and descending in ear hen pipes rises in leaden or earthen ones, up one side of this pillar, to its former level, which must be, of course, the summit of the pillar, or *sooteray*, as it is called by the Turks.* The water is here discharged into a stone basin as large as the top of the sooteray, and is discharged by another pipe, which descends along the opposite side of the pillar, enters the ground, advances to the next sooteray, which it ascends and descends in the same manner; and in this way the level of the water may be preserved for many miles over large ravines or plains, where an aqueduct would be, from its expensiveness, manifestly out of the question. In the city of Constantinople, the old ruinous aqueduct of Valens, which no longer conducts water in the usual manner, is converted into a series of sooterays, and permits one to examine their structure in detail. The stone basin on the summit is covered with an iron plate, to prevent the birds from injuring the water. This is connected by a hinge, and, upon lifting it up, the basin is found to be divided into two parts by a stone partition. Several holes are made in this partition near its upper edge. The water from the ascending pipe is allowed by this means to settle its foreign impurities, and the surface water, which is of course the most pure, flows through these apertures into the adjoining compartment, from whence it descends, and is carried to the next sooteray, where the same process is repeated. A number of projecting stones on the sides facilitate the ascent of the person who has charge of these sooterays, and whose business it is to remove the deposites from the water in the stone basins.

'This ingenious hydraulic arrangement seems to possess advantages which might recommend its adoption elsewhere. As the pressure is thus divided among this series of syphons, the necessity for having very strong and costly pipes is obviated. As they are from three to five hundred yards apart, the cost is probably much less than by any plan which could be devised, where, in addition to the cost of a canal or series of pipes, we should be compelled to raise it again by the expensive agency of steam or some other costly apparatus. The frequent exposure of the water to air and light at the summit of

* This word is from the Turkish *sooteraysoo*, which means the levelling of the water, and expresses very well the object of the sooteray.

these sooterays is another very important advantage which cannot be too strongly insisted upon; as it is now well known that nothing tends more to purify water than the presence of these two agents. The arrangement likewise of the basins on the top of the pillars is well adapted for getting rid of much of the matters deposited from turbid waters. Lastly, to the descending pipe a small cock is attached near the ground, by which the flocks and herds of the adjoining villages and fields are furnished at all times with a copious supply of water.

'On the heights of Pera there is a large reservoir, 200 feet square, built of the most solid and substantial masonry; from the reservoir the water is distributed through the suburbs of Fundukli, Pera, Galata, and Cassim Pacha.

'After a deliberate survey of the various hydraulic contrivances for supplying Constantinople with water, one is at a loss to know which to admire most, the native good sense which pointed out the necessity and importance of furnishing the capital and its suburbs with pure and wholesome water, the ingenuity displayed in conqueri g almost invincible obstacles, or that wise and liberal economy which considered no expense too enormous, no sacrifices too great, in comparison with the health and comfort of the people. The various water-courses about Constantinople must exceed fifty miles in length, and the expenses of the various reservoirs and aqueducts could not have been less than fifty millions of dollars. With a single remark we shall conclude our observations on this subject. The city of New-York, with a population of more than 200,000 inhabitants, has been deliberating for years over the question—whether it is expedient to spend two millions of dollars for the purpose of introducing a copious supply of pure and wholesome water.'

The genius of the present intrepid Sultan is well known and appreciated by civilized nations. The following extract, in which an accidental view of him is related, has a graphic felicity in its description, and a fine dramatic effect. We feel an interest in being thus minutely admitted to the presence of those in the lips of all for their genius or their power. We think we see the subverter of the Mamelukes and the illustrious reformer of the Turkish Empire before us.

'We were sitting this evening in the court of our palace, inhaling the perfume of the orange and myrtles around us, and watching the progress of the full-orbed moon as she threw her rays over the gently-roughened waves of the Bosphorus, when the regular plunge of many oars announced the approach of a barge belonging to some personage of distinction. We were not left long in doubt as to the personage in question; for immediately a band of music struck up a spirit-stirring air, and from our little coterie the exclamation arose in various tongues, 'The sultan is coming.' The first boat, rowed by ten oars, contained, in fact, the sultan, accompanied by one or two of the officers of his court; and the second, which was much larger, bore a full band of musicians, and was brilliantly lit up, in order to enable them to see their notes. I may take this occasion to remark that all the military bands are now nearly upon a footing with those of Europe. There is a very extensive school, under the direction of an Italian musician, where young lads are carefully instructed, and from a natural aptitude become excellent performers. Sultan Mahmoud's Grand March is known throughout the empire, and as it is in fact a composition of much merit, will in a few years doubtless become as national an air as the Parisienne, or God save the King.

'As the gay cortege approached, the imperial caik suddenly diverged from its course, and steered directly for the court in which our party were assembled. For a moment we imagined that we were to be honored by a royal visit—a circumstance of no unusual occurrence,—and great was the consequent bustle and flutter among the ladies of our party at the idea of such an unexpected honor. The imperial barge approached so near that we could readily discern the person of the sultan, half-reclined upon a sumptuous cushion; although the indistinctness of the moonlight prevented us from examining his features. As he approached, a slight movement of the helm sent the caik almost grazing the marble steps of our court, and his majesty surveyed us, or, perhaps I should rather say, the ladies of our party, with apparently as much earnestness as we endeavored to trace the features of the absolute monarch of so many millions of human beings. The procession passed on, sweeping along the crowded quay of Buyukdery; and the last seen of it was near Therapia, where for two or three weeks past the sultan has taken up his re-

sidence. In these excursions it is always understood that he is incognito, and it would be considered a great breach of decorum to recognise him by look or gesture.

During the warm months he resides at different times in the various palaces which are situated on the Bosphorus, and frequently spends his evenings in aquatic excursions like the one we have just noticed. His habits are described as of the simplest kind and his amusements consist chiefly in riding, fishing, and exercising with the bow. He is said to be the most graceful and fearless rider in his dominions—an accomplishment which may fairly be weighed against those of some of his brother potentates, who are at the head of all the civilization of Europe;—one of whom has been known to kill a wild boar, when securely tied up, at the distance of twenty paces,—and the chief merit of another, as awarded to him by his subjects, consisted in making the most perfectly graceful bow of any man in his kingdom.

'Like all his subjects, the sultan is extremely temperate in eating, and his establishment is far from being on that expensive and magnificent scale which we are accustomed to attribute to oriental courts. I have been assured by an officer of his household, that the expenses of his table rarely exceed ten piastres, or about fifty cents a day; and from various anecdotes which I have elsewhere heard, I should not be disposed to believe that his annual expenses exceed those of the President of the United States.'

On the whole, this is the best, the very best book of travels which has been published by an American. Dr. De Kay is entitled to this praise. His intelligence, his industry, his happiness of description, his good humor, and his candor, might be a model to other writers, and are worthy of all commendation.

THE PRINCIPLES OF THE ART OF MODERN HORSEMANSHIP, for Ladies and Gentlemen, in which all late improvements are applied to practice, by M. Lebeaud. Philadelphia; E. L. Carey & A. Hart.

Poems have been written upon all 'pleasures known or imaginable, except upon one of the greatest of all pleasures, the pleasures of Horsemanship. Why has not some adventurous lyre sung that noblest and most stirring of all recreations? Does the poet want inspiration? Only place him upon a mettlesome hunter, pawing the ground and rearing his 'thunder clothed' neck with impatience for the signal which will send him bounding at his topmost speed over the plain. Let him seat himself firmly in his saddle, fixed in his stirrups with that elastic confidence riders can so well both appreciate and assume. Let him, in herald's phrase, place his 'gloved' and 'whipped' right hand bent 'a kimbo' in his side, and with gently tightened rein let him put his charger to his speed, and our sagacity on the stake, that thoughts worthy of an epic, will rush through his fancy as he flies. Does he wish for episodes? In what variety of beauty might they not be introduced, from the plunge of the war-horse and the fall of his rider, to the love scene between that graceful little maiden, in the flowing habit and jeweled turban, gently reining in her conscious jennet, as she flings back her sunny curls and listens, with pleasure lighting up her delicate features, to all that that manly youth is whispering in her ear; he leans gently toward her, his hand almost touches her, and his whip handle extended to enforce his words, half terrifies, half stimulates his noble racer, which with happy gallantry expressed in his glance, curbs in his impetuous fire to the pawing pace of his beauty-mounted companion, and snorts, and rears, with very happiness and pride.

Or, above all and all, does he wish to excite, to stimulate his readers, let him describe a Steeple-chase, that most glorious of races, too little known in this

forest-land, and our reputation on it, but his page will leap with very animation. Let him select as his hero, one favorite, fire-eyed, lightning-footed steed, we will call him for example the KNICKERBOCKER. Too happily emblematic. He must be felicitous in the opening scene—he must describe with effect the wide anxiety for his appearance—the bustle—the whisper—the interested doubt. As the hour approaches, the bets are five to one that he will back out. 'He will never start;' 'It's no go,' echo from all sides. The time comes. —He is at the starting post, mounted, caparisoned, impatient to bound along.—He starts.—The shouts of partial applause frighten him—he shys—countenances fall, and odds rise—he clears the *first* ditch without effort, and rallies—the blood's in him—his pace is firm—his bearing is more confident. The *second* he crosses without difficulty, but half afraid—expectation is on the hush—anxiety becomes manifest—it is enchained; his pace improves, he bounds, he flies. Ye gods—he startles at some trifling, some unforeseen obstruction.—He flings his rider.—It is all over!—his rivals gain on him—the *blue* is close behind, the *green* coming up fast—friends are all doleful, foes all rejoicing.—Wait!—He is mounted again—and away he goes.—Lost ground made up in a moment.—His speed holds good—it increases.—Betting becomes spirited—he keeps to it.—Hedges, ditches, fences, are cleared in a jiffey—there go the fivebarred gates—four, five, six, seven, eight, *nine!*—Wait!—Wait!—He stops.—It's only another change of riders.—A veteran jockey takes the reins, hard as flint and fearless as fire.—The knowing ones look blue, he's far ahead of all competitors.—Odds are all in his favor.—He's stronger than ever, keener than ever, swifter than ever. —Barriers vanish in a twinkling. Here! here! the winning-post's just at hand—five hundred to one he wins the plate—hurrah—hurrah—hurrah—

LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF OXFORD, TO SIR HORACE MANN, &c. Edited by Lord Dover. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 902. New-York; George Dearborn, 1833.

Every intelligent reader knows, that the French, beyond all other people, have distinguished themselves in a kind of writing, as amusing as it is useful, to which the name of *Memoirs* has been fitly applied. It is a department of literature belonging peculiarly to the French temperament and national character. It is generally admitted, that the English are as remarkable for the want of this kind of literature, as the French are for the excess of it. As far as this book goes, it proves the charge unfounded. It is full of a thousand of the most interesting details, political, domestic, literary and gossiping, of the most interesting period of English history. The letters are delightful, the style light, playful, picquant, and the matter seasoned deliciously with Attic salt. Very few books have been published, that more perfectly unite the *utile* with the *dulci*. Those, who have read the 'Castle of Otranto,' and Sir Walter Scott's delightful account of the author, will need no other incentive to reading these volumes, than to know, that they are by the same author. A more seasonable reprint could not have been presented to the public. We are indebted to the publisher on another account. These volumes are beautifully got up. We confess, that we have a great dislike to see a splendid work meanly published.

We would wish to see New-York take that place in her style of publishing, which she does in commercial enterprise. This has not always been the case. This book presents an honorable competition with the best publishing in Boston and London. May the example be followed.

AN ESSAY ON THE SPIRIT AND INFLUENCE OF THE REFORMATION, by C. Villiers, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Gottengen. Philadelphia; Key & Biddle.

The mechanical execution of this book is highly creditable, and we hope the spirited house who have issued it, will find their reward in paying a like attention to neatness of appearance, (a point too much neglected by our publishers) in the many books they issue.

We are glad to see a faithful translation of Villiers' great essay, on a subject so momentous. In the troubled waters of polemical controversy, we may in vain look for a bark to steer us without deviation to truth, when two great parties each find it their interest, unhappily that it should be so, to pervert or gloss history to the colour of their creed, it is almost impossible to form a correct judgment amid the variety of conflicting influences which distract us. Villiers knew the difficulty of his subject, and he met it as he ought. Setting aside partiality, prejudices and prepossessions, he grappled with the difficulties which his theme presented like a Hercules: with the assisting power of a clear and discriminating philosophy, he fearlessly met and removed every obstacle in his path, evincing a calm sagacity, and an acute and relentless justice in its treatment, which have made his work by far the best we have yet upon the subject.

There was perhaps a little vanity in the decision of the National Institute of France, when it awarded its magnificent prize to this essay, on the great question it proposed thirty years ago, the first offspring of its new born liberality. 'What has been the influence of the Reformation of Luther on the political situation of the different States of Europe, and on the progress of knowledge!' Yet there could not be a more powerful and convincing description of the momentous topics embraced in the question, and though the compliment as coming from a Catholic corporation to a Hugonot, was perhaps the greatest that could be paid to an historian, and confers an unquestioned eminence of value on this treatise; still it little affects its mere literary merits, and leaves the critic ample room to admire its more abstract excellencies; the admirable taste with which the facts are arranged, the unadorned, appropriate simplicity of its style, and the clear and convincing acuteness with which every fact is made to tell upon the gigantic question of the agency of that unexampled event, upon the tone, the spirit, and the improvement of modern society.

We cannot but commend too the time at which it has appeared. When the most popular poet of his time, merging with a miraculous facility, the faded voluptuary in the convenient saint, has not thought the work of proselytism beneath his genius; when the advocates of a spurious infidelity with a charecteristic zeal, are compassing heaven and earth to propagate their tenets, and when it is evident that the principles and disciples of Popery are daily increasing in numbers and influence, it is surely becoming the professors of Pro-

testantism, to see that they are well grounded in the doctrines of that faith, whose light, kindled by the touch of heaven burst with the effulgence of truth, through the starless darkness of ages, and left its shining light as a sacred legacy to other times, to guide men in the glorious work of the emancipation of intellect and the amelioration of their species.

TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY. First Series. Philadelphia; Carey & Hart.

We are glad these admirable tales have been completed by the publication of the present volumes, which preceded the others, two or three years. We know of no attempts in the lighter description of fiction, which at all approaches them in consummate truth of delineation. With a strong and cultivated mind, the author is sufficiently impregnated with true Irish feeling, to give an effective truth to all his pictures of native life, and has such a felicitous diversity of talent, that when his subject requires it, he can be eloquent or droll, affecting or sarcastic, descriptive or conversational, and excel equally in all. They have one fault too characteristic and two egregious to be unnoticed by a reviewer; and that is, an exaggerating imagination, which leads him in numberless instances to make caricatures rather than pictures.

Those, however, who are fond of pure, natural and touching pictures of life, ought to peruse these Traits and Stories, they will find them here, admirably and skilfully drawn.

A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF MENSURATION OF SUPERFICES, AND SOLIDS OF ALL REGULAR FIGURES.—KEY TO DO.—THE PLANETARIUM AND ASTRONOMICAL CALCULATOR,—all by Tobias Ostrander. New-York; M'Elrath, Bangs & Herbert.

We are glad to bear testimony to the care and accuracy, with which these excellent school books have been compiled by Mr. Ostrander It is such as reflects credit on his scientific acquirements, and must greatly facilitate the study of the difficult and important branches of which they treat, by inspiring and warranting that confidence in their correctness, which is so vitally essential in text books of the kind.

THE MAN OF WAR'S MAN. 2 vols. Philadelphia; E. L. Carey & A. Hart.

A Naval Romance, by the author of those dashing sketches known to the readers of Blackwood as Tom Cringle's Log. The work has all the characteristics of its author, replete with nautical information, and perfectly alive to the dangers and excitement of a sailor's life. With a fine imagination and admirable powers of description, he possesses many qualities for engaging the attention, and engages it accordingly. The work is peculiarly naval. We can almost smell the 'tainted breeze.' We can hear the roar of the surge and the whistling of the cordage, and Jack is painted in all his whimsical qualities, with the liveliest truth and power. The present work however, is not equal to

the 'Log.' It has neither the same force and power in describing land scenes, nor the same relieved accuracy in detailing the minutia of 'life afloat.' But this arises in a great measure from the subject, which does not admit of the same diversity of narration, nor give his abilities the same wide scope for exertion which he possessed in the more rambling papers to which he owes his fame.

A Subaltern in America, Comprising his Narrative of the Campaigns of the British Army at Baltimore, Washington, &c., during the late War. Philadelphia; Carey & Hart.

These spirited sketches attracted a good deal of attention on their publication in Blackwood's Magazine some years ago, and will ever retain a strong interest from the happy manner with which the author, understood, we believe, to be the Rev. Mr. Gleig, blends the stirring adventures of personal daring, with the grand movements of a united army.

By Americans especially, they may well be perused with curiosity. They will mark the feeling with which the British army, fresh from the triumphs of France and Spain, viewed a contest with the despised republicans they were to encounter in America; and with what different feelings they returned to their ships, after leaving the flower of their army in the impregnable trenches of New-Orleans. The expression of this common opinion in the English army, by the Subaltern, is not only far from being offensive, but gives an agreeable naivetê to the reckless honesty of his remarks. His graphic power is admirable, and his personal adventures are detailed with an effect eminently entertaining. Many of the scenes are deserving of particular commendation for their excellence. There is something exceedingly touching in the incident, described, p. 145. The execution of the two seamen is powerfully detailed, and the contrast between the appearance of the two camps, before the battle of New-Orleans, is well told, and is singularly interesting from the feelings it created in the respective armies. The murderous battle of New-Orleans, is likewise described with thrilling effect.

The book will repay a perusal. The scenes are generally narrated with sufficient justice, and where his national animosities are not interested, the Subaltern's sketches will be pronounced one of the best written detached histories of the late War which has appeared.

The Young Lady's Sunday Book.—The Young Man's Own Book.—The Humorist's Own Book.—The Piece Book.—The Western Songster.—Philadelphia; Key & Biddle.

All handsome little volumes. Neatly bound and elegantly illustrated—their external appearance fits them for the centre-table of the drawing room, while the instruction, entertainment, or mirth embraced with such happy selection in their contents, recommend them not less warmly as favorite personal companions.

In this little library, the religious will find the choicest and most elevating

morality, in the finest passages of our best writers. Those fond of light reading will rejoice over romance, and poesy, and chivalry in the attractive and appropriately named 'Piece Book,' while the songster and the humorist will each find food of the choicest description according to his particular fancy.

We recommend them all as the neatest, cheapest, and most delightful books of the kind we have seen.

Classic Tales, by the author of 'American Popular Lessons.' New-York; Peabody & Co.

The most striking adventures of the old mythology are very happily told by this attractive juvenile writer, in this neat little volume. The illustrations are truly classic in design, and are very elegantly executed. We know few books more calculated to be useful in seminaries.

The Contrast, a Novel, by Earl of Mulgrave. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia; Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

The Governor of Jamaica seems to have had no ambitious design of emulating so many modern novelists, by making his work an ingenious satire upon society, or description of particular life. His object seems to have been the simple construction of an agreeable tale, founded on the ordinary relations of society, and the usual impulses of nature. He has succeeded. 'The Contrast' is an interesting and affecting story, in which, without any aim at pretension, there are many characters drawn with great beauty and even admirable truth. George, Lucy, Mrs. Darnell, with her 'its just like all the rest,' are all sketched with spirit, and wrought with much feeling and fidelity. Lord Castleton, and the Lady Gayland are both conceptions of a superior order, well sustained, and replete with truth. The scene in the opera house between them—her fall while riding, and the progress of a love both dread, but are unable to resist, are among the finest pictures of the modern novel.

Village Belles, a Novel. 2 vols. 12 mo. New-York; Harpers.

To say that this was merely a good novel would not be doing justice to its peculiar merits. It is a spirited and refreshing picture of rural life, executed with a Teniers-like fidelity, and a Cuyp-like beauty.

There is much in it of that touching simplicity which charms the world in the Vicar of Wakefield. The characters have the same resemblance to life, the same exquisite truth to nature; and the Vicar's daughters in their Sunday finery are equalled by Rosina's expedition for the new ribbon ere she saw Huntley again. The introduction of the romantic painter has given birth to many scenes of great beauty. His warm enthusiastic disposition contrasts finely with the quiet and secluded, yet deeply interesting Hannah, and the progress of his affection is managed with delicacy—finely executed, and masterly. For this character however, the author has created an interest which authors should be very careful of destroying, and we can scarcely be reconciled with pleasure to see his generous and noble qualities supplanted by Russel, about whom no-

body cares. The novel is well worth a perusal, it is better than nineteen twentieths of those usually published.

THE TOKEN AND ATLANTIC SOUVENIR. A Christmas and New Year's present. Edited by S. G. Goodrich. Boston; Charles Bowen.

A work like this, having especially for its object the advancement of the arts in our country, is deemed entitled to, and would generally receive critical lenity when it appeals, as it ought to do, to the indiscriminating generosity of national feeling. But when it is arrogantly held up as an example of perfection, and announced to be as fine as fifteen thousand dollars can make it, (credat judeus Apella,) it must stand or fall by its own merits alone. In the present volume of the Token, these claims entitle it to but a very slender consideration, in fact less than any of its predecessors. The majority of the engravings are not equal to those now commonly issued by our respectable publishers. The subjects are not only all copies, but copies of stale prints, familiar to the public for the last two or three years. The very binding has an air of slovenly elegance about it, which may be called any thing but taste, and the embossed design, like the engravings—a piracy. The contributions with many signal exceptions are however better. Some popular writers are enrolled upon the list. That we may not be charged with want of attention to this volume we make room for the following charming little allegory by Miss Gould. The only prose poem she has written.

THE ANGEL OF THE LEAVES.

'Alas! alas!' said the sorrowing tree, 'my beautiful robe is gone! It has been torn from me. Its faded pieces whirl upon the wind; they rustle beneath the squirrel's foot, as he searches for his nut. They float upon the passing stream, and on the quivering lake. Wo is me! for my fair green vesture is gone. It was the gift of the angel of the leaves! I have lost it, and my glory has vanished; my beauty has disappeared. My summer hours have passed away. My bright and comely garment, alas! it is rent in a thousand parts. Who will leave me such another? Piece by piece, it has been stripped from me. Scarcely did I sigh for the loss of one, ere another wandered off on air. The sound of music cheers me no more. The birds that sang in my bosom were dismayed at my desolation. They have flown away with their songs.

'I stood in my pride. The sun brightened my robe with his smile. The zephyrs breathed softly through its glassy folds; the clouds strewed pearls among them. My shadow was wide upon the earth. My arms spread far on the gentle air; my head was lifted high; my forehead was fair to the heavens. But now, how changed! Sadness is upon me; my head is shorn, my arms are stripped; I cannot throw a shadow on the ground. Beauty has departed; gladness is gone out of my bosom; the blood has retired from my heart, it has sunk into the earth. I am thirsty, I am cold. My naked limbs shiver in the chilly air. The keen blast comes pitiless among them. The winter is coming; I am destitute. Sorrow is my portion. Morning must wear me away. How shall I account to the angel who clothed me, for the loss of his beautiful gift?'

The angel had been listening. In soothing accents he answered the lamentation.

'My beloved tree,' said he, 'be comforted! I am by thee still, though every leaf has forsaken thee. The voice of gladness is hushed among thy boughs, but let my whisper console thee. Thy sorrow is but for a season. Trust in me; keep my promise in thy heart. Be patient and full of hope. Let the words I leave with thee, abide and cheer thee through the coming winter. Then I will return and clothe thee anew.

'The storm will drive over thee, the snow will sift through thy naked limbs. But these will be light and passing afflictions. The ice will weigh heavily on thy helpless arms; but it shall soon dissolve in tears. It shall pass into the ground and be drunken by the roots. Then it will creep up in secret beneath thy bark. It will spread into the branches it has oppressed, and help me to adorn them. For I shall be here to use it.

'Thy blood has now only retired for safety. The frost would chill and destroy it. It has gone into thy mother's bosom for her to keep it warm. Earth will not rob her offspring. She is a careful parent. She knows the wants of all her children, and forgets not to provide for the least of them.

'The sap that has for a while gone down, will make thy roots strike deeper and spread wider. It will then return to nourish thy heart. It will be renewed and strengthened. Then, if thou shalt have remembered and trusted in my promise, I will fulfil it. Buds shall shoot forth on every side of thy boughs. I will unfold for thee another robe. I will paint it and fit it in every part. It shall be a comely raiment. Thou shalt forget thy present sorrow. Sadness shall be swallowed up in joy. Now, my beloved tree, fare thee well for a season.'

The angel was gone. The muttering winter drew near. The wild blast whistled for the storm. The storm came and howled around the tree. But the word of the angel was hidden in her heart; it soothed her amid the threatenings of the tempest. The ice cakes rattled upon her limbs; they loaded and weighed them down. 'My slender branches,' said she, 'let not this burden overcome you. Break not beneath this heavy affliction; break not, but bend, till you can spring back to your places. Let not a twig of you be lost! Hope must prop you up for a while, and the angel will reward your patience. You will move upon a softer air. Grace shall be again in your motion, and beauty hanging around you!'

The scowling face of winter began to lose its features. The raging storm grew faint, and breathed its last. The restless clouds fretted themselves to atoms; they scattered upon the sky, and were brushed away. The sun threw down a bundle of golden arrows. They fell upon the tree; the ice cakes glittered as they came. Every one was shattered by a shaft, and unlocked itself upon the limb. They were melted and gone.

The reign of spring had come. Her blessed ministers were abroad in the earth; they hovered in the air; they blended their beautiful tints, and cast a new created glory on the face of the heavens.

The tree was rewarded for her trust. The angel was true to the object of his love. He returned; he bestowed on her another robe. It was bright, glossy and unsullied. The dust of summer had never lit upon it; the scorching heat had not faded it; the moth had not profaned it. The tree stood again in loveliness; she was dressed in more than her former beauty. She was very fair; joy smiled around her on every side. The birds flew back to her bosom. They sang on every branch a hymn to the Angel of the Leaves.

FINE ARTS. Danby's Opening of the Sixth Seal.

In silence and alone should we gaze upon this admirable painting, until the mind, expanding with its devotion and freeing itself from the enthralment of other thoughts, rises to the colossal elevation of the object of its contemplation, and imbibes the spirit of the genius that gave it being.

When we first heard of this extraordinary effort, we were inclined to have but little faith in the possibility of its success, and esteemed the ambition of the Painter too daring for his power; but far otherwise did we think, when, lost in absorbing admiration, our very being was given to the influence of its effect.

The chaos of first nature was before us. A convulsed World was bursting into dissolution. Cities were melting from existence, and their masters seeking shelter from the wreck. Flames, disenthralled from their volcanic prison, towered in fierce majesty to Heaven;—the clouds, like shrinking cowards, up-gathered from the blaze; while, cinctured with the splendor of etherial brilliancy, triumphant o'er the ruin of the world and the worldly, serene above the terrific conflagration of earth—the Cross—a beacon to the good, a terror to the evil, hung supported by its glory.

The eye is first attracted to a body of flame, that glows intensely lurid, in the centre of the canvass, and communicates its blood red tinge, in an admirable proportion of shade, to the volume of clouds, which wall the untroubled Heaven within them, this is vividly contrasted with the dazzling gleam of the pale lightning, to which the Painter has given such an energetic brilliancy, that we are confounded with its likeness to reality. Rent rocks are hurled into the air, mountains are spouting from their cavernous depths, an ocean of fire, the bowels of the earth are tossed from its womb, storm is let loose, and chaotic fury revels amid the wreck.

The Painter has succeeded, perhaps beyond his hopes, in the admirable coloring of the foreground, upon which is reflected the unnatural light of the lurid flame, mingled with the pale yellow glow of the lightning. The slave triumphing in the liberty of a moment, though destruction be in the next, with the severed manacles on his hands as they are upraised to heaven in the joyfulness of his disenthralled spirit, while at his feet crouches the sceptreless king, humbled by the intensity of his terror, with the trophy of power falling from his head, is a conception which, however we regard it, could only have been the offspring of a Poet's mind, while its delineation must be confessed as among the noblest efforts of a Painter's hand. The warrior becomes a coward, and the miser regardless of his gold. The weapon of the former, and the coin of the latter, are alike unavailing, for man wars not with Heaven, nor is Destiny to be bribed.

The Anatomist, however minute be his inspection, can find no flaw in the proportions of the figures, and the accurate expression of startling agony in the countenances of the sufferers speaks volumes for the artist's observation; though while we look at this magnificent painting, every capability of observing an error becomes almost lost in the absorbing influence of its beauty. We can only feel that the Painter, in a few square feet of canvass, has miniatured the majesty of nature in the convulsion of her works, and that the preacher might be silent, for morality was advocated.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

We had given up the idea of writing Editor's Tables. There is too much of state in it for our Republican notions. It is like a monarch holding a levée, in which he graciously smiles out a host of disappointed and grumbling candidates for office; and we unfortunately do not possess the faculty attributed to George the IV., of bowing with such equivocal grace, that every one in the presence chamber might think the royal courtesy was intended for himself. Moreover, we wish to encourage literary aspirants, rather than to repress them; we had rather our numerous contributers would sun themselves in the warmth of expectation, than be frightened out of the pleasant fields of literature, by a frown at the very commencement of their career. Accordingly we will do nothing more in this our 'manifest editorial,' than record our thanks, our very good and especially gracious thanks, to all the gentle A's, O's, X. Y. Z'ds, P's, Alexis'es, Amelia's, Phillis'es, &c., &c., who have honored us with their lucubrations during the last month, and we hereby inform the respective authors of the various packages on our table—in every diversity of form, from the titan folio, to the tiny note, and in every shade of paper, from greasy 'whitey brown,' to scented rose color, that we of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE have perused their several favors, and bear many treasured in our memory against the emergency of a future day, while many others have been quietly and utterly forgotten. Let none be offended by what might seem an unkind or ungenerous omission. Let none be elated by what might appear an injudicious partiality. The world of letters is like the world of life—contributers must accustom themselves to things as they come.

We have taken our stand—many to reproach, many to commend—we are thankful to the latter. What availeth the wrath of the former? Our destiny is like others' in this world. Merit or success will provoke malignancy and ill-will, and excite bitterness of feeling towards us—what matters it? Who has not seen a stately coach proceeding as fast as four fleet horses can gallop with it, often assailed towards its hinder wheel by some ignominious cur, yelp, yelping as the proud vehicle rolls majestically along? Such is the KNICKERBOCKER. Such in effect, such in power, its assailants. Supported by a generous patronage, cheered by a liberal public, and strong in the consciousness of eminent success, we will proceed on our way rejoicing, the most fearless, the most daring, the most resolute in the field.

John H. Turney's Stereotype and Print.

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The whole arrangement of this edition of Johnson's Works is different from that of any one heretofore published, either American or English—works of a similar class and character being placed under the same general head;—it contains also *twenty-seven* publications of Dr. Johnson, not to be found in any previous American edition.

"When we consider the rank which Dr. Johnson held, not only in literature, but in society, we cannot help figuring him to ourselves as the benevolent giant of some fairy tale, whose kindnesses and courtesies are still mingled with a part of the rugged ferocity imputed to the fabulous sons of Anak; or rather, perhaps, like a Roman dictator, fetched from his farm, whose wisdom and heroism still relished of his rustic occupation.

"* * * *. The unreserved communication of friends, rather than the spleen of enemies, has occasioned his character being exposed in all its shadows, as well as its lights. But those, when summed and counted, amount only to a few narrow-minded prejudices concerning country and party, from which few ardent tempers remain entirely free, and sound violences and solecisms in manners, which left his talents, morals, and benevolence, alike unimpeachable."—*Sir Walter Scott's Prefatory Memoirs to Novelists' Library.*

CROKER'S BOSWELL'S JOHNSON. The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. including a Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides—by James Boswell, Esq.—a new edition, with numerous Additions and Notes, by John Wilson Croker, LL.D. F.R.S. in two octavo volumes, containing the following Plates:

Head of Dr. Johnson.
Ditto — Boswell—Sketch by Sir Thomas Lawrence.
Ditto — Mrs. Piozzi.
Round Robin addressed to Dr. Johnson.

The additions which Mr. Croker has made to Boswell's Life of Johnson, are numerous, and much enhance its interest; for although Boswell intended to be exceedingly accurate in all things he related, yet this accuracy was often connected with persons and things, which were well understood at the time he wrote—yet, to the general reader now, there is often an obscurity and deficiency, which need correction. "To clear up these obscurities—to supply those deficiencies—to retrieve the obsolete, and to collect scattered circumstances—and so to restore the work as much as possible to its original clearness and freshness, have been the main objects of the editor."

Mr. Croker has made the novel attempt of incorporating with Boswell's Life, numerous other authentic works connected with the biography of Johnson. The channels through which this information is obtained, were, by reason of copyright, and the rivalry of biographers, closed to Mr. Boswell; but now being free, have afforded Mr. Croker an opportunity of making an important addition to the work.

"We do not know the literary work which has acquired a greater or more universal popularity than Boswell's Life of Johnson. It has been a constant favourite with all intelligent readers; and though slight improvements have been made in the new editions at various times, it was quite necessary to revise it again, because many facts and explanations, which were not set down because they were universally known, and were intrusted to the keeping of tradition, were in a fair way to be entirely lost. A few years will have swept away all the associates of Johnson; but as the trouble of collecting these things is not at all estimated by readers at large, no one was willing to submit to the labour, till Mr. Croker came forward and undertook the trust. We can cheerfully bear witness to the able and faithful manner in which he has discharged the duty. We acknowledge the excellence of the work, and recommend it to all who wish for an intimate acquaintance with Johnson; and every one who has the least respect for intellectual greatness is included in this description. The work is much improved by inserting extracts from other biographers. Mr. Croker has evidently laboured with unwearied industry to gather materials. We cannot believe that any subsequent improvement will ever be made upon this edition; and we have no doubt that it will excite the curiosity and reward the attention of the reading world. We have the pleasure of announcing an American reprint, and hope that we shall be able to repeat the saying of a distinguished writer of the last age: '*Every one that can buy a book has bought Boswell.*'"—*North American Review* for Jan. 1832.

"This elegant edition of the life of the great moralist and lexicographer, is worthy to be placed beside his entire works, lately introduced to the circle of literature by the same publisher, who has thus given us whatever of interest relates to the memory of Johnson. We took occasion to offer our approbation of the former publication, and our praises must here per force be repeated, and we may, without hesitation, bespeak the attention of our readers to works of such standard quality, and of such engaging usefulness.

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