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Knickerbocker,

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NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

NEW-YORK:

CLARK AND EDSON, PROPRIETORS.

1834.

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The Knickerbocker.



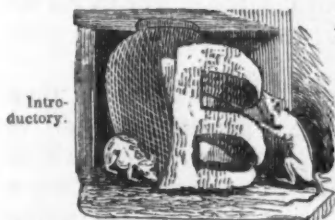
Vol. III.

JANUARY, 1834.

No. 1.

The Resuscitation of Dievrsch Knickerbocker,

(MORE ESPECIALLY THAN IN THE NAME OF THIS MAGAZINE,) BY AN AUTHENTIC FULL-LENGTH LIKENESS, LATELY DISCOVERED AND MOST HAPPILY PRESERVED BY THE PUBLISHERS IN THE SCULPTURE WHICH ACCOMPANIES THE PRESENT NUMBER, AND OF WHICH THE FOLLOWING BRIEF ARTICLE IS A SOMEWHAT LENGTHENED DESCRIPTION.



efore thine eyes, gentle reader, appearing in that well known cut which periodically represents so well our editorial dignity, to what better purpose can we apply the quill we so gradually appear to wield, than by making a few concise remarks on that illustrious personage with whom our publishers have most appropriately thought fit to commence our "National Gallery of Portraits." We will request of thee to glance thine eye from our page unto the picture, and by ever and anon referring to the lineaments there so wonderfully preserved, thou wilt be able to keep pace with our thoughts and to understand the references which we will have occasion to make.

Yes there he goes judiciously, and at this moment most appropriately represented in the celebration of one of the most peculiar and one of the most delightful customs of that ancient city, which, under whatsoever appellation it may be known, as New-Amsterdaam, or Gotham, or New-York, will be forever indebted for all its celebrity to his genius.

Can any eye we ask glance over this faithful representation of that undoubted personage, and not feel his kindest feelings interested by the images which it will conjure up of complacency, and good nature and innocent importance, differing only in the degree which the magnitude of the occasion might be supposed to authorize from the circumstantial description of Seth Handaside. His beard of "some eight and forty hours growth" has been most carefully removed, "the few gray hairs plaited and clubbed behind," have swelled into a queue commensurate in its length with his dignity, the "cocked hat" gives an air of suitable importance to his "brisk looking" figure; the "square silver shoe buckles," the decent antiquity of his "rusty black coat," and above all the mysterious and important, "saddle-bags," which in his congratulatory perambulations, occupy his arm with so much grace, must all bring back forcibly to thy recollections the original impression of that venerated character as received from the first promulgation of his celebrated history. Yet do we less particularly direct thy attention to the well known appearance of the outer

The Editor eloquently discourseth on the offices of Diedrich.

man to those more eloquent attributes of the inner which our artist has so well preserved in the felicitous contour of his New-Year's face. Yes! how well is the rich vein of unobtrusive humor, which gives such a sterling value to his writings expressed in the lurking jollity of that upturned eye, how happily does the direction of that conspicuous nasal ornament harmonize with the benevolent garrulity of that sweeping mouth, and how redolent does the whole countenance seem of that entertaining good nature which in his works, has proved such a source of everlasting amusement. Can any one gaze upon that form and face and not experience a stirring in their souls of all the kindly feelings of their nature, a cream gathering on the milk of their human kindness, and in fine, not feel interested, excited, pleased, by it beyond the power of all the physiognomies in their own observation or in Lavater's list to communicate.

Such we have no doubt will be the fact, and presuming upon its existence we proceed with true Editorial intuition to take advantage of those feelings of predominant affection, with which we take it for granted thou art disposed to regard our labors, to say a few words in reference to that subject so pleasing to all Magazine writers, *Ourselves*.

A Proposal.

We will not presume farther, seeing thou art in the vein, than to institute an allegorical comparison between our frontispiece and our work. We will take that unique and "brisk-looking" figure as a type of ourselves, and, with the help of thy imagination, we will conjure out of his appearance all

that we have to offer thee of hope, all that we can expect from thee of praise. And could we then wish to personify ourselves under a more agreeable semblance than is presented in the effigies of that fine old man? Like him, hope in our eye, pleasure in our face, gladness in our heart, and briskness in our step, we sally forth staff in hand upon our New-Year's pilgrimage. Our saddle-bags are laid over our arm, as yet they are closed; but what stores of mirth, what a budget of entertainment, month after month, may they not be expected to produce. Gentle subscriber, we think we see perusing this; we will make for thee a comfortable scene, we will place thee before a blazing fire in a closed and curtained room. You mechanically draw your easy chair closer towards the fire, and the castors anticipate your wishes by the almost conscious celerity of their motion over the Turkey carpet;—you pass your hand over your head in pleasant recollection of the many agreeable hours our labours have afforded you. That bright-eyed girl opposite, whose clustering curls almost hid her beautiful countenance as she sat bending over her embroidery, raises up her face all radiant with the cherished memories of story and of song which we have furnished. We thank you, lovely creature, for that approving smile. The curley-pated urchin at your foot leaves off the tying of the new straps upon his skates to ring out his hearty laugh, and even the mother stops the rocking of her chair and lays down her work a moment as she observes to her daughter,

"What a vastly entertaining family magazine that Knickerbocker is."

"It cut up Mrs. Trollope and all scribblers nobly," you add yourself.

"It gives us such delightful tales," says the little son and heir, rubbing his hands.

"It has always such sweet poetry," observes our charming advocate, in tones of softer melody than ever poet sang.

Enough, enough, all smile, all look cheerful. And as you would not close your door against the pleasant countenance, nor you ear against the happy garrulity of the worthy old Diedrich, so you would not remove us, his representative, his namesake, his envoy, from our accustomed place on the centre table; nay, more, for we want not the place only, you will lend us, most valued friend, your time for a few hours every month,—you will upon our periodical visits resign yourself to our pleasant companionship, and in glad communion with our contents, you will for a time forget the care, the bustle, and the annoyances of business or of life. Afterwards you may pass us over to the ladies of your family,—those sweet friends whose eloquent eyes will never sparkle but with pure and fitting pleasure as they read, and whose beautiful countenances will never glow but with innocent satisfaction in our company. From them, our firmest friends, our fairest judges, we care not into whose hands we may fall; our fate will have been decided, our destiny fixed.

Knowing this, believing this, hoping this, we take our editorial leave, that thou mayest amuse thyself as you best may, amid the articles which now or hereafter we may present for thy entertainment.

THE YEAR THAT'S GONE.

The following verses were intended to celebrate the year of the late French revolution. They were composed at midnight in a church-yard. It will be seen that each of the events introduced as illustrations marked the era of some great political change.

The year that's gone—the year that's gone,
We little heed the sound;
As Time's eternal wheels roll on
And pass us in their round:
And yet how awful is the hour,—
When coming, and when flown,
Press on the soul with mystic power
The dreadful—the unknown.

I stood upon that mighty verge,
Eternity and Time—
Were meeting in the wind's low dirge
The solemn, the sublime.
And ruling mysteries of earth
Were out upon the wing—
Each influence, which controlled the birth
Of each created thing.

I heard the deep-toned bell,
In midnight's shadowy reign,
Ring out the funeral knell
Of time upon the wane;—
I heard it strike my ear,
And saw when it was past
The Spirit of another Year
Rush by me on the blast.

My mind by fancy buoyed
Went with it through the gloom
Of that tremendous void,
Where Time lies in his tomb.—
I saw the ghosts of other years
Pass by in dim review,
The thousands stained with crimes and tears,
The glorious were a few.

And there, was stately Marathon,
His light was never dim;
But blood he had his robes upon—
I could not look on him.

Thermopylæ, and Salamis
 Too, past the shadowy way;
 I still looked down the vast abyss,—
 Unheeded e'en were they.

Arbela's year—Pharsalia proud—
 Had got no glory there;
 They looked all gauntly from their shroud,
 Like spirits of despair;—
 And conquering times long praised on earth
 Were withered or unknown,
 I saw them pass, and looked for mirth,
 But only heard a groan.

I asked for famed Marengo
 And trophied Waterloo,
 But only heard a shriek of woe
 And turned me from the view—
 And dim, the bright ones of the world,—
 The storied years of Time—
 Their history when *here* unfurled
 Shewed only, blood and crime.

But last I saw a burst of light,
 More radiant, more serene
 Than all the eras praised as bright,
 Since ever Time had been—
 It passed me in its proud career,
 Like others—laurel bound,
 But Oh! the first, the last that e'er
 A stainless triumph found.

The year that's gone—the year that's gone,
 It shed a light abroad,
 Which back to Time remotest shone
 The living light of God,—
 The year which burst dark slavery's thrall
 At NATURE'S nigh behest
 Went shining forth among them all
 The brightest, and the best.

The year that's gone—the year that's gone,
 It left a light behind,—
 That other times might follow on
 The deathless race of mind,
 That glorious race shall never end,
 Like smitten water's widening span,
 Its circles through the world extend
 Its cause,—the cause of Man!—

ORCATIUS.

A CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF A BACHELOR,

A SOUTH AMERICAN STORY,

BY TIMOTHY FLINT.

