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THE INFLUENCE OF EDUCATION ON THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

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WHAT causes the moral and intellectual difference of character in our species? What is the object and the result of education? On these two queries we propose to make some brief remarks in the following essay.

I. What causes the difference of moral and intellectual character? The disciples of a popular and growing school affirm, that education is the single and entire instrument of this difference; a dogma which gains favor at universities and popular seminaries, because it adds estimated value and consequence to what these institutions can impart. At the head of this school we find one of our ripest scholars, a gentleman to whom literature is largely indebted, and whose standing in the American republic of letters attaches much influence to his dicta; and whose errors, touching this dogma, if we shall find them such, are so much the more likely to have an injurious effect.

In an address lately delivered before the leading literary society at Yale, and afterwards redelivered before a similar literary society at Harvard, we are told, (for we have not seen the printed address) the fundamental position was, that the moral and intellectual difference in our species is owing wholly to education. We pass the acknowledged eloquence and splendor of the address, only regretting, that they had not been employed to embellish and illustrate truth, instead of error. The fundamental position is all that belongs to the questions in hand. In our admiration of this gentleman, we would not allow ourselves to animadvert even on this dogma, if it were a mere harmless position, a popular flourish, *ad captandum*, unintelligible, inefficient, and without bearing, like the dicta of schoolmen and theologians. But this is a doctrine which comes home to our business and bosoms, and touches our most vital interests. It seems to be favorable to education, by attributing to it an omnipotence of mastery over the mind. But every error, however flattering, however plausible, will be found to be injurious, just in proportion to the importance of the doctrines on which it bears.

Nothing is useful, nothing beautiful upon this, or upon any other subjects, but the truth.

With that gentleman we agree, that no price can be put on the importance of education; that it ought to be 'first and last, and midst, and without end,' in all our designs for the amelioration of our race. It is the more important, therefore, that we should have just ideas of its efficacy and object. Let us place the lever that is to move the moral and intellectual world on the right fulcrum. Let us not misapply and misdirect this power, so beneficent in its right use, so terrible in its misdirection. To plant the germs in a wrong soil is not to sow on the barren wave, nor the sterile sands. It is to rear a rank luxuriance, worse than useless. Whatever is done in conformity to the laws of nature is useful, or at least innocent. Whatever is done against those laws, whatever semblance it may have, is positively noxious.

Is it true then, that the difference of character is owing wholly to education? In the import of the term we include its most extensive meaning—to wit: the whole influences, that surround the subject from birth to death. Even philosopher Owen, the very doctor of circumstances, allowed more honor to the Creator than this doctrine. His theory was, that moral and intellectual character was formed out of two elements—*Temperament and Circumstances*, in other words education. He allowed very much to temperament, though he affirmed, that education was the chief instrument in forming character.

That education is the sole instrument in forming character, we deny *in toto*, as false in theory and practice, injurious in its effects, tending to misapply and misdirect its efforts, and as directly militating with the laws of nature, and the physiology of our species. In so doing, we would wish to exalt education, by pointing out what it can, and what it cannot accomplish, and the direction in which it will be useful or worse than useless.

If this dogma can be traced to any source, we suppose it must be to the doctrine, that the mind is a passive receptacle of external impressions, a *blanca charta*, on which the efforts of education are written, as character are impressed upon paper. No matter who put forth this doctrine. Truth is more omnipotent than Locke, great as he was. The whole doctrine, along with the quiddities about *innate ideas*, *instincts*, the *passiveness* of the mind in receiving knowledge, the soul residing in the *commune sensorium*, a term merely invented to cover utter ignorance, and much idle assumption of the same kind, was founded in the grossest misapprehension of the nature and powers of the mind, and ought long since to have been consigned, with the lumber of the schoolmen to the moles and the bats. The flippant and weakminded will ask, Who are you, thus to estimate the teaching of the metaphysicians? Our anta-

gonist, who is a gentleman and a scholar, will only ask, Is it true?

What then is the human mind? While we believe it to be an immaterial and immortal spirit, we admit that we know, and can know nothing about its nature and essence with our present faculties. But about the physical organs of thought, by which the soul acts, and through which alone we can have any knowledge of it, we do, and can know much. Are these organs passive, *blanca charta*—a uniform sheet, on which external influences are impressed? Are minds equal, uniform, capable of being educated to be exactly alike? No. To assert it is monstrous, and directly in the face of the whole teaching of nature.

The mind, as we are capable of understanding it, acts by a wonderful combination of organs, intellectual, moral, and perceptive. They are the works of our Creator. Man, being intended by him to be a social being, in the infinitely diversified relations of society, there are calls for every shade and variety of organization, temperament, kind, and degree of development and endowment of these organs. The head, in which they are placed, is infinitely diversified in its external form. The eye, the expression of countenance, the physiognomy, are the indications of this mental structure in the face. They are the labelling with which it has pleased the Creator to mark all his human samples. The same purpose to create an infinite diversity of minds is manifest, as among all the other parts of his creation. No two seaworn pebbles, no two of the minutest seeds, no two heads, no two human faces ever were formed precisely alike. The omnipotence of the divinity is in no work of creation to us more sublimely conspicuous, than in his having been able, on the small surface of the human countenance, to express such a variety of expression, that, probably, no two of the countless millions, who live, or have lived, were ever such resemblances, that a practised eye could not discriminate the one from the other. The diversity of mind, in its original organization and temperament, is as much greater than that of the forms of inanimate matter, as mind is higher in the scale of his works. Children are born, as every mother knows, with this infinite variety marked upon the structure of their heads, countenances, complexions, and forms. There are the *sallow*, and the *sanguine*; the children of black eyes, olive complexion, and black hair; of blue eyes, fair complexion, and light hair; the *choleric* and the *mild*; those that never cry from their birth, and those that raise one sustained nursery hymn; those that are *timid*, and those that are *pugnacious*; the *quick* and the *dull*; the *deformed* and the *beautiful*; the *embryo poets* and *philosophers*, and the *incurable idiots*; and yet education can make all these alike—the *irascible soul*, that was born, lives, and dies with vine-

gar in his veins instead of blood, precisely like the sanguine, easy, good natured saint, who was never angry, because anger was not in his nature. Education can remove the web foot of the water fowl, and make it feed and consort in the barn yard, without evincing a predilection for water, and can teach a fox to love grass instead of poultry ! In a word, it allows the Creator to form all the parts of the material universe, and to create bodies, but arrogates to man the higher omnipotence of forming minds !

Tell the mother of a numerous family, she could have trained children, that were the one timid the other fearless, the one quick the other slow, the one with a powerful memory and the other apparently with none, as they appeared from the first dawn of manifestation of mind, to a character precisely uniform !

Tell the schoolmaster, with his fifty pupils, that they can each commit the same grammar lesson, each perform the same operations in arithmetic, and each write a letter with the same ease ; that the same discipline which will regulate one, will equally govern the other, and that after the regular process of training, they will all appear alike at the examination ! Instruct the music-master that all children of the same age, and under the same circumstances, will become musicians with the same facility. In fine, deny a diversity of endowment and temperament as infinite as the calls of society for such a diversity, and then inform us, what sort of a society that would be, in which education had accomplished what, according to this doctrine is its perfect work, by rendering every member morally and intellectually just alike ! Men are not so constituted, that they could by any possible discipline, be so trained ; and if they could, Providence would proclaim in the ears of those attempting this reversal of her laws, *Nolumus leges naturæ mutare. He who sitteth in the heavens, would have the whole doctrine in derision.*

The Creator has been pleased to create not only an infinite variety of endowment and temperament in individuals of the same nation and society ; but to stamp a marked difference of this kind upon whole races. Who, that has compared either the heads or the characters of the European whites, the Negroes, American red men, Tartars, and Islanders of the South Sea, together, will doubt it ? Among the first class, and the highest in this scale, he has formed some with high and bold foreheads, bearing on their brow the impress of intellectual greatness. If they are not born to the advantages of education, they obey a self-training impulse from within, and form themselves to a greatness which the factitious education that opulence can bestow upon its inferior materials, strives in vain to impart ; and to confound the arrogant thought that the rich, because they can afford their children leisure and teaching of every kind, can, therefore, form them to propor-

tionate intellectual pre-eminence, these nobles, by the sign manual of nature, quite as often spring up from the cottages of the poor, as the palaces of the rich. By the same inscrutable arrangement, nature forms among the same race incurable idiots, whom we discover at a glance to be such; whom we pity, and pass by, without the preposterous thought, that education can reverse the decree of the Creator, or snatch his high and peculiar prerogative of forming minds out of his hand.

'But what avails denial,' say our opponents, 'if we can cite facts to sustain our doctrine?' An American sea captain affirms, that he took on board his ship a New Zealander, and that, by a quick training, he became a good sailor. We admit that there may be as great differences of endowment among New Zealanders, as other races. Does it follow, because one such was found, that a sea captain would as soon take a raw hand from New Zealand, as New England? Suppose a single New Zealander has been found to become a quick and a competent scholar, any sea captain can inform us, that among the rudest savages there are as great comparative differences of temper, morals, beauty, intelligence, and aptitude for the different pursuits of savages, as among the educated races. Nature has given them priests, captains, heroes, cowards, ruffians, quick, and dull, as among us. On the doctrine in question, being all formed under similar circumstances, in other words, educated alike, they ought all to be on a footing of the most perfect moral and intellectual equality.

Is it possible, that any one can believe, that Mary Maccinnes could have been trained by any conceivable mode of education, to have become Madame de Stael, or Felicia Hemans? Or that Bowditch and Bryant could have been formed to interchange intellectual character? John Quincy Adams is admitted on all hands to be a highly intellectual man; and he is unquestionably much higher, as a scholar, than Lord Byron. He has evidently struggled hard for poetry. Why is not Mc Morrogh, Don Juan? But why proceed to cite from the innumerable cases, which the slightest acquaintance with our species will furnish, astonishing examples of peculiar endowment in every direction of the intellectual, moral, and perceptive faculties, differences of endowment, which create a greater disparity of intellect between different individuals of our species, than between some of them and the lower animals. On persons, who would deny this difference, all argument would be lost. Such would have educated Euler, La Place, and Newton to have been philologists, and Milton to have written on mechanics and farriery.

Education form all men alike! And what would be the fruit of admitting this doctrine? The construction of a bed of Procrustes, which would eke out the short, and lop off the tall. All mind, by

this guillotining process, set up in defiance of the laws of nature, would soon be extinct. It would still be required, that wood should be hewn, water drawn, cattle slaughtered, and boots blacked. Would we love to see Archimedes and Solon, Milton and Byron, Massillon and Bossuet, Newton and Davy, Euler and Bowditch perform these functions for us? Aye more, would these men have been good subjects in those callings? The men who actually perform these offices, in the sight of God and good men, may be acting their part as well as the others would have done, if in their place. Interchanging with them, they would, probably, have been out of their element. But it is objected, 'this doctrine is aristocratic.' Not so. If among these men there be cases of high and extraordinary endowment, as there are still greater chances, (there should be,) than among the rich and distinguished, they will feel a self-educating call to their vocation; and let all accessible means of education be furnished them. No! Let us shift the charge on the other horn of the dilemma. That education should be able to form all men alike is the glorious doctrine for an aristocrat. If education furnish all the intellect, and all the morality of our nature, as every one knows that education is a cash article, and that they who can afford their children most leisure and money, can, in the common acceptation of the term, educate them most, it would follow, that the children of the free schools could have but poor morals and scanty intellect; mechanics and farmers not more than ten per cent of the attainable, while the children of some of our merchants would obtain a million dollars' worth of knowledge and morality. Is it so? Are the children of the rich, who are taught from their cradles, and who are encumbered by masters and instruction, and whose incessant leisure calls them neither to toil nor to spin, either more intellectual or moral than the children born in the middle walks of life? The Eternal has promulgated no such conditions in favor of aristocracy. He who has seen fit to form gems in the ocean, and flowers in the desert, scatters beauty and worth and talent as often in cottages as palaces. They who feel that they are the Napoleons, and wear the long sword of destiny, will hold forth the banner that will gather others under their ascendant, be they born and educated where or how they may, on the same principle that causes the bees as soon as they see their queen to recognise her. The rich and great furnish incitements enough to envy, without putting forth the claims in question. There is no aristocratic leaning in the distributions of Providence.

What then does constitute the difference of character? Three elements—temperament, endowment, and education, or the modification of circumstances. These naturally act and react; and the result is so combined, that in the formation of character in the progress of life, with the little observation that has been hitherto

bestowed upon the subject, the contribution of each element to the total compound cannot be settled. Education creates nothing. It only operates upon the material which the Creator has furnished; and as this is infinitely various in kind and degree, so will be the character modified, and superinduced upon it by education. That education only modifies and develops endowment, without creating it, is indicated by the common sense of mankind in the very import of the term itself. *Educo is to lead from—to lead out—to develop.*

Educate and modify the original endowment as much as you will, you can never eradicate the influence of the original intellectual *stamina*. The choleric will always have to exercise a more painful watch over their temper than the naturally mild. You may improve a weak memory; but the same training will improve a strong one in a greater ratio. Almost every individual of the species possesses, in a greater or less degree, something of the original endowments that enter into the composition of the human intellect. Hence a person may have mathematical endowment enough to be trained to perform the common operations of arithmetic, who could never be educated to become a distinguished mathematician. A person may have poetry enough in his composition by great labor to make poor verses, who could never be formed to become that kind of poet, who, *nascitur non fit*, is born, and cannot be made such; and so of all the other endowments. Providence calls for a certain number of lights, legislators, poets, intellectually great men, and sends them forth qualified to be educated for their high functions. If the means are not supplied to their hands, from an internal impulse they will educate themselves. Instruction may form those to whom nature has denied these high endowments to be useful and respectable men. But they can never be trained to fill the places of the former.

Education can do much. It can strengthen weak endowments by exercising them, in the same way as the bodily muscles are enlarged and strengthened by gymnastics. It can do much by repressing excess, and bringing up deficiency. It can operate powerfully in the best of all its directions, to produce an equable and balanced character. But take care, that, instead of operating with the indications of nature, you do not exert your efforts perniciously against them. It is, we repeat, of the utmost importance, that this most precious of instruments should not be misapplied, or its efficiency miscalculated.

It would appear, then, if these views are correct, that the great object of enlightened education should be to study the intellectual endowments of the pupil, while yet in embryo, and before the development of education and circumstances; to ascertain, if it may be, in what direction his mind is endowed, what are his aptitudes,

and for what pursuits he is best fitted. We have studiously avoided any reference, for this purpose, to the cranium, as furnishing indications ; because, if the child have, for example, the strong external development of mathematics, poetry, or mechanics, the development will certainly make itself known to a competent observer by mental manifestations. The latter demonstration no one can mistake. The former remains, with most people, a matter of question. We, therefore, rely entirely upon the latter.

We have no manner of doubt, that every child is born with a peculiar aptitude to some one of the pursuits of life. Could this be discovered, and the child rightly trained, it would certainly attain eminence in that pursuit. Could the parent have mistaken the indications of young Mozart, who, when he listened to fine music, was observed to melt into tears, and who learned of himself to play the harpsichord at five years old ? Can there be any doubt about the aptitudes of a child, whose first manifestations of mind are in the construction of machinery, or in performing mental operations of arithmetic ? Was it difficult to discover the bent of the painter Opie, who, while yet a collier, sketched accurate figures with coal on the walls of the mine ? Does not every intelligent mother note these manifestations in her children ? Which then is the true system, to believe that all minds can be trained alike, or that it is right to consult these manifestations, conform to them, and educate the children in that direction ? Which is the wise and true way, to rear the child according to its genius and capabilities, or to govern education by such laws, as are imposed in some despotic countries, which compel the children, from generation to generation, to follow the pursuit of the parent ?

To bring these observations nearer home ; what a preposterous spectacle does not the aspect of society, as now constituted, exhibit ? True ; we see a few men at home, and consequently eminent in every walk. But how often is it otherwise ? Of the three professions, emphatically denominated the *learned*, what proportion of the members were determined to their calling by any decided predilection for it ? Consequently, how few of them attain eminence ? The general axioms, on which these important points are settled, are sufficiently ludicrous. A farmer has laid by sufficient means to send one son to college. Laziness is the most general badge to decimate the favorite for this honor ; or he is silent and dull, and this is called *taking to learning*. In the pursuits, how often do we see tailors in the blacksmith's shop, and the blacksmith sitting on the shop board, people, who should have turned the soil, procuring good sleep for their hearers in the pulpit, and excellent haranguers in bar rooms and grocery shops, instead of the bench and the rostrum. Hitherto the momentous question of settling the choice of a pursuit or a profession has either been decided by mere

chance, or any elements, rather than aptitude and predilection. Of course the general arrangement of society shows little more than a game of cross purposes with nature.

If parents, guardians, and those who influence these choices, possessed a true and enlightened ambition, they would perceive, that by impelling their children, and those with whom they are charged in the direction of the learned professions, without first consulting, by a severe and impartial analysis, their fitness to succeed and shine in them, they are doing any thing for them, rather than advancing their true honor and interest. Cæsar preferred to be the first in a village, rather than the second at Rome. Though this may have been an overweening ambition, it indicated in the mind of one who was no humble judge of what the world calls glory, the impulse of a true aspiration. Who would not prefer that his son or ward should be a thriving and respectable farmer or mechanic, rather than one of the numerous subordinate supernumeraries who become either injurious, or starve in the learned professions ?

Education bestowed without discernment, and by a distribution predicated on the idea that God has no part in creating mind, may produce a seeming of knowledge—a flat and superficial equality. But profound and pre-eminent attainment never grew from any other source, and never will be produced from any other, than the concurrence of endowment and right discipline, nature and education. Neither are these endowments passive, as our antagonists suppose. So far as they are dependant upon organization, (and we know them in no other way,) they commence their activity with life. Circumstances react upon them. The organization, through which we are conscious of memory, volition, knowledge, can no more be said to be passive, than the lungs or the heart in physical life. All these physical and intellectual organs commence their action co-ordinate with our existence, and education is their aliment, as food is of the body.

WATER MUSIC.

From yon blue waters pealing,	And as on air it seemed to float,
There came a sound at even ;	By zephyrs borne along,
And oh ! it seemed, as it was stealing,	It sounded not like earthly note,
Almost too sweet for Heaven !	It was so sweet a song :
It was the hour of sunset, when	It seemed as if some angel had
Our hearts and souls feel more ;	From its high home been tossed,
And mine felt, as it listened then,	And in those strains so soft, so sad,
As ne'er it felt before.	Was mourning all it lost. A. W.

THE PRAIRIES.**BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.**

These are the Gardens of the Desert, these
For which the speech of England has no name—
The boundless unshorn fields, where lingers yet
The beauty of the earth ere man had sinned—
The Prairies. I beheld them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
In airy undulations, far away,
As if an ocean in its gentlest swell
Stood still, with all its rounded billows fixed
And motionless forever.—Motionless?
No, they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and beneath
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk, that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have played
Among the palms of Mexico, and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific—have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no part in all this glorious work:
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes
With herbage, planted them with island groves,

And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky—
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love—
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above the eastern hills.

As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,
Among the high rank grass that sweeps his sides,
The hollow beating of his footstep seems
A sacrilegious sound. I think of those
Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here—
The dead of other days,—and did the dust
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life,
And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds,
That overlook the rivers, or that rise
In the dim forest, crowded with old oaks,
Answer.—A race that long has passed away
Built them; a disciplined and populous race
Heaped, with long toil, the earth, while yet the Greek
Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock
The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields
Nourished their harvests, here their herds were fed,
When haply by their stalls the bison lowed,
And bowed his maned shoulder to the yoke.
All day this desert murmured with their toils,
Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked and wooed
In a forgotten language, and old tunes,
From instruments of unremembered form,
Gave the soft winds a voice. The red man came—
The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and wild,
And the mound-builders vanished from the earth.
The solitude of centuries untold
Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie-wolf
Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh dug den

Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground
Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone—
All—save the piles of earth that hold their bones—
The platforms reared to worship unknown gods—
The barriers which they builded from the soil
To keep the foe at bay; till o'er the walls
The wild beleaguers broke—and one by one
The strong holds of the plain were forced, and heaped
With corpses. The brown vultures of the wood
Flocked to those vast uncovered sepulchres,
And sat unscared and silent at their feast.
Haply some solitary fugitive,
Lurking in marsh and forest till the sense
Of desolation and of fear became
Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die.
Man's better nature triumphed. Kindly looks
Welcomed the captive, and consoling words.
The conquerors placed him with their chiefs; he chose
A bride among their maidens, and at length
Seemed to forget, yet ne'er forgot, the wife
Of his first love, and her sweet little ones
Butchered, and their shrieks, with all his race.

Thus change the forms of being; thus arise
Races of living things, glorious in strength,
And perish, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them or is withdrawn. The red man too,
Has left these beautiful and lonely wilds,
And nearer to the Rocky Mountains sought
A wider hunting-ground. The beaver builds
No longer by these streams, but far away
On waters, whose blue surface ne'er gave back
The white man's face, among Missouri's springs
And pools, whose issues swell the Oregon,
He rears his little Venice. In these plains
The bison feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues

Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps—yet here I meet
His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds that scarce have learned the fear of man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee,
A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the eastern deep,
Fills the savannahs with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark brown furrows. All at once
A fresher breeze sweeps by, and breaks my dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE, 3 vols., by J. D'Israeli. Boston; Lilly, Wait & Co. New-York; William Jackson; 1833.

This work and another by the same author, 'Calamities of Authors,' form one of the most amusing and instructive histories of human nature, by presenting us the thousand characteristic anecdotes, that make us far more easily acquainted with the lights of the world, the intellectual men of all ages and countries, than more formal and copious biography. Having expressed the opinion, that there is no work extant which can furnish a greater amount of useful and amusing reading to a literary man, and although to a few scholars not a new book, yet being generally unknown, we wish immediately to enter *in medias res*, and to make such extracts from it, with passing remarks and reflections, as will present some of its more prominent and interesting facts to the reader. Every one has heard of the famous Alexandrian library, founded by the Ptolemies. Pisistratus was among the earliest collectors of large libraries. Asinius Pollio, Crassus, Cæsar, and Cicero, were celebrated for their magnificent collections. Lucullus had the most splendid library of his age. The *Thermes* of Augustus Cæsar contained, among many luxurious establishments, a magnificent library. The horrible Tiberius, too, collected a library, which was increased by Trajan with the addition of the Ulpian. The first public library in Italy was founded by Nicholas Nicoli, which was much enlarged by Cosmo de Medici. Nicholas V. aid the foundation of that of the Vatican. Cardinal Bessarion established the first library at Venice, since which the history of libraries is well known. Henry Rantzau, the founder of the great library at Copenhagen, charmingly expresses the pleasure of reading, in some Latin lines of which the following is a translation :

' Golden volumes ! richest treasures !
 Objects of delicious pleasures !
 You my eyes rejoicing please,
 You my hands in rapture seize !
 Brilliant wits and musing sages,
 Lights who beam'd through many ages !
 Left to your conscious leaves their story,
 And dared to trust you with their glory ;
 And now their hope of fame achiev'd,
 Dear volumes !—you have not deceived !'

We pass over the history of Bibliomania, because, although a common disease in England, few people are affected with it in this country, and none are tempted to impoverish themselves by making collections of books. Literary journals owe their origin to Denis de Sallo of Paris. His *Journal des Savans*, the first of the kind, appeared in 1665. The character of it was of exceeding bitterness,

and he was so stung by the wasps of literature, that he was glad soon to abandon the throne of criticism. The next reviewer was Bayle, in a work entitled *Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres*. He possessed the art of 'reading a book with his fingers,' as it were, comprising in concise extracts a just view of a book, without mixing with it irrelevant matter. His panegyric was somewhat prodigal. From his time reviews became too numerous to be named. Most of the early reviewers were worn out by mental fatigue.

The *Memoires de Trevoux*, written by the Jesuits, made itself redoubtable by the vivacity of its caustic satire. The Monthly Review, the venerable mother of English journals, commenced in 1749. The labor was so severe, that most of the first reviewers fell victims. We know of no better portrait of a perfect journalist than the following :

' To describe the character of a perfect journalist, would be only an ideal portrait ! There are however some acquirements which are indispensable. He must be tolerably acquainted with the subjects he treats on ; no common acquirement ! He must possess the *literary history of his own times* ; a science which, Fontenelle observes, is almost distinct from any other. It is the result of an active curiosity, which leads us to take a lively interest in the tastes and pursuits of the age, while it saves the journalist from ridiculous blunders. We often see the mind of a reviewer half a century remote from the work reviewed. A fine feeling of the various manners of writers, with a style adapted to fix the attention of the indolent, and to win the untractable ; but candor is the brightest gem of criticism ! He ought not to throw every thing into the crucible, nor should he suffer the whole to pass as if he trembled to touch it. Lampoons and satires in time will lose their effect, as well as panegyrics. He must learn to resist the seductions of his own pen ; the pretensions of composing a treatise on the *subject*, rather than on the *book* he criticises. proud of insinuating that he gives in a dozen pages what the author himself has not been able to perform in his volumes. Should he gain confidence by a popular delusion and by unworthy conduct, he may chance to be mortified by the pardon or the chastisement of insulted genius. The most noble criticism is that in which the critic is not the antagonist so much as the rival of the author.'

The next chapter, 'upon the recovery of manuscripts,' is a very striking one, but we cannot find space for quotation. Among the most curious discoveries were those of Montaigne, and a considerable portion of the writings of Lady Mary Wortley Montague. To comfort the young writer under the lash, we inform him, from our author, that Homer was charged with having stolen from the anterior poets. Sophocles was brought to trial by his children, as a lunatic. Socrates was ridiculed by Aristophanes, who was not only a great wit, but a great rascal, and even by no less a person than Cicero. Plato is accused by different ancient writers of envy, lying, avarice, incontinence, and impiety. These charges are brought by such names as Theopompus, Suidas, Aulus Gellius, Porphyry, and Aristophanes. Aristotle, the author of more than four hundred volumes, is censured by Diogenes Laertius, Cicero, and Plutarch with ignorance, ambition, and vanity. It is said, that Plato was exceedingly envious of Democritus. Virgil is declared by ancient critics to be destitute of invention.

The *amiable* Caligula denied him even mediocrity, and Perilius Faustinus has furnished a thick volume of his plagiarisms. Horace censures the coarse humor of Plautus, and he in turn is blamed for his free use of the minor Greek poets. Pliny's *Natural History* was regarded as a heap of fables. Pliny in his turn cannot bear Diodorus and Vopiscus. In short, every one of the ancient classical writers has been most unmercifully cut up by some of their contemporaries. Instead of growing milder, human nature clearly shows more bitterness, as we descend from ancient to modern critics. What a host of them has Pope preserved in his *Dunciad*, as dried vipers in an apothecary's shop!

Every one is acquainted with the history of the persecution of the learned. Socrates was compelled to drink poison. Anaxagoras, for presenting just views of the Supreme Being, was dragged to prison. Aristotle was so persecuted, as to commit suicide. Heraclitus was driven to the wilderness. Gerbert and Bacon were viewed with horror, as supposed magicians. Virgilius, bishop of Saltzburg, was consigned to the flames for asserting that there were Antipodes. The first treatise of Steganography, or the art of secret writing, was condemned as full of diabolical mysteries. Galileo was obliged publicly to disavow his sentiments. 'Are these then my judges?' he exclaimed, as he left the court of the block-head inquisitors that tried him. Cornelius Agrippa was compelled to fly his country for some philosophical experiments. His favorite black dog was supposed to be a demon. Cardan was believed to be a magician. Petrarch was exposed to constant persecution from the priests, who could not understand that a man could be a poet without an intercourse with the devil. Descartes, the great and good, was accused by the bigot Voetius of Atheism. Mr. Hallam has well observed, 'that the great ordeal of men and books was fire.'

Let modern writers magnify their poverty by ancient example. Xylander sold his notes on Dion Cassius for a dinner. Cervantes wanted bread, after having written his inimitable work, and lost an arm in the service of his country. I saw, says a Friar, Camoens die in an hospital at Lisbon, without sheet or shroud, *una savana*, to cover him, after having triumphed in the Indies, and sailed five thousand five hundred leagues, *and written the Lusiad*. Tasso was obliged to borrow a crown from a friend for his subsistence through the week. In a sonnet to his cat, he begs the lustre of her eyes to shine for his night writing, *non avendo candele per iscrivere i suoi versi!* having no candle to see to write his verses.

Ariosto was poor. Cardinal Bentivoglio suffered the most distressing indigence, sold every thing to satisfy his creditors, and left nothing behind him but his reputation. Du Ryer, a celebrated French poet, had nothing. Vaugelas, one of the most polished of French

writers, left his corpse to the surgeons for the benefit of his creditors. Louis XIV., with all his vaunted magnificence, left the poet Corneille to die of want. Dryden sold ten thousand verses for less than three hundred pounds. Purchas, Rymer, Ockley were as poor as church mice. Spenser languished out his life in misery. Though he is said to have had a pension, his querulous verses will not be forgotten.

Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
 What hell it is in suing long to bide ;
 To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
 To speed, to give, to want, to be undone.

Le Sage resided in a little cottage, when he supplied the world with those agreeable novels, which were so universally read. Boethius, Grotius, Buchanan, Cervantes, Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh, Voltaire, Selden, Freret, Sir William Davenant, De Foe, Wicquefort, Maggi, and Bunyan wrote their most agreeable and useful works in prison.

A history of the amusements of the learned is sufficiently amusing. Tycho Brahe diverted himself with polishing glasses; D'Andilly amused himself in cultivating trees; Barclay with flowers; Balzac with a collection of crayon portraits; the Abbé de Maroles with prints, and Politian with his lute. Seneca wrote a burlesque narrative of Claudian's death; Pierius Valerianus on beards, and a recent learned writer has an Eloge de Perruques. Erasmus when travelling, wrote his panegyric on *Moria*, or Folly, which by a pun he dedicated to Sir Thomas More. Homer wrote the battle of the frogs; Virgil that of the gnats and the bees. Spenser made a butterfly a theme; and Sallengre wrote a panegyric on ebriety. The great Samuel Clarke was fond of leaping over tables and chairs. Paley and Sir Henry Wotton amused themselves with angling.

Portraits of authors furnish a curious chapter, but we cannot remark on it, without extending this notice too far. We only quote the sublime passage of Tacitus at the close of his admired biography of Agricola.

“ On this subject, how sublimely Tacitus expresses himself at the close of his admired biography of Agricola. ‘ I do not mean to censure the custom of preserving in brass or marble, the shape and stature of eminent men; but busts and statues, like their originals, are frail and perishable. The soil is formed of finer elements, its inward form is not to be expressed by the hand of an artist with unconscious matter; our manners and our morals may in some degree trace the resemblance. All of Agricola that gained our love and raised our admiration still subsists, and ever will subsist, preserved in the minds of men, the register of ages and the records of fame.’ ”

Under the head of ‘ destruction of books’ we learn, that the Persians, from national hatred, destroyed the books of the Phenicians and Egyptians. The Romans burnt the books of the Jews, and they in turn those of Christians and Pagans. The disciples of Mahomet burnt the library of Alexandria. The crusading

Christians at Constantinople committed, says Dr. Clarke, greater havoc among the works of art there, than the Turks themselves in after time. The emperor Justinian ordered the burning of the Jewish Talmud. The Spanish conquerors in the new world, barbarously destroyed all the vestiges of the ancient Indian grandeur. To retaliate upon the Musselmans for book burning, Cardinal Ximenes, at the taking of Granada, condemned five thousand Korans to the flames. The monks were particularly zealous in destroying the works of the ancients. Inflamed with the blindest zeal against every thing Pagan, Pope Gregory VII. ordered the library of the Palatine Apollo, a treasury of literature, formed by successive emperors, to the flames. From that time ancient learning was denominated *profane*, in opposition to the study of the Scriptures, or sacred literature. The Jesuits, sent by the Emperor Ferdinand to extirpate Lutheranism from Bohemia, swept every thing, and literature with the rest, with fire and sword. Henry VIII. caused a prodigious destruction of libraries at the dissolution of the monasteries. The Puritans burnt every thing on which they could lay their hands, that bore the marks of Popish origin. The heroic destruction of a Goth of that stamp, by the name of Dowsing, is thus described by himself.

“ ‘ At *Sunbury*, we brake down ten mighty great angels in glass. At *Barham*, brake down the twelve apostles in the chancel, and six superstitious pictures more there; and eight in the church, one a lamb with a cross (+) on the back; and digged down the steps and took up four superstitious inscription in brass,’ &c. ‘ *Lady Bruce’s house*, the chapel, a picture of God the Father, of the Trinity, of Christ, of the Holy Ghost, and the cloven tongues, which we gave orders to take down, and the lady promised to do it.’ At another place they ‘brake six hundred superstitious pictures, eight Holy Ghosts, and three of the Son.’ ”

It is supposed, that the phrase *give a Dowsing* is derived from the hearty zeal of this fellow. So late as 1780, a mob consigned the earl of Mansfield’s treasury of MSS. to the flames.

The prelates Whitgift and Bancroft, urged by the puritanic and Calvinistic factions, destroyed the best books in Stationer’s Hall, in 1599.

“ It was also decreed that no satires or epigrams should be printed for the future. No plays were to be printed without the inspection and permission of the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London; nor any *Englishe Historyes*, I suppose novels and romances, without the sanction of the privy council. Any pieces of this nature, unlicensed, or now at large and wandering abroad, were to be diligently sought, recalled, and delivered over to the ecclesiastical arm at London-house.”

Many of Lady Mary Wortley Montague’s letters were destroyed by her noble mother, who considered authorship a disgrace to a titled family, and would have been mortified to know, that her daughter has since been considered the *Seigné* of Britain. A few of her best letters were found, not long since, buried in an old family chest. When the learned in Europe were in literary difficulties, they used to address Peiresc, who was thence called

"*the avocet general*" of the republic of letters. A chamber in his house was literally filled with these letters. His niece was entreated to publish them, but preferred to burn them to save fuel. When the MSS. of Urceus, of the fifteenth century, were burning in his chamber, which took fire by accident, uttering the most horrid blasphemies, he declared that he would prefer hell and its eternity of torments to the loss of his MSS. Many instances are related of authors having arisen from their death-bed to destroy their writings. Among them we note the late Mrs. Inchbald, whom we have always considered one of the first of writers. When dying she requested a friend to cut in pieces a number of volumes, that she had in MS.

Among lost works are the History of Phenicia, by Sanchoniathon, Manetho's History of Egypt, Berosus's History of Chaldea; and of the History of Polybius only five out of forty books have been saved. Of Diodorus Siculus fifteen books only remain out of forty; and of the History of Dion Cassius twenty-five out of eighty. The thirteen first books of Ammianus Marcellinus are lost. Of Livy's History, out of one hundred and forty books, we have only thirty-five. What a treasure has been lost in the thirty books of Tacitus! little more than four remain. Only a single copy of the fragment of Velleius Paterculus has been found. Taste and criticism have suffered an irreparable loss in that of Quintilian's Treatise on 'the causes of the corruption of eloquence,' which he seems himself to have regarded more than any of his works. Petrarch declares, that in his youth he had seen the works of Varro, and the second decade of Livy, but that all his after endeavors to recover them were fruitless. Varro and Atticus each composed important and voluminous works upon ancient biography, which have perished. A history by Pliny, in twenty books, has not been found. From Pliny we learn, that he was in possession of an ancient poet's works, whom he compares to Catullus, and whose writings, he affirms, were never out of his hands. We have but a few fragments of Menander. Of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, who each wrote a hundred dramas, seven only have been preserved, and nineteen of Euripides. Of a hundred and thirty comedies of Plautus, we only inherit thirty, and those imperfect.

The History of *Quodlibets*, or ancient themes of discussion, lets us into the material of the field of former investigation. A grand question in regard to abstract terms, which they divided into genera and species, was, whether they were substances, or names? Some affirmed, that the abstract idea we form of a horse, was as really a horse, as the one we ride. The great works of St. Thomas Aquinas—" *Summa totius theologiæ*," appeared in one thousand two hundred and fifty folio pages, double columns, and

close print. There are one hundred and sixty-eight articles on love, three hundred and fifty-eight on angels, two hundred on the soul, eighty-five on demons, one hundred and fifty-one on intellect, one hundred and thirty-four on law, three on the catamenia, two hundred and thirty-seven on sins, seventeen on virginity, and so of the rest, and this was considered the greatest of all books, for many ages. His treatises on angels are the most refreshing. He describes them, as if he had been himself an old and experienced angel—as follows :

“ Angels were not before the world !

“ Angels might have been before the world !

“ Angels were created by God—They were created immediately by him—They were created in the Empyrean sky—They were created in grace—They were created in imperfect beatitude. After a severe chain of reasoning he shows that angels are incorporeal compared to us, but corporeal compared to God.

“ An angel is composed of action and potentiality ; the more superior he is, he has the less potentiality. They have not matter properly. Every angel differs from another angel in species. An angel is of the same species as a soul. Angels have not naturally a body united to them. They may assume bodies ; but they do not want to assume bodies for themselves, but for us.

“ The bodies assumed by angels are of thick air.

“ The bodies they assume have not the natural virtues which they show, nor the operations of life, but those which are common to inanimate things.

“ An angel may be the same with a body.

“ In the same body there are, the soul formally giving being, and operating natural operations ; and the angel operating supernatural operations.

“ Angels administer and govern every corporeal creature.

“ God, an angel, and the soul, are not contained in space, but contain it.

“ Many angels cannot be in the same space.

“ The motion of an angel in space is nothing else than different contacts of different successive places.

“ The motion of an angel is a succession of his different operations.

“ His motion may be continuous and discontinuous as he will.

“ The continuous motion of an angel is necessary through every medium, but may be discontinuous without a medium.

“ The velocity of the motion of an angel is not according to the quantity of his strength, but according to his will.

“ The motion of the illumination of an angel is three-fold, or circular, straight, and oblique.

“ In this account of the motion of an angel we are reminded of the beautiful description of Milton, who marks it by a continuous motion,

“ Smooth-sliding without step.”

There are many discussions ; but some of the following are irreverent and even scandalous.

“ Even Aquinas could gravely debate, Whether Christ was not an Hermaphrodite ? Whether there are excrements in Paradise ? Whether the pious at the resurrection will rise with their bowels ? Others again debated—Whether the angel Gabriel appeared to the Virgin Mary in the shape of a serpent, of a dove, of a man, or of a woman ? Did he seem to be young or old ? In what dress was he ? Was his garment white or of two colors ? Was his linen clean or foul ? Did he appear in the morning, noon, or evening ? What was the color of the Virgin Mary’s hair ? Was she acquainted with the mechanical and liberal arts ? Had she a thorough knowledge of the Book of Sentences, and all it contains ? that is, Peter Lombard’s compilation from the works of the Fathers, written 1200 years after her death.—But these are only trifling matters ; they also agitated, whether when, during her conception, the

Virgin was seated, Christ too was seated, and whether, when she lay down, Christ also lay down? The following question was a favorite topic for discussion, and thousands of the acutest logicians, through more than one century, never resolved it: 'When a hog is carried to market with a rope tied about its neck, which is held at the other end by a man, whether is the *hog* carried to market by the *rope* or the *man*?' "

The six follies of science are the *quadrature of the circle*, the *multiplication of the cube*, *perpetual motion*, the *philosopher's stone*, *magic*, and *judicial astrology*. Thousands have disordered their intellects upon these themes, though some of them, in searching for a thing not to be found, hit upon valuable discoveries. For example, Glauber, in seeking for the philosopher's stone, discovered the purging salt that bears his name.

It is curious to trace the history of imitators, of which we record but one anecdote. Ebn Saad, a clerk of Mahomet, cried out in admiration of what the prophet dictated to him, *Blessed be God, the best Creator*. Mahomet, pleased alike with the flattery and the passage, ordered him to write it down as a part of the Koran. The clerk in consequence was so elated, as to think of setting up for himself, and began to eke out the Koran at his fancy. The terrible master fell upon him, and he escaped with his life, only by falling on his knees and swearing that he would never again imitate the Koran, a task for which, he was sensible, God had not created him. Under the head of punning, we only record that Cicero was an inveterate punster, and a number of his puns are given.

In regard to prefaces, ladies consider them so much space for a love story lost, though the Italians call them *la salsa del libro*, the sauce of the book. In prefaces an affected haughtiness, or an affected humility are alike despicable. They ought to be dated, as after a number of editions, as every author hopes his book will have, they become useful circumstances in literary history.

Among 'ingenious thoughts' we put down the following. A Greek inscription for the statue of Niobe is, in English, thus:

The Gods from living turned me to stone;
Praxiteles from stone restored me to life.

Commire, a pleasing writer of Latin verse, says of a butterfly:
It FLIES, and swims, a *flower* in liquid air.

Menage has these two terse and pointed lines on the portrait of a lady:

In this portrait, my fair, thy resemblance I see;
An insensible charmer it is, just like thee.

Hear the love, tenderness, and modesty of Olindo, described by Tasso in the following:

———He, full of bashfulness and truth,
Loved much, hoped little. and desired naught.

An Italian poet thus paints the affection of a lover, that had survived his mistress :

Much I deplore her death, and much my life

We pass the history of printing, as well known. We select a few things from the history of *errata*. At Rome it was not allowed to put the word *fatum*, or *fata*, in the body of a book, but errors might be corrected in a table of errata. An author wished to use this word, and instead of it wrote *facta*, and in the errata gave for *facta*, read *fata*. Scarron had a quarrel with his sister. Some verses were dedicated to *chienne de ma soeur*, my sister's dog. He annexed this in the errata, to read *ma chienne de soeur*, to my b—h of a sister. In a mystical book—for *delices de l'esprit*, it was proposed to print *delires*. Instead of *cetera desiderantur* the rest is wanting, it was suggested to read—*non desiderantur sed desunt*, the rest is wanting, but not wanted. At the close of a silly book—the author put *Finis*. A wit suggested this among the errata !

FINIS—an error, or a lie, my friend !
Of writing silly books, there is no END.

Every one has heard of the German widow, who, while a new edition of the bible was printing in her house, went into the office by night and in the passage in Genesis took out the two first letters of the word *Herr*, and for them inserted *Na* making the word *Narr*, so that the passage, instead of—*and he shall be thy lord*, read, *and he shall be thy fool*. There is an edition of the bible, known by the name of the *vinegar*, because in St. Luke the *parable of the vineyard* is printed *the parable of the vinegar*. All have heard of the severe penalty imposed on the London Company of Stationers for printing *Thou shalt commit adultery*, and leaving out the negative.

From the history of legends, we select the following :

“ ‘ Among the insipid legends of ecclesiastical history, I am tempted to distinguish the memorable fable of the *Seven Sleepers*; whose imaginary date corresponds with the reign of the younger Theodosius, and the conquest of Africa by the Vandals. When the Emperor Decius persecuted the Christians, seven noble youths of Ephesus concealed themselves in a spacious cavern, on the side of an adjacent mountain; where they were doomed to perish by the tyrant, who gave orders that the entrance should be firmly secured with a pile of stones. They immediately fell into a deep slumber, which was miraculously prolonged without injuring the powers of life, during a period of one hundred and eighty-seven years. At the end of that time the slaves of Adolius, to whom the inheritance of the mountain had descended, removed the stones to supply materials for some rustic edifice. The light of the sun darted into the cavern, and the Seven Sleepers were permitted to awake. After a slumber as they thought, of a few hours, they were pressed by the calls of hunger; and resolved that Jamblichus, one of their number, should secretly return to the city to purchase bread for the use of his companions. The youth, if we may still employ that appellation, could no longer recognise the once familiar aspect of his native country; and his surprise was increased by the appearance of a large cross, triumphantly erected over the principal gate of Ephesus. His singular dress and obsolete language confounded the baker, to whom he offered an ancient medal of Decius as the current

coin of the empire; and Jamblichus, on the suspicion of a secret treasure, was dragged before the judge. Their mutual inquiries produced the amazing discovery, that two centuries were almost elapsed since Jamblichus and his friends had escaped from the rage of a Pagan tyrant. The bishop of Ephesus, the clergy, the magistrates, the people, and, it is said, the Emperor Theodosius himself, hastened to visit the cavern of the Seven Sleepers; who bestowed their benediction, related their story, and, at the same instant, peaceably expired.

“This popular tale Mahomet learned when he drove his camels to the fairs of Syria; and he has introduced it, as a *divine revelation*, into the Koran.—The same story has been adopted and adorned by the nations from Bengal to Africa, who profess the Mahometan religion.

“The too curious reader, may perhaps, require other specimens of the more unlucky inventions of this ‘Golden Legend;’ as characteristic of a certain class of minds, the philosopher will not contemn these grotesque fictions.

“These monks imagined that holiness was often proportioned to a saint’s filthiness. St. Ignatius, say they, delighted to appear abroad with old dirty shoes; he never used a comb, but let his hair clot; and religiously abstained from paring his nails. One saint attained to such piety as to have near three hundred patches on his breeches; which, after his death, were hung up in public as an *incentive to imitation*. St. Francis discovered, by certain experience, that the devils were frightened away by such kind of breeches, but were animated by clean clothing to tempt and seduce the wearers; and one of their heroes declares that the purest souls are in the dirtiest bodies. On this they tell a story which may not be very agreeable to fastidious delicacy. Brother Juniper was a gentleman perfectly pious on this principle; indeed so great was his merit in this species of mortification, that a brother declared he could always nose Brother Juniper when within a mile of the monastery, provided the wind was at the due point. Once, when the blessed Juniper, for he was no saint, was a guest, his host, proud of the honor of entertaining so pious a personage, the intimate friend of St. Francis, provided an excellent bed, and the finest sheets. Brother Juniper abhorred such luxury. And this too evidently appeared after his sudden departure in the morning, unknown to his kind host. The great Juniper did this, says his biographer, having told us what he did, not so much from his habitual inclinations, for which he was so justly celebrated, as from his excessive piety, and as much as he could to mortify worldly pride, and to show how a true saint despised clean sheets.

“In the life of St. Francis we find, among other grotesque miracles, that he preached a sermon in a desert, but he soon collected an immense audience. The birds shrilly warbled to every sentence, and stretched out their necks, opened their beaks, and, when he finished, dispersed with a holy rapture into four companies, to report his sermon to all the birds of the universe. A grasshopper remained a week with St. Francis during the absence of the Virgin Mary, and pittered on his head. He grew so companionable with a nightingale, that when a nest of swallows began to babble, he hushed them by desiring them not to tittle-tattle of their sister, the nightingale. Attacked by a wolf, with only the sign manual of the cross, he held a long dialogue with his rabid assailant, till the wolf, meek as a lap-dog, stretched his paws in the hands of the saint, followed him through towns, and became half a Christian.”

We pass over a great number of pages of interesting matter, to touch upon the fact, that men of genius have often been found deficient in conversational powers. Peter Corneille, the rival of Shakspeare, had not the appearance of a man of genius, and could not converse well, nor even speak his own language accurately. When told of it, he used to say, ‘I am not the less Peter Corneille.’ Themistocles, when asked to play on the lute, replied, ‘I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village a great city.’ Isocrates, Virgil, Descartes, Addison, La Fontaine, Goldsmith, and Dryden were all poor talkers.

In the history of borrowing, D'Israeli has omitted the adage of Scaliger—*pereanti antiqui, qui ante nos, nostra discerunt*—perish those old fellows, who have said all our good things before us!

“Voltaire has a curious essay to show that most of our best modern stories and plots originally belonged to the eastern nations, a fact which has been made more evident by recent researches. The *Amphitruon* of Moliere was in imitation of Plautus, who borrowed it from the Greeks, and they took it from the Indians! It is given by Dow in his *History of Hindostan*. In Captain Scott's *Tales and Anecdotes* from Arabian writers, we are surprised at finding so many of our favorites very ancient orientalisks. The *Ephesian Matron*, versified by La Fontaine, was borrowed from the Italians; it is to be found in Petronius, and Petronius had it from the Greeks. But where did the Greeks find it? In the Arabian *Tales*! And from whence did the Arabian fabulists borrow it? From the Chinese! It is found in Du Halde, who collected it from the Versions of the Jesuits.”

Under the head of ‘the student in the metropolis,’ the author justly observes.

“A man of letters, who is more intent on the acquisitions of literature than on the plots of politics, or the speculations of commerce, will find a deeper solitude in a populous metropolis than if he had retreated to the seclusion of the country.”

We cannot resist the wish to give entire the beautiful letter of Descartes, from the crowded city of Amsterdam, to his friend, the elegant Balzac.

“You wish to retire; and your intention is to seek the solitude of the Chartreux, or, possibly, some of the most beautiful provinces of France and Italy. I would rather advise you, if you wish to observe mankind, and at the same time to lose yourself in the deepest solitude, to join me in Amsterdam. I prefer this situation to that even of your delicious villa, where I spent so great a part of the last year; for, however agreeable a country-house may be, a thousand little conveniences are wanted, which can only be found in a city. One is not alone so frequently in the country as one could wish: a number of impertinent visitors are continually besieging you. Here, as all the world, except myself, is occupied in commerce, it depends merely on myself to live unknown to the world. I walk every day amongst immense ranks of people, with as much tranquillity as you do in your green alleys. The men I meet with make the same impression on my mind as would the trees of your forests, or the flocks of sheep grazing on your common. The busy hum, too, of these merchants does not disturb one more than the purling of your brooks. If sometimes I amuse myself in contemplating their anxious motions, I receive the same pleasure which you do in observing those men who cultivate your land; for I reflect that the end of all their labors is to embellish the city which I inhabit, and to anticipate all my wants. If you contemplate with delight the fruits of your orchards, with all the rich promises of abundance, do you think I feel less in observing so many fleets that convey to me the productions of either India? What spot on earth could you find, which, like this, can so interest your vanity and gratify your taste?”

No reading could be quoted more amusing than the whole chapter on the Talmud; but we must pass by all the ludicrous stories in it, save one, which may stand as a sample of the rest.

“Of Solomon, another favorite hero of the Talmudist, a fine Arabian story is told. This king was an adept in necromancy, and a male and a female devil were always in waiting for any emergency. It is observable, that the Arabians, who have many stories concerning Solomon, always describe him as a magician. His adventures with Aschmedai, the prince of devils, are numerous; and they both (the king and the devil) served one another many a slippery trick. One of the most remarkable is when Aschmedai, who was prisoner to Solomon, the king having contrived to possess himself of the devil's seal-ring, and chained him, one day offered to answer an unholy

question put to him by Solomon, provided he returned him his seal-ring and loosened his chain. The impertinent curiosity of Solomon induced him to commit this folly. Instantly Aschmedai swallowed the monarch, and stretching out his wings up to the firmament of heaven, one of his feet remaining on the earth, he spit out Solomon four hundred leagues from him. This was done so privately that no one knew anything of the matter. Aschmedai then assumed the likeness of Solomon, and sat on his throne. From that hour did Solomon say, 'This then is the reward of all my labor,' according to Ecclesiasticus, i. 3; which *this*, means, one rabbin says, his walking staff; and another insists was his ragged coat. For Solomon went a begging from door to door; and wherever he came he uttered these words: 'I, the preacher, was king over Israel in Jerusalem.' At length coming before the council, and still repeating these remarkable words, without addition or variation, the rabbins said, 'This means something; for a fool is not constant in his tale!' They asked the chamberlain if the king frequently saw him? and he replied to them, No! Then they sent to the queens, to ask if the king came into their apartments! and they answered, Yes! The rabbins then sent them a message to take notice of his feet; for the feet of devils are like the feet of cocks. The queens acquainted them that his majesty always came in slippers, but forced them to embrace at times forbidden by the law. He had attempted to lie with his mother Bathsheba, whom he had almost torn to pieces. At this the rabbins assembled in great haste, and taking the beggar with them, they gave him the ring and the chain in which the great magical name was engraven, and led him to the palace. Aschmedai was sitting on the throne as the real Solomon entered; but instantly he shrieked and flew away. Yet to his last day was Solomon afraid of the prince of devils, and had his bed guarded by the valiant men of Israel, as is written in Cant. iii. 7. 8."

The learned author displays his immense reading in a brief view of the origin of salutation after sneezing. Father Feyjoo says that St. Gregory ordained a short benediction after sneezing, during a pestilence, in which sneezing was generally followed by death. The Rabbins affirm, on the contrary, that, before Jacob, men never sneezed but once, and then immediately died. As that patriarch was the first who died by natural disease, whereas, all before had died by sneezing, the memory of this fact was preserved among all nations, by a command of every prince to his subjects, to employ some salutary exclamation after the act of sneezing.

Under the head of 'noblemen turned critics,' a pair of happy anecdotes is given. We present the substance of one. Pope read his Iliad to lord Halifax. His lordship found fault with a great many passages, and vexed the sensitive poet by fixing on the very verses which himself most admired. He mentioned his vexation to the witty Garth. 'Oh!' replied Garth, 'he must criticise. Tell him next time, that you have availed yourself of his criticisms. I have done it myself a hundred times.' Pope did so, and read the unaltered passages to my lord, and he exclaimed, 'Dear Pope, they are now inimitable.'

Under the head of 'literary impostures' are given titles of books preparing for the press, of which nothing but the title was ever written, voyages round the world by authors in their closets, innumerable volumes of fictitious travels, and a mass of impostures of that class. The most extraordinary of the number of impos-

tures was Joseph Vella in 1794. He pretended to have in his possession the seventeen lost books of Livy in Arabic; and by this and other impostures he was on the road to fortune. He was finally detected, and imprisoned.

George Psalmanazar exceeded in powers of deception any of the great imposters of learning. His splendid illusion of the Island of Formosa, was believed to be a true history by the most learned, until his own penitential confession unfolded the fact of its imposture. The literary impostor Lauder had more impudence than ingenuity, and was detected and despised. A learned Hindoo, recently in England, undertook to give the *history of Noah and his three sons* in the *Purana*. It is amusing to read the infinite ingenuity of this deceiver, and the curious incidental circumstances, that led to his detection. We have authors, who have sold their names to be prefixed to works, they never read. Sir John Hill once owned to a friend, that he had overfatigued himself by writing seven books at once. Green sold his Orlando Furioso to two different theatres, and is supposed to be the first author in English history, who wrote as a trade.

The all-powerful cardinal Richelieu was ambitious of being thought a wit, and was meanly jealous of the reputation of Balzac and Corneille. He wrote a ridiculous tragedy, in the presumptuous expectation of rivalling the Cid. The servile academy softened their censures of it, but the incorrigible public invariably damned the minister's tragedy. Aristotle and Plato, at first friends, afterwards became rivals and enemies. Every one has read of the vast and profound genius of the divine Plato. Aristotle, as described by Diogenes Laertius, had small eyes, a hoarse voice, and lank legs. He stammered, was magnificent in his dress, and wore costly rings. He kept a mistress; and, notwithstanding his withoutward morals, was a dandy and a voluptuary. He was too much of a sophist for Plato; and in a public debate the respectable old man, enfeebled in memory and quickness, was vanquished. He reproached his scholar, as Aristotle had been, by a beautiful figure: 'He has kicked against us, as a colt against its mother.'

Under the head of physiognomy, after a most ingenious explanation by Dr. Gwither, 1604, of the manner in which internal passions and movements finally fix their impression on the countenance, he adds:

"Hence it is that we see great drinkers with eyes generally set towards the nose, the adducent muscles being often employed to let them see their loved liquor in the glass at the time of drinking; which were therefore called *bibitory*. *Lascivious persons* are remarkable for the *oculorum mobilis petulantia*, as Petronius calls it. From this also we may solve the *Quaker's* expecting face, waiting for the pretended spirit; and the melancholy face of the *sectaries*; the *studious* face of men of great application of mind; revengeful and *bloody* men, like executioners in the act: and though silence in a sort may awhile pass for wisdom, yet, sooner or later, Saint Martin peeps through the disguise to undo all. A *changeable face* I have observed to show a *change-*

able mind. But I would by no means have what has been said understood as without exception: for I doubt not but sometimes there are found men with great and virtuous souls under very unpromising outsides."

Addison, probably, borrowed the hint of two of the most pleasing papers in the *Tatler*, those that propose to describe character under the names of musical instruments, from a paper published in the *Philosophical Transactions*, in 1700. The following is extracted from that paper, and probably suggested the two articles in question:

'A conjecture at dispositions from the modulations of the voice.

'Sitting in some company, and having been, but a little before, musical, I chanced to take notice, that in ordinary discourse words were spoken in perfect notes; and that some of the company used *eighths*, some *fifths*, some *thirds*; and that his discourse which was most pleasing, his words, as to their tone, consisted most of *con-cords*, and were of *discords* of such as made up harmony. The same person was the most affable, pleasant, and best-natured in the company. This suggests a reason why many discourses, which one *hears* with much pleasure, when they come to be read scarcely seem the same things.

'From the difference of MUSIC in SPEECH, we may conjecture that of TEMPER. We know, the Doric mood sounds gravity and sobriety; the Lydian, buxomness and freedom; the Æolic sweet stillness and quiet composure; the Phrygian, jollity and youthful levity; the Ionic is a stiller of storms and disturbances arising from passion. And why may not we reasonably suppose, that those whose speech naturally runs into the notes peculiar to any of these moods, are likewise in nature hereunto congenerous? *C Fa ut* may show me to be of an ordinary capacity, though good disposition. *G Sol re ut*, to be peevish and effeminate. *Flats*, a manly or melancholic sadness. He who hath a voice which will in some measure agree with all *cliffs*, to be of good parts, and fit for variety of employments, yet somewhat of an inconstant nature. Likewise from the TIMES: so *semi-briefs* may speak a temper dull and phlegmatic: *minums*, grave and serious; *crochets*, a prompt wit; *quavers*, vehemency of passion, and scolds use them. *Semi-brief-rest*, may denote one either stupid or fuller of thoughts than he can utter; *minum-rest* one that deliberates; *crotchet-rest*, one in a passion. So that from the natural use of MOOD, NOTE, and TIME, we may collect DISPOSITIONS.'

That is an instructive article which contains the quarrels of Milton and Salmasius. We have neither space nor disposition for spreading the rancor and mutual obloquy of these great men, and we pass to the origin of newspapers. We are indebted to the Italians for the idea of newspapers. The Italian title *gazetta* was perhaps derived from *gazzera*, a magpie, or chatterer, or, more probably, from a farthing coin called *gazetta*, which was the common price of the newspapers. The first paper was monthly and Venetian, and an engine of the government. For a long time Italian jealousy did not allow printed newspapers, and they were circulated in MS. In the Magliabechian library, at Florence, are thirty volumes of Venetian MS. *gazettas*. The first writers in them were called, by the Italians, *menanti*; probably from the Latin *minantes*, threatening, from their bitter and defamatory character. Mr. Chalmers affirms that England produced the first newspapers, and dates them from the epoch of the Spanish Armada, 1588. The early newspapers were in Roman, not in black

letter, and display talent and good writing. Writing was then in fewer hands, and was better of its kind, than now. They soon became a public nuisance, as receptacles of party malice. Of these scurrilous writings Marchamont Needham, Sir John Birkenhead, and Sir Roger L'Estrange were the patriarchs.

We pass over a considerable interval of fine writing, which does not seem to us, however, directly to appertain to literature, to the Roman pasquinades. They have been collected in two volumes. Pasquin is a mutilated marble statue at the corner of the palace *Ursinos*, at Rome. The pasquinades are affixed to this statue during the night. We give in translation some of the most pungent on Pope Alexander VI. 'Alexander sells the keys, the altars, and Christ. As he bought them first, he had a right to sell them.' On Lucretia. 'Beneath this stone sleeps Lucretia by name, but Thais by nature; the daughter, the wife, the daughter-in-law of Alexander.' Leo X. was a frequent butt for the arrows of Pasquin. 'Do you ask, why the lion did not take the sacrament on his deathbed? How could he? He had sold it.' A Pope of the Barberini family, formerly pillaged the pantheon of its brass to make brass cannon. Pasquin says 'What the barbarians would not do, the Barberini perpetrated.'

On Clement VII. who was said to have been killed by the medicine of his physician, 'Dr. Curtius has killed the Pope by his remedies, and ought to be paid, as a man deserving well of the state.' The following is on Pope Paul III. 'The Pope is the head of Medusa. The horrid tresses are his nephews. Perseus, cut off the head, and then we shall be rid of these serpent locks.' There is another on Paul. 'Heretofore money was given to poets, that they might sing. How much will you give me, Paul, to be silent?' The brief notice of the attempt to revive Platonism is a most striking one, and we imagine the subject is very little known. This new religion was attempted to be got up by Pletho, an Italian. Thomas Taylor, of London, as most readers know, has attempted the same thing, and preaches what is commonly called *atheism*. At least, he violently opposes Christianity. He professes to believe in polytheism.

The chapter on fashions belongs to another school, and we shall pass it wholly by. We should be glad to extend our article by extracts from the '*Senate of Jesuits*,' '*the Lover's Heart*,' '*the history of gloves*,' '*relics of saints*,' &c., but have already extended this notice, perhaps, too far to give them place. We quote a translation of the exquisite verses to the violet on the garland of Julia, of which a most interesting account is given:

'Modeste en ma couleur, modeste en mon sejour,
Franche d'ambition, je me cache sous l'herbe ;

Mais, si sur votre front je puis me voir un jour,
La plus humble des fleurs, sera la plus superbe

Modest my color, modest is my place,
Pleased in the grass my lowly form to hide ;
But mid your tresses might I wind with grace,
The humblest flower would feel the loftiest pride.'

Under the head of tragic actors, he relates an anecdote of Montfleury, who drolly laments the miseries of being an actor and killing himself in personating a thousand characters. At the close of his lamentation, he says, 'If any one ask, of what I died? say not of fever, dropsy, or gout, but let him know that it was of the Andromache. Mondory felt so powerfully the character he assumed, that it cost him his life. Bond, when old, personated Lussignan, in Zara, so exquisitely, that Zara, when she addressed him, found him *dead in his chair*. It has been a common case in the history of actors. Alas! they were no actors there. Betterton, though of a ruddy and sanguine countenance, in Hamlet, at sight of the ghost appeared so horror stricken, as to become as white as his neckcloth, and his whole body was affected by a strong tremor. The audience caught the horror. Booth, in the ghost, was so terrified with his own influence upon Hamlet, that he could not speak his part. We cannot extract the two fine anecdotes of Le Kain and Mademoiselle Clairon. We regret it the less, for another inducement will operate upon the reader to repair to the book itself. From *ocular preachers*, it may well be imagined, our author has collected a fund of anecdotes, most of them too extended for insertion. We have never been more amused, than by a considerable extract from a sermon of Menot. Maillard and Father André were also famous in this line. Many of the French preachers fixed the attention of their audience by quirks and puns. Whitfield found his *beau ideal* in this manner. Bourdaloue, with a collected air, had little action. His eyes were half closed, and he affected the people by the sound of a voice uniform and solemn. Le Rue appeared with the air of a prophet. Old men shuddered at the recollection of the expression which he employed in an apostrophe to the God of vengeance. *Eagine gladium tuum*. Massillon had an air of simplicity, modest demeanor, eyes humbly declining, unstudied gesture, passionate tones, but a mild countenance penetrated with his subject, and conveying light and emotions profound and tender. Baron, the tragedian, coming from one of his sermons, said to a companion, 'My friend, this is an orator. We are only actors.'

Among masterly imitations we have only room for the following. Muretus rendered Joseph Scaliger, a great stickler for the ancients, highly ridiculous. He sent him some verses, which, he pretended, were copied from an old MS. The verses were ex

cellent, and Scaliger was credulous. He exclaimed, that they were admirable, and attributed them to Trabeus, quoting them as one of the precious fragments of antiquity. Having firmly fixed him in his trap, Muretus exposed him. Pere Commire, in the time of Louis XIV., composed a Latin fable, entitled 'The Sun and the Frogs,' and so artfully imitated Phædrus, that even Wolfius was deceived, and inserted it in his edition of that fabulist. Sigonius was such a master of the style of Cicero as to pass a treatise of his *de consolatione*, as the lost treatise of that author on the same subject. The public were deceived, but Lipsius was not. He read ten lines of it, threw it away, and exclaimed. 'Vah! non est Ciceronis.' Bah! this is not Cicero's.

In the anecdotes of Queen Elizabeth a most piquant view is given of her firmness, tyranny, coquetry, and vanity. So thorough a coquette was she, that all princes and ambassadors, and her own great statesmen, were led to think her favorable to them, and disposed to matrimony. Infinite fooleries did this royal belle perpetrate in this line even to old age. She never pardoned any one for not meeting her in participation. She could not forgive Buzenval for ridiculing her bad pronunciation of the French language. Her handwriting was remarkably beautiful and correct, and her education severely classical. In evading the request of the house of commons to marry, nothing can exceed her skill in that line :

'Were I to tell you that I do not mean to marry, I might say less than I intend; and were I to tell you that I do mean to marry, I might say more than it is proper for you to know: therefore I give you an *answer*, ANSWERLESS.'

We should be glad to quote entire the eccentric account of Pere Bourgeois, of his first attempt to preach a sermon in the Chinese language. There are about 300 monosyllables, that make the whole spoken language, and they are so pronounced, as that they signify 30,000 different things. Gender, number, active, passive, mood, tense are all to be guessed by the intonation, countenance and the context of circumstances.

'I will give you an example of their words. They told me *chou* signifies a *book*: so that I thought whenever the word *chou* was pronounced, a *book* was the subject. Not at all! *Chou*, the next time I heard it, I found signified a *tree*. Now I was to recollect, *chou* was a *book* or a *tree*. But this amounted to nothing: *chou*, I found, expressed also *great heats*; *chou* is to *relate*; *chou* is the *Aurora*; *chou* means to be *accustomed*; *chou* expresses the *loss of a wager*, &c. I should not finish, were I to attempt to give you all its significations.'

The preacher says, 'I recited my sermon to my servant 60 times before I spoke it, and yet my audience only understood, as they expressed it, three parts out of ten.' 'Fortunately the Chinese are wonderfully patient, and are astonished that any ignorant stranger should be able to learn two words of their language.' The article on medical music records as great wonders in that line, as any that are related of the music of Orpheus. We all remember

Chateaubriand's tale of charming the American rattlesnake with a tune. Here are tales, apparently authentic, of the charming of cats, and even spiders, in this way. It cures the bites of vipers and the tarantula, relieves melancholy, and expels evil spirits. Dr. Willis tells of a lady, who could hear only while a *drum was beating*, and her husband hired a drummer to enjoy the pleasure of her conversation. The cure which the musician Farinelli wrought upon the melancholy king of Spain by his music is well attested, and the effect of the *rans des vaches* on the Swiss soldiers is unquestionable.

We have thus passed over only the first volume of this admirable book, abridging and presenting, sometimes in the language of the author, sometimes in our own, as brevity and compression dictated, some of the more striking themes and anecdotes of the volume. We know not that our readers will follow us. But for us no reading is so delightful as that which opens the chambers of the souls of the intellectual lights, that have glimmered or shone before us on the darkness of human ignorance and error. Such writing, more than any other, qualifies us to think and converse, by furnishing hints and a train. It teaches us to correct the follies and observations of the sons of genius and intellect, without the sad lessons of their experience. They leave us consolations under the aspersions of contemporary rivals and flippant critics. They inform us, that every age has had its great men and its Dunciads, the enviers and revilers of its truly great men. They learn us a painful but useful lesson of humility, rebuking that arrogance which imagines that this is an infinitely more enlightened age than any which has preceded it; instructing us, that there is nothing new under the sun; that brilliance, and invention, and prose, and song, and fashions, and follies, and ignorance, and abuse have followed each other from age to age, like the eternal course of the sun and the seasons, and that there is no other novelty to be expected, but the novel aspects of vanity and selfishness.

The other two volumes dwelling less directly on literary subjects, will together furnish the material of another article.

Many of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's letters were destroyed by her noble mother, who considered authorship a disgrace.

It is supposed, that the phrase *give a Dowsing* is derived from the hearty zeal of this fellow. So late as 1780, a mob consigned the earl of Mansfield's treasury of MSS. to the flames.

The prelates Whitgift and Bancroft, urged by the puritanic and Calvinistic factions, destroyed the best books in Stationer's his vexation to the witty Garth. 'Oh!' replied Garth, 'he must criticise. Tell him next time, that you have availed yourself of his criticisms. I have done it myself a hundred times.' Pope

SONG.

"MY LADYE LOVE MY LADYE LOVE."

My ladye love! my ladye love!
The bright, the gay, the free,
I would not sigh for forms above,
If blest below with thee.
For though this ball, this earthly ball,
May with fairest ones abound,
For me, for me, among them all
No dearer could be found.

The fairest things, the fairest things,
In all this world below,
Are the flowery wreaths, which passing springs
Will scatter as they go.
The lovely whole, the lovely whole,
Are beautifully thine;
In thy blooming cheek and beaming soul,
More exquisite they shine.

The forms are bright, the forms are bright,
That dwell in the starry sky;
But to me more sweet is the soft blue light,
That beams in thy melting eye.
My ladye love! my ladye love!
The kind, the good, the free;
In earth beneath, in heaven above
None seem so fair to me.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT ON THE LA PLATA;

OR,

"THE MONOGAMIST."

BY TIMOTHY FLINT.

(Concluded from page 340.)

I will not undertake to dwell upon that *coenam divorum*, as Horace would have described it, nor of the long and confidential talks of that evening, during which Ines, with a countenance radiant as an angel's, sat between her father and me, granting a hand to each. All the dykes and dams of cold formality and dull commonplace had been swept away in the joy of this meeting. The fountains in the deep places in our hearts were broken up. Theodore was possessed of a nature too intrinsically noble and disinterested, to refuse to enter into the fulness of the joy, through any touch of the meanness of jealousy, and seemed as happy as the rest. Such hours are worth an age of the dull indifference of ordinary existence.

At ten an aged priest came in, and we followed him to a chapel fitted up in keeping with the mansion and the place. Fifty domestics, who entered with the confidence of members of the family, shared the service. All joined in the vesper hymn to the accompaniment of an organ. The tones of the voice of Ines went to my heart, and as, during the thanksgiving responses, she folded her hands, apparently returning thanks to God for our visit, her countenance radiated with a celestial brilliance, and I inly determined, that I would vacillate in my thoughts about a union with her no more. We returned to the dining hall, and there, it being late, Ines, wishing us *bon repos* with the graceful salutation of her country, retired. Montano asked us, if we too, after such a fatiguing journey, chose to retire? For himself he admitted, that he never felt less inclined to sleep. Theodore and I declared ourselves too happy to expect sleep. Refreshments of every kind, coffee, wine, and fruits were prepared, and we re-seated ourselves at the table. Excited to unwonted frankness, our host asked us, if we were disposed to listen to some brief passages of his life, which might serve to account for some eccentricities in his deportment, which he had often felt disposed to explain to us. We felt, and expressed the honor, which this unexpected confidence did us.

'There is little,' he resumed, 'in my history to gratify ordinary curiosity. I am aware, that millions have suffered, perhaps as severely as myself. Some passages may be useful to you, as solemn monitions, as beacons and watch-towers along the shoals of youthful passions. To relate parts of my story inflicts the bitterest humiliation; but this is a penance due, which I have seldom paid. I offer the remembrance and the humiliation as due from me to my Creator, and will relate with the unshrinking and unsparing plainness, which I have used to my confessor.

'I need make no further mention of my family, who are republicans, like myself, except to say, that I am descended, on my mother's side, from what the prejudices of the age called one of the noblest families in France. My father's was one of the most ancient and distinguished in Spain, and not remotely allied to the crown. I was trained to hold all these distinctions in derision by my French master, a man of the rarest endowments, and the only master who won my youthful confidence and respect. He imbued my young mind with the sternest doctrines of the republican school of France. It was a strange germ planted in my young thoughts, that, I an only child of one of the proudest and most ancient families in Europe, should have adopted, as a fixed principle, the absolute equality of mankind with respect to rank and rights, and that I should regard as puerile prejudices most of the prescribed usages of society.

My paternal uncle had been viceroy of Peru, and here acquired those estates, and this among them, which, at an early period of my youth, he left to me on his decease, as the only surviving representative of his family. I was, moreover, heir expectant of the rank and title of my father with one of the first fortunes in Spain. The only hope and pride of the family, I was reared and mismanaged as became such expectations. Arrived at maturity, possessed of all the advantages of birth and fortune, and I have often been told, though you will scarcely believe it, of person, I travelled, and deported myself as one who had nothing to acquire or fear, and ought to have nothing to wish without obtaining. My supple tutor contrived to have no one about me who was not subservient to him, and interested alike in catering for all my passions, and deceiving my parents. Self condemnation does not call on me to withhold the fact, that I possessed some traits of native feeling and unpolluted honor, the germs of which must have been deep laid, or such pernicious influences, such a train of circumstances would have poisoned, and eradicated all, and I should have been utterly left of my good angel. But on my imperious inclinations and passions, no parental discipline, no early training, had imposed the slightest restraint. Being such, I first visited Rome, and had, in addition to all other facilities of introduction to society, that of being a near relative to the Pontiff. Here I tasted pleasure with all the gust of novelty and unsated freshness. Every thing of beauty and voluptuousness seemed formed only for me, and to invite me to indulgence. When the pleasures of Rome began to pall, I hurried to find others of new piquancy in Paris, where I was distinguished in the court of the young and beautiful Marie Antoinette. Here I plunged anew in the gulf, until I was cloyed with Parisian indulgence. I hurried to London, to search for enjoyment and delight in novel forms of licentiousness. Oh! that I could dethrone memory from her seat, and blot all those years from the book of my life! The unchangeable laws of our nature, in their terrible reaction, soon brought satiety, hopeless, and morbid satiety; and the desponding persuasion, that life could offer nothing more, brought with it disgust with every thing, attended with the adder sting of remorse and the scorpion whip of repentance. Such a cloud rose upon the very dawn of one, who seemed born only for enjoyment.

'Happily disease and my physician prescribed a rustication in a village remote from London. Charity to a sick young man brought the widow and daughter of the late curate of the village to my bed side. Perhaps I was indebted for this

charitable visit, to the circumstance that the widow was Spanish by birth. Her daughter's name was Ines, and I shall describe her in no other way, than to say, that my Ines is her living transcript. The mother was straitened in her circumstances, and the daughter, secluded as she was, annoyed by admirers of whom no one suited her condition; or, if any one did, he desired not marriage. I was sick and alone, and not bereft of some touches of nature and heart. As a distinguished Spaniard, I easily won the confidence of the mother, who had forgotten neither her country nor religion. She told me her brief story, the only incident of which, belonging to my present narrative, was, that her late husband was chaplain of a British ship of war at Havana, and had there become acquainted with her, and had married her without the consent of her parents. I bestowed gold; and having won the mother, found little difficulty in gaining the affections of the daughter. I loved, reasoned not, regarded no consequences. Prudence! what could that avail with the headlong passion of a person who had never attempted to curb a single inclination, or denied himself a single indulgence that could be obtained! The easy mother consented, and I married Ines according to the rites of the English church; and, strange to relate, loved her a hundred times more three months after marriage than before. A change came over me, and I wished for nothing more than that quiet dream of secluded enjoyment with Ines. One year I thus passed in a happiness so perfect, that except my wife and mother, and a walk with them in a beautiful wood hard by their cottage, every thing else on the earth was an illusion.

'Unhappily, forgetting all did not cause me to be forgotten. When I was plunging in the depths of voluptuousness, I heard no complaints. Now that I was virtuous and happy, I was annoyed with reproachful and even menacing letters from my father's family. Heeding them not, they soon assumed a new tone. I was aware that I was beset by espionage, and was assured that, if I did not soon return voluntarily and alone to my country, a mandate from the king would be despatched to bring me back by compulsion. Judge the effect of such language upon a person of habits like mine. All this was the more painful, as I was obliged to conceal it from my wife and her mother. At length I received a message to attend my dying father. This was legitimate information to be imparted, and to furnish my apology with my wife for asking her permission to visit Spain. She gave it without suspicion; and I assured her I should hurry back on the wings of love, as soon as the duties of filial piety should be fulfilled.

'I hurried to Madrid, and found my father on the verge of the grave. The prescription of aristocratic ambition had lost none of its force upon his mind, even in death. Among his prominent dying charges one was to marry the daughter of a nobleman, between whom and himself a contract for our marriage had been pledged even from our infancy, adding, that it was sanctioned by the mandate of the king, and that the first fruits would be, that I should be appointed to one of the most honorable foreign missions. I had heard from my infancy of this affiance between the young lady and me, as a thing of utter indifference. But the scene and the communication now astounded me to silence. My father interpreted my silence as dutiful assent, and gave me his blessing, and I left the bed chamber. My mother! But let me not unveil her character. Filial piety exacts not the whole truth. She was stern, ambitious, unfeeling, in-

flexible. Soon after my father's death, with a frankness and nonchalance that amazed me, she convinced me, in a moment of confidential conversation, that she knew every circumstance of my English marriage, though she was inscrutable in regard to the means whence she had obtained the information. Her determined coolness seemed to preclude wavering on her part, or reply on mine. 'The connexion,' she said, 'beside being utterly improper and inadmissible, was illegitimate both by the laws of England and Spain.' She bade me remain, and marry according to my father's dying charge, and think of that union as of a thing that had not been. I defended the step I had taken with all the energy of love. My mother coolly smiled, as I finished my eulogy of my wife, rejoining, that she was too well informed in regard to her principles and character, which nothing but the blindness of a youthful passion could have hindered me from seeing. She had been all along surrounded by lovers, and now, in my absence, she had undeniable proof that she had yielded to one of them with the same easy folly as she had done to me. The very suggestion kindled infernal fires within me; but I saw that my mother was trying my feelings. I dissembled and retired, through fear that my rage would extort a reply of impiety. I took my own measures, and my mother, aware of indulged and impetuous passions, too well took hers.

'My maternal uncle, her only brother, was Spanish ambassador to England. His eldest son, a perfect Lothario, and who had the character of the most accomplished and successful gallant in Spain, accompanied his father, holding an office in the mission. We had often met in London, on the customary footing of cousins, though there was no real liking between us. Immediately on my arrival in England, where I hurried from this interview with my mother, circumstances instructed me that this cousin was the channel of communication with my mother, in regard to my wife. I repaired to the hotel of my uncle, the ambassador. His son was absent, and, as I easily learned, on a visit to my wife. I bribed his confidential servant, who happened not to have accompanied him, to confession. My cousin, during my absence had made frequent visits to my wife. Was he then the guilty rival of whom my mother spoke? I had always disliked his cool and crafty character. This thought, connected with the baseness of his being a spy against me for my mother, roused me to the purposes of fury. I cautiously drew from his servant, that he was at that moment engaged by my mother in a negociation with my wife, to induce her, for a specified sum of money, to disavow her marriage with me; and, to crown the negociation, that he intended, if it were successful, to take her into his own keeping. This conversation took place at midnight. I took the fleetest horse I could procure, and put him to his utmost speed on the way to my wife. I gained the wood, in which we used to walk, with early dawn. I made for a private gate in the rear of the cottage garden. My cousin was coming from the cottage towards this gate, in an undress, as though he had just risen from bed, and humming a French air, the burden of which was guilty and successful love. A servant with a carriage appeared to be waiting for him in the highway a little distance from the gate. My brain was maddened, and the fires of hell raged within me. I fiercely challenged him, 'What does my gallant cousin here?' He coolly answered, 'To bring thee tidings of thy chaste and fair wife.' Base spy, villain, and seducer draw! I exclaimed. He drew at the word; and though

perfectly cool, and one of the most adroit swordsmen in Europe, and I a madman, and an unpractised fencer, it was ordained, that I should run him through the body. As I saw him gasping on the sword, the blood spouting from his wound and his mouth, the infernal rage within me yielded to a remorse and despair as acute and agonizing. His servant, who had witnessed the affray, ran up. The dying youth extended his hand. 'Cousin Balthazer, God is just, and you are avenged. I have this night written a letter, which will explain all, and thou wilt see, what thy madness has done.' Then, turning to the servant, with accents faltering in death, he added, 'Testify, that I forgive my cousin, and that he is innocent.' A few moments after, in spasms and agonies, which even yet haunt my dreams, he expired.

'Alas! I was soon after in prison. My wife and her mother flew to the cell of the murderer. In my embrace my wife fell into strong convulsions, during which Ines was born, and the mother expired. Her mother, driven to furious madness by the spectacle, was forcibly borne from my cell; but found means to escape from the hands of those who were attempting to bind her, dashed her head against the wall of the prison, and in a few moments was brought back to my cell a corpse, all covered with blood, a spectacle of ineffable horror! * * * * *. Behold me changed from what I was but a few hours before, to a murderer, with my wife and mother stretched before me in this mansion of felons. A feeble and wailing infant in the arms of a squalid old woman were my only living companions. Do you wonder that I raved, and cursed love, and wrath, and sword, and all that used them! Fever and madness delivered me from my intolerable agony. More than a month was completely blotted from the tablet of my memory. My first perception of consciousness and returning sanity was a sense of infantine weakness, and the recognition of my mother's countenance in my apartment. For another month I received food, when brought me, with the docility of a child, but spake not, nor asked or answered questions, and took no more interest in any thing about me, than would a statue. A thousand efforts were made to arouse me without effect. My infant was brought to my bed, and its wail aroused me to perception. A current of recollections whirled through my brain, tears gushed, and my head became cool and relieved. Another, and another month elapsed, and no other spectacle recalled me to the living world, but the sight of my babe. It was near a year, before I remembered all that I had been, and what I was. I was gradually informed of what I have just related, and that during my insanity I had been tried for the murder of my cousin. The tears and entreaties of my mother, aided by the dying forgiveness of my cousin, and the testimony of his servant, softened the ambassador, and I was acquitted. The letter, to which my dying cousin alluded, was read to me. It had been written the evening before that fatal morning, and was addressed to my mother. It purported in brief, that my wife was Spanish on the mother's side, and nobly descended; and that he had found her so intelligent, beautiful, and incorruptible, that he wondered not at the fervor and constancy of my love. He earnestly recommended to my mother to receive her as a daughter, and to influence me to bring her to Spain, and there resolementize the marriage. He closed by admitting, that this homage to virtue had been extorted from him by his acquaintance with my wife; that he had made the acquaintance on the plea of affinity, and that I wished it. He had

commenced the acquaintance by base wishes, and unworthy efforts to accomplish them. Thwarted and repulsed, for the first time in his career of seduction, he had been forbidden the house, and closed by abhorring his intentions, and bearing testimony to worth and purity, which had won even him to the admiration of excellence.

‘Such had been the evening act, and such were the morning thoughts of my cousin, when I killed him. Imagine my repentance. I took a sacramental oath, that I would never again wear arms, that insulted, assailed, in whatever form, I would never again shed blood. You are instructed why I was unarmed during our journey to Lima.

‘My only remaining tie to life was my infant Ines. During the gloomy period of my convalescence, I settled my plans for the future. I had seen a fine engraving of this estate. It struck me as a fit asylum in which to hide my guilt and remorse, and seek peace of mind in its seclusion and repose. My mother implored me to return to Spain, but, startled to remorse by the dreadful result of her ambitious projects, when she found me inflexible in my purpose, she determined to accompany me. Maternal affection had at length gained the ascendancy in her bosom. We embarked for the new world, and repaired to this spot. She aided me in rearing Ines, and three years since paid the debt to nature. To sooth the grief of my daughter, and give her the advantage of more extensive acquaintance with the world, we repaired to Spain, and thence made the tour of Europe. We were on our return, when we had the pleasure of making your acquaintance. We have seen revolution upon revolution, in which they who took the sword perished by the sword. But my vow, neither to wear arms, shed blood, nor resist, has inspired me with an equity and moderation, which have influenced my deportment, and have secured me from confiscation, pillage, and insult, during all the bloody revolutions both of my parent and adopted country. I have been allowed to sell my estates in Spain, and invest the proceeds in the British funds, as an additional resource to my daughter, when I shall be in the dust. But revolutionary violence has hitherto spared me here; and I have also wealth beyond my wishes invested in your free and happy country. You have my sad story; not without its uses, if its moral teaches you the inestimable value of early discipline and self control, the natural results of a peaceful and moderate spirit, and that retirement and repose are the grand medicines for a spirit torn by repentance and remorse. One sad thought alone remains to weigh upon my heart. In this distracted country, who shall protect Ines, when I am no more?’

During this recital, the frame of our host more than once shook with horror, and large drops of perspiration gathered on his brow. So much had the narrative visibly cost him, that we were glad, when it closed, and we were shown to our apartments. In other frames of mind, the distant roar of the waterfall murmuring on the ear like the remote rolling of the waves on the shore, would have lulled me to repose; but the image of Ines, and the tale of her father furnished excitement too agitating to admit of sleep. Who will protect this angelic being when her father is no more, I asked myself, repeating his question, as I shifted from side to side? I will do it, and will offer myself, as that protector the first opportunity.

Next morning our host, his daughter, and Theodore, seemed alike indisposed,

and were pale and silent, or spoke with effort. As we visited the strange city of Antisana, and explored the beautiful scenes in the vicinity of the castle, I alone was cheerful even to gayety, and was speaker and interpreter for the rest. We saw such scenery sleeping beneath the bosom of those stupendous mountains, as it would require the pencil of Claude Lorraine, to paint. Rich fields of pasturage and grain, and the assemblage of the cultivation and products of all climes, with flocks, and herds, and comfortable abodes of husbandmen were stretched under our eye, quite to the foot of the mountains, all constituting the peaceful domain of our host; and we were visiting various beautiful spots under the guidance of the mistress of this sylvan empire. I was waiting for the chance to be alone with her, and to make my declaration; but the chance that day and the following one offered not.

The third day of our visit all parties seemed to have recovered their spirits and gayety; and as we assembled round the breakfast table, Ines proposed to us to visit the table summit of Antisana, called 'The Lama Peak.' We all gave joyful assent. Mules, servants, provisions, refreshments, every preparation was made by the time we rose from breakfast, and we set forth from our coffee, on a morning as bright as the first dawn of creation. The scene of softness about us glittered with the pearly drops of the morning. The odor of clover and acacia greeted our senses. The dogs barked. A thousand birds made the bowers vocal, and the servants bounded on their mules, as much exhilarated by the scene, as the guests, whom they were preparing to serve.

We left the town half a league to the right, and soon after began to wind up the peak we proposed to surmount. An hour's ascent brought us in view of another cone-shaped summit, hidden from the view of the castle by the tops of Antisana. From that, immense columns of smoke projecting into the air, gave evidence, that it was under the action of central and volcanic fires. This feature was alone wanting to the sublimity of the scene. Ines, our philosopher, and poet, in exuberant spirits gave us a double zest of our journey, and the prospect, by pointing us to the points of view, that were most impressive, and giving either their history, or the impressions they had made on her mind. A brighter glow animated her face, as mounting above the *tierras templadas*, we began to feel the keen breeze of the *tierra fria*. Here our charming Cicerone made us remark the savines, junipers, and shrubby trees, with long lateral branches, that marked the new zone. Between the granite and obsidian crags began to be seen masses of lichens, from which dripped cool and pellucid water. The atmosphere though chill, inspired a concentrated vigor of life, and energy of perception, and the blood coursed through the veins with a new force and rapidity. Ines gaily bade us beware of the influence of this elevated region, assuring us, that whether it benefitted the heart or not, it mounted into the head, like wine, and she begged us to find this apology for aught she might say of volatile or frivolous, not befitting the lower country.

At a point in the path under overhanging cliffs, our host admonished us to dismount. Here, sheltered from the breeze, and on the soft moss, we took a slight refreshment, and Theodore and myself found the advantage of a glass of wine. Unused to such ascents, they were more laborious to us, than these denizens of the mountains. We then changed our summer dress for woolen capotes. Myself and friend looked sufficiently ridiculous to each other in this

new mountain garb. Ines, clad too in a capote, laughed as heartily as the rest, fortunate in a face and form, which gave her clumsy, and shaggy garb an air of masquerade, that heightened the effect of her charms. We turned the sharp angle of this crag, and all above us stood forth glittering in snow. On the northern exposures of the crags, and in the sunless glens at our feet were masses of snow, while the sunny exposures, separated from these points but a few rods, were clothed with the brightest, softest verdure, the very *herba mollior somno* of the Mantuan; and the alpine flowers had a delicacy of hue, and a richness of fragrance, that the gaudiest flowers of *tierras calientes* wanted. To look down upon the lower world was dizzying. The castle of our host, the city, and the plain under our feet looked like a mimic painting. The sultry region of the lower world stretched away into a dim immensity, terminated by the distant blue of the vast South Sea. Above us were still Alps upon Alps, the peaks of some covered with a dark veil of volcanic smoke, and others with their snows glittering in the sunbeams. We paused, under the full feeling of sublimity, as we surveyed nature in her grandest aspects. 'Familiar,' remarked Ines, 'as this scene is to me, I always behold it with sensations, as if seen for the first time, and feel the utter poverty of any words, that I possess, to convey what passes in my mind.'

From this view, we entered a thick wood of cedars, descending rapidly towards a valley. Emerging from this wood, the plain of 'Lama Peak,' opened before us. A number of massive stone cottages, apparently distant a mile from each other, and each surrounded with rude erections of stone, that seemed to be granges, and outbuildings of the cottages dotted the plain. So strange, almost awful, were the grandeur and loveliness of this green vale in the midst of unmelting snows, that one would have deemed these erections the creation of enchantment, and the abodes of another race of beings, had not the eye caught the peaceful domestic smokes curling from the chimneys, and numerous herds of kine, horses, sheep, and lamas grazing, or ruminating about the abodes of their owners. We had been told by Ines, that the inhabitants of this plain were all aboriginal Peruvians, and direct descendants from the Incas, and she had given us such impressions of their amiability, gentleness, and even of their native endowment of mind and heart, that we felt an eager interest to become acquainted with them, on their own account, and apart from the curiosity excited by their peculiar modes of life, and place of abode.

We quickened our pace to reach the first cottage, the longest, that appeared in our view. As soon as the inmates descried us, they came forth in a body to welcome Montanos and daughter, of whom they held their possessions. I despair of being able to convey any adequate information of the welcome which they gave their landlord, on this first visit he had made them, since his return from Europe. For my part, while they were crowding round Montanos and Ines, and while they were relating the incidents of their absence and journeyings, Theodore and I were casting inquisitive glances upon the apartment to which we were introduced, rendered cheerful and comfortable by a large fire blazing on the hearth, and which the keen air without rendered more necessary to us, so recently from the warmer regions below. The apartment was of ample dimensions, serving the common purposes of parlour, larder, and kitchen, and a number of doors opened from it into what seemed to be bedrooms. The walls

were of unplastered stone, but so tight as perfectly to exclude the air, and it had the rare advantage, in a Spanish cottage, of being thoroughly lighted and glazed. How necessary this was to the comfort of the inhabitants, was manifested from the fact that the sun, recently shining so brightly, was not only now overclouded, but a whirlwind of snow was beating against the dwelling, and the verdure of a few moments since had given place to a cold and dazzling surface of whiteness. The floor was strewn with a kind of heath in full flower. The ample culinary apparatus was scoured to a lustrous brightness, and the whole aspect within was not unlike an ample farming establishment in my own country, and in the remote interior, fifty years since. Comfort, neatness, and abundance were marked upon the whole internal establishment.

But far the most interesting appendages to the cottage were the indwellers themselves. It is not often that the genuine red men of the American continent seem handsome in the eyes of the Anglo-Americans. The father and mother of this family, though advanced in years, were among the most venerable and interesting heads of families, that I have seen. Even their dress, partly of tanned skins, and surmounted with capotes of fine lama wool, had an air of grace and dignity. Besides them, the family consisted of a son and a daughter and some free hired Indians, who aided them to till their ground, and tend their flocks. The daughter, in presence of any other woman but Ines, would have been called beautiful. A slight copper tinge gave the only indication of her belonging to the race of aboriginals. Her tall, slender form had that grace and delicacy of moulding, that I have seen, in its utmost extent, only among that people. In her countenance was the sensitive sadness, stamped so indelibly upon that ill-fated generation; and yet, kindled as it was to gladness; by the arrival of guests so loved, there was mingled with it the true expression of the poet's joy of grief. Her appearance altogether was so lovely and gentle, and above her condition, that our feelings were instantly called out towards her, as to a legitimate descendant of the daughters of the sun. Ines had bade us beware of our hearts; and I assured Theodore, in a whisper, that, with Cæsar, if I could not boast the conquest of Ines, my next choice would be this descendant of the Incas. Her brother, too, had a form and countenance so superior to his rank, that these shepherd people seemed indicated by nature neither to toil nor to spin.

It was worth a journey to Antisana, were it only to become acquainted with these people of the Lama Peak; for all the families, allied by blood and marriage, had already assembled to pass the evening with us in the establishment of this the common patriarch of the dwellers in that plain. The same delicacy of form, the same grace and elegance, the same expression of mingled pensiveness and cheerfulness, marked every countenance. Such courtesy, and kindness, and affection, to each other! Such harmony in their gentle tones of voice! Such piety to the aged pair, whom they regarded as their common father! Such grateful and ineffable gladness in their welcome to our party! Never did I partake of a more delicious supper, than that of this evening. We were seated round an immense circular table, spread in rustic abundance, with variety of every thing, which the flocks, and the dairy, and their fields could furnish, among which were delicious strawberries and cream. The tale and jest, and the laugh were none the less cheerful, as the storm of mingled wind, rain, sleet, and

snow beat against the windows with violence, and a bright fire blazed on the hearth within.

As we formed a broad circle round the evening fire, after supper, instead of Peruvian songs and a dance, with which it was their custom to celebrate these family unions, when none but their own people were present, Montanos proposed that we should listen for a few moments to the history of the people, whose hospitality we were sharing.

The venerable patriarchal cottager waited not the importunity of repeated invitation, but at once commenced his narrative. 'You see before you descendants, in the language of our pagan forefathers, of the children of the sun. We are Christians.' (He paused a moment, and devoutly crossed himself.) 'This blessing, which mitigates all suffering, and teaches us to bear oppression, we owe to our oppressors. Be it prejudice, or not, we so think of our forefathers, that we intermarry only among our own people. We are the second generation, who have inhabited the plain of the Lama Peak. We have abandoned one line of our race, as having intermarried with the Spaniard. We do not extend this interdict to republican Peruvians, who acknowledge our rights, and the equality of our race. Slaves as our fathers were, the proud Spaniard showed an unworthy propensity to intermarry with us. Perhaps they remembered that we were descended from the Incas. Perhaps they found their slaves possessing some interest of person or manners. My mother was considered the most beautiful of the race, after the elder daughter of the last Inca. My father was her cousin, and wrought in the mines of her master, who offered her marriage. She loved her cousin, the slave, and hated her master, the tyrant. Being pressed to an odious union with the latter, she consulted the governor of Antisana, who was of Indian extraction, and favored our race, and who fortunately happened to be at the time at Cuzco, where my mother's master resided. He spoke to her of the asylum of this plain, which had never been marked with Spanish footprint. They were privately married, and conducted by the governor by night to Antisana, and thence to this plain. The master sought the fugitives in every direction, with the vindictive eagerness of slighted love. But he found them not. They brought, thanks to the governor, flocks and herds to this sequestered place, and in these regions of storm, where summer and winter interchange every day in the year, they multiplied to thousands. They built this cottage, and toiled in peace, for no Spaniard had found the way to this eagle's nest; and they, content with looking down upon the verdure of the scorched *tierras calientes*, never descended to them. In the simple abundance furnished by their labors they lived in love and repose to extreme old age. A son and daughter were the only fruit of their union. I am the son, and my sister is married to the possessor of the cottage at the other extremity of this plain. I had cousins, a brother and sister, slaves to another noble family in Cuzco. The sister was destined for a Spanish union, but through the governor of Antisana, they had heard of the happy asylum of my father. Abhorring to mix their blood with that of their oppressors, they secretly fled, come up to these heights, and claimed our hospitality. The first sight of my charming kinswoman pierced me to the heart. (His ancient wife here nodded a cordial assent.) We were married, my sister to my cousin, and his sister to me, by the governor's confessor. We swore never to descend to the *tierras calientes*, and we have kept our word, and the earth knows

none happier than we have been. We are content with the abundance of our flocks and herds, our fruits and our fields; and, thanks to our beloved *señor*, the tax-gatherer, or the oppressor, or the soldier have never been up to pollute our soil with their footsteps. We know nothing, except by vague rumor, of the bloody commotions of the lower world. Our prospect, though always the same, still elevates our thoughts. The *monte del fuego* never intermits its smoky columns. The snows above us never melt. The verdure below never fades. The peaks never cease to invoke our thoughts to heaven. Our mutual affection and tranquillity are as unchanging, as this nature about us; and all the dwellers in this plain constitute but one family. As though Providence smiled upon our little world, the number of the sons and daughters of the dwellers of the plain is equal, and they are mutually and reciprocally pledged to each other as soon as they are of age. We number already eight cottages. I have married four sons and as many daughters. Our cousin has furnished the same number of unions, and we have a number of children who are waiting the nuptial benediction. Intermediate between the cottages is our burial ground, in a deep and sheltered valley, and the sweetest and the gayest spot in our abode. There we meet for the instruction of our children, our festivals, our songs, dances, and worship. There, reposing in the hope of the resurrection of the just, we mean to sleep together. Strangers, when you descend to the *tierras calientes*, the world of ambition and gold, declare that you can no where find more love, truth, and contentment, than on the Lama Peak.'

The softest mats, and a bedroom perfumed with flowering branches of heath, invited my young friend and myself to repose. But we slept not, for we were too much interested in the incidents of the day and the evening, not to review them in a long conversation. We agreed that we had seen no place for a hermitage to compare with this, and no faces, but that of Ines, to compare in interest with these daughters of the sun. Theodore slept, while meditating an ode on the occasion, and I slept, while planning what would be the most opportune occasion on the morrow to declare my love to Ines.

After a breakfast not less delicious than our supper, we resolved to visit the burial ground, or, as it was phrased in their dialect, 'the Valley of Sleep.' The storm had passed. The snows had disappeared, and the plain glittered in the brightest verdure of cloudless sunshine, and the valley was as calm and fragrant, as though it had never felt any but the softest vernal airs. We all set forth together, Montanos leading the mother, and Theodore the daughter of our host, while Ines, as usual, leaned on my arm. The rest were assorted according to their consummated or destined unions, and we commenced our promenade to the Valley of Sleep. We trod on a sward of clover and strawberries. Flocks and herds grazed beside our path. About us were smiling fields and hedge enclosures. By such a promenade we reached this beautiful spot, so willow-skirted, so green and sheltered, so genial in its spring-like temperature. To reach it we descended a basin so deep, that mountains, snow wreaths, volcano, and all the sublime, as well as the harsh and forbidding of the plain prospect above, were excluded. It was a narrow valley planted with innumerable trees and shrubs and grapes, a bower of verdure and shade, on which was the hum of bees and the songs of birds. Here and there a marble slab marked with its circle and cross indicated the sleeping places of those of the plain, that had

already here attained the rest of the sepulchre. In the centre was a kind of summer house, neatly built of porphyritic stone, covered with luxuriant honeysuckle, and fitted up even to sumptuousness, and we were told that it had been prepared by the taste and at the expense of Ines. It was the school, the library, the ball room, and the chapel of this unique people; and it now contained, beside the visitants, every dweller of the plain. Never was there a union of so many people apparently more gay and happy. A dance had already commenced to a native Peruvian air, which they sang in chorus, the *rans des vaches* of these mountaineers, and right glad was I to witness Theodore leading out the daughter of our host as a partner.

While they were thus occupied, and their parents and Montanos looking on delighted, I requested Ines, who had excused herself from sharing in their amusement, to make the circuit of the little vale with me. She consented, and with her wonted frankness put her arm within mine, and we first walked to read the inscriptions on the monuments of the place. They signified, that the sleepers below had all died young, containing no more than the name and age of the deceased, and the affecting request to pray for their souls! 'What an idea,' remarked Ines, 'and how wide from the common associations with the sepulchre, to make this the place of their dances and songs, their innocent loves, and their bridal festivities! What a place in which to bring the young to their first lessons of instruction! Yet, pensive as their countenances always seem, these are the happiest people I know, and they seem nowhere so happy as here. How free they are from ambition, and envy, and avarice, and the thousand tormenting passions of the lower world! If I should survive my dear father, (and as she said this, the tears started,) here I have thought of ascending to pass the remainder of my days.'

'In regard to that point,' I replied, 'I have long wished a confidential conversation with you. Will you allow me such a privilege of friendship?' My heart palpitated, and my voice trembled, but the ice was broken, and I waited her reply.

She hesitated a moment, while the lilies and roses chased each other across her countenance. She then answered, 'Why should I not? Your nature is too noble to allow you to make an unworthy use of the indulgence.'

'Dearest Ines, you flatter me infinitely by this confidence. But summon all your indulgence, for I shall put it, I fear, to a severe test. I hope you will reply with as much frankness as I question, for there can be nothing in your pure thoughts, that it would not honor you to divulge. Say then, dearest Ines, for I am coming to my point at once, has your father, have you, who have rejected the suit of so many lovers, determined, that no future one shall be received? If the question is too close or painful, be silent, and I shall consider myself answered.' She blushed celestial rosy red, and was silent for a moment, visibly struggling for self possession. When she had obtained it, she friendly answered, 'Neither my father nor myself have come to any such determination. All my rejections, as you are pleased to term them, might have been accounted for on other grounds.'

'I thank you a thousand times for this generous and direct explicitness. It is what I expected of you. You have relieved my heart of a load of apprehension. One question more. Does your father share your thoughts on this point?'

'You are indeed pressing. Can you suppose that I have any thoughts to conceal from my father? Of whom else could I make a confidant?'

'I will question you again. Must the fortunate person be noble, distinguished, of your own nation, and a Catholic?'

'You are a severe catechist, and propose too many questions under one. (But she smiled, to soften the chiding tone in which this was said.) Have I authorized you to suppose that you can draw me into a delineation of the kind of lover I will admit?'

'Whenever you find me ominously trenching too far on the friendship with which you have honored me, let me know, by turning the conversation on another subject.'

'I see you must have your way. Well then, I admit again, were my choice in my power, it would be founded entirely on personal character. If the person were religious in any form, sincere, high principled, entirely moral, of established consistency and firmness, intelligent and honorable, I would raise no objections on the score of his birth, nation, or his differing from me in religious profession. I have travelled, you know; and beside being something of a cosmopolite, am the daughter of a stern republican.'

'Thank you again and again! Every response relieves me from a weight of doubts and fears. I tremble to approach a still more searching question.'

'Have I then become so formidable? Is there any thing in a timid girl in the valley of sleep, brought to confession by yourself, to alarm you?'

'Indeed there is. I would as soon storm a battery, or enter the deadly breach, as ask some questions I shall now propose.'

'Come on, Sir, and be encouraged. I will look as little terrible as possible.' (But at the moment her voice trembled, and she was as pale as death.)

'Must the person in question be opulent?'

'I answer, no. If I thought him mercenary, I should not bestow a second thought upon him. Had the person the other attributes, I have enumerated, and were he above the suspicion of seeking me for my expectations, his being without fortune would be nothing against him. You are aware that I have no inducement to desire more fortune.'

'One question further. Is this *beau ideal*, this rare and difficult assemblage of excellencies, to be sought over the four quarters of the globe, or has the thrice fortunate personage been seen and selected? I should not dare disclose his good fortune to him, through fear it would turn his head.'

'Since you have already extracted so much, I may as well confess all. I have seen the person. My heart has made the selection. I have no fear that the knowledge of it would turn his head. At my first acquaintance, I hoped to inspire a reciprocal affection. I have but too much reason to suspect that I am as indifferent to him, as he is dear to me. I have trusted the secret of my heart to your honor.'

This singular frankness perplexed me, and produced a vague tremor, that there was some mistake between us. I reassured myself by the conviction, that the love of Ines, and her mode of avowing it, might be as strange as the place and people, and as unique as her character. I proceeded in the yet unshaken confidence that I was the happy person to whom she was making this

indirect avowal. I continued, 'I should be infinitely happy to have the power of bringing two such hearts together.'

'I do not doubt you,' she answered in a faltering voice, which trembled with irrepressible emotion. 'I have laid open my heart before you, because I believe you have a controlling influence in the case. It was therefore I permitted this interview. It is therefore I have made these disclosures. I have a hundred times resolved to make them unasked. But whenever confession was on my lips, the palpitation of my heart, my want of courage forbade. You have led me to the effort. Your generous nature will neither misinterpret it, or make an improper use of it.'

'How happy, thrice happy that man must be! Name, divine Ines, the too fortunate person, and I pledge you that all the supposed influence I have over him, shall be exerted to bring him to your feet.'

I was framing in my brain the happiest form of declaration, and was mentally discussing the propriety of going on my knees. Nevertheless, I determined on the luxury of extorting from her generous nature my very name, before I responded. Before I had settled what further to say or do, her countenance changed, and her eyes filled. 'Tell me,' she exclaimed, in a voice almost inarticulate with emotion, which she struggled no longer to suppress, 'Oh tell me! May he not have thought me careless and cold, as I have thought him? May not the same cause have produced the same effect upon both? Oh! tell me that Theodore loves me!'

It may not have been your lot to be present at a fatal duel. The etiquette, you know, is for the person who has received the shot, to deport himself, as though he were not touched. I too had courage enough not to allow the beautiful urchin to discover what she had done. Like Cæsar, I thought of folding my mantle gracefully, to break my fall. I was going in the next sentence to have offered hand and heart on my knees, and my fair daughter had all along shown me only filial piety, and had wished me to make interest for my friend, and had not a thought of myself.

Oh vanity! I inly exclaimed, take medicine, and think no more to comprehend the female heart. So then it was the slighted Damon, after all, that was the man. Good natured as I am, I could hardly for the moment avoid wishing him, as the father confessor phrased it, to Sathanos. After swallowing the sweet and bitter fancies, that I had been chewing at the same moment, until they almost strangled me, seeing my changed countenance, she changed her tone, and asked me if I were ill. The question recalled my pride. Ancient Monogamist of forty-two, it communed with me, save thyself from hanging. Thank God, thou wert not yet on thy knees. She has not yet divined the extent of thy folly. Console thyself in any way. Chew tobacco and sing psalms. If there be another vain sinner on the earth, let him place himself in my predicament, and sweat and be cured. Here had I been debating the point for months, whether it were better to marry, or not to marry, never doubting a moment, that the election was with me. Then I had so often pitied and ridiculed Theodore, and discussed with him her blindness and caprice in preferring me to him! How could I ever look him in the face again? This comes, whispered repentance, of being proud of vows of monogamy, and mentally

breaking them. After all, her heart had all along been in the right place towards him who was so lavish of his blood for her. I attempted to mitigate the spasms of my agony by cursing pretty faces, and bright eyes, and huge castles and fortunes, and splendid scenery, and all the baits of the destroyer. To the repeated questions of my tormentor, if I were suddenly taken ill, I would have answered, but my throat was dry, and my voice clung to my jaws, as though I had been struck with *cyanche maligna*. At length, heaven be praised, I was able to stand bolt erect, and firmly to answer, that it was only a slight spasm in the chest to which I was subject, and I begged her to finish her *obliging* confessions.

'Obliging!' she answered, surprised at the emphasis of the term, 'do you repent having drawn a confiding girl to a frankness, which she has trusted to your ear, as to a father's.' She went on to explain that she was aware, from the first hour of her acquaintance with Theodore, that he regarded me as a father. Indeed, she had at first thought me such. His first pernicious verses had made their way to her heart. Every nearer view of him had deepened the impression. She became confused in his presence, and fearful that, by some mistake of action or word, she should lose his good opinion. His conduct at the affair of Quindice had increased her admiration, and won a gratitude and affection that she could no longer control. All her hopes now rested in the possibility that he might, notwithstanding his seeming indifference, have been influenced by considerations not unlike hers. Her secret was now with me; I could use it as I thought best. At any rate she was sure of my consideration and honor, and that I would take no step in the case that would sink her in his esteem or her own.

These precious confessions had been uttered in a hurried and painful tone, and with a downcast face. But suddenly raising her eyes, she exclaimed, 'Heavens! you are ill. How pale you are! we must call help immediately;' and she showed the most unaffected concern for me. I writhed, in truth, as though under an incipient attack of cholera, well content to escape the searching scrutiny of her eye under this pretext. I confessed, groaning the while, that my spasm had returned; but that, though in great pain just now, it was an indisposition that would soon pass away.

She flew to advertise the party that I was taken suddenly ill, and proposed returning to the cottage of our host immediately. Forthwith Montanos, Theodore, the whole party were around me, and the lovely daughters of the sun manifesting the most touching sympathy, while the mothers were proposing a dozen potions and cordials in a breath. But Theodore was still the most concerned and filial of all. Ines on one side, and he on the other, would fain have led me back to the cottage, as though I were in the feebleness of second infancy. I somewhat moodily, and as if a little cross with my spasms, handed them off, remarking that, though I suffered a good deal, and must be allowed to groan, I was not too feeble to walk without aid.

Well, we arrived at the cottage, and I escaped from the officious and affectionate persecution of all, by requesting to be permitted to retire to bed. There, left by request to myself, I turned some hundreds of times from side to side, apostrophizing myself; 'Thou art well punished, renowned monogamist. Thou hast heard and believed that ladies are caught with impudent assurance, and especially a red coat, as mackerel with a colored rag. I doubt not that it is so with

novel reading, boarding-school girls of the mob-million stamp. But confess that the maxim does not always hold. For such faces and eyes as those those of Ines, if ever I grow young again, commend me to blank verse, your pale-faced heroes, and the lackadaisical.' Then I moralized, that in thirty years, nay in twenty, Ines would lose her brilliance, and become in the end, like the Indian mother whom her husband represented to have been once so beautiful. I repeated what Lucian has said about the skull of Helen, and the Greek beauties that set the world on fire. Then her immense fortune, which, now it had slipt through my fingers, Satan began to tempt me by representing as a matter of serious loss, I come over, by insisting to myself that I was not mercenary, and not so old and miserly as to grieve for the loss of doubloons. No, no, lie still, sir, and resume the ancient honors of monogamy and Platonism; leaving the wooing of pretty faces to younger and more fortunate lads, who have pale faces and make verses. So I left off tossing, and held down my eyelids with my fingers.

While I was so struggling for sleep that the very effort would have kept me awake, in came my unconscious Damon, to torment me with affectionate inquiries after my health. 'Leave me,' said I pettishly, 'all I want is sleep.' It seemed as though the light of the morning would never dawn. But it did come, and I made an effort and arose, and when we assembled at breakfast, declared myself well, though they all affirmed that my looks disavowed my words, and all began again to torment me with pity, and the proffer of medicine. I stole, however, a glance in the face of the divine Ines, and was sensible, from her flushed cheek and languid eye, that she had slept as little as I had. I saw, too, that she expected that, as soon as might be, I should instruct my ward, that if he was smitten with the Peruvian heiress, he need no longer expend his sentiments and sorrows in elegiac verse, for she had taken care to let me know that her father shared all her partiality for my friend.

I dare say that my breakfast of that morning was of dyspeptic tendency, for I neither masticated or relished it. But after breakfast, casting about me in regard to my remaining duties, I reflected that I might still make out a case of noble *paternal* mediation, and *disinterested* regard for my friend. So I asked him to walk with me for a little private conversation, before we resumed our descent to Antisana. What a look of mingled confidence and solicitude Ines gave me, as Theodore followed me from the door!

We were abroad by ourselves, and Theodore evidently expecting some important disclosure. It was almost as difficult a matter to break, all things considered, as my intended declaration of yesterday. My first thoughts were the heritage of Adam. 'I am betrayed to no one; I may as well win the second palm of magnanimity, if I may not obtain the wreath of love. I will make a show of voluntary resignation of my pretensions to him.' Even this alternative, I saw, had its difficulties, and would-betray me. But, to be serious, I may as well avow it as not. I summoned the man, and aroused myself to my own original generosity of feeling. I placed before me the real worth, the felt excellence of my friend, and the compatibility of this affair in every point of view. I looked in upon the loved and broken down family of Theodore, and my heart, warmed with a holier, sublimer feeling than all the flames that have scorched hearts from Delilah and Helen down to the heroine of the last novel.

'Well, Theodore, what do you think? (and, after all, I was obliged to use an

effort like him who is compelled to mount the drop.) I have sad news in regard to our poor Ines.'

He started, and turned pale. 'What! any misfortune to her? we just parted from her in perfect health.'

'Yes, but the dear creature has confessed to me that she is dying with unrequited love.'

'My dear friend, for God's sake, do not jest on such a subject. I am sorry to say you look ill; I have perceived it ever since you was confidential with her yesterday. You cannot have been so unjust to her and yourself, as to have thrown away that priceless gem.'

Just so, Theodore, and you may have it, merely for the picking up, if you will.'

'My dear friend, do not, I pray you, trifle with my feelings in this way. Make any other experiment on me, but spare me this trial.'

'Come now, Theodore,' I said, forcing a smile, and veiling my real vexation under the semblance of a stoical indifference, 'do not expire under the rapture, all her tenderness to me, dear child! has been that of a dutiful daughter to a good old father. She dreamed that I had your heart in keeping, and has imagined all along, that I was wooing for you, when, as you know already, I have had no thought but for myself. In a word, she cares not a rush about me, except in a pious and filial way, and she loves you, and confessed it, to desperation. There; my heart is unburdened, and there is the whole truth, upon my honor. I am not yet betrayed. All I ask is, that my secret may be kept.'

This asseveration, so made, won his conviction. After such a pause, and such a struggle as might have been expected from his nature, he resumed, with as much calmness as his palpitation would admit, 'I can never be that traitor to friendship, to claim the love of her, whom such a friend has loved.'

'Away, Theodore, with these misplaced heroics, and descend for once from the stilts of tragedy to common sense. Would you kill the dear girl, without benefiting me? Next to marrying her myself, of which, good soul, she never once dreamed, I should wish to see her marry you. Indeed, all things considered, you are infinitely the more proper husband. You know, I have told you so before. What an admirable thing, too, for your family! I shall have fulfilled, perforce, all my obligations to them, and this union will redeem your fortune and theirs.'

'My dear friend, do not hold me so base as to think of money at this time. How can you associate such mercenary thoughts with Ines?'

'Pshaw! There you are mounted on your heroics again. My word for it, you will become a keen, calculating, money-saving, New-England husband in one year from this. But let us return. Her little heart is bursting with love and curiosity. You see the way before you. Kill her, if you will, that you may put the death to metre. I have discharged a hard duty, and am once more a free man and a monogamist.'

Dixi. I have given you the plot and catastrophe of my tragi-comedy. I may add, by way of historical appendix, that on the return to the castle of Montanos, the mules of Theodore and Ines often jostled each other, they rode

so close together in the winding and narrow path down the mountains; and I could now and then discover that they looked at each other, as the Kentuckians say, *mighty particular*. Well, thought I, my doves, this is your day. I, too, have had mine. Let me not indulge the feelings of the animal in the manger. Dear ones, you are as good as you are beautiful, and fitted to each other, and you are worthy of your happiness.

It followed, as a matter of course, that Theodore had an explanation with Montanos, who, having become attached to him almost as soon as his daughter, would not be expected to raise objections to receiving, as a son-in-law, the man whom his daughter loved, and whom both father and daughter recognised as having saved their lives. The venerable Spaniard gave his daughter to my friend with tears of joy. In a few days afterward they were married, I giving away Theodore, *as father and guardian*. Never was such a day as that of their espousals at Antisana. The poor were feasted at a hundred tables, as in the days of the Roman Emperors. All insolvent debtors were discharged from the prison. Bonfires were kindled upon the peaks above. Even the 'children of the Sun' infringed their resolves for once, and came down from the Lama Peak, to kiss their young lady bride. Each marriageable girl of their number carried back to their plain a bridal portion. I was loaded with undeserved gratitude for the meditorial part which I had borne in the affair, and could have had three estates, without the asking, for what Ines always affected to consider my *paternal services*. In fact, she always looked divinely upon me, often declaring that she owed her happiness to me! Theodore, amiable, modest even to diffidence, bore his faculties and acquisitions with characteristic meekness. The parents of Theodore, the whole family, in fact, emigrated and settled at Antisana, and are already so dear to Montanos, that he has become a cheerful old man. The Spaniard and the New-England man are perfectly amalgamated. Before a couple of years a grandson and granddaughter visited the family; and there is no happier union, perhaps, on the globe than that of these families so different in birth, education, and religion. Whenever I find vanity germinating again in my bosom, I remember the confession of the Lama Peak, and find at least a temporary cure. I sometimes contradict the slander, that all women are caught with impudence and a red rag, and if I am reappointed to my mission in Peru, shall, probably, at the earnest request of Theodore and Ines, return, and end my days in the sublime abode of Antisana.

THE BURNING OF THE SHIPS.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

(Concluded from page 357.)

CHAPTER III.

Our travellers had not proceeded half a mile, when they perceived the road thronged with a motley and unusual cavalcade. There were wagons and carts, horses and men on foot, loaded with all sorts of household furniture, beds, bureaus, pork-tubs, looking-glasses, and cider-barrels, accompanied with women, children, and cattle, hurrying along in eager and ludicrous confusion, as if Bordentown had been warned, like Sodom of old, and her people were flying to some Zoar for refuge and safety. The foremost party informed Jonathan, that Sir William Howe had sent his whole fleet and army to take possession of Bordentown, and spoil its inhabitants; to which information, an old man solemnly added, "I told Squire Smallhead so last fall, when our hogs turn-out so heavy, that the enemy would hear of it, and never rest till they had every pound in their clutches. I knew it would be so."

"But how did you become apprized of the intended attack?"

"Oh! the Squire found it out and told us. So we thought we had no time to lose. We'll cheat them, the greedy thieves, yet."

Jonathan heard pretty much the same tale from each party. Just as he was entering the village, he met a man running at full speed, and frightened out of his senses. It was with some difficulty he was brought to a parley.

"Why, Simon, what ails thee?"

"Turn round for your life—run."

"But why? what is the matter?"

"The English have come, and killed all the people, and hung Squire Smallhead up before his own door, for impertence and sass."

"That's impossible, Simon. Some one has made fun of thee

Squire Smallhead has no impudence for those who are able to punish it. Who told thee?"

"Betty Meek."

"Betty has been running her riggs on thee."

Jonathan was quietly resuming his journey, without observing the horror and fear depicted on Nathaniel's countenance. "Stop Jonathan, let me alight—*let me;*" and as he gasped and extended his mouth to its maximum size, his nostrils opened and swelled, and he looked more like a frightened horse, than a human being.

"Nonsense! why, Nathaniel, there's nothing to alarm thee. Did thee not hear that Squire Smallhead had remained. Depend upon it, there is no danger. Beside, we have heard no firing. Smallhead has sent these people off that he may remain behind, and brag and bluster. Be sure, had there been danger, he would have led the retreat."

These arguments, with the hope of getting his goods cheap in the present disturbed state of things, induced Nathaniel to proceed.

It was June, 1778. Sir William Howe had passed the winter in Philadelphia, and Washington with his army at Valleyforge. The latter, penetrating his enemy's design to evacuate Philadelphia, as he did only eighteen days later, had despatched General Maxwell into New-Jersey, his native state, in order to raise the militia, and be prepared to harrass the enemy's march, should he retreat that way.

Captain M'Caulley, with his company, of which Vallette was Lieutenant, and which numbered about sixty men, had been detached by Maxwell, to take possession of Bordentown; ostensibly to protect a fleet of about twenty vessels, which had been sent thither when the British entered Philadelphia, but really to stir up and embody the militia, and keep an eye on the movements below. The fleet consisted of two frigates, belonging to Congress, not quite finished, and unarmed, and eighteen or twenty merchant vessels. M'Caulley's whole force, including one hundred militiamen, amounted to one hundred and sixty men. As these were very insufficient to man the ships, he had moored them close under the bank of the river, and erected on it, here unusually high for the Delaware, a breastwork, which afforded a pretty sure protection for his men.

On their arrival before Amos Smith's store, our friends alighted; and while Jonathan made haste in search of Vallette, Nathaniel entered the store to make his purchases. He found Amos in confusion, his shelves emptied, and their contents piled for removal on the counter.

"Well, how's thee do, Amos?"

"Why, well, Nathaniel—how's *thee*, and thy wife?"

"Why, well too, thank thee, how's thine?"

"She's well."

"Thee's in confusion here?"

"Yes, Squire Smallhead says I must move my goods."

"The Squire seems to be the greatest man in Bordentown. Between thee and me, Amos, I should not like it mentioned so that the Squire should come to hear of it; so thee'l say nothing about it. He and me has dealens. But to my notion, he is the greatest fool, as well as greatest man, so to speak, in the whole town, and Jonathan Richie says, though about that I don't know, that he is also the biggest coward. So may be his opinion is not worth much in the matter."

"I know something of the Squire too. But every body says, that Sir William Howe, so called, has been meditating an attack on Bordentown all winter, and he has taken great pains to learn every thing that goes on here."

"Well, but why need thee care; thee never took any part. I never have been able to guess which way thy wishes take."

"No, nor I either! for I *don't* care. But then I sold Captain M'Caulley, so called, seven and a quarter yards of buff and blue cloth, and if thee will believe me, he had it made into a regimental suit."

Nathaniel was horrified—"Why, Amos, how could thee do so?"

"Why, he did not tell me what he wanted with them."

"But thee might have been sure what he *would* do with them. This must be laid before the meeting."

"I shall take it very unkind in thee, if thee does so, Nathaniel. It would not be friendly."

"Well, if thee be more cautious in future, and remember the friendship in our dealens; thee sees, Amos, why maybe I will not expose thee, though thee deserves it. I want some cloth, thee sees, and I must expect thee to let me have it cheap."

"Cheap! these times—well, thee shall have it as low as I can afford. There now, there's the very thing for thee. Joshua Collins bought a coat off that, last week. Thee shall have that"—(stroking the cloth down with his open hand)—"thee shall have that at—it cost me one pound eight, sterling money—thee shall have it at cost. Just feel it. 'Tis a beautiful piece of goods, Come, we'll say one pound eight for that."

"One pound eight! why it is the dearest cloth I ever bought at that price." Here Nathaniel thrust his hand into his immense waistcoat pocket, and drew it out full of silver and gold coin, which, after picking from among it a small memorandum, he returned into their reservoir. Amos' eyes opened and glistened with delight at the unusual sight. Coin was rarely seen at that day, and the Continental paper was sadly depreciated. Nothing induced

Amos to receive these 'rags,' as they were called, in payment for his wares, but the law which made them a legal tender, and imposed certain fearful penalties on those who, by refusing to receive, injured the credit of the national currency. He generally contrived to indemnify himself, by laying double prices upon his goods when he expected to be paid in paper. The sight of the silver soon reduced the price. "Well, Nathaniel, thee shall have it at one pound six. I shall lose by it; but thee's an old customer."

"That is quite too much, yet," said Nathaniel, *accidentally* striking his hand upon the pocket, till the money jingled again.

"Will thee say one pound four?"

"I see we shall not bargain," said Nathaniel, returning his memorandum to his pocket, and turning to leave the store.

"Well, one pound three, then."

"Say one pound," said Nathaniel, pausing at the door and looking over his shoulder. Amos hesitated. Nathaniel ran his hand through the silver, as he exclaimed, "Come, Amos, thee won't stand on trifles with an old friend." The gold conquered, and before half an hour had elapsed Nathaniel had, by the same means, made a large purchase, at a price which Amos really could not afford, except for hard money. The whole being completed, and the goods deposited in the wagon, Nathaniel very deliberately returned the silver into his pocket, and taking an immense roll of continental paper from his pocket, (in those days it was carried in sheets,) cut from it with a pair of Amos' scissors the sum due to him, and calmly bid him "farewell." At first Amos was too much surprised and horrorstricken to remonstrate: just, however, as the purchaser was leaving his store he found: words—"But stop—surely—Nathaniel—I sold for silver."

"What put that in thy head, I never *said* I would pay silver."

"No, but thee as much as said so by thy acts. Return me my goods, then, and take back thy rags."

"Amos thee had better take care—thee knows the law."

"The meeting shall hear of this, Nathaniel Comstock."

"Amos thee surely forgets the blue cloth thee sold to M'Caulley to go to war in."

Amos was silenced; his custom came from his society, and depended upon his conformity to its rules. So with no more ado the *Friends* parted.

Jonathan, on his way toward the river, found the houses closed, and the town apparently deserted. The only *men* visible were squire Smallhead and Betsy Meek, the latter a sort of privileged virago, whose name seemed to have been given because she possessed none of the quality it denoted.

“Why, squire, as thee is not in the military, I wonder to see thee here.”

“True, I *am* not in the military—I am *not*. But as chief magistrate in this vicinity, and principal peace officer, I thought it my duty to remain. But I wonder you venture here at this time.”

“I assure thee, Thomas, I fear no danger where thee is.”

The esquire, not understanding the drift of this remark, mistook it for a compliment, looked complacent, and drew himself up, as he condescendingly, after the manner of great men, replied:

“My presence would scarcely scare away a cannon ball, Jonathan.”

“Thee mistakes me, Thomas. I mean I am not apprehensive that the enemy will send a ball in any neighbourhood where thee is: or, to speak with more plainness, that thou wilt scarcely remain voluntarily where a ball is like to come.”

“That’s true, Jonathan Richie, exclaimed Betsey, who stood by, with her arms a-kimbo, composedly listening to the conversation—“that’s true, and the very reason I staid; for, says I, it will be time enough to run when the squire does.”

The squire eyed first one and then the other, with an air of offended dignity, and a heart filled with real rage. But he was too great a coward to express his feelings to Jonathan, and dared not give them full vent even to Betsey. Assuming, therefore, an awful air of offended dignity, mingled with as much contempt as his rage would permit him to muster, he indignantly strode away. Jonathan, having despatched Betsey, upon some pretext, to another part of the town, proceeded to the river bank, where he found M’Caulley, Vallette, and their men busily completing their little breastwork. There were but about forty militiamen present, and no officers belonging to that department. The rest, on hearing they were likely to be wanted, had gone off in great haste, in despite of the prayers of their fat captain, who besought them not to go so fast, since he could not keep up with them, if they did. Jonathan learned that there was not much prospect of a visit from the enemy before morning. The wind and tide were both adverse, and the latter would not change before midnight. With the little wind blowing, a vessel could not beat up before five in the morning. The party was said to be five hundred strong, and, therefore, irresistible by any force in the vicinity. Most of the inhabitants of any standing around were “Friends,” and non-combatants. The most spirited young men had joined Maxwell, and gone eastward to interrupt the enemy at an advantageous point in their expected line of march. The rest were of the sort commanded by the valiant Captain Duck-legs, whose prowess in running away has just been detailed, and were not wanted, even if they could be had. A few, however, had

already arrived on hearing the news, and about sixty more were expected before sun-down. With this force M'Caulley was resolved to make what fight he could from the top of the bank, taking care not to have his retreat cut off, and to be prepared to annoy the enemy, should they send any marauding parties into the interior.

Before taking leave, Jonathan called Vallette on one side. "William," said he, "I think I will defer my departure till day-break to-morrow. It is getting late, and I don't like travelling at night, in these disturbed times—does thee think it best?" The young man assented.—"Well, then, it shall be so—ahem—how are thy friends provided with powder?"

"To tell the truth, very badly."

"I guessed as much. Could thee send two men as far as the big oak, by the gate? They will find a keg in the corner of the fence. No matter how I came by it, only be quiet about it. I have some left for an occasion. Don't let the men come before dark—I must have time to remove it there."

"Never fear me, sir, I'll be secret."

They separated, and Jonathan having deposited Nathaniel with his ill-gotten merchandise at his home, proceeded to his own house. The keg of powder was found, and safely transported to the little camp.

On his arrival, Jonathan's first duty was to give his daughter, to whom he confided all things, directions to be ready for a move to her uncle William's, at day-break. This being arranged, he desired Quommino, his old black servant, to be called. Quommino entered, and stood respectfully waiting his master's commands. For though Friends do not approve of the title of master, where it is applied as a compliment, they have no objection to its use where the relation of master and servant actually exists

"Quommino."

"Masser."

"Mind to have the horses to both wagons by day-break, and ready for a start to my brother Williams."

"Yes, Masser, truss me for that."

"Well, go and see to it."

"Yes, Masser."

CHAPTER IV.

We must now return to the river bank at Bordentown. It was near eleven o'clock. The men were generally asleep in an old house—the sentinels paraded on the edge of the bank, and three or four countrymen, who had lately arrived, with M'Caulley and Vallette, were sitting round a small fire, which, though it was June, the coolness of the night made pleasant.

"Have you observed, Vallette," said his "Captain, that the wind is changed—it is blowing up the river, and a pretty stiff breeze too."

"Is it possible!—let us see to that."

The officers walked aside for a moment.—"I say, Martin," said a tall Jerseyman, who had just arrived, "this Captain is a pretty cute fellow, considering he is from Pennsylvania—I rather wonder where he got his gumption."

"He from Pennsylvania! no such thing—he's from Maryland. They's cute fellers down there, they live in the sand, and is most as smart as Jerseymen."

"Well, it *is* odd," said a third musingly, "What a difference it makes in people's sense, whether they's born in one place or another. I never could see why them Pennsylvania fellers is so dull and heavy like. I would not believe, if my own eyes did not see it, that that strip of water could make such a mighty difference between us and them."

The return of the officers interrupted this interesting discussion. "We must keep a good look out, boys, or we may be surprised by a visit from those Englishmen sooner than we expected—this wind will soon bring them up."

Vallette was proceeding in search of some one by whom to send a message to his friend Jonathan, when the creaking of a vessel's boom against the mast, amid the stillness of the night, broke distinctly on his ear. "What's that?—did you hear nothing, Captain? There is a vessel not a quarter of a mile below."

"They might be within arms' reach, and we could not *see* them; these thick clouds have shut out all hope of that," returned the Captain. The same sound was distinctly heard again—the rushing of a vessel through the waters, and the splashing of the ripples against her bow became audible. "Vallette, let the men be mustered in silence—don't let that fellow so much as touch his drum."

The command was obeyed—the sounds before heard became still more distinct, though nothing could be seen. "Scipio, is your piece loaded?" said the Captain.

"Yes, Cappin," answered a very black negro, though that fact was not then visible.

"Well, keep ready to fire—that fellow will show himself directly, and mind, we cannot afford to miss."

"Nebber fear, Cappin."

Scipio had been educated on board a man-of-war, and had acquired great skill in gunnery—a science but little understood among the colonists, and accordingly much valued in those who possessed it. Scipio was a great man, and having the sole piece which the neighborhood owned, (and that had been left there by a party of British on their retreat after the battle of Trenton,) under his command, was looked upon as only one grade below the Captain himself. Being attached to his person as a body servant, he filled the double capacity of valet de chambre to the commanding officer, and master of the ordnance.

For about five minutes the vessel continued to approach in perfect darkness. Suddenly, however, a light appeared moving slowly on the river, and then an anchor was heard to splash into the water. In less than a minute the light ascended as if drawn up the mast. During all this time Scipio was busy taking a most careful and deliberate aim.

"Take care, sir, be sure you let him have it, put out his light for him."

"Yes, Cappin."

The gun went off—the lantern disappeared, and a crash was heard as if the whole mast had gone by the board.

"Gosh! put he candle out—yaw, haw!" and Scipio's long, loud and characteristic laugh resounded over the water, almost as startling, considering the occasion,—the pitch darkness, and deep silence which followed, as it had preceded, the report, as the roar of the cannon itself.

"Stop your laughing, you black rascal, and give him another."

"Yes, Cappin, yes sir,—yaw, haw, guess' put he candle out."

It was useless to remonstrate,—so Scipio was allowed to take out his laugh, and with his usual composure, reload his piece. By this time the vessel showed another light. Scipio, after a long and most particular aim, took up his match with a quiet chuckle, and fired. The report was again followed by the noise of a falling spar, and then almost instantaneously by a shot from the vessel. Her fire enabled our friends to perceive the position of the leading sloop, and showed three other vessels now within a short distance of the first. The enemy were too near the shore to bring the top of the bank within range of their guns, and the ball dug its grave in the clay below. A volley of small arms followed, but the men being behind their breast-wall, the volley, sent at random, took no effect. Presently, one after another an anchor was let down from

each vessel, and the light, having answered its purpose, and guided her consorts to their proper stations, was lowered from the leading sloop, and extinguished. Scipio had just finished his preparations for a third fire, when this unforeseen and very provoking event put an end, for the time, to his fun. He held such conduct to be contemptible and unfair.

“Dam cowards, fraid of one poor nigger—dam cowards,” and he sat down upon his gun in sullen and contemptuous silence.

“No matter, Scipio, you will have light enough directly. I hear them getting out their boats to board the ships—we’ll have fire enough to light hell before long.”

The splashing of oars and the striking of boats against the sides of the American ships were next heard—lights were appearing and disappearing on their decks. Whenever seen they were fired at, but with little effect, till the boats were again heard to move off, and a smoky flame crept from the hatchway of each vessel. Presently a blaze burst forth from a small sloop, loaded with some inflammable substance, and illuminated the scene with the splendor of noon. The ships and their smallest spars, the men on their deck, the river, shores, stood out to view, contrasted with the darkness in the background, with even more than the vividness and distinctness of day. On the edge of the bank, his piece depressed almost at an angle of forty-five degrees, stood Scipio, arranging his aim. He fired with his usual success, dropped his match, threw off his hat, sprang upon his gun, clapped his sides with both hands, and gave his accustomed laugh—“Got him gin—haw, haw—did he feel good? yaw, haw—goo by—pleasan journey—yaw, haw, haw.”

Just then, the furthest vessel, which had weighed anchor, and was drifting down the stream, was able to bring her gun to bear upon the top of the bank. She fired, and Scipio, in the midst of his last yaw, haw, was seen to fly into two parts. His lower members stood for a moment on the gun, before they fell to the ground. But his face retained its grin, and he was actually heard to give two distinct explosions of laughter, as his head and shoulders went sailing through the air. A momentary horror seized his companions. Vallette flew to the gun and began to reload her, but all the balls were expended.

“What shall we do, sir?—we have no more balls.”

“There is a pile of stones Scipio collected for the purpose, he had but three balls—load with the stones.”

But before this order could be obeyed, it became evident that a retreat was necessary; particularly as nothing was to be gained by remaining. The enemy’s boats were again manning, in a cove, which formed the mouth of a small creek, just below the town. In a few minutes retreat would have been impracticable, it therefore commenced forthwith. On reaching the outskirts of the town.

M'Caulley divided his force, giving Vallette the command of one detachment, with directions to watch the upper road leading into the country, and be prepared to annoy the enemy's parties, if they should send any that way, while he kept his eye on the other.

It was past midnight when Jonathan Richie awoke and found his room in a blaze of light. His first thought was that he had overslept himself, and the sun was up—his next, that his house was on fire. He sprang to the window, and finally concluded that all Bordentown was in a blaze.

"Rachel,—Rachel, I say—awake—call Emma, and be ready to start—*Can't* thee wake?"

"Why, Jonathan, thee's very impatient—what ail's thee?—thee need not be in a hurry."

"I tell thee the British have burned Bordentown, and are on their way hither."

There was no need of further remonstrance. Rachel was awake, on the floor, half dressed, in Emma's room, and back again in her own, with hands full of silver spoons, &c., in the space of ten minutes. All hands were alarmed, and collected in the stairway, and Quommino despatched for the horses.

"Surely, Jonathan," said Joseph Dido, "thou hast worked thyself into an unnecessary turmoil—there can be no reason for *thee* to fear for thy property—thee, a peaceable man."

"I tell thee I don't fear for my *property*, and I am not a peaceable man, as thee'll see, if the bloody redcoats come to interfere with me."

"Jonathan, thee forgets thyself—hush thee," said his wife.

"Masser, masser—here, masser," said Quommino, who now made his appearance at the door, the whites of his eyes frightfully distended, and evidently in great alarm. Jonathan went to him—"Masser it is too late—they are come—I seed em, by light of the fire, though it be most out, stannin at the ledge of the wood."

"Who—the English?—how many?"

"Bout thirty, I guess."

"Did you fasten the door?"

"Yes."

"Where are John and Sam?"

"In kitchen—just come down stairs."

"Call them."

When the men arrived, Jonathan took them into an adjoining chamber, and unlocking a large pine chest, took out five guns, with a supply of ammunition. The men stared with surprise. "Boys you know how—are you afraid to use these?"

"What, on them redcoats? no, I guess not," said John.

"Well, fix yourselves at the front windows up stairs, but don't shoot till I give the word."

"But, masser, here be one to spare: shall I take him to Friend Didore?"

"Go about your business, you old fool, and see you don't miss your aim."

Jonathan's next business was with his women-kind and the visiters, whose surprise at seeing him enter with a gun in each hand was infinite.

"Rachel, Friends, you must all go up stairs into the garret, and keep away from the windows."

"Dost thou indeed mean to resist with force?" said Friend Dido in a horror of wonder—"remember, he that useth the sword shall perish by the sword."

"I use no such weapon. But I will have no argument—every thing I hold dear is assailed—more than my life," and he looked at his daughter—"but I'll not talk, do as I bid, or stay here and be shot."

This last argument was sufficient, and all retired except Emma, who persisted in staying with her father.—"I shall be in no danger, father, I'll keep away from the windows."

"Well, then, come with me; thee can load one of my guns while I shoot the other."

When Jonathan had arrived at the window, up stairs, at which he had stationed his men, he found all dark again. The fire had burnt out, or at least was nearly extinguished, so that coming as it did from behind the river bank, and intercepted by the house, it gave forth no light, to enable him to distinguish objects in front. He therefore neither saw nor heard any thing of his enemy, until a voice nearly under the window, called his attention that way.

"Holloa, the house—open your door to the king's soldiers." A loud rap at the window, which in the darkness had been mistaken for the door, accompanied this gentle salute.

"Shall I shoot?" said Quommino.

"No, don't move—let him try again—we must gain all the time we can."

"Holloa there, I say—you old quaker wolf, let us in, or we'll break up your silent meeting with a vengeance."

"May I not shoot the skunk?—I can see his red back where he stands beside the white fence—I have got capital good aim."

"No, John, not yet."

"Don't you mean to open? Hubert, you and Johnson bring up that log I stumbled over just now, and break in the door."

It was now time to take some notice of the strangers. Jonathan slowly raised the window.—"What means this?—who is thee that disturbs a peaceful family this time of night?"

"Open your door, sir, and you will see."

"But suppose I don't."

"Why then we will enable you to see us directly by the light of your own house."

"But how do I know thee is not a common robber, assuming the king's dress for thy own purposes of robbery and murder?"

"This will not do, sir. I put a plain question—will *you* open your door, or shall *we*?"

"Boys," said Jonathan, "can you see the two fellows who carry the log?"

"Yes, the white fence shows them plain."

"Shoot them,—I'll try the master; and Quommino, thee hit the other."

The guns flashed. An officer, attended by two men carrying the log, and another, were distinctly seen for a moment. Then a still deeper darkness followed—there was no attempt to force the door, and one or two groans near it told the reason. Jonathan, however, had missed his aim; for the voice of the same officer was heard at a little distance, giving orders to his men.

"De Lancey, take ten men, and break in the other side of the house. The damned old Quaker has taken to fighting at last. Had I expected that, I would have come at him differently. Hubert,—I forgot the sergeant is shot—Jones, go flash your musket in yonder haymow; it will give us a little light to work by. I don't like this nightwork."

"But had we not better postpone that till we have secured our prisoner and are ready to march. It will bring a hornet's nest round our ears," said the lieutenant.

"Well, I believe you are right."

The lieutenant moved off, and took his station as directed. This manœuvre simple as it was, puzzled Jonathan considerably. He had not calculated on a double attack, front and rear at once, and he saw how deplorably it diminished his chance of successful resistance. He had given orders to divide *his* forces also, when a sudden report of fire-arms burst forth on the other side of the house.

"By jingo, them English must be great shots, I have heard of missing a barn door, but not to be able to hit a whole house is more an I can understand."

The firing was repeated, though apparently with less force.

"That's queer," added Sam, "I'll just go to the end window and *conitre*."

They all ran to the window, but could see nothing, as the firing had for the moment ceased. There was evidently something going on more than they could account for—a good deal of confusion prevailed, and voices of men running to and fro, mingled with

groans, were heard. Presently a volley from the front of the house exhibited the state of affairs.

The royal forces had reunited, (the lieutenant's party having left several of their fellows on the grass,) and were firing at a number of men in a measure concealed by a clump of trees, and dressed, some of them in the continental uniform, others in none at all. The latter were rapidly loading and firing. Three redcoats lay between the hostile parties, two of whom seemed dead, while the other leaned on his arm, and frequently attempted to rise, but before he could get upon his feet, invariably reeled and fell. After this random firing had continued about five minutes, the fate of the conflict ceased to be doubtful. Almost every shot wounded some one of the royal forces, while the colonists, protected by the trees among which they were stationed, or favoured by the unskilful aim of their enemies, escaped without any serious loss. The commander of the former was evidently getting tired of the amusement. His men ceased firing at his command, and having loaded their guns, formed in a line and charged rapidly upon the Americans, expecting to drive them, undisciplined as they were, at the point of the bayonet. The latter also withheld their fire, and silence and darkness again prevailed. The regular and rapid tread of the one party could alone be heard, till having reached within twice a musket's length of the trees behind which their foes were stationed, a blaze burst from among the leaves—the advancing party stopped—hesitated, and then in despite of the remonstrances of their officers, retreated at a much more rapid and less regular pace, than they had advanced. The effect of the fire was not visible, nor were the movements of the hostile parties, as the one pursued the other. Now and then a shot was heard, each less distinct than its predecessor till they ceased entirely. After an interval of half an hour, the steps of the victorious party again approached. They had followed their foes as far as prudence, considering the powerful force in the neighbourhood, permitted.

"William, we are glad to see thee—never were more so to see any one.—A friend in need, thee knows—but come in, thy friends must want some refreshment."

"Are you all safe?—where is Emma?"

"Oh! she is well, and so are all; but come in."

"In one moment, sir. Jenkins, have these wounded men attended to—bring all of them into the house—leave the dead till morning."

Three wounded men were found, and an old French Surgeon, who was attached to the continental service in that capacity, prepared to attend to them. He was a man of great skill, and of still greater eccentricity.

"Doctor," said the first man, whom they had laid on a bed,

"I shall die, if you don't hurry. I have already bled for half an hour."

"Do you wish to die, sair?" examining the wound.

"No, sir, I would prefer to live."

"I shall take off your right leg."

"My right leg! for Heaven's sake, sir, don't do that."

"By gar," said the doctor, throwing himself back in an attitude, "I thought you said you prefere to live—no?"

"To be sure, I do, but"—

"Take your preference—live with one leg, or go to hell with two."

"Oh! take it off, if it must be so, I must bear it."

"I shall have that happiness directly—your comrade seems more like to die than you."

This man, who had been for some time groaning, as much in bitterness of spirit, as from bodily pain, ceased his complaints as the doctor approached, and watched his countenance with an intense interest, while he proceeded to inquire into the wounds. Monsieur Vattel went through all the necessary examination with perfect coolness, and professional composure, his face giving no indications by which the wounded man could estimate his chance for life. Having finished, he turned round, as if to leave him to his fate.

"Is there *no* chance for me?"

"No."

"Indeed, indeed, sir, I am not very weak—*must* I indeed die?"

"To be sure you die."

"I tell you, sir," raising on his arms, "I *must* not—*dare* not—*will* not die—not *yet*—not *now*."

"Ver well, if you can help it;—if you can live with that hole through your guts, ver well."

"Oh! sir, if you knew all, you would *try* to keep me alive—a few hours at least—Oh, I shall go to hell!"

"Why for you go to hell?"

"Oh! there is no help for me—I have the business of a life to do, and five minutes to do it in—*can* you not give me a day? But it is useless—I must go to hell."

"But *why* for you go there? Oh, no, come—be compose—you will *not* go to hell—why for you go there?"

"I'll tell you, sir, and you will believe me when I say, I am *lost* forever. My uncle died. My elder brother was his heir—as there was no will—myself and two others offered to watch the corpse—we wrote a will in my favour, put a pen in the dead man's hand, and I guided the fingers and made him sign his name—my companions witnessed the will, and swore they saw my uncle sign it.

We divided the money. Now, sir, have I *not* forfeited all mercy—human or divine?—what do you think now?"

"By God—then you *do* go to hell," said the doctor, dropping the hand he had continued to hold. The dying man fell back upon the bed, gave one heavy, heart rending groan, and died.

The rest is soon told. Vallette retained his men in the house, in fear of another attack, until day dawned and rendered that precaution unnecessary. The enemy had left ten of their men, including the wounded, around the house. The two who carried the log were found lifeless upon it. The English Friends, Rachel, and the maids were brought safe from the garret, from which they seemed very loth to venture, until they were assured that the guns carried by Vallette's friends, though loaded, "*would not go off.*" On reaching the hall, where the dead were all collected for interment, they were no little horrified.

"How uncertain is life? vain and fleeting as the morning mist—verily, 'in the midst of life we are in death,'" solemnly observed Joseph Dido.

"That in the midst of life we are in *debt*," solemnly answered the doctor."

"He says true—too true. But it is congress' fault—why don't they pay our dues."

The next competent meeting dealt with Jonathan, and he was *read out*, in due form. He was never willing to confess the impropriety of his conduct, and of course was not readmitted. But this was not all—it was clearly in evidence, that Emma had not only carried, but actually assisted her father to load, one of the guns—thus aiding and abetting his contumacity. She was, therefore, upon the principle that the accessory is as bad as the principal, also ejected from the society. This incident was very convenient to her lover—there remained no longer any impediment to their marriage. The gordian knot was severed by the very authority which had formed it. Friend Dido and Martha Nazleby experienced a sudden relief from that weight on their mind, which had forced them to visit Friends in America, and felt easy to return home. The two worthies, Betsy Meek and Esquire Smallhead lived long, and died lamented. Betsy was for years a notorious dealer in grog "by the small," without legal license, contrary to the act of the state of New Jersey, in that case made and provided, for which after having escaped innumerable indictments, she was at last convicted and sentenced to imprisonment. She died in prison, expressing with her latest breath, her surprise that an ungrateful country so forgot the important services she had rendered during the "*revolution war*," as she termed it, and declaring, that had General Washington or General Maxwell lived, they would never have seen her so hardly used. The Esquire met with a very

different return for his valuable services, and died "*a hero of the revolution.*"

The reader may be anxious to know what distinguished share he took in the night's affair,—thus far is known. While Vallette was hurrying through a wood on his return to Bordentown, to rejoin his Captain, a man was seen to start at full speed from a bunch of bushes, with his body almost bent double, and his head sunk beneath his shoulders, shouting all the while, "don't shoot, don't shoot, don't shoot." One of the men, in sport, discharged his gun in the air, and the man dropped as if dead. He proved to be the Esquire; and being raised from the ground, was with difficulty persuaded that he was unhurt, or even alive. He lived, however, to be a great man, and a valiant, according to his own representations, though the people knew how far to credit them, and laughed at his empty boastings. After awhile, however, the actors in the scene, of which the esquire always represented himself the hero, died off, or removed from the vicinity, and the new comers began to look upon him as really a soldier of the revolution, and entitled to the gratitude of his country. Accordingly he was sent to the legislature, and aspired to a seat in congress. After many years, his native town was elevated to the dignity of a borough, and it became necessary to choose a chief burgess. Who so well qualified for that elevated station as the patriotic and gallant esquire? He was accordingly elected by the unanimous suffrages of his fellow-citizens, and became forthwith a great reformer of abuses. Wo to the man who left his wheel-barrow over night on the side path, especially if the chief burgess or his lady chanced to stumble over it. Wo to the boy, who ventured, in defiance of the "Proclamation" and the law, to fire a squib at elections, or on the 4th of July. Soon after he came into office, he strove anxiously to obtain authority from the legislature to hold a quarterly borough court, for the trial of all offences committed within its limits. A friend modestly suggested that there did not appear to be an amount of business sufficient to warrant the establishment of the court. "Oh," said the learned burgess, "Oh, let me but establish my court, and I'll *create* a business—I'll soon create a business, sir." On hearing that such was the calculation of their chief magistrate, the people declined to further it, and it failed. I remember to have been present on one occasion, at a concert given by a party of musical ladies and gentleman, at which Mr. Smallhead and the clergyman of the church in which it was held, were standing near me. "Old Hundred" was performed, and the reverend gentleman observed to me—"Noble tune that, sir, it was composed by Martin Luther." Another gentleman who was near us, did not hear the remark—"By whom, sir?" said he—"By *Marshal Blucher*, sir," said the chief burgess, emphatically, "by *Marshal Blucher*, sir,"—

But he is with his fathers; so rest to his ashes—peace to his memory. The country newspaper, in announcing his death, proclaimed that “another revolutionary hero was no more.” The body was interred with great state in the grave yard, and a volley fired over the senseless clay, that would have frightened the life out of its frail tenement, had it not fled already. A column was erected very appropriately upon the scene of his imaginary glory, just over the spot on which Scipio had planted his cannon; engraved upon its face, an epitaph bears honorable testimony to his usefulness, his genius, the manly excellence of his character, and the perfect purity of his practice. For the encouragement of the living, and to show what great and good qualities death confers upon ordinary mortals—how it makes the timorous brave, the weak wise, and the selfish generous, I subjoin the inscription which his fellow-citizens, at the public expense, engraved upon the tomb of their deceased and venerated chief burgess.

“Traveller!

Tread lightly on this sod,

For underneath rests all that was mortal of

Thomas Sneak Smallhead, Esquire,

A soldier of the revolution,

For many years a Justice of the Peace in and for the County
of Burlington,

Member of the Legislature, and first Chief Burgess of
Bordentown.

Richly endowed with Heaven’s gift of mind and heart,
Equally admired, esteemed, and beloved,

He charmed the social circle, and blest the domestic sphere

In him were combined, in rare union,

The virtues of a Christian and a patriot.

In her hour of need, his blood was given to his country—

In her hour of triumph,

She delighted to honor her patriot son.

On the 20th of January, 1816,

His fellow-citizens mourned in his, the departure of genius,
Valour, and virtue.

Traveller, make bare thy feet,
 Thou tread'st on holy ground
 Freedom keeps her vigils here,
 And breathes her spirit round.

That sod—'twas moistened once
 With freeman's blood*—yon mound,
 'Tis a hero's monument—
 Thou tread'st on holy ground !"

* Videlicet Scipio !

THE CONFESSION.

By the dim radiance of yon lighted star,
 Which shines above, so lonely and so far ;
 By the deep magic of this silent hour,
 By memory's rapture, and sensation's power,
I love, I love.

By all the feelings of pervading bliss,
 Which throned the spirit in a time like this,
 The thousand fantasies of hope and fear,
 Now dimly felt—now exquisitely dear—
I love, I love.

Clasped in my hands, let me but press thy own
 Unto this heart, that lives for thee alone.
 Its burning glow, its deep, full throb will tell,
 Better than vows, how fondly and how well
I love, I love.

And, dearest, come ! that soft and conscious blush,
 The spirit's language in the soul's deep hush.
 Thy bosom heaving with the half-told sigh,
 The hope, the passion, melting in thine eye—
 This trembling hand—this unresisting form
 Show words were weak to tell how pure, how warm
I'm loved, I'm loved.
ORCATIUS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

OF NEW WORKS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Our table is covered with what may be considered fair representatives of every department in the literary world. Of its commercial enterprise we have a noble example in these costly volumes of Burke, to which however we will do more fitting justice at an early period, and in another volume of Conner & Cooke's unequalled edition of Scott. Of its taste, we have these lovely Annuals attractive in their golden beauty, and speaking proudly for our land in their exquisite decorations and highly finished contents. Of its acquirements we have numerous works upon Education, from the elaborate treatise on Algebra, to the Peter Parley's Arithmetic for children. We have the Novel and the Tale, the Poem and the Sketch Book, the weighty biography and the humorous notice; all produced from the ever teeming sources of its power in the short evolution of a lunar month. In keeping pace with the current literature of the day, our course shall be as heretofore, impartial. We have been accused of showing unwarrantable favor to some books, and of dealing out undue severity to others. Such is not the fact. Our censure and our praise are alike unbiassed, alike the result of a careful examination—and in all cases will continue to be the same. In this spirit we proceed to our task. And first let us deal with our graceful and glittering visitants, the Annuals. Our English friends of a similar class we will reserve for an article in an early number, and take up the

RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR, a Christmas, New Year's, and Birth Day present, for 1834.
Edited by G. T. Bedell, D. D. Philadelphia; Key & Biddle.

In this, *by far* the best of our native Annuals, both publishers and editor have done their duty to render it unquestionably one of the most attractive volumes we have ever seen. Its appearance is extremely beautiful. The very binding has about it an air of chaste elegance, superior to any of the gaudy ornaments of its annual contemporaries, and happily befitting the character of the work. The engravings are of a description highly creditable to the country. The frontispiece, 'a true likeness of our Saviour, copied from the portrait carved on an emerald, by order of Tiberius Cæsar, which emerald the Emperor of the Turks afterwards gave out of the Treasury of Constantinople to Pope Innocent VIII., for the redemption of his brother taken captive by the Christians,' is engraved by George B. Ellis, in a style of extraordinary merit. There is an expression of unearthly benevolence in the fine countenance, and an unutterable purity in the expression of the features, happily caught and preserved with great power by the artist, while the legend attached to the portrait seems to give an authenticity to the expression, which in this case inexpressibly heightens the effect. We consider this fine engraving a gem of American art.

'The Intemperate,' engraved by W. B. Tucker, from a painting by Crenier,

is a plate of great force and beauty. The child by the father's side, the mother and her sick brother are admirably finished. So is 'Samuel and Eli,' engraved by Neagle, from the painting of Copley, R. A. The expression of rapt wonderment and attention in the old man's countenance is worthy of high commendation. 'Mastiff and Child,' has wonderful softness and fine moonlight effect. The gem of the volume, however, is the excellent engraving by J. B. Longacre, from West's great picture, 'Christ healing the sick in the temple.' The force and character of this mighty performance have been preserved with exceeding truth and high merit. We must award similar praise to the manner in which Robert's magnificent 'departure of the Israelites from Egypt,' has been reduced. The effect is really surprising. 'The Happy Family' is a composition of great beauty, and contains some of the finest points ever caught by a painter, and which it is giving high praise to say has lost nothing in the engraving. Upon the whole, we consider these decidedly the most creditable specimens of the art any of our publishing houses have yet produced, and it will be a high source of gratification to the proprietors, to find themselves placed in this enviable station. The literary contents are well suited to the character of the work, containing a variety of attractive reading, with poetry of great excellence, and in a variety that must please the most fastidious. Dr. Bedell is entitled from Christians to much praise for the manner in which he has executed his task; his 'auræ sententiæ' are not less honorable to his erudition, than they will be grateful to the community. The Religious Souvenir is entitled to liberal encouragement. It is a credit to America.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL ANNUAL, for 1834. Philadelphia; Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

The style of binding in this elegant volume is new and of exceeding richness and taste. If, in the contents, other annuals exceed it in interest or beauty, this is entitled to the palm of incomparable utility. It is an improved reprint of the celebrated Family Cabinet Atlas, which in England was considered a triumph of art, for the extreme minuteness and fidelity with which the maps were executed; and on comparing it with the original, we are happy to say, it is decidedly improved in its American dress. Will it be credited that here in the size of a small pocket volume, we have a complete Atlas of all the countries in the world, engraved in an exquisite style of miniature, which has enabled the artist to give an extent of detail scarcely credible, yet sufficiently accurate for all the purposes of ordinary reference. In addition to this, we have on the opposite page all the post towns, with their latitude and longitude, so that it contains a body of geographical information rarely to be met with in such a compact form, and of an utility so unquestioned, that every one should possess it. The maps are all beautifully colored, and the whole volume such as exhibits a joint perfection of typography and engraving.

THE PEARL.—THE OFFERING. Philadelphia; T. T. Ash.

As works of art, neither of these Annuals are worthy of notice. We have the illustrations of Rogers' Italy, and some other well known prints served up to us

in a style of inferior mezzotint, and palmed upon the public as the superb embellishments of an expensive Annual. It is almost too bad.

The literary contents of both are of a superior order, though juvenile; some of our best writers having thrown in their mites.

THE LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S POCKET ANNUAL, for 1834. Containing an Almanac, Officers of the United States Government, Members of Congress, United States Army and Navy List, Foreign Ministers and Consuls, and various other useful information. Also, Blank Paper for memorandums, and a collection of original and select pieces in prose and verse, edited by Edwin Williams, author of the New-York American Register. New-York; J. Disturnell.

Alas for New-York! while her sister cities have so honorably distinguished themselves by literary enterprise, in sending forth, in all the splendor of morocco and gold, hotpressed paper, and engravings, so many lovely volumes to decorate our drawing rooms, at the closing year, it can produce no higher specimen of its enterprise or its art, than an illuminated pocket book. The days of the Talisman are gone, and the genius of our Bryant's, our Halleck's, our 'Herbert's,' have dwindled into an essence of blank leaves and gilt calenders. Never mind 'Resurgam.' When the city of the Knickerbockers does awake, it will be in her strength. We await in hope.

These remarks imply no disparagement to this useful and elegant little volume, in which Mr. Disturnell has, with great taste, happily transplanted to our shores a class of works of uncommon utility and wide circulation in England. Its recommendation will be found in its titlepage, which we have faithfully transcribed; and certainly every lady and gentleman's pocket will be much improved by its presence.

THE ARISTOCRAT, AN AMERICAN TALE, by the author of 'Zoe.' 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia; Key & Biddle.

'The Aristocrat' for a title, with America for the scene at the close of the nineteenth century! In these times, so pregnant with change, what associations will not these circumstances conjure up in the reader's mind. For our part, we opened the volumes with feelings of high curiosity anxious to see whether it was Andrew the Sixth, surnamed the Merry, or Henry the Eighth, surnamed the Reformer;—the Jackson or the Clay dynasty were upon the throne of this transmogrified republic,—at all events, sure of stumbling at least upon an emperor, or perhaps king, lords, and commons, governing according to the last patent principle, one or the other of the many kingdoms in this vast continent, and maintaining the balance of power among what were once but—United States. The legatees in the fable, who ploughed over the field and found nothing but earth for their pains, were not more egregiously disappointed. From our peep into futurity, we can only discover every thing to be in statu quo. Democrats, Federalists, and Republicans, still the dominant factions of the state. Doctors are still oracles, lawyers are still rogues, and 'oh no! we never mention her,' as popular as ever. Nor are these all the wonders, we turn over page after page,

looking for the Aristocrat, until we arrive at 'Finis,' without finding him after all, (the word occurs we believe five times in the book,) and we rub our eyes when we have finished, to discover that we have been transported into the shadowy dominions of futurity, to peruse the commonest story of murder and robbery, love and magnanimity, that ever was invented.

Now we have no wish to use ungracious severity; any thing that savours of it in our remarks the author has most unequivocally drawn upon himself, by the whimsical, and, in all respects, ridiculous choice of a time, for which there was no possible occasion in his tale, and which, by his taking such little pains to support, has entailed such severe disappointment on his readers, and rendered his whole production so liable to the most pointed objections of criticism. Had this common tale, been written in a common manner, we might have observed upon it in the common spirit of remark. That there were in it many passages of great beauty, fine feeling, and delicate conception. That the characters were natural, sketched with truth, and supported with ability. That his descriptions were spirited, and often eloquent, and that there were many places in which he described natural emotions, with a fidelity equal to nature's self. As it is, we must toss it over, in the vexation of our spirit, to that corner of forgetfulness where it is doomed to lie; conscious that it requires no insight into futurity to discover, that the work is never destined to attain even the ninth rate immortality of a second perusal.

PETER SIMPLE; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A MIDSHIPMAN, by the author of the "King's Own," "The Naval Officer," &c. Philadelphia; E. L. Carey & A. Hart.

No narrative of late days will so well reward the attention, as these charming adventures. Smollet never wrote any thing half so good; Tom Cringle, was never half so true. There was great happiness in making simplicity of character, the stock on which to graft all the sterling qualities of our nature, and the author has known his power well, and has used it in every case with consummate advantage. There is in the narrative so much masterly ability, that, though many of the scenes are irresistably comical, there is in them nothing of caricature. We laugh and read, and read and laugh, and are constrained to admit that things could not have happened to Peter in any other manner. The adventures with the midshipmen, with Mrs. Trotter, with the press-gang, never were exceeded in fictitious writing. We become interested in spite of ourselves, and follow him with an anxiety we cannot conceal, through all his scrapes, misfortunes, and troubles, from the loss of his tarts, to the search after his equipment. The accessory characters are not less perfect. The first lieutenant with his punishments, the boatswain with his gentility, and O'Brien with his honesty and roughness, continually deceive us into the belief that we are reading a history, not a novel; and the thousand touches of truth and nature interspersed so admirably in the episodes, continue to heighten the delusion. Captain Marryat must have high satisfaction, in producing a work, in all respects so good, that it will not only be universally read and admired, but the characters of which will become household gods, whose adventures stand as fair a chance of being narrated at the fireside, as those of Robinson Crusoe, or Don Quixote.

LIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL, by the Rev. M. Russell, L. L. D. Forming volume 63 of Harpers' Family Library.

The detached biography of a splendid character, is a kind of work we are delighted to get hold of. It is so investing history with the vivid interest of personal narrative, and it is instructive to watch step by step the towering names of the world, as they ascended to that dizzy eminence where they were to remain fixed in the attention of mankind for ever. There, perhaps, never was a character, who won for himself the loftiest power or achieved many illustrious actions, who left behind him in his character such a legacy of uncertainty to his historians, as Oliver Cromwell. The instantaneous subversion too, like the tropic night, of his dynasty and his power, and the wonderful alacrity with which the nation not only suffered, but supported and yielded itself up, to the iron sway of his royal enemy and successor, in no way tended to shed much light upon the motives, or the principles of a man, whose hated magnificence, whose authority, and whose fame, all arose from the deep depression of the fortune of reigning powers. Shame, that the clouds which ignorance and faction had gathered over his memory, should have been suffered, during so many generations, to remain. Greater shame, that while so many historians have been found to record his hypocrisy, his tyranny, his selfishness, and his other thousand fancied or real crimes, none, with but few exceptions, should have as yet done justice to the full grandeur of his commanding genius, should have celebrated that aptitude for command which rendered his will irresistible, and finally supreme, and should have eulogized as it deserved, the pervading vigor of his administration, the invincible power of his arms, and the lofty jealousy of his nation's rights, which wrung submission from the haughty Louis, prostrated the Spaniard and the Dutchman, and made his country's flag respected and triumphant on every ocean in the world.

Russel, in writing the life of this amazing personage, has brought to the subject a full knowledge of its difficulties, and has availed himself of an immense variety of information, which had been accumulating during a long series of years. It would have been more fortunate for his own fame, had he assumed more of the responsibility and the authority of the philosophical historian, had he fairly grappled with his subject, and, instead of temporizing with its difficulties, subserved them to his use, and investigated Cromwell's character with the fearless boldness of a judge invested with full powers for his office. He has brought to the task many excellent qualifications, great industry, intimate acquaintance with his subject, and a strict desire to do impartial justice to his hero; and through his very anxiety to give both sides of the question, has deprived his narrative of a continuous interest, and though, from the prevalence of these causes, his work wants the boldness and the rank of elevated history—still, it is worthy of commendation, as a full and unbiassed biography of one of the most extraordinary men who ever figured on the stage of the world, and we cannot too much laud the good taste which induced the Harpers' to embody such a valuable authority, on such an intensely interesting subject and period, in their most excellent 'Family Library.'

POEMS, NARRATIVE AND LYRICAL, by William Motherwell. Glasgow; David Robertson. London; Longman.

A high rank as a Poet will be secured to Motherwell by this volume. There is in it all the elements of Poetical greatness. We feel the more pleasure in doing him this willing justice, as by introducing him more fully to their notice, we will be conferring a favor of no ordinary kind upon our countrymen. For ourselves, indeed, we have read his poetry with an interest, a stirring of the soul, to which we had long been a stranger. We so seldom meet in publications of this description, by untried authors, aught beside the fine spun fancies of diseased sentimentality, or the overwrought descriptions of imagination, that we took up the volume, with little else than curiosity, and certainly without any expectation. To communicate some of the passages, which so soon and so nobly undeceived us, to the public, is but a debt of gratitude to the delightful disappointment we received.

There are two fine peculiarities in Motherwell's genius. Its power and its intensity. Throughout the whole volume, in whatever vein he writes, he writes under the full influence of his inspiration. There are no expletives, no exhausted fancies,—we meet with no feebleness, no mere rhymes, none of that poverty of thought, which must lay down twenty worthless lines, for a foundation, ere one good idea is produced;—all is strength, richness and overflowing might. His stream flows from an ample fountain, and though often noisy, and sometimes diffused, it is never shallow, but is always deep, powerful, and refreshing. Again, whatever he writes, is tinctured with the enthusiasm of his soul. He lifts his voice in a war song, like the frenzy of a northern Scald. The heart rings to his verses, as the sword of Cuthullin would from the buckler of his foe in one of Ossian's fights. He has transferred the fire of the Scandinavian warriors to his song, we hear the ringing of the brands, the crash of the onset, the gushing of the life blood:—we are borne upon the mighty wave of battle, and forget every thing in the ambition to do, and die like a hero. Our readers will feel this, when they read the following verses from 'The Battle Flag of Sigurd,' the Magic Standard of the Northern Poets, which always carried victory to the army over which it waved, but as certain death to its bearer. The glorious legend he has made a worthy use of. These fiery verses are such as might be sung by a lion-hearted warrior, rushing on to conquest and to death.

THE BATTLE FLAG OF SIGURD.

The eagle hearts of all the North
Have left their stormy strand;
The warriors of the world are forth
To choose another land!
Again, their long keels sheer the wave,
Their broad sheets court the breeze;
Again, the reckless and the brave,
Ride lords of weltering seas.
Nor swifter from the well-bent bow
Can feathered shaft be sped,
Than o'er the ocean's flood of snow
Their snoring galleys tread.
Then lift the can to bearded lip,
And smite each sounding shield,
Wassail! to every dark-ribbed ship,
To every battle-field!

So proudly the Scalds raise their voices of
triumph,
As the Northermen ride over the broad-
bosom'd billow.

Aloft, Sigurd's battle-flag
Streams onward to the land,
Well may the taint of slaughter lag
On yonder glorious strand.
The waters of the mighty deep,
The wild birds of the sky,
Hear it like vengeance shoreward sweep,
Where moody men must die.
The waves wax wroth beneath our keel—
The clouds above us lower,
They know the battle-sign, and feel

All its resistless power!
 Who now uprears Sigurdir's flag,
 Nor shuns an early tomb? [surge,
 Who shoreward through the swelling
 Shall bear the scroll of doom?
 So shout the Scalds, as the long ships are
 nearing
 The low-lying shores of a beautiful land.

Silent the Self-devoted stood
 Beside the massive tree;
 His image mirror'd in the flood
 Was terrible to see!
 As leaning on his gleaming axe,
 And gazing on the wave,
 His fearless soul was churning up
 The death-rune of the brave.
 Upheaving then his giant form
 Upon the brown bark's prow,
 And tossing back the yellow storm
 Of hair from his broad brow;
 The lips of song burst open, and
 The words of fire rushed out, [crew
 And thundering through that martial
 Pealed Harald's battle shout;—
 It is Harald the Dauntless that lifteth his
 great voice,
 As the Northmen roll on with the Doom-
 written banner.

"I bear Sigurdir's battle-flag
 Through sunshine, or through gloom;
 Through swelling surge on bloody strand
 I plant the scroll of doom!
 On Scandia's lonest, bleakest waste,
 Beneath a starless sky, [ed,
 The Shadowy Three like meteors pass-
 And bad young Harald die;—
 They sang the war-deeds of his sires,
 And pointed to their tomb;
 They told him that this glory-flag
 Was his by right of doom. [been,
 Since then, where hath young Harald
 But where Jarl's son should be?
 'Mid war and waves—the combat keen
 That raged on land or sea."
 So sings the fierce Harald, the thirster for
 glory,
 As his hand bears aloft the dark death-
 laden banner.

"Mine own death's in this clenched hand!
 I know the noble trust;
 These limbs must rot on yonder strand—
 These lips must lick its dust;
 But shall this dusky standard quail
 In the red slaughter day,

Equal to this, is the 'Sword chant of Thorstien Raudi,' and 'The wooing song of Jarl Egill Skallaagrim.' All which we do not hesitate to say are the finest attempts in the language, to embody the wild and warlike sublimity of the Erse Poetry. Hear how the Scandinavian Chief addresses his love:

Bright maiden of Orkney,
 Star of the blue sea!
 I've swept o'er the waters
 To gaze upon thee;
 I've left spoil and slaughter,

Or shall this heart its purpose fail—
 This arm forget to slay?
 I trample down such idle doubt;
 Harald's high blood hath sprung
 From sires whose hands in martial bout
 Have ne'er belied their tongue;
 Nor keener from their castled rock
 Rush eagles on their prey,
 Than, panting for the battle-shock,
 Young Harald leads the way."
 It is thus that tall Harald, in terrible beauty,
 Pours forth his big soul to the joyance of
 heroes.

"Sigurdir's battle-flag is spread
 Abroad to the blue sky,
 And spectral visions of the dead
 Are trooping grimly by;
 The spirit heralds rush before
 Harald's destroying brand,
 They hover o'er yon fated shore
 And death-devoted band.
 Marshal, stout Jarls, your battle fast!
 And fire each beacon height,
 Our galleys anchor in the sound,
 Our banner heaves in sight!
 And through the surge and arrowy
 shower

That rains on this broad shield,
 Harald uplifts the sign of power
 Which rules the battle-field!"
 So cries the Death-doomed on the reed
 strand of slaughter,
 While the helmets of heroes like anvils
 are ringing.

On rolled the Northmen's war, above
 The Raven Standard flew,
 Nor tide nor tempest ever strove
 With vengeance half so true.
 'Tis Harald—'tis the Sire-bereaved—
 Who goads the dread career,
 And high amid the flashing storm
 The flag of Doom doth rear.
 "On, on," the tall Death-seeker cries,
 "These earth-worms soil our heel,
 Their spear-points crash like crisping
 ice,
 On ribs of stubborn steel!"
 Hurra! hurra! their whirlwinds sweep,
 And Harald's fate is sped;
 Bear on the flag—he goes to sleep
 With the life-scorning dead.
 Thus fell the young Harald, as of old fell
 his sires,
 And the bright hall of heroes bade hail to
 his spirit!

I've left a far strand,
 To sing how I love thee,
 To kiss thy small hand!
 Fair Daughter of Einar,
 Golden-haired maid!

The lord of yon brown bark
And lord of this blade ;
The joy of the ocean—

Of warfare and wind,
Hath bound him to woo thee,
And thou must be kind.

That all this spirit breathing poetry arises from that vivid power of genius, whereby it impersonates itself with whatever it says, will be exemplified by turning to a strain of a different kind. Give him one of the pure uncontaminated feelings of the heart, and not less deeply will he mingle with his subject. Never were verses penned of more thrilling, painful sadness, than the following, so utterly eloquent of passionate, comfortless grief,—more exquisitely touching from their tender resignation. He has dipped his pen in the very tears of an affectionate, but broken heart.

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break—
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
I'm dyin' for your sake !
Oh lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand on my briest-bane—
Oh say ye'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane !

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
Sair grief maun ha'e its will—
But let me rest upon your briest,
To sab and greet my fill :
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie
I never sall see mair !

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life—
A pair heart-broken thing Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair an mair—
Or it will burst the silken twine,
Sae strang is its despair !

Oh wae's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met—
Oh wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set !
Oh wae's me for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae—
And wae's me for the destinie,
That gart me luvè thee sae !

Oh ! dinna mind my words, Willie
I downa seek to blame—
But oh ! it's hard to live, Willie,
And dree a world's shame !
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,

And hailin' ower your chin ;
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow and for sin ?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see—
I canna live as I ha'e lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine—
And kiss ance mair the white, white
cheek,
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun'gaes through my heid, Willie,
A sair stoun' through my heart—
Oh ! haud me up, and let me kiss
Thy brow ere we twa part.
Anither, and anither yet !—
How fast my life-strings break !—
Fareweel ! fareweel ! through yon kirk-
yard
Step lichtly for my sake !

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
That lits far ower our heid,
Will sing the song as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid ;
And this green turf we'er sittin' on,
Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But oh ! remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be—
And oh ! think on the leal, leal heart
That ne'er luvit ane but thee !
And oh ! think on the cauld, cauld mools,
That file my yellow hair—
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,
Ye never sall kiss mair !

How the author of this poetry could sing of love—not of love, the frivolous, the inconstant, the vain, but of that pure and engrossing feeling, which absorbs all others in its intensity ! Burns, with all his experience and all his genius, Tannahill with his pathetic sweetness, Ramsay, with his fine unsophisticated feeling, have not produced any thing more profoundly, fondly affectionate, than the following :

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
 Through mony a weary way :
 But never, never can forget
 The luve o' life's young day !
 The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
 May weel be black gin Yule ;
 But blacker fa' awaits the heart
 Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 The thochts o' bygone years
 Still fling their shadows ower my path,
 And blind my een wi' tears :
 They blind my een wi' saut saut tears,
 And sair and sick I pine,
 As memory idly summons up
 The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
 'Twas then we twa did part ;
 Sweet time—sad time ! twa bairns at scule,
 Twa bairns, and but ae heart !
 'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
 To leir ilk ither lear : [shed,
 And tones, and looks, and smiles were
 Remember'd evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
 When sitting on that bink,
 Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
 What our wee heads could think ?
 When baith bent down ower ae braid page,
 Wi' ae buik on our knee,
 Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
 My lesson was in thee.

Oh mind ye how we hung our heads,
 How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
 Whene'er the scule-weans laughin said,
 We cleek'd thegither hame ?
 And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
 (The scule then skail't at noon,)
 When we ran aff to speel the braes—
 The broomy braes o' June ?

My head rins round and round about,
 My heart flows like a sea,
 As ane by ane the thochts rush back
 O' scule time and o' thee.
 Oh, mornin' life ! oh, mornin' luve !
 Oh lightsome days and lang,
 When hinnied hopes around our hearts
 Like simmer blossoms sprang !

Oh mind ye, luve, how aft we left
 The deavin' dinsome toun,
 To wander by the green burnside,
 And hear its water's croon ?
 The simmer leaves hung ower our heads
 The flowers burst round our feet,
 And in the gloamin o' the wood,
 The throssil whusslit sweet ;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
 The burn sang to the trees,
 And we with Nature's heart in tune,
 Concerted harmonies ;
 And on the knowe abune the burn,
 For hours thegither sat
 In the silentness o' joy, till baith
 Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Tears trickled doun your cheek,
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
 Had ony power to speak !
 That was a time, a blessed time,
 When hearts were fresh and young,
 When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
 Unsyllabled—unsung ?

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
 Gin I hae been to thee
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
 As ye hae been to me ?
 Oh ! tell me gin their music fills
 Thine ear as it does mine ;
 Oh ! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
 Wi' dreamings o' langsyne ?

To the poet who could pen such verses, nothing could come foreign—and his descriptions of nature, her gladness, and her beauty, are redolent of the sunny freshness of a morning spring. Our extracts have been long, or we would give the 'May Morn Song,' 'They come, the merry Summer Months,' and the 'Sabbath Summer Noon,' all full of Poetry and fine feeling. The last breathing a 'Sabbath stillness of serene repose,' chastened and exalted by a refining piety.

His miscellaneous pieces have many of them unusual excellence. The following verses have great merit in their wild and singular originality :

THE DEMON LADY.

Again in my chamber !
 Again at my bed !
 With thy smile sweet as sunshine,
 And hand cold as lead !
 I know thee, I know thee !—
 Nay, start not, my sweet !

These golden robes shrank up,
 And showed me thy feet !
 These golden robes shrank up,
 And taffety thin,
 While out crept the symbols
 Of Death and of Sin !

Bright, beautiful devil!
 Pass, pass from me now;
 For the damp dew of death
 Gathers thick on my brow;
 And bind p thy girdle,
 Nor beauties disclose,
 More dazlingly white
 Than the wreath-drifted snows:
 And away with thy kisses;
 My heart waxes sick,
 As thy red lips, like worms,
 Travel over my cheek!

Ha! press me no more with
 That passionless hand,
 'Tis whiter than milk, or
 The foam on the strand;
 'Tis softer than down, or
 The silken-leafed flower;
 But colder than ice thrills
 Its touch at this hour.
 Like the finger of Death
 From cerements unrolled,
 Thy hand on my heart falls
 Dull, clammy, and cold.

Nor bend o'er my pillow—
 Thy raven black hair
 O'ershadows my brow with
 A deeper despair;
 These ringlets thick falling
 Spread fire through my brain,

We will finish our extracts with the Poets closing verses, they are touching and beautiful.

And my temples a'e throbbing
 With madness again.
 The moonlight! the moonlight!
 The deep winding bay!
 There are two on that strand,
 And a ship far away!

In its silence and beauty,
 Its passion and power,
 Love breathed o'er the land,
 Like the soul of a flower.
 The billows were chiming
 On pale yellow sands;
 And moonshine was gleaming
 On small ivory hands.
 There were bowers by the brook's brink,
 And flowers bursting free;
 There were hot lips to suck forth
 A lost soul from me!

Now, mountains and meadow,
 Frith, forest, and river,
 Are mingling with shadows—
 Are lost to me ever.
 The sunlight is fading,
 Small birds seek their nest;
 While happy hearts, flower-like,
 Sink sinless to rest.
 But I!—tis no matter:—
 Ay, kiss cheek and chin;
 Kiss—kiss—thou hast won me,
 Bright, beautiful Sin!

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully,
 This midnight wind doth sigh,
 Like some sweet plaintive melody
 Of ages long gone by:
 It speaks a tale of other years—
 Of hopes that bloomed to die—
 Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
 And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! oh, mournfully,
 This midnight wind doth moan;
 It stirs some chord of memory
 In each dull heavy tone:

The voices of the much loved dead
 Seem floating thereupon—
 All, all my fond heart cherished
 Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully,
 This midnight wind doth swell,
 With its quaint pensive minstrelsy,
 Hope's passionate farewell
 To the dreamy joys of early years,
 Ere yet grief's canker fell
 On the heart's bloom—ay! well may tears
 Start at that parting knell!

It will be plain to all who read these extracts, that if we hear no further of Motherwell, it will be his own fault. We feel sorry, though many will condemn us for the feeling, that he has chosen to write his finest and most pathetic verses in that unintelligible Scotch jargon, which we cannot help regarding as the barbarous relic of a barbarous age, and the perpetuating of which is the greatest crime of Burns' genius. Yet the volume is full of gems of stately thought and noble feeling. The enthusiasm, the spirit, the energy of his war lays—the freshness and beauty of his descriptions—the pathetic melancholy of his tenderness—like the night-wind's whisper over an Æolian Harp, have all that high souled energy which spring from genius. The lofty, the pervading, the refined.

THE FIVE NIGHTS OF ST. ALBANS, a Romance of the sixteenth century, by the author of 'First and Last.' Philadelphia; Carey, Lea & Elanchar.

This splendid romance is a daring, and, we almost say, successful attempt to revive Lewis' method of fascinating the attention, by an unsparing use of supernatural excitement. On its first publication in England, a few years back, it commanded in an extraordinary manner the public mind, by the great power of the style, and the unshrinking manner in which the author used the terrific in his narrative. The writer is evidently a man of strong genius, with great force of expression, and by linking the unearthly with the natural, and freely drawing upon his own imagination and his reader's credulity, he has constructed a tale, steeped in excitement from beginning to end. There are many places where he holds the fancy absolutely captive, and where we cannot help resigning ourselves to the mysterious fascination of which he is such a master in the use. With all their extravagance there is something of sublimity in the sensation such appalling scenes produce—and we must accord our warm admiration, to the manner in which they have been executed.

AN ESSAY ON ELOCUTION, designed for the use of Schools and Private Learners, by Samuel Kirkham, author of 'English Grammar in Familiar Lectures.' Baltimore; John W. Woods.

This is a very valuable work on one of the most important sciences—accomplishment it can hardly now be termed—which the tone and character of modern society has created. With much that is defective, and much that is wanting in the scientific portion of the work, but which can be easily remedied in a future edition—this essay has many features of excellence. The author has rigidly and wisely adhered to the old and correct models of English Orthoepy, justly discountenancing the weak innovators, who would so egregiously mar the fine simplicity of our language, he has given the cream of what preceding writers have said upon the subject, and added much excellent information of his own. While we object to the rambling disquisitions of the preface, as unworthy of such a book, we have a more serious fault to find with the liberty which he has taken upon him in altering the style of some of the authors whose writings he adduces as illustrations. No quibbling can excuse a license so unwarrantable, as any unauthorized interference with the works left to the sacred protection of posterity; it has ever been one of the most serious misfortunes of literature and ought to be decisively discountenanced. With this slight exception, which we trust the author will rectify, we admire the work as one of the best practical treatises we have, and well worthy of encouragement by all teachers.

CANTERBURY TALES, First Series, by Sophia and Harriet Lee. Philadelphia; Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

These tales had the good fortune to be published before any of the similar collections, now so frequent, were in existence, and therefore, more from this novelty than any peculiar interest, attracted the attention of Lord Byron, as well as other eminent literary characters, who warmly praised them. Their ex-

cellence, however, has received the long eulogium of near thirty years, during which they were read, and admired, and talked of, without a dissenting voice, to detract from the general admiration awarded to them. Their merit consists in a continual variety of incidents, and a delicate management of the plot, which holds the attention in a constant grasp, while the conversational character of the whole, and the charming vivacity of the dialogue, gives an agreeable relief to the entertainment we receive.

They were written, as we are informed in the preface to the present edition, (by Harriet, the surviving sister,) by these gifted young ladies in the midst of the bustle and the turmoil of domestic charges—and it is a fine illustration of their characters, that, with such incentives to fame as the popularity of these tales held forth, they should, as Harriet feelingly expresses it, have supplied the place of a mother to a numerous family.

The 'Canterbury Tales,' in the present form, are an acquisition to our literature, for they will continue to be popular while ordinary passions hold their sway.

POPULAR ESSAYS ON NAVAL SUBJECTS, by the author of a 'Year in Spain.' New-York; George Dearborn.

This little work, beautifully printed, in that attractive style which the enterprise of this spirited publisher has so mainly contributed to introduce in our city, is a reprint of three articles on 'Ships, Navy, and Navigation,' furnished by this deservedly popular writer, for the *Encyclopedia Americana*. It consists of a historical sketch of the three subjects above mentioned, written in an easy and graceful style; and the object of the publication, as is aptly termed in the preface, being 'to disinter the articles in question from the work of reference, in which, for some time, they have remained buried; and to place them in a convenient form before those who may be desirous of information on a subject of universal interest,' will be completely attained by the form in which they are reprinted. The preface contains some sensible and good-tempered remarks on the relative pay of the army and navy, well worthy the public attention.

ALICE PAULET, A SEQUEL TO SYDENHAM, OR MEMOIRS OF A MAN OF THE WORLD, by the author of 'Sydenham;' 2 vols. Philadelphia. E. L. Carey & A. Hart.

We commence the perusal of Alice Paulet, with that zest of excited feeling which we feel conscious, from our acquaintance in the same quarter, will not be disappointed. We sit down, as to the banquet of a celebrated epicure, where we have formerly experienced an exquisite treat, and of which the goût still lingers in our palates.

Those who have read the fine novel, of which this is the conclusion, will hasten to make themselves master of these volumes, when we assure them that they are even superior to their predecessors. There are fewer characters introduced upon the stage, but they are finished with far superior care. That of Alice in particular, is every way worthy of her hero, and her portrait is wrought with those fine and masterly touches which constitute the perfection

of painting. The cold and superior philosophy of Sydenham, directing his manly feelings and accurate sensibility, is an achievement of the highest order in the realms of fiction. No novel that ever was published, for these volumes are but a part of the former work, has depended less upon incident to engage our attention, yet there are none which succeed more powerfully in interesting it. And why? because the author of Sydenham has studied human nature in those minute recesses where other observers have never thought of looking, while he is not less master of its more prominent traits and his characters have, therefore, that complete fidelity, and that reflected truth; which engage and delight us in the development of emotions which we have all a thousand times experienced, and which seem, in the beauty of their delineation, far less like fiction than like fact. It is this fine and pervading perfection which will make these novels be read with interest by the firmest mind, as well as the most frivolous, and which warrants us in assigning to the author the foremost rank among the fictitious writers of the day.

THE BOOK OF MY LADY, A MELANGE, by a Bachelor Knight. Philadelphia; Key & Biddle.

'Here is song of war for knight,—Lay of love for lady bright,'—Tales of wonder for the curious—tales of peril for the brave, of olden time, for the so inclined, in a variety of style diversified as the subjects. There is rhapsody for the warm, and sobriety for the sad. There is spirit for the gay, and poetry for the fair; romance and song, history and fiction, mingled, indeed, as he says himself, in a 'Melange;' yet which it becomes us to say is but a little delightful.

We admire the spirit in which the book is written. It comes on us in 'this age of calculations,' like a sunbeam from the days of Froissart. We like the chivalrous gallantry, the romantic devotion, the generous enthusiasm; all bespeak, not the cold respect of an economizing, calculating generation, but the high, and to us congenial, feeling of some southern and sunny land, where hearts beat with a prouder and a loftier sympathy than in these colder climes.

The ladies should all buy this book, or rather the gentlemen should all buy it for their respective favorites. They will take a pleasure when reading it, to think that it must have been written by one of those gallant spirits, who, had he lived in the days of the old romance would have broken a lance against every comer in defence of the peerless pretensions of his own ladye love.

BROAD GRINS AND POETICAL VAGARIES, by George Colman the younger. Philadelphia; E. L. Carey & A. Hart.

Colman was accounted by his contemporaries one of the greatest wits of his age, and here are all his facetiæ congregated together in a variety, which will certainly, we have no doubt, succeed in producing a broad grin; but we will not stake our critical acumen so far as to prophesy whether it will be a yawn or a laugh. At all events we would earnestly advise every one to buy the book, as, in these dolorous times, even the experiment is well worth a trial.

A GUIDE TO AN IRISH GENTLEMAN IN HIS SEARCH FOR A RELIGION, by the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, Rector of Killigman. Philadelphia; Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

The readiness with which, in this work, the gauntlet thrown down so cavalierly to the whole Protestant church by Tom Moore, has been lifted, speaks well for the zeal of its champion; and the candor, fairness, and scrutinizing ability with which he has investigated the subject, speak not less warmly for his cause.

Though the author of *Lalla Rookh* is a more dexterous skirmisher with the rapier, he will scarcely be able to compete with his adversary in the use of the broadsword, the only weapon with which Mr. O'Sullivan is acquainted; the poet has disguised the unpalatable dose of his polemics with all the attractive graces his profession taught him so well how to assume. The divine lays down his doctrines with the homely conviction of one who believes that they require no other graces than their own; the one never forgets in his argument that he is an accomplished writer, the other never allows himself to think of any thing but his answer or defence. Where such is the character of the disputants, it is easy to see how the controversy will lie. The 'Irish gentleman' will find numbers to accompany him on his travels; his 'guide' will be, for the most part, left to show the road to himself.

O'Sullivan's 'guide,' nevertheless deserves and will repay a careful perusal. To an intimate acquaintance with his subject, which never finds him unprepared upon even the knottiest points of controversial divinity, he adds a clear and sound common sense, before which the quibbles of scholastic ingenuity are of no avail; and above all an earnest and evident desire to develop the truth, for the sake of truth alone, so that to those who have read *Thomas Little's* specious arguments upon religion, and have been dazzled by his showy erudition,—this book will be a faithful monitor, who should at least be heard before judgment is pronounced.

BAILEY'S ALGEBRA.—BAKEWELL'S PHILOSOPHY.—HISTORICAL CLASS BOOK.—POPULAR LESSONS IN ASTRONOMY.—PETER PARLEY'S ARITHMETIC.—GEOGRAPHICAL COPY BOOK. Boston; Carter, Hendee & Co.

We have here a number of elementary works on education, all of which we consider extremely valuable for the care and attention with which they have been prepared, and for the great purpose they are intended to subserve.

Bailey's admirable Treatise on Algebra, renders that interesting and important branch of science by the happy simplicity of its directions, plain to the meanest capacity. We consider the arrangement the author has adopted in compiling it, such as renders it decidedly the best of its class.

Bakewell's delightful 'Conversations,' too, has been much improved by the judicious adaptation of questions for review, which must greatly facilitate the study of this interesting and much approved work.

The Historical Class Book, is a work of higher pretensions, but of not less utility. It describes, in a felicitous juvenile style, the annals of the ancient world, on a new and comprehensive principle of dividing the world into different geographical squares, and in them describing the respective history of each. It is accompanied by a neatly colored illustrative map, and we hope to see it followed by another work, including modern nations on a similar plan.

Peter Parley is an old gentleman, well known to American children, and has, we think, with his pretty cuts and agreeable questions, contrived to make himself not less pleasant in his Arithmetic, than he is in his magazine.

The Outline Maps must prove exceedingly useful in learning chorography; and the diagrams in the 'Popular Lessons in Astronomy,' afford the clearest view of the comparative size and importance of the heavenly bodies we have met with.

SKETCHES AND ECCENTRICITIES OF COL. DAVID CROCKETT. New-York; Harpers.

We care as little whether this capital squib be a true and faithful memoir of the redoubted colonel, as the world does whether the streak of lightning he is reported to have outstripped, was beat by an inch or an ell. It matters not; the book will subserve its purpose, of giving a good humored and animated sketch of that nondescript, half-horse, and half-alligator genus, the Backwoodsmen—with their life, riots, exploits and escapes, and the want of that very sketch was a hiatus in the only indigenous literature we possess. The Wits of every country have their butt; the English have their Irishman, with his 'bulls, blunders, botheration and blarney;' the French have the Gascon, with his contrasted points of magniloquence, and good-for-nothingness; and without multiplying examples, why should not we have the Backwoodsman, who can grin the bark of a tree, whip his weight in wild-cats, and whisper a little louder than the thunder.

The tone of the book is such as no one can object to, and its execution such, as will cause many a roar of laughter, these long winter nights.

THE MAGDALEN AND OTHER TALES, by James Sheridan Knowles. Philadelphia, Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

These charming tales, show that the author of the Hunchback, wields as graceful a pen in the lighter walks of literature, as he does a powerful one in the highest ranges of the Drama. They were originally published in the English Periodicals, and were well worth collecting, being lively, powerful, affecting and entertaining.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, with a biography and his last additions and illustrations, vol. 5. New-York, Conner & Cooke.

This volume, the fellows of which we have successively announced as they appeared, contains, *The Talisman*, *Woodstock*, *The Highland Widow*, *Two Drovers*, *My Aunt Margaret's Mirror*, *Tapestried Chamber*, *The Laird's Jock*, *Fair Maid of Perth*, *Anne of Geirstien*, *Count Robert of Paris*, *Castle Dangerous*, *The Surgeon's Daughter*, and a glossary for all the novels.

Thus then in *four volumes*, we have complete, without abridgement or mutilation, the entire series of those splendid fictions, which enchanted the world of letters during so many years, and which were originally published in SEVENTY-SEVEN OCTAVO VOLUMES, and sold in England for upwards of *thirty guineas*.

This unrivalled condensation may well be recorded as a wonder in the Typographic art, and is, we believe, unequalled in any part of the world. It should be sent to De Israeli, for the next edition of his curiosities of literature.

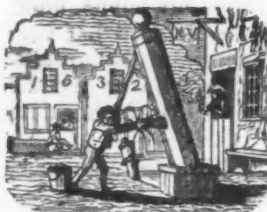
LUCIA THE BETROTHED.—Is a novel translated by an accomplished young lady of this city, from the "Promessi Sposi," of Manzoni, and now in the course of publication by Mr. Dearborn. This masterly production said to be the chef-d'œuvre of that commanding genius, whose achievements in every department of literature have won him a foremost rank among the great names of his country—has been done into English, in a manner that reflects the highest honor upon the gifted mind, which has attempted this congenial and grateful task.

Our Last Article for eighteen hundred and thirty-three;

OR,

THE WINDING UP OF THE FIRST YEAR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER:

Containing some thoughts with which it is hoped the readers of this Magazine will make themselves acquainted.



LITTLE patience! Not the winding up, most gently astonished reader, of our whole concern, in a common acceptance of this greatly perverted term,—but a winding up in the true metaphorical sense,—(the phrase having doubtless originated in the practice observed in the management of our ancient time-keepers,) preparatory to our starting again with freshened powers and accelerated impetus, on the second year of our existence.

And here, the thought strikes us, we cannot better effect our original intention in the ending of this article, than by circumstantially detailing unto thee, the particulars of a conversation which we lately held with a respected friend of ours, who happened to call at our domicile, and give us his most sage advice, at a time when our attention was engrossed in a more especial manner, (as might naturally have been expected at this critical period of its existence,) with the affairs of this, our favorite magazine.

It may, perhaps, be necessary to inform thee, that our residence in this ancient city of Gotham, built after that substantial and venerable fashion introduced by our ancestors from Amsterdaam, and one of the few remaining relics of a better age, which the incontinent taste for innovation of the present period has spared—is built in a retired situation, and is peculiarly adapted, from its unobtrusive appearance, and though in the midst of the city, from its secluded neighbourhood, for the residence of one of studious habits like ourselves. We do not choose more particularly to indicate its location, inasmuch as the gratification of the natural curiosity which such an intimation would occasion, would be singularly at variance with the domestic and unambitious nature of our habits.

However, it was in the evening of one of these latter days, being

fairly housed in our study, and having finished our customary smoke—lit our candle,—carefully brushed the specks and dust from the green baize which covers our table,—and arranged the books and papers for our nightly toil, with that scrupulous preparatory care which we ever observe, and in which we resemble some other great men—that we heard, at the outer door, the gentle and well known, though seldom repeated knock of our respected friend and kinsman, Mynheer Von —, but we had almost trespassed on the injunction which he had laid on us, not to divulge his cognomen—and we will, therefore, designate him for the present after the fashion of eminent authorities, by the assumed name of Petrus Stuyvesant, the guardian saint of this our magazine, merely promising that he is one of our most staid and valued acquaintances. With much alacrity we admitted him to our presence—and having disposed of his cocked hat and gold headed cane on a pin near the window, which we reserve for our own Sunday articles of a like description, we entreated him to be seated, enjoining upon him for that purpose, to accept the single arm chair, which we appropriate to our own especial use. To this, however, he would by no means consent, but placing himself upon an ancient oaken stool, the only other seat we possess—entered with great kindness and familiarity into a conversation on the general topics of the day. After we had in this manner with much good feeling discussed a couple of pipes, we ventured to break to him the subject which had lain so largely on our thoughts, and to ask him his opinion as to the course which we had already pursued, and that which it would be the best for us to follow for the future, in the direction of our ever-at-heart and cherished Knickerbocker.

‘My friend,’ said he, drawing closer to the table and pushing the pile of books rather more from before him, ‘This is a weighty subject, and one which is not less a matter of deep concern to me than to thyself. It will behoove us to speak upon it with all plainness and sincerity.’

We confess the serious tone in which he pronounced this oracular sentence awakened in us some sharp misgivings of an approaching lecture—which, however, were presently dissipated by the kind manner in which he added—‘Not but that upon the whole, considering the difficulties you had to encounter—I, in a great measure, approve of your editorial conduct, which was altogether regulated by circumstances over which you had no control—but that in a matter of such import, it is right that we mutually understand each other—’

‘Certainly,’ said we, ‘proceed.’

‘Your Magazine then,’ continued he, ‘has not been exactly what it was expected—I mean to say, you have not succeeded in revi-

ving that fine and peculiar spirit of literature, which, in the days of 'Lancelot Langstaff and others,' used to tickle the town with arch, indeed, and waggish effusions—but which were still finely drawn, springing from, and indicative of, the society they so pleasantly portrayed, and which will remain to our literature and manners a memorial for ever, such as are now the recorded sayings of Sir Roger De Coverly and Will Honeycomb, to that of the time of the Spectator. A literature which it was fondly hoped thy periodical would have been the means once more of calling to existence, but which, whether from the altered character of the times—the catalepsis, perhaps total decease of the taste, or the want of a sufficient stimulus—still slumbers in the torpor which one great spirit found,—stirred into life and beauty—and left as it was before.'

'It is indeed to be deplored,' returned we. 'Any one of the causes you have mentioned, would be sufficient to account for the failure. The principal however will be found in the first. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.* The fault certainly lies not in us, the tone of our society, the habits of our thinking, have been altered, men think now of generalities, where they did formerly of particulars. The horizon of society has been enlarged. Where we might a few years back have looked for a civic patronage with local objects and illustrations—we must look now for a National—where the sphere was narrow before it has become vast,—from a circumscribed we have arisen to a grander destiny,—with objects alike lofty, imposing, and magnificent.'

'The circumstances which led to the withdrawal of the editor, under whose auspices you started, militated against you, as far as regards the matter upon which I was discoursing.'

'Greatly—but not so essentially in that particular as you seem to imagine. With a fine taste, excellent understanding, and highly cultivated mind, that accomplished gentleman must have been an honor to any undertaking. Yet his knowledge of society was too extensive, his judgment far too accurate, to lead him into the exclusive path you have mentioned, and though he estimated that charming literature at its proper value, and would doubtless have cultivated it to a rational extent, his just perception, his enlarged ideas would have alike made him bend his whole energies into the very path we have been pursuing—would have led him, as the dearest object of his soul, to make the proud periodical he conducted—a focus for those diverging rays, which collected must form the clear and strong light of a NATIONAL LITERATURE. Such has been and such will be our purpose. If our progress has been slow and ineffective, it has been sure and steady; and as our means have enlarged it has been so uniformly accumulating in efficiency, that we

may now predict with the utmost confidence, our complete adaptation, and that in a shorter time than would be imagined, to all the mighty objects we have proposed.'

'I am constrained to admit,' resumed our friend, with a serious yet satisfied countenance, and folding up as he spoke the corners of a sheet of blank paper which lay before him, as if a long train of previous ideas were vanishing out of his mind; 'I must confess there is much truth, and great justice in what you have said. It is expedient, as well as right, that attention to a part should be merged in the interest of the whole. This is truly a great and a mighty people, and the task of catering to, and perhaps assisting to form, their literary taste, while it is a nobler, is likewise a far more splendid object than could be found in a more limited design. But even there, has not your course been liable to objection. Can you not be accused with justice, of filling your pages with the productions of 'names unknown,' instead of adorning thy periodical with the lucubrations of the mighty, the well established in our literature.'

'In that specious objection,' resumed we, with a little warmth, 'we can see but one of the greatest sources of our praise. As public confidence becomes established, as the world becomes convinced of our strength and our resolution—such assistance as you speak of will not be wanting in an abundant degree. Even now, and the boast will be incalculably increased, the KNICKERBOCKER has been the means of bringing into the field greater and more numerous names, than any other periodical ever established in our country. But even were they absent;—is it not a noble lot to foster latent genius into life? To encourage the young talent of the country? and to be a ready and convenient channel into which every little rill of mind may pour its tributary stream, and thus preserve that, in freshness and beauty, which would be otherwise dissipated and lost for ever. In this respect, at least, my worthy friend, you must turn your objection into praise, and acknowledge that our course has been the best. Proud of the co-operation of our greatest names—yet ever holding out the hand of encouragement to the timid, the reserved, the unknown.'

'Certainly,' replied he, 'you have made a good case out, and now upon reflection, perhaps, the remark was a little cynical. But I was doubtless swerved by the influence such names exert upon opinion.'

We answered him with enthusiasm—'and is not the starry garland of the KNICKERBOCKER rich even in such names as you have mentioned?—Have we not had the polished song of Bryant—the graceful wit of Paulding—the nervous and noble lay of our own Sigourney.'

'True,' said he, interrupting us, that 'Indian Names,' was one of a thousand, full of proud feeling, and of lofty thought, fit accompaniment to the everlasting roar of our Susquehannah's and our Niagara's, and worthy to be pealed by the last of his race, in his war-dress from the eternal peaks of our Alleghanies. It alone were enough to redeem a volume.'

'Yes,' said we, well pleased to see him roused. 'Thy enthusiasm is in excellent place. But have we not likewise the charming good nature of Miss Gould, and——But to what purpose need we recount over a long list of well known names, whose contributions have graced our pages. Though we have little, little, as yet to boast of, we have achieved enough to show a fact, long disputed or denied, that even a magazine may be a medium of embodying the scattered efforts of all the great minds of our country, where, however dissimilar, disconnected, and infinitely varied, they may be concentrated in a union which will long remain to amuse, instruct, or to delight. But we even attach still more value to our periodical as a medium of bringing before the public the best efforts of that 'unrepresented class,' in the republic of letters, whose genius or whose powers are too often neglected, because untested and unknown, of these you must confess our pages have given some highly favorable specimens.'

'Yes, you had some very sweet poetry in 'the Land of Dreams,' from E. C. Linden, from whose genius, if cultivated, much may be hoped, and many readable tales and papers, which, upon the whole, may pass muster exceedingly well, among the pages of a periodical—many of your lighter pieces indeed are creditable in the extreme, among others the 'Falls of Mongaup,' full of spirit, energy, and a just perception of poetical power, which give to the description an effect equal to the subject.'

'They were indeed very fine, and we hope for many contributions from the same gifted pen; but of all such pieces there is one of an excellence rarely to be met with in magazines;—we mean those touching and finely poetical verses, the 'Bride,' which for pathos, beauty, or feeling, may well be called one of the brightest gems of occasional poetry ever published in the country.'

'They were generally admitted to be such, and their praise cannot be suspected, coming even from you.'

'Friend,' said we, 'at such a time as this, when winding up the affairs of our first twelve months, it is but right to enumerate and place for your special approbation any of our varied contributions, which particularly please us—and even were we to publish this, our conversation, as our faculty of memory would easily enable us to do, it would serve a very useful end, and would be answering the same purpose for us, as the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' do for

our renowned brother, and trusty cousin, Blackwood, forming light and amusing dramas, where the merits of old Christopher's favorite contributors and their articles are introduced to his readers with that particular praise which they deserve.'

'To the practice, in such a publication as this, there can be no possible objection. But I have not seen any inappetency on the part of the public to appreciate your merit when it was apparent.'

'There,' replied we, 'indeed you are most unquestionably right. Perhaps no enterprise of this kind, ever attempted in our country, has been more largely indebted to the warm partiality, with which the public favoured us from the very commencement of our career. We were welcomed into the world with smiles of encouragement. It was a gladsome sight, never before so gloriously witnessed in the annals of publishing, to see, the moment the magic name of *KNICKERBOCKER* was announced, and New-Yorkers became certain they would have a magazine of their own, how they crowded to fill up the subscription list,—how carriages, stanhopes, wagons, sleighs, sulkies and sociables, all drove up to 219 Broadway—their inmates eager to have their names in the *Livre d'or*, which soon contained a prouder and a nobler list, than the celebrated scroll of the Venetian's heraldry. Never bookseller held such a levee as did Peabody & Co., day after day, when the young, the old, the merchant, the tradesman, the bright-eyed, the lovely-formed, thronged their establishment, all anxious, ere it made its appearance in the world, to act as sponsors to the expected, the desired, the waited for,—The *KNICKERBOCKER*,—heir to all the hopes, the wishes, the proud-feelings of Gotham,—and when, like Minerva from the skull of Jupiter, it came ready armed into the field,—how month after month they loved to watch its appearance, how they pardoned its infant errors—how, with all the partiality of a father for his favorite child, they excused its deficiencies, they lauded its merits, in the generous hope of ulterior improvement.—Indeed, my friend, you may well say, the public, the honored public stood our friend, and proportionably bound are we, now that we are approaching adolescence, and our form is acquiring vigor, our bones firmness, and our sinews strength, to repay with increased energy, with greater exertions, with an undeviating anxiety for improvement, that noble and unwavering confidence, with which they honoured us, in spite of calumny and opposition, publisher's peccadilloes, indiscreet friends, and open enemies.'

'Truly,' said our visiter, 'thou hast drawn an animated picture, and it delights me to see, that, even already, the ends of thy magazine's existence have been, in some measure, fulfilled. Already the literary community look up to it as an organ of criticism. The press multiplies your articles, your tales, your poetry, to the utter-

most parts of our union. The critical journals of England notice it in handsome terms—and some of its articles have been reprinted there, with many commendations; my greater communion with the world, gives me to see more of such things than thee, and it must certainly glad thy feelings to be acquainted with them.'

'It does; and another convincing proof,' added we, 'of our success, will be found in that quickening of the public spirit, which is ever attendant upon prosperous enterprise. For years before we started, New-York had no periodical of the kind. Now, called into trial by the eclat of the Knickerbocker's triumph, we have FOUR, not to mention others in embryo or in rumor. Again, what a reviviscence of old associations. The days of Diedrich's undoubted history seem to have returned. We have Knickerbocker steeds, Knickerbocker stages, Knickerbocker yachts. If a witling endites a paragraph for the newspaper, he signs himself by our venerated and popular cognomen. We see the placid and cocked-hat-surmounted face of the renowned historian, swinging on the tavern post, and we hear of Knickerbocker at the fire-side, in the steamboat, on the road. The very name speaks proudly to old reminiscences, and while the memory of ancient customs and of the times of the renowned Stuyvesant and Von Twiller shall exist, our undertaking will not want a friend.'

'True,' returned our venerable acquaintance, adjusting his queue and resting his head between his hands, and his elbows upon the table, so as he might look at us with an air of greater determination, 'True, such feelings have their sway, and such predilections for any favorite, are always of some force. But,'—here, though he is naturally benevolent, his brows became knit, and his gaze at us across the table was concentrated into something very like a frown, "you must not calculate too much on the forbearance or the indulgence it will create.'

With much pride and satisfaction we replied to him, 'Although the possession of *Knickerbocker* as a name, were it nothing else than its unapproachable singularity, is a tower of exceeding strength; still its abstract charm never has entered for a moment into our calculations for the public favor. No, like a stately bark, well-manned and seaworthy, we commenced our voyage. Though difficulties were so rife, that no insurance could be effected; though friends feared, and foes foretold our shipwreck; though quicksands and rocks were to be encountered in our path; though there was storm in the sky, and danger in the wave, a head-wind, and a lee shore, with breakers roaring ominously for our destruction, still, with sails trimmed and pennon fluttering proudly from our mast, we made way against every opposition, and steered, at length, safely and prosperously into harbor. In like manner, stimu-

lated by our success, and experienced by our dangers, we will recommence our voyage under the happiest auspices for successful issue; trusting solely to a strong bark, a careful pilot, and a gallant crew, for our safety, we will recommit ourselves to the waters,—and who will dare to say now, that we will not reach the port?

‘Certainly,’ said our friend, his countenance having resumed its usual benevolent expression, ‘you are warranted to hold such language; success and experience alike inspire confidence, and, in a case like yours, where difficulties conquered by experience become so much available knowledge, we have every reason to hope for the best results, and as the bear is said to lick her cubs into shape, so the knowledge and the power acquired by surmounted obstacles, will doubtless gradually mature your undertaking into the full measure of your wishes, the formation of an indigenous and National Periodical. Improvement is certainly the consequence of experience.’

‘In our case peculiarly so. The fulfilment of that design of our heart, to the full extent we contemplated, could hardly have been expected or accomplished in so short a time. Now, with increased stability, and increased means, we will also have a vastly augmented power. We can be better able to estimate, and to satisfy, that subtle essence of the public taste, which regulates all such destinies as ours. Our means of procuring new and interesting supplies for its gratification, will be more abundant and more select. The first writers in America, knowing our intentions, and confident in our flourishing condition, will be proud to assist us with their talents and their influence; a thousand concurring circumstances before unavailable, will tend to give efficiency to our views. Yes, our friend, Rome was not built in a day, nor can a periodical be stamped with the spirit of a People in the early moments of its existence. Created by its want, and controlled by the necessity which called us into being, we will month after month be more and more assimilated to that bright paragon of our own idea, lower than which we will not rest our hopes. First in the field, we will preserve, with the good will, the advantage of our primogeniture, and we will be first in spirit, in energy, in enterprise; running with our contemporaries the generous race of public emulation, and outstripping all in the anxiety to excel. Can we doubt of success? Can we doubt the continuance of that encouragement and applause with which the community have delighted to honor their own mirror, and their own creation? Perish the thought—and proud in the cheering consciousness of the reverse, we will maintain our object, we will persevere in our course, and trust to fortune and our own good efforts for the result.’

Somewhat roused by our animation, or our theme, our friend

raised himself from the posture in which he had placed himself. Some new idea had evidently struck him, his queue became pointed in a manner peculiarly indicative of excitement, his face assumed an expression of eager earnestness, and he placed the finger of his left, across the palm of his right hand, in emphatic preparation, we leaned forward upon our knuckles, in boding anxiety, to know what new light had flashed upon his mind, and half afraid of some crushing objection—but just as the laboring sentiment was about to be given birth, our candle, long flickering in its socket, yet by both unheeded in the deep interest of our conversation, went suddenly out,—but by its expiring glimmer, we got a view of the expression of his countenance, which occasioned in us no regret, for either the loss of his speech, or the profound darkness which ensued——

It must have been an expression of regret, that the illustrious editor of 'Knickerbocker's History' had not honored this work (the greatest compliment which America ever paid to his genius) by any immediate contributions from his pen. But any feeling of neglect on our part was overcome by the consciousness that our whole undertaking, receives its lustre from his name——

'Lector si Monumentum quæris circumpice.'

And now indulgent reader—having unfolded to thee in this circumstantial conversation, our views, our hopes, our wishes, we take leave of thee with our honest thanks for thy encouraging company, during the first year of our existence, now, how happily terminated. Our intercourse has been so gentle and so mutually pleasing, that we feel for thee all the kindly feelings of an old acquaintance—and in every hope of having our further intimacy ripened into indissoluble friendship,—we take leave of thee until another year shall have dawned upon us both, and wish thee all the compliments of the season and 'Good night.'



John H. Turney's Stereotype and Print.



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. In the Stanzas from "Midnight," verse 2, line 6, for *fair* read *fairer*.

"Counsellor Emerson," who wrote the able and admired article, in our last number, headed "Family Portraits," is not "William Emerson, Esq." of this city.

Henry Ludwig, Printer, 72 Vesey-street.