HENRY FELLOWES SELWYN had been left by his uncle one of the noblest coffee plantations on the terrace plain, that rises above Matanzas, in the island of Cuba. His uncle, Henry Fellowes, an opulent New-England merchant, had removed from the inclement winters of his native climate to that beautiful and salubrious elevation, the abode of perpetual spring, for the benefit of his declining health. His nephew and heir, accompanied by his two sisters, attended him for society. They occupied one of the most splendid establishments of the Island. In less than a year, Mr. Fellowes died, leaving this plantation, with its five hundred slaves, to his nephew, and his large American property to be equally divided between his two nieces. Henry was twenty-two, when he came in possession of this opulent establishment, intelligent, instructed, with an uncommonly fine person, and in the main an excellent heart, though with a character not a little marred by that self-complacency and vanity, which so naturally taint the heart of a man constantly surrounded by those toad eaters, who follow the steps of the rich and fortunate in every climate. He was conspicuous for one specific defect. He had moved much in the society of those young American merchants, who pursue wealth in foreign countries, and too often contract dissipated habits, and an aversion to marriage. A number of his immediate relatives had been particularly unfortunate in their domestic ties. From these circumstances, and probably from some innate mental obliquity, he had contracted a decided predilection for celibacy. The theme which rendered him most fertile in thought and eloquence, was the evils of marriage. To extinguish the embryo plans of calculating mothers, and prevent their fair daughters from breaking their hearts, the rich and accomplished young heir, when any fair scope for his wit allowed, poured forth his well committed tirade against matrimony, distinctly blazoning his purpose never to subject his own neck to this intolerable yoke. These foibles apart, few persons more warm hearted, generous, intrepid and intrinsically amiable, would be seen. His sister Julia was nineteen, handsome though masculine in her person, frank, forward, independent, a philosopher in petticoats, and a blue stocking; his sister Mary was a lovely girl two years younger, whom a finished modern education had not spoiled and who possessed in person and mind all that is attractive in female character.

The epoch of this narrative is that period in Spanish American history when the recently formed Republics in the southern hemisphere began to manifest jealousy and a persecuting spirit towards the native born Spaniards, who were suspected of attachment to the mother country, and to frame edicts to expel them from Spanish America. At this time claims belonging to the succession of Mr. Fellowes called Henry to Vera Cruz, Mexico and Acapulco: though he had been a practised traveller in the Old World, and had made the tour of Europe, he did not consider the sublime scenery and the beautiful country of Montezuma devoid of interest, merely because they were Cis-atlantic. Wishing to unite pleasure and instruction with business, he proposed to pass a year in visiting these wild regions of mountains and valleys above the clouds. Leaving his plantation in the care of his overseer, Durand Selwyn, a distant relative of the family, whom the young ladies regarded as a sort of father, he took passage from Havana for Vera Cruz.

Though coaches sometimes, even there, passed from Vera Cruz to Mexico, the noble road which now facilitates the intercourse between the two cities, the Simplon of America, had not then been constructed; and instead of finding the present rapid and comfortable conveyance in the Mexican mail coach, Henry and his mulatto servant, Girelio, performed the journey on mules. They were descending the last range of those precipices by which the mountains slope down to the great Mexican Valley, when their ears were assailed by the near discharge of fire-arms, the apparent cries of combatants, and in the intervals the most piercing female shrieks. Aware that the road was beset with banditti, whose recent exploits and atrocities had been blazoned in their hearing on the whole distance from Vera Cruz, the two travellers were well armed. Intrepid and forgetful of self, the young American spurred his mule round a point of rocks, and the scene of combat presented a coach and four, attended by many horses and mules, a couple of servants shot down, and others partly concealed by shrubs and rocks, firing upon the robbers, who, having bound the master of the cortege, a traveller apparently of wealth and distinction, to a tree, were plundering the coach, while a young lady, her face covered with blood, lay seemingly unconscious on the ground. Henry and his servant hesitated not a moment, but drawing and discharging their pistols, rushed upon the robbers, astonished by the suddenness of their attack. Their first fire brought down two of the robbers; and the resolute face of these new auxiliaries inspirited the servants with fresh confidence. The dismayed robbers, collecting such plunder as they had already secured, vaulted up the rocks, leaving the bodies of their dead companions, and disappeared among the sheltering hills. The first movement of Mr. Selwyn was to release the suffering traveller, whom the robbers had bound to a tree, from his painful position. He thence flew to the aid of the unconscious young lady. Summoning the servants to his assistance, they bore her to a spring fountain that rolled from the cliffs hard by. Cold water poured on her face produced at first a

painful respiration, low sobbing, and soon awakened consciousness. When examined, and the blood washed from her face, it appeared that she had sustained no serious injury, and that the blood had been occasioned by the hurts she had received while the robbers were mutually scrambling for her jewels. The husband, for such the person whom Mr. Selwyn had unbound proved to be, seemed advanced in years, in feeble health, and too much astonished and terrified speedily to regain calmness. His first inquiry was for his wife; and when assured by Mr. Selwyn that she was not seriously hurt, he became at once composed, though, as he told his deliverer in the warmest acknowledgments of gratitude, too weak to afford the requisite assistance to his wife. Mr. Selwyn continued to discharge it with all possible tenderness and assiduity, holding her in his arms, fanning her, and presenting volatiles to her nostrils. As she began to collect her scattered recollections, and at the same time a horrible consciousness of what had happened, her first thought was that she was still in the hands of the robbers, and she struggled to escape from the arms of him who held her. But when his gentle pressure and soothing voice induced her to glance a fearful look in his face, she intuitively comprehended that the young and handsome stranger who bent over her with such kindness and concern depicted in his countenance, could be no robber. Her next sentiment was, that she was supported in the arms of a deliverer, and was safe. She inquired with faltering accents for her husband, who had now recovered sufficient strength and composure to answer for himself. The scene of explanation, thanks and embraces that ensued, may be imagined. Some muleteers joined them. The horses that had been dispersed during the assault, were collected. The gentleman and his lady were assisted into their carriage. The bodies of the two servants, who had been killed, were disposed on mules, and the procession, accompanied by Mr. Selwyn and Girelio, moved on towards a village that was discernible at the distance of half a league down the declivity, and just on the verge of the great valley which opened to view before them.

The parties having arrived at the village, and fixed themselves in the posada, a body of soldiers was despatched by the village Alguazil in pursuit of the robbers, and arrangements made for the interment of the two servants. The traveller and his wife, having taken wine and refreshments by themselves, were now sufficiently restored to strength and calmness to request Mr. Selwyn to share their apartments with them, and in no measured terms to express their gratitude to him, as the person to whose intrepid forgetfulness of himself they felt that they owed their lives. In the effusions of such a moment, all the restraints of ceremonial etiquette were at once given to the winds, and the parties were better acquainted in an hour, on the mud floor of this miserable posada, than other circumstances would have permitted in a sojourn together for a year. Mr. Selwyn told his story of explanations, who he was, and why he was at the fortunate time and place to rescue them. He learned in turn that the delivered were the

Conde Stefano Agramente, who had been on a journey with his wife, Marcia Aurelia, to Xalapa; that they were on their return to his family mansion at the foot of Orizaba, not far from the City of Mexico; nor had the first hour of their interview elapsed, before they had received a promise from Mr. Selwyn that he would accompany him to their residence. The sad ceremony of the interment of his servants having been performed next day, and Marcia, his young and beautiful wife, having suitably patched the scratches of her fair face, replaced the jewels, of which the robbers had deprived, her, and substituted another dress in lieu of the splendid one which, had been demolished during the attack, their arrangements were once more in train, and they started from the Posada for Mexico, where the Conde had a house, though he generally resided at his country castle. A few hours installed him and his guests in one of those sumptuous establishments in Mexico, which bound the Alamada and the court of which opened upon its trees and fountains. In this place, which seemed built on the plan of the palace of an Ottoman Vizier, Mr. Selwyn found himself domesticated by promise, and an inmate in an affectionate intimacy, which, however commenced by gratitude and circumstances, soon ripened into a strong friendship on both sides. Mr. Selwyn visited every part of this strange and splendid city sometimes alone, sometimes in company with the Conde and his wife. Sometimes they rode in the beautiful environs, and every night on their return, comparisons of their thoughts and interchange of their sentiments apparently brought them into more affectionate relations with each other.

The family of the Conde sustaining the first place in the social relations of the city, Mr. Selwyn perceived that it was a distinct purpose in both the Conde and his lady at all balls and fetes, to render him favourably conspicuous, by holding up his qualities of mind and heart to admiration. It was amidst the general attention of the ladies of this society to him, that he found himself best able to interpret the character of the Conde and his wife. The Conde was turned of sixty, and though Spanish by birth, having lived much in France, and having discharged a mission from his King to that Court, he was in many respects rather French than Spanish in his habits and manners. He was polite and complaisant with the peculiar air and address common to the higher class of French of that age. In the voluptuous and rather dissolute society, of which he was now a member, he had to enact a part very difficult to fill that of husband of sixty united to a wife scarcely sixteen, and the most beautiful woman in Mexico. But possessing an elevated character, a most gentle manly deportment, and elegant manners, with a discerning mind and much talent, he was very far from appearing in company with his young and beautiful wife, in the ridiculous position which might be expected from the disparity of their circumstances and years. He had been originally of a noble figure and the most robust constitution, but a campaign in which he had served in his youth, had entailed upon him disease, which

left him at twenty in such a confined state of ill health, that he continued to live only by the most undeviating exactness of diet and regimen. For a long time he was wholly deprived of the use of his limbs. Recourse to the mineral waters of Aix-La-Chapelle, restored to him indeed the power of motion; but he was consigned, during the remainder of his life, to the most trying of all predicaments, a place in the rank, duties and estimation of the highest class, and incessant calls, that required health, spirits and strength to answer, with a more than feminine weakness in point of physical strength, and a mind of burning activity, constantly wearing upon an irritable and diseased frame. He inherited a great fortune and estate, both in the Old and New World, and had none but distant relations surviving. A female cousin of his own age, Marcia Aurelia Tencin, had been attached to him, but compelled by circumstances to unite herself to a French Officer of rank, who was killed in battle soon after their marriage, leaving his widow without fortune. In less than a year she followed her husband to the grave, leaving an infant daughter, who, on her death bed, she consigned to the care of her relative and first love, the Conde Agramente. He watched over the destinies of this child from the cradle with more than paternal solicitude. As she grew up in innocence and beauty, an unique tie united them. She saw that she owed every thing to him. The dignity, propriety and gentleness of his manners, inspired such affection as such a young lady might be expected to feel towards such a benefactor, so much her senior, and not father. He offered to espouse her, chiefly, as he assured her, that she might find in him a protector uniting the double rights of husband and father, and that she might on his decease, which would not be distant, inherit his whole fortune. She was aware that her only alternative was to accept him, or a convent. With mingled sentiments of gratitude, filial respect and esteem, she married him, and found in him at once the most indulgent and respectable of fathers. Almost immediately after their marriage, he received a mission from the King of Spain, which required him to repair to Mexico. A Patriot by principle on the breaking out of the revolutionary spirit in Mexico, he resigned his royal office. But his wealth and rank, and more than all his extraction, so odious to Mexicans of American birth, still subjected him to the jealousies and suspicions of the Patriots. His wife Marcia was one of the most amusing, joyous and intelligent children of sixteen, that ever the sport of destiny had united to a husband of sixty. Such an impress of joyous existence always shone in every trait of her fair face, that the beholder naturally caught something of her gaiety, as soon as in her presence. The perspective of life to her was a long festival. Having no painful remembrances in the past, and nothing to regret in the present or to fear in the future, the fountains at her heart having never been awakened by any deep movement of the passions, epochs were registered in her memory only by the balls in which she had danced, or the festivals in which she had been amused. Unenlightened by experience to know life as it is, and to anticipate its dark

passages, the future spread out an interminable vista, brilliant with rainbows in the sky and flowers under her feet. Her only complaint was the long interval, which sleep interposed between her amusements, and her grand philosophical effort to render this interval as short as possible. Her maxim at retiring was, 'I am going to dispatch my sleep.'—But though such a character might be deemed incompatible with much reflection, or exercise of the higher mental powers, whoever studied her deportment saw that it was guided by the most artless innocence, and that nothing but an occasion was wanting to call forth the most rigid exactions of conscience and high efforts of reflection and self control. Such were the circumstance sunder which Mr. Selwyn was domesticated in their family. The Conde felt the compatibility of his character from the first hour of his acquaintance. Apart from his gratitude, he was disposed to love young people. The elegant young American was of an order of intellect and training infinitely more resembling his own than the ignorant and dissipated Mexicans with whom he was called, daily to mix. He found in him with paternal interest a frankness of candor and spirit, which breathed the freshness of the spring-time of life, not as yet tarnished by the corrupting influence of the world. The habit of suffering, had taken nothing from the amenity of the Conde's character. His frail sensitive frame so often a prey to pains, instead of rendering him morose and peevish, indulgent towards himself and severe towards others, as habitual invalids are apt to be, contained a heart endowed with exquisite sensibility, indulgent towards others and rigid towards himself. Constrained by constant suffering to renounce the hope of living for himself, he lived for his friends, and particularly for his wife. A brief acquaintance taught him the worth of Mr. Selwyn's character: and gratitude and esteem soon ripened into a friendship, which caused him to regard his young friend almost as a son. The country, in which he resided, though dear to him was as much a foreign one, as to the young American. Acquaintance in such cases is made readily and intimately. The consciousness, that they would be sojourners together for but a short period, made him and his fair young wife solicitous to do all in their power to render his stay with them in every way agreeable. Such a disposition invests the highest society with its finished charm, and to carry its promptings with effect is the most pleasant utility of riches.

At the first view of Marcia in the interior of her charming abode or at the head of the gay society of that luxurious capital, Mr. Selwyn was somewhat astonished at a gaiety, that seemed to belong only to levity and a vivacity that might naturally have inspired her husband with distrust for her reputation, and still more with the fear, that it would offer encouragement to libertines. Still from time to time he was delighted in observing, that all these thousand piquant levities, after all, must have their origin in an ingenuous and excellent heart. Above all, he was charmed in contemplating her in her relations with her husband, there investing her gaiety with a certain restraint, studying to soothe and please him, and displaying towards him a simple affec-

tion, which bore a character of filial piety, in which the delicate attentions of lover, nurse and daughter, were delightfully mingled. It was the touching spectacle of a fair young disciple of the Aloan festival surrounding a tomb with flowers.

The young American found himself in this delightful abode forgetting mercantile pursuits, home, travels, every thing, but Marcia thus presenting an entirely new view of human nature, in the manner in which she conducted herself towards her husband, and towards him. A gaiety, a joyousness, which was as the bounding of the spring lamb upon the hills, was so chastened with innocence, so regulated by a tact of propriety, that the most severe and censorious observer could fix on nothing to blame. It is true, this amiable, gay and inexperienced young girl, little as she had observed of men and things, and little as she had felt of passion, could not but observe the sentiment which the brilliant young American felt for her. Noting the expression of this sentiment, always restrained by the severest claims of propriety, she must have been more or less than woman not to have been flattered by it. In the confiding ingenuousness of innocence, her manners soon showed the pleasure she experienced in his society. But much as he wished to find pretexts for prolonging his stay in the city, his ingenuity was exhausted in searching for any ostensible motives for doing it. It so happened, that in the latter part of the next month there was to be a famous bull fight, not far from the Conde's residence, on the plain at the foot of Orizaba. Mr. Selwyn, though he had resided some time in Cuba, had never witnessed one. In discussing this national amusement, he had incidentally spoken of it as barbarous and revolting. You will be able here, said the Conde, to judge of this spectacle, not by your prejudices, but by your eyes. Journey with us from the dissipation of this noisy city to our cool and shaded residence. Acquaint yourself with our literature from my library, and see our national manners in a bull fight, which will assemble all the splendor, gaiety and beauty of the three principal cities of Mexico. Marcia joined her entreaties to those of her husband, and it was not difficult to persuade him who had been torturing invention to find a decent pretext for prolonging his stay.

He found the journey from Mexico to the Castle Agramente so delightful, that he regretted it was so short. The Conde was sufficiently touched with the French character to love to talk. Infirmity and inability to find occupation in common pursuits had rendered him a reader, a quiet observer, and a profound thinker. His conversation, always drawn from the depths of the heart, was highly interesting. Mr. Selwyn, contrary to his habits, which inclined him to reserve, found himself in a position to think aloud. Marcia, on her part, animated the conversation by her inexhaustible vivacity, and diffused over it the infinite charm of the freshness and simplicity of her ideas. This conversation once happened to turn upon the peculiar position in which Marcia was placed, and of the motives which induced the Conde to marry her. I am sure, said he, that it was disinterested affection

for her which induced me to this step, whether she has had reason to thank me for it, is another consideration. My dear child he continued with that gentle and affectionate kindness of manner which so delightfully impressed all he said, must exalt her imagination and consider herself a virgin of the sun, or a young vestal. She is enough read in Pagan story to know that only beautiful victims were offered to the gods. Victims! exclaimed Marcia, I do not comprehend you, I am the happiest young personage living. Pray God, I may continue as happy as I have been. Suppose you had not espoused me, I should have been what? a nun, a canoness. Is it not better for me to have loved you, and found consideration, protection, and all the pleasures, which are necessary to an innocent heart, where I have found them? These words were accompanied with a look of affection towards her ancient husband, which Mr. Selwyn could have spared. But he found support in his principles against marriage by an internal reflection, that this eulogy of her husband would have been more appropriate in his absence.

Maria indulged in a habit peculiar to people of her temperament. Her domestics, her friends, even her dog and cat, had their names. Her husband she invariably called *my father*, the gayest of her acquaintances, *the pride*, the most censorious, *the benevolent*, and so of the rest. On the journey she gaily asked, and you, republican what shall I call you? You cannot be less to me, than my dog and my cat, and must have a name. He answered, a little embarrassed, that he would be satisfied with his share, if she would give him the title of friend. Not at all, that is too hackneyed and sentimental, it must be a term that implies service and loyalty. Be it so, I am named, and shall be delighted to hear you always call me, *my servant*. Good, replied her husband, laughing, I allow it only on condition, that in answering to your name, you always call her, *my master*. The young American smiled at these sallies, so different from the restraint of American Society, and saw in them only the youth and inexperience of beauty just entering the age of the persons, without knowing their intoxication or their dangers. But spell bound, as he imperceptibly was, he silently reflected, whether her manner to him so bland and flattering were those of a seductress, of one seduced, of almost infantine credulity, or studied deception; if her infinite resources to please were an endowment for her own misery, or that of others. He began to be alarmed for his own peace of mind, and to find at his nocturnal settlement with his conscience, that it became more difficult to conceal from himself the impression which she made upon him, and which the delightful intimacy of the journey they were making together, was continually fortifying and increasing. But he would have been as unworthy of our esteem as despicable in his own, if he had not been conscious of a higher sentiment, which interdicted any but right thoughts in regard to the wife of his friend. This higher principle was put to proofs sufficiently severe, during his residence at castle Agramente, but it redeemed his self-esteem by the noblest of triumphs.

The last day's drive on the journey to Castle Argamente was under the shade of such grove, and amid such scenery and such prospects actually wild, sublime, soft, and rich, as no other region on the globe, than the empire of Montezuma could furnish. The carriage and cavalcade had taken shelter under a spreading palm, from a soft pattering shower. In a few minutes the sun, now near his setting, emerged from masses of clouds, that seemed rolled together of crimson and molten brass, lightning up the sides and the snowy summits of Orizaba, as in an ocean of light. A brilliant rainbow curved round its gigantic sides, and in one point rested upon the turrets of an ancient castle, peeping from the foliage of huge palms, cypresses and holms; In all directions but that of the mountain, the eye lost itself in the immensity of the sweep of vision. Maria beckoned the young American, exclaiming, "there at last is our castle. The bow of peace now rests upon it, Oh! that I could not foresee storms. How would I thank God to live and die unmolested in those shades."

To Henry Selwyn it had the charm of being the abode of Marcia, and this would have invested any place with images of pleasure. But apart from that, what his eye took in was a spectacle to fill the heart and imagination. Ancient and hoary mountains, their sides furrowed with cataracts formed by the arrested clouds and the melted snows, an immense extent of vision showing wide regions of the solitude of pathless forests and mountains, and still lower fertile fields, flocks and herds, detached hamlets, a village surmounted by a castle that rose in the sumptuousness of aristocratic state, all these objects were grouped under the glorious pavilion of the setting sun,—light and shade in long bandeaus streamed over the deep verdure, the cliffs and the snows—the thousand gay birds of that home of the most beautiful feathered tribes were warbling their evening vesper under the dripping foliage, to the shower and the giver of showers; while the screams of condors soaring high above all in the cerulean showed that even the rough summits of the snowy mountains had inhabitants dwelling there in their lonely and savage grandeur. The young American on whose imagination and heart the scene operated, as if it had been the sublime music of the service in some cathedral, so completely yielded to the thoughts and sensations, that crowded upon him, as not to heed the numerous questions of Marcia and her husband. Leave him to his reflections, said the Conde, this silent ecstasy is the proudest testimony he can pay to the prospect from our home.

After a pause of some minutes the procession broke off from the main road at right angles to it, and under a towering shade of gigantic sycamores passed over a stone bridge, which spanned by a single arch a *Quebrada* fathomless to the eye, but which informed the ear by its deep organ tones, that great masses of water rolled in the depths. Cliffs of granite and obsidian rose height above height to summits glittering with snow and inaccessible to mortal foot. This sublime and adamantine barrier bounded the ample estate of the Conde on all sides, but the narrow arch of the quebrada, which was

the only accessible point to a wide and most fertile terrace plain of fifty thousand acres, rising by a gentle slope about two hundred yards up the sides of the mountain. Two hamlets and many detached stone cottages beautified this secluded spot. Pastures dotted with clumps of natural trees were redolent of white clover, and prodigious flocks and herds either grazing or ruminating in the shade, attested the pastoral abundance of the estate, while the curling smoke ascending from the white cottages completed a picture of repose and rural opulence, on which the eye delighted to dwell.

Such was the scene in which the ardent and susceptible young traveller found himself domesticated with the liveliest and most confiding girl who ever lost or won a heart. It is right here to close the first chapter of their intimacy.

WHEN CRUSHED THE GRASS ON GANGES' SIDE.

When crushed, the grass on Ganges' side
The richest sweets will shed,
As if the flowers it loved through life
Breathed round its dying bed :

So let our fragrant hopes arise,
When signs of parting come,
And blessings, fondly treasured here,
Go with us to our home!

THE WHITE FLOWER IN THE STAGE COACH.

By Miss Hannah F. Gould.

She did not know, when she gave thee me,
How sweet a comforter thou wouldst be:
To her pensive friend in the secret need
Which the traveller feels from the tramp of steed,
The wavering coach, and a lonely hour
In a stranger group, my fair white flower!

When the rumbling sound of the wheels was heard,
And made me hasten the parting word,
She plucked thee up from thy native place,
While the soul looked full from her speaking face;
And all she felt at the long farewell,
She left for her tender flower to tell.

Thou beautiful thing! 'twas a holy thought,
To give me a work which my Maker wrought;
So pure and perfect to sooth the mind,
In the rattling cage as I sit confined,
While it rolls along in the beaten track,
And my form goes on, but my heart goes back.

I'll cast my mantle 'twixt thee and harm,
From a neighborly skirt, a hostile arm,
Or a cape astray, whose fall, or brush
Thy delicate head might wound, or crush;
And then, my small, but eloquent friend,
We'll sweetly commune, to my journey's end.

For *He* will carry me safely there,
Who made thy slenderest root his care!—
He formed the eye that delights to see,
And the soul that loves to contemplate thee,
We both are the works of his wondrous power;
In silence we'll praise him, my sweet White Flower.



LIFE AND LABORS OF BARON CUVIER.*

No public character of late years, deserves to be more intimately known than Cuvier. The new light which his gigantic labors as a naturalist has thrown upon science, the universality of his celebrity, and the illustrious station to which his talents raised him in the administration of his country, have rendered his reputation such as has seldom been enjoyed by literary men, and the cause of which such as every one desirous of knowing the great operations in the world of mind should be acquainted with.

We have often thought, that no department of study is either so noble or so interesting as that of Natural History; and the philosopher exploring the secrets of animal life, and classifying the various orders in the great chain of being, resembles in moral effect, the sublime spectacle in the sacred historian, of the first man calling around him and giving names to every beast of the earth, every fowl of the air, and every fish of the sea.

The year 1769, which gave birth to GEORGE CHRISTIAN FREDERIC DAGOBERT CUVIER, was one fruitful in producing illustrious characters. In that year Napoleon Buonaparte, the Duke of Wellington, the Right Hon. George Canning, the Viscount De Chateaubriand, Sir Walter Scott, Sir James McIntosh, who all contributed to effect striking revolutions in either the political, moral, or literary work, drew their birth alike with Cuvier, who altered all our former ideas upon Natural History, and opened a new and forgotten world to the lovers of science.

He was born August 23, at Montbeliard, now in the department du Doubs, in

* *Memoirs of Baron Cuvier*, by Mrs. R. Lec. New-York; J. & J. Harper.

France, but belonging to the Dutchy of Wirtemburgh. His father was an officer in one of the Swiss regiments, in the French service, and had so distinguished himself in that capacity, that he was rewarded with the title of *Chevalier de l'ordre du Merite Militaire*, an equal rank to the cross of Louis, which was forbidden by the statutes of the order to Protestants. The mother of Cuvier was one of those admirable women, whose excellent precepts, enforced by their care and attention, have in so many instances traced out the path of immortality to their children. 'The cares of this excellent mother,' says Mrs. Lee, recording an affecting instance not only of her merit, but of the piety of her son, 'during the extreme delicacy of his health, left an impression on M. Cuvier which was never effaced, even in his latest years, and amid the absorbing occupations of his active life. He cherished every circumstance connected with her memory; he loved to recall her kindnesses, and to dwell upon objects, however trifling, which reminded him of her. Among other things, he delighted in being surrounded by the flowers she had preferred, and whoever placed a bouquet of red stocks in his study or his room, was sure to be rewarded by his most affectionate thanks for bringing him what he called 'the favorite flower.'

Under this mother's tuition, he acquired a knowledge of drawing, of Latin, and of general literature, which remained with him through life, and gave in his writings such an elegant relief to the gravity of scientific learning. The infancy of Cuvier seems to have been distinguished by all those traits of precocious genius which biographers have delighted to record of illustrious men; his accomplished historian records with great beauty, at once his proficiency, and the bias which these pursuits gave to his subsequent life.

'At ten years of age he was placed in a higher school, called the Gymnase, where, in the space of four years, he profited by every branch of education there taught, even including rhetoric. He had no difficulty in acquiring Latin and Greek, and he was constantly at the head of the classes of history, geography, and mathematics. The history of mankind was, from the earliest period of his life, a subject of the most indefatigable application; and long lists of sovereigns, princes, and the drier chronological facts, once arranged in his memory, were never forgotten. He also delighted in reducing maps to a very small scale, which, when done, were given to his companions; and his love of reading was so great, that his mother, fearing the effect of so much application to sedentary pursuits, frequently forced him to seek other employments. When thus driven, as it were, from study, he entered into boyish sports with equal ardor, and was foremost in all youthful recreations. It was at this age that his taste for natural history was brought to light by the sight of a Gesner, with colored plates, in the library of the Gymnase, and by the frequent visits which he paid at the house of a relation who possessed a complete copy of Buffon. Blessed with a memory that retained every thing he saw and read, and which never failed him in any part of his career, when twelve years old he was as familiar with quadrupeds and birds as a first-rate naturalist. He copied the plates of the above work, and colored them according to the printed descriptions, either with paint or pieces of silk. He was never without a volume of this author in his pocket, which was read again and again; and frequently he was roused from its pages to take his place in the class repeating Cicero and Virgil. The admiration which he felt at this youthful period for his great predecessor never ceased, and in public, as well as private circles, he never failed to express it. The charms of Buffon's style, a beauty to which M. Cuvier was very sensible, had always afforded him the highest pleasure, and he felt a sort of gratitude to him, not only for the great zeal he had evinced in the cause of natural history, not only for the enjoyment afforded to his youthful leisure, but for the many proselytes who had been attracted by the magic of his language. When the

student had ripened into the great master, M. Cuvier found me deeply absorbed by a passage of Buffon ; and he then told me what his own feelings had been on first reading him, and that this impression had never been destroyed in maturer years. He had been obliged, for the sake of science, to point out the errors committed by this eloquent naturalist, but he had never lost an opportunity of remarking and dwelling on his perfections.

'At the age of fourteen we find the dawning talents of the legislator manifesting themselves ; and the young Cuvier then chose a certain number of his schoolfellows, and constituted them into an academy, of which he was appointed president. He gave the regulations, and fixed the meetings for every Thursday, at a stated hour, and, seated on his bed, and placing his companions round a table, he ordered that some work should be read, which treated either of natural history, philosophy, history, or travels. The merits of the book were then discussed, after which, the youthful president summed up the whole, and pronounced a sort of judgment on the matter contained in it, which judgment was always strictly adopted by his disciples. He was even then remarkable for his declamatory powers, and on the anniversary fête of the sovereign of Montbéliard, Duke Charles of Wurtemberg, he composed an oration in verse, on the prosperous state of the principality, and delivered it fresh from his pen, in a firm manly tone, which astonished the whole audience.'

About this time he had the good fortune to attract the notice of Charles, Duke of Wurtemberg, who, at a public examination, was so struck with his powers, that he resolved to take his education upon himself ; and brought him in his own carriage to the capital, where he had him entered on the 4th of May, 1784, in the Académie Caroline, which was founded by himself. Here he was highly distinguished in all the usual academic courses, and though he did not know a word of German when he entered, in nine months he bore off the prize in that language. After leaving the University, he went to reside as tutor with the family of the Count De Hericy, a protestant nobleman of Normandy. The family lived in a retired situation near the sea, and during six years, the ardent young naturalist profited by his situation, to make himself master, although without books, of all the subjects of natural history within reach. It was during his residence, that the casual discovery of some fossil shells led him into that train of investigation, which has thrown so much light upon that hitherto unknown, but deeply interesting branch of science ; the thought struck him of comparing the fossil with recent species, and the casual dissecting of a Calmar, a species of cuttle fish, led him to study the anatomy of Mollusca, which afterwards conducted him to the development of his great views upon the whole animal kingdom. 'It was thus,' says Mrs. Lee, 'from an obscure corner of Normandy, that that voice was first heard, which, in a comparatively short space of time, filled the whole of the civilized world with admiration,—which was to lay before mankind so many of the hidden wonders of creation,—which was to discover to us the relics of former ages, to change the entire face of natural history, to regulate and amass the treasures already acquired, and those made known during his life ; and then to leave science on the threshold of a new epocha.'

The unsparing proscription at the breaking out of the French revolution, drove all the learned men in France from the capital, and Tessier, taking shelter in Normandy, became acquainted with Cuvier. Detecting the mighty discoveries with which his mind was pregnant from his conversation, the Savant wrote to one of his friends the singular expression, '*Je viens de trouver une perle dans le fumier de la Normandie* ;' and he introduced his young friend to the correspondence of some of the most learned men of the age, among whom were Laméthrie, Olivier, De la Cépède, and Geoffroy St. Hilaire. These distinguished men struck with the justness and originality

of his observations, urged his removal to the capital, where he was soon after appointed professor of the central school of the Panthéon, and shortly after, associate to M. Merturd, in the newly created chair of comparative anatomy, in the Jardin des Plantes. 'From the moment of his installation in this new office,' says his biographer, 'M. Cuvier commenced that magnificent collection of comparative anatomy which is now so generally celebrated. In the lumber-room of the museum were four or five old skeletons, collected by M. Daubenton, and piled up there by M. de Buffon. Taking these, as it were, for the foundation, he unceasingly pursued his object; and, aided by some professors, opposed by others, he soon gave it such a degree of importance that no further obstacle could be raised against its progress. No other pursuit, no relaxation, no absence, no legislative duties, no sorrow, no illness, ever turned him from this great purpose, and created by him, it now remains one of the noblest monuments to his memory.'

On the establishment of the National Institute, in 1796, he was chosen one of the original members, and in 1800, secretary to the body. This appointment brought him into frequent communication with Napoleon; that extraordinary man, emulous of scientific as well as military glory, having got himself appointed president of the body. This relation was attended with the most marked consequences in the life of Cuvier, and opened to him a path of glory and distinction, to which few mere learned men have ever arrived. Yet in his new relations as a statesman and a politician, such was the versatility of his genius, and such the power of his mind, that in this new field he acquired a reputation not exceeded by those whose whole time and abilities were devoted to political science.

From this time we can best give our readers a view of his rapid advancement and his successive employments by extracting the chronological list of the different public events of his life, which has been given by the accurate and highly gifted author of his memoirs.

- ' 1800. Appointed Professor at the Collège de France, on which M. Cuvier resigned the chair at the Central School of the Panthéon.
- ' Elected Secretary to the Class of Physical and Mathematical Sciences of the Institute.
- ' 1802. Named one of the six Inspector Generals of Education, (Etudes.)
- ' Went to Marseilles, &c., to found the Royal Colleges.
- ' 1803. Made perpetual Secretary to the Class of Physical and Mathematical Sciences of the Institute.
- ' Resigned Inspector-generalship of Education.
- ' Married to Madame Duvaucel.
- ' 1804. Eldest son born and died.
- ' 1808. Appointed Counsellor to the University.
- ' 1809 and 1810. Charged with the organization of the Academies of the Italian States.
- ' 1811. Charged with the organization of the Academies of Holland.
- ' Received the title of Chevalier.
- ' 1812. Death of Mademoiselle Anne Cuvier.
- ' 1813. Death of George Cuvier, jün.
- ' M. Cuvier sent to Rome, to organize the University there.
- ' Named Maître des Requêtes,
- ' Ordered to make a list of books for the King of Rome, with an intention that M. Cuvier should superintend his education.
- ' Made Commissaire Impériale Extraordinaire, and sent to the left bank of the Rhine, in order to take the steps necessary for opposing the invasion of France.

- ' 1814. Named Counsellor of State by Napoleon.
- ' Named Counsellor of State by Louis XVIII.
- ' (*September.*) First officiated as Commissaire du Roi, to which he was repeatedly called at various periods of his life.
- ' Named Chancellor of the University.
- ' 1815. Procured meliorations of the Criminal Laws, and in the Prévêtal Courts.
- ' 1818. Offered the Ministry of the Interior; which offer was refused.
- ' First Journey to England.
- ' Elected Member of the Académie Francaise.
- ' 1819. (*September 13.*) Named temporary Grand Master to the University.
- ' Appointed President of the Comité de l'Intérieur.
- ' Created a Baron.
- ' 1820. (*December 21.*) Resigned Grand Mastership.
- ' 1821. (*July 31.*) Appointed temporary Grand Master to the University.
- ' 1822. (*June 1.*) Resigned Grand Mastership.
- ' Made Grand Master of the Faculties of Protestant Theology.
- ' 1824. Officiated as one of the Presidents of the Council of State, at the Coronation of Charles X.
- ' Made Grand Officer de la Légion d'Honneur.
- ' Made Commander of the Order of the Crown, by the King of Wurtemberg.
- ' 1827. (*June 14.*) Appointed Censor of the Press; which appointment was instantly refused.
- ' Charged with the government of all the non-Catholic religions.
- ' 1828. (*September 28.*) Death of Mademoiselle Clementine Cuvier.
- ' 1830. Resumed lectures at the Collège de France.
- ' Paid a second visit to England.
- ' 1832. Created a Peer.
- ' (*May.*) Appointed President to the entire Council of State.
- ' (*May 13.*) Death.'

But his public labors were by far the least important benefit which Cuvier conferred upon mankind. The utility of his talents as a statesman were confined to France alone, but in every quarter of the world science reaps the advantage of his researches as a naturalist. Notwithstanding the many learned men who devoted their time to that study, since its revival by Linnæus, its progress at the commencement of the nineteenth century was as yet comparatively limited, and with the knowledge we now possess, excepting perhaps Botany alone, we are astonished at the little information which had been accumulated upon its respective branches. Zoology in particular, was but little attended to, and the nature of fossils as forming parts of former organized beings altogether unknown. What might have been deemed a disadvantage to Cuvier, was the very circumstance which made him the regenerator of this branch of science. Shut out at the commencement of his researches, by the political troubles in France, from the company of learned men, and from scientific works, he was driven in the pursuit of his favorite study to nature alone, and he thereby avoided not only all the absurd and whimsical speculations of theorists, but had leisure to observe the exquisite perfection and unswerving regularity, even in her minutest works, with which nature has not only fashioned out each individual of a species, but assorted them all into different ranks and orders, like separate but continuous links in the great chain of being.

In a sketch like this, to give even an outline of the information which Cuvier acquired, may well be considered as impossible, when we consider, that Mrs. Lee has given a list of *two hundred and twenty-six* published treatises, written by himself, ex-

clusive of many thousand drawings which he took from his dissections. The following outline however taken from the sketch of his life, published by the society for the diffusion of useful knowledge will give our readers some idea of their vastness and their nature.

'We can in this place do little more than mention the titles of the most important of Cuvier's works; even to name all would carry us beyond our limits. His earliest production was a memoir read before the Natural History Society of Paris, in 1795, and published in the *Décade Philosophique*. In this paper he objects to the divisions of certain of the lower animals adopted by Linnæus, and proposes a more scientific classification of the mollusca, crustacea, worms, insects, and other inveterate animals. His attention had been long directed to that branch of natural history, and his subsequent researches in the same department, most of which have been communicated to the world through the medium of the '*Annales du Museum*,' have thrown great light on that obscure and curious part of the creation. Three years afterwards, he published his *Elementary View of the Natural History of Animals*, which contains an outline of the lectures he delivered at the Panthéon. In this work he displayed the vast extent of his acquaintance with the works of his predecessors, and, at the same time, the originality of his own mind, by introducing a new arrangement of the animal kingdom, founded on more exact investigation and comparison of the varieties which exist in anatomical structure. With the assistance of his friends, Dumeril and Duvernay, he published, in 1802, his '*Leçons d'Anatomie Comparée*,' in two volumes, octavo, afterwards extended to five. These are singularly lucid and exact, and form the most complete work on the subject which has yet appeared.

'The next important publication we have to notice, is one in which he embodied the results of his extensive researches in a very interesting field of inquiry, concerning the remains of extinct species of animals which are found enveloped in solid rocks, or buried in the beds of gravel that cover the surface of the earth. We are disposed to think his '*Recherches sur les Ossemens Fossiles*' the most important of his works, the most illustrious and imperishable monument of his fame. The quarries in the neighborhood of Paris abound in fossil bones; and he had great facilities for collecting the valuable specimens which were almost daily discovered in the ordinary working of the quarry. When he went to Italy, he had an opportunity of seeing animal remains of the same sort procured by the naturalists of that country from their native soil, and preserved in their museums. His attention became now specially attracted to the subject; and having accumulated materials from all parts of the world, he announced the important truths at which he had arrived, in the work above-mentioned, in four quarto volumes, in the year 1812. A new edition, enlarged to five volumes appeared in 1817, and in 1824 it was extended to seven volumes, illustrated by two hundred engravings. No one who was not profoundly skilled in comparative anatomy could have entered upon the inquiry with any prospect of success; and Cuvier not only possessed that qualification, but was singularly constituted by nature for the task. His powerful memory was particularly susceptible of retaining impressions conveyed to it by the eye; he saw at a glance the most minute variations of form, and what he saw he not only never forgot, but he had the power of representing upon paper with the utmost accuracy and despatch. It is very seldom that the entire skeleton of an animal is found in a fossil state: in most instances the bones have been separated and scattered before they were entombed, and a tusk, a jaw, or a single joint of the back bone is very often all that is met with, and frequently too in a mutilated state. But an instructed mind like that of Cuvier was able to reconstruct the whole animal from the inspection of one fragment. He had discovered by his previous researches such a connexion between the several bones, that a particu-

lar curvature, or a small protuberance on a jaw, or a tooth, was sufficient to indicate a particular species of animal, and to prove that the fragment could not have belonged to any other. The 'Recherches sur les Ossemens Fossiles,' have made us acquainted with more than seventy species of animals before unknown.

'The preliminary discourse in the first volume is a masterly exposition of the revolutions which the crust of the earth has undergone: revolutions to which the animal creation has been equally subject. It is written with great clearness and elegance, and is so much calculated to interest general readers as well as men of science, that it has been translated into most of the European languages. The English translation, by Professor Jameson, published under the title of 'Essay on the Theory of the Earth,' has gone through several editions.

'In his examination of the fossil bones found near Paris, Cuvier was led to inquire into the geological structure of the country around that capital. He assumed M. Alexander Brongniart as his associate, and the result of their joint labors is contained in one of the volumes of the work now under consideration, in an Essay on the Mineralogy of the Environs of Paris. This essay formed a great epoch in geological science, for it was then that the grand division of the tertiary formations was first shown to form a distinct class. A new direction and a fresh impulse was thus given to geological investigations; and many of the most important general truths at which we have now arrived in this science, have been established by discoveries to which the essay of Cuvier and Brongniart led the way.

'In 1817 appeared the first edition of the 'Règne Animal,' in four octavo volumes, one of which was written by the celebrated naturalist Latreille. This work gives an account of the structure and history of all existing and extinct races of animals; it has subsequently been enlarged. Cuvier began, in conjunction with M. Valenciennes, an extensive general work on fishes, which it was calculated would extend to twenty volumes. Eight only have appeared; for the embarrassments among the Parisian booksellers, in 1830, suspended the publication, and it has thus been left incomplete; but a great mass of materials was collected, and we may hope that they will yet be published. In addition to these great undertakings, he had been for years collecting materials for a stupendous work, a complete system of comparative anatomy, to be illustrated by drawings from nature, and chiefly from objects in the Museum at the Jardin des Plantes. Above a thousand drawings, many executed by his own hand, are said to have been made. Looking back to what he had already accomplished, and considering his health and age, for he was only in his sixty-third year, it was not unreasonable in him to hope to see the great edifice erected, of which he had laid the foundation and collected the materials. But unfortunately for the cause of science it was ordered otherwise, and there is something particularly touching in the last words he uttered to his friend the Baron Pasquier, and in sounds, too, scarcely articulate, from the malady which so suddenly cut short his career—'Vous le voyez, il y a loin de l'homme du Mardi (nous nous étions rencontrés ce jour là) à l'homme du Dimanche: et tant de choses, cependant, qui me restaient à faire! trois ouvrages importants à mettre au jour, les matériaux préparés, tout était disposé dans ma tête, il ne me restait plus qu'à écrire.' 'You see how it is, how different the man of Tuesday (we had met on that day) from the man on Sunday: and so many things too that remained for me to do! three important works to bring out, the materials prepared, all disposed in order in my head, I had nothing left to do but to write.' In four hours afterwards that wonderfully organized head had become a mere mass of insensible matter.'

After these details respecting the scientific labors of this illustrious man, we have only to add, from the excellent memoirs of Mrs. Lee, some traits of his domestic life,

to complete the view of his character and works, which we have selected for our readers.

The very circumstance which led to Mrs. Lee's acquaintance with him, is a noble illustration of the urbanity of his manners, and the goodness of his heart. She was married to Dr. Bowditch, the enterprising and unfortunate African Traveller. In preparing herself to accompany her husband on his second voyage, she became acquainted with the Baron, who, ever foremost to assist scientific enterprise of any kind, threw open to them his house, his vast library, and every means of acquiring information which his great influence could command; at that time a friendship was formed, 'and for fourteen years,' she says, 'not a single shadow has passed over the warm affection which characterized our intimacy,' and on her return alone to Europe, she adds, 'I was received by him even as a daughter.'

With regard to his person, she remarks, 'in person M. Cuvier was moderately tall, and in youth slight; but the sedentary nature of his life had induced corpulence in his later years, and his extreme near-sightedness brought on a slight stoop in the shoulders. His hair had been light in color, and to the last flowed in the most picturesque curls, over one of the finest heads that ever was seen. The immense portion of brain in that head was remarked by Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim, as beyond all that they had ever beheld; an opinion which was confirmed after death. His features were remarkably regular and handsome, the nose aquiline, the mouth full of benevolence, the forehead most ample; but it is impossible for any description to do justice to his eyes. They at once combined intellect, vivacity, archness, and sweetness; and long before we lost him, I used to watch their elevated expression with a sort of fearfulness, for it did not belong to this world.'

It is interesting to know every thing about such a man. His personal characteristics are finely described in the following passage:

'The nerves of M. Cuvier were particularly irritable by nature, and frequently betrayed him into expressions of impatience, for which no one could be more sorry than himself; the causes of which were immediately forgotten, and the caresses and kindnesses which were afterwards bestowed, seldom seemed to him to speak sufficiently the strength of his feelings at his own imperfection. Any thing wrong at table, to be kept waiting, a trifling act of disobedience, roused him into demonstrations of anger which were occasionally more violent than necessary, but which it would have been impossible to trace to any selfish feeling; even the loss of his own time was the loss of that which was the property of others; and, where his mere personal inconvenience was concerned, he was seldom known to give way to these impetuous expressions. It was almost amusing to see the perfect coolness with which the servants, more especially about his person, occasionally obeyed his orders, or replied to his injunctions without exciting a hasty word from him. His impatience, however, was not confined to little annoyances; but if he expected any thing, or any body, he scarcely rested till the arrival took place. If he had workmen employed for him, the alteration was done in his imagination as soon as commanded; and thus in advance himself, he unceasingly inspected their labors, and hastened them in their tasks. He would walk along the scene of operation, exclaiming every instant, '*Dépêchez vous, done,*' (make haste, then,) and impeding all celerity by the rapidity of his orders. Perhaps, at the moment of pasting the paper on the walls, he brought in a pile of engravings to be put on afterwards, and which, in fact, were often nailed up before the paste was dry. But although he was perfectly happy while thus engaged, he could not be alone, and, fetching his daughter-in-law back as often as she escaped from him, he associated her in all his contrivances. On unpacking a portrait of this ever ready companion, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and sent over from England, he

happened to be present; and, in order to prevent him from seeing it by degrees, and so destroying the effect, she was obliged to hold her hands over his eyes, or he could not have resisted the desire to look. When he sent a commission to this country, every succeeding letter brought an inquiry as to its execution, or a recommendation to use zealous despatch. I must add, that the thanks were as often repeated as the injunctions. It is, perhaps, a curious inconsistency, that a man who submitted to such tedious and minute labor as he had all his life undergone, should be thus impatient when the activity of others was in question; but it must be recollected, that he found very few who would work as he did; and that, while so working, his mind was absorbed by every step which was taken to ensure the wished-for result, and had no time to bound over the space between thought and execution.'

We cannot omit the following passage, which describes the domestic habits of the philosopher and statesman. Every one must admire the charming fidelity of its description, which has all Boswell's dramatic effect, without any of his garrulity.

'The soirées of Baron Cuvier, which took place every Saturday evening, and were sometimes preceded by a party, were the most brilliant and the most interesting in Paris. There, passed in review, the learned, the talented, of every nation, of every age, and of each sex; all systems, all opinions, were received; the more numerous the circle, the more delighted was the master of the house to mingle in it, encouraging, amusing, welcoming every body, paying the utmost respect to those really worthy of distinction, drawing forth the young and bashful, and striving to make all appreciated according to their deserts. Nothing was banished from this circle but envy, jealousy, and scandal; and this saloon might be compared to all Europe; and not till the guest had repassed the Rue de Tournon, or 'the Seine, could he again fancy himself in the capricious capital of fashion, or time-serving show. It was at once to see intellect in all its splendor; and the stranger was astonished to find himself conversing, without restraint, without ceremony, with, or in presence of, the leading stars of Europe: princes, peers, diplomatists, savants, and the great host himself, now receiving these, and now the young students from the fifth pair of stairs in a neighboring hotel, with equal urbanity. No matter to him in which way they had directed their talents, what was their fortune, what was their family; and wholly free from national jealousy, he alike respected all that were worthy of admiration. He asked questions from a desire to gain information, as if he too were a student; he was delighted when he found a Scotchman who spoke Celtic; he questioned all concerning their national institutions and customs; he conversed with an English lawyer as if he had learned the profession in England; he knew the progress of education in every quarter of the globe; he asked the traveller an infinity of things, well knowing to what part of the world he had directed his steps; and seeming to think that every one was born to afford instruction in some way or other, he elicited information from the humblest individual, who was frequently astonished at his interest in what appeared so familiar to himself. One thing used particularly to annoy him; which was, to find an Englishman who could not speak French. It gave him a restraint of which many have complained, but which, on these occasions, solely arose from a feeling of awkwardness on his own part at not being able to converse with his foreign guest. No one ever rendered greater justice to the merit of his predecessors or contemporaries than M. Cuvier. 'Half a century,' he said 'had sufficed for a complete metamorphosis in science; and it is very probable that, in a similar space of time, we also shall have become ancient to a future generation. These motives ought never to suffer us to forget the respectful gratitude we owe to those who have preceded us, or to repulse, without examination, the ideas of youth; which, if just, will prevail,

whatever obstacles the present age may throw in their way.' This was a delightful manner of satisfying every body with himself: the naturalist, from a remote province, or perhaps from a colony at the other end of the world, was no longer ashamed to think that he had not kept pace with the march of science in the capital, and had been poring over obsolete systems; and the young student, fresh from the Universities, was not afraid to utter the objections, the fallacies, or the inaccuracies, he fancied he had detected in his perusal of more recent authors.

'The repast which closed these evening entertainments was served in the dining-room, and, certainly, at the most delightful tea-table in the world. A select few only would stay, though M. Cuvier sometimes pressed into the service more than could be well accommodated; and while the tea, the fruit, and refreshments of various kinds were passing round, the conversation passed brilliantly with them. Descriptions of rarities were given, travellers' wonders related, wonders of art criticised, and anecdotes told; when, reserving himself till the last, M. Cuvier would narrate something which crowned the whole; and all around were either struck with the complete change given to the train of thought, or were forced to join in a general shout of laughter. One evening, the various signs placed over the shop doors in Paris were discussed; their origin, their uses, were described; and then came the things themselves. Of course, the most absurd were chosen; and, last of all, M. Cuvier said that he knew of a bootmaker who had caused a large and ferocious looking lion to be painted, in the act of tearing a boot to pieces with his teeth. This was put over his door, with the motto, 'On peut me déchirer, mais jamais me découdre.' 'I may be torn, but never unsewn.'

The death of his beloved daughter on the eve of her marriage, had an effect on his constitution which he never recovered. He went to England to dissipate his grief, and though he was every where treated with the most lavish attention and respect, he was unable. His finely hinged sensibilities had in that afflictive event received a shock which unhinged them for ever. Though by mingling in society—by attending to his varied duties, and keeping every faculty in constant employment, he strove to mitigate his anguish, yet it had taken too deep a hold upon his feelings,—every means was ineffectual—and in pleased anticipation, in the full vigor of his intellect, he saw himself sinking into the tomb. One more extract and we have done. The death of this great character, has, in Mrs. Lee's narrative, with the interest such a scene would be calculated to produce, all the effect of a finely executed painting; we give the whole,—it were sacrilege to spoil such a narrative.

'In the evening of Tuesday, M. Cuvier felt some pain and numbness in his right arm, which was supposed to proceed from rheumatism. On Wednesday, the 9th, he presided over the Committee of the Interior with his wonted activity. At dinner that day, he felt some difficulty in swallowing, and the numbness of his arm increased. Never can the look and the inquiry he directed to his nephew, when he found that bread would not pass down his throat, be forgotten; nor the self-possession with which he said, as he sent his plate to Madame Cuvier, 'Then I must eat more soup,' in order to quiet the alarm visible on the countenances of those present. M. Frédéric, the younger, sought medical advice; and an application of leeches was made during the night, without producing any melioration. The next day (Thursday) both arms were seized, and the paralysis of the pharynx was complete. He was then bled, but without any benefit, and from that moment he seemed to be perfectly aware of what was to follow. He, with the most perfect calmness, ordered his will to be made; and in it evinced the tenderest solicitude for those whose cares and affection had embellished his life, and for those who had most aided him in his scientific labors. He could not sign it himself, but four witnesses attested the deed.

He sent for that good M. Royer, who was soon to follow him, to make a statement of the sums he had expended, out of his private fortune, on the alterations of the rooms behind his house, though the affliction of this *Chef du Bureau d'Administration* was so heavy as almost to disable him from doing his duty. M. Cuvier alone was tranquil; and, perfectly convinced that all human resource was vain, he yet, for the sake of the beloved objects who encircled him, submitted without impatience to every remedy that was suggested. The malady augmented during the night, and the most celebrated medical practitioners were called in; emetics were administered by means of a tube, but, like all other endeavors, they did not cause the least alteration. Friday was passed in various, but hopeless, attempts to mitigate the evil; and, perhaps, they only increased the suffering of the patient. In the evening the paralysis attacked the legs; the night was restless and painful; the speech became affected, though it was perfectly to be understood. He pointed out the seat of his disorder, observing to those who could comprehend him, '*Ce sont les nerfs de la volonté qui sont malades*;' 'The nerves of the will are sick;' alluding to the late beautiful discoveries of Sir Charles Bell and Scarpa, on the double system of spinal nerves; he clearly and precisely indicated the changes of position which the parts of the limbs yet unparalyzed rendered desirable; and he was moved from his own simple and comparatively small bed-room, into that saloon where he had been the life and soul of the learned world; and, though his speech was less fluent, he conversed with his physicians, his family, and the friends who aided them in their agonizing cares. Among other anxious inquirers came M. Pasquier, whom he had seen on the memorable Tuesday; and he said to him, 'Behold a very different person to the man of Tuesday—of Saturday. Nevertheless, I had great things still to do. All was ready in my head; after thirty years of labor and research, there remained but to write; and now the hands fail, and carry with them the head.' M. Pasquier almost too much distressed to speak, attempted to express the interest universally felt for him; to which M. Cuvier replied, 'I like to think so; I have long labored to render myself worthy of it.' In the evening fever showed itself and continued all night, which produced great restlessness and desire for change of posture; the bronchiæ then became affected, and it was feared the lungs would soon follow. On Sunday morning the fever disappeared for a short time; consequently he slept, but said on waking, that his dreams had been incoherent and agitated, and that he felt his head would soon be disordered. At two o'clock in the day, the accelerated respiration proved that only a part of the lungs was in action; and the physicians willing to try every thing, proposed to cauterize the vertebræ of the neck; the question, Had he right to die? rendered him obedient to their wishes; but he was spared this bodily torture, and leeches and cupping were all to which they had recourse. During the application of the former, M. Cuvier observed with the greatest simplicity, that it was he who discovered that leeches possess red blood, alluding to one of his *Memoirs*, written in Normandy. 'The consummate master spoke of science for the last time, by recalling one of the first steps of the young naturalist.' He had predicted that the last cupping would hasten his departure; and when raised from the posture necessary for this operation, he asked for a glass of lemonade, with which to moisten his mouth. After this attempt at refreshment, he gave the rest to his daughter-in-law to drink, saying, it was very delightful to see those he loved still able to swallow. His respiration became more and more rapid; he raised his head, and then letting it fall, as if in meditation, he resigned his great soul to its Creator without a struggle.

Those who entered afterwards, would have thought that the beautiful old man, seated in the arm-chair, by the fire-place, was asleep; and would have walked softly

across the room for fear of disturbing him ; so little did that calm and noble countenance, that peaceful and benevolent mouth, indicate that death had laid his icy hand upon them, but they had only to turn to the despairing looks, the heart-rending grief, or the mute anguish of those around, to be convinced that all human efforts are unavailing, when Heaven recalls its own.'

It is useless to add any more, we will merely remark the singular coincidence, that as the year of his birth was noted as being that also of many celebrated characters, so within twelve months of his death, the world lost Goëthe, Champollion, Sir Walter Scott, Sir John Leslie, Casimir Perrier, Abel Remusat, Sir Humphry Davy, and Dr. Wollaston.

Let us say a few words as to the manner in which Mrs. Lee has executed, for a female, her difficult and unusual task. Her Memoirs of Baron Cuvier are not less creditable to her heart than her head. Learned, eloquent, and at all times profoundly anxious to give her reader the full benefit of all she knew, and to give a just estimate of the elevation of the character she delineated, she has written a biography not less interesting than useful, which the scholar may peruse with profit, and which has laid the literary and scientific world under deep obligations.

THE LESSON OF A LIFE.

I cared not e'er for studied lore,
 Or wisdom of the past,
 And worthless learning never o'er
 My mind its network cast ;
 But in those sweet and sunny eyes
 I read unuttered thought,
 Which science could not analyze,
 And books have never taught.

I read, that eloquence of soul
 Love can alone impart,
 Which merges in one burning whole
 Each feeling of the heart ;
 And felt, that I could never yearn
 For study's fitful strife,
 Since loving thee was but to learn
 The lesson of my life. S. D. L.

ON READING THE DESCRIPTION OF POMPEII, IN THE TOUR OF
THE REV. E. D. GRIFFIN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOUENEY.

'In the garden of a Villa, was found the skeleton of a man, carrying keys in one hand, and massy and gold ornaments in the other. Before entering the gate of the city, you perceive the ruins of the guard-house, in which was found the skeleton of a soldier, with lance in hand.'—*Tour in Italy and Switzerland.*

It was the evening of the day of God,
And silence reigned around,—and the dim lamp
Gleamed heavily,—and gathering o'er my heart
There seem'd a lonely sadness :—

Then thou cam'st,
Beautiful spirit !—on thy classic wing,
And bade me follow thee.—And so I sought
The ruined cities of Italia's plain,
And with thee o'er Pompeii's ashes trod,
Courting the friendship of a buried world.—

'Tis fearful to behold the tide of life,
In all the tossings of its fervid strength
Thus petrified,—and every buoyant bark
That spread its gay sail o'er the rippling surge,
Sealed to its depths.—

Thou haggard skeleton,
Clutching with bony hand thy hoarded gold,—
What boots it thus those massy keys to guard,
When life's frail key turns in its ward no more ?
Say,—hadst thou naught amid yon wreck more dear

Than that encumbering dross ? No priceless wealth
 Of sweet affinity,—no tender claim,—
 No eager turning of fond eyes to thine,
 In that last hour of dread extremity ?

Lo !—yon grim soldier,—faithful at his post,
 Bold and unblenching, though a sea of fire
 Closed o'er him with its suffocating wave —
 The reeking air grew hot,—the blackened heavens
 Shrank like a shrivelled scroll, and mother earth,
 Forgetful of her love, a traitor turned,—
 Yet still he fled not—though each element
 Swerved from the Eternal law,—he firmly stood,
 A *Roman sentinel*.—So may we stand,
 In duty's armour, at our hour of doom,
 Though on the climax of our hope, stern death
 Steal, all unlooked for,—as the lightning flash
 Rendeth the summer cloud.

And now adieu,
 My sainted guide.—The waning lamp doth warn
 Me from thy gentle guidance,—though methinks
 Thy breath still fans the brow that o'er thy page
 Delighted hung.—It is not meet for us
 To call thee brother,—we who dwell in clay,
 And find the impress of the earth so strong
 Upon our purest things.—

Spirit of bliss !
 Still 'tis a feature of thy ministry
 To twine thyself around the living heart,
 By deeds of goodness,—and my prayer this night,
 Shall be a hymn of gratitude for thee.

BUCK HORN TAVERN, A SCENE IN THE WEST.

James S. French

BY THE AUTHOR OF

A

'SKETCHES AND ECCENTRICITIES OF COLONEL DAVID CROCKETT.'

Even were the name of the author of this amusing article not a sufficient guarantee for the correctness of the description, those acquainted with western character and manners, will at once acknowledge the fidelity of the picture it presents.—ED. K.

It was during the latter part of September, in the year —, that it was my fortune to be travelling through the western district of Tennessee, and along the main road which now leads on from Bolivar to Paris.

The close of a pleasant day found me fatigued and weary, jogging along through a wild and thinly settled country, on the *qui vive* for a resting place; the few *clearings* which I had passed, indicated contentment rather than wealth, or even comfort, and the hooting of owls, the long howl of some famished beast, the rapid passage of birds on their way to roost, together with the recollection of many stories of hair breadth escape and desperate conflict, which had taken place in the country through which I was passing, caused me to feel much solicitude as to where I should sleep, and made me think of home, and happiness, and the busy crowd of Atlantic cities—and when I contrasted all this with the fact, that I was a stranger in a strange land, and beheld the quiet, yet wild appearance of the dense and dark forest around me, I involuntarily tightened my reins, and urged my horse onward.

It was in this mood, that, upon turning an angle of the road, I discovered a horseman coming toward me in a sweeping trot—he was rather badly mounted; but his dress and appearance were of rather a better order, and *bespoke him* a genuine backwoods-man of some note.

Seeing that he was about to pass me, with a common salutation I *hailed* him to stop.

'*Halt Billy,*'—said he, and Billy halted so suddenly, I thought his rider would have gone over his head—'*An now stranger what is it you want with me, you must talk fast, for the way that I'm in a hurry is curious.*'

'I shall be obliged to you,' said I, 'if you will tell me where I can sleep to night?'

'An is that all?—well here's Buck Horn just a head of you, tho' its right rough there—an about eight miles further there is an excellent house—an if you don't like either of them, spose you turn back with me, I've got but one cabin, and its full of young ones, but I'll make you a pallet and take care of your horse.'

'I thank you, sir, but my horse is tired, and I am anxious to get on.'

'No thanks, no thanks, stop at Buck Horn, you can make out there for the night.'

'But I think you said it was right rough—can I stand it?'

'Oh! stand it—yes—we stand any thing here—I only said so cause you seemed to be a stranger in these parts, an I thought you might'n like their ways.'

'Will they give me and my horse something to eat?'

'Oh! yes—stuff you both as full as tics.'

'And a bed.'

'Yes—they'll give you a bed—you don't mind sleeping thick—do you?'

'How thick?'

'Oh! sorter thick, an not so very thick neither—they'll only put you in spoon fashion, an you must lie awful still, or all turn over together, if you don't the outside ones will fall out, an if they do, they'll be right apt to hurt themselves.'

'Well, is this all I have to fear at Buck Horn?'

'Fear—you have nothing to fear—Buck Horn is considered by many as a very clever, nice place—an don't they have musters there?—an don't they try warrants? an don't they have shootin matches? so you see Buck Horn is not so course—an if any of 'em should try to *use you up*, you'll find more who'll fight for you, than agin you—a stranger never wants for friends in these parts.'

Well I must go now—good bye—if ever you come my way, gim me a call, you hear—jist ask for Little River Jack, they all know me.—Go along Billy,'—and he gouged his old horse, who wriggled, shot forward, and curled it so rapidly, that all which remained visible of him was a dark streak.

Contrasting western with eastern manners, and thinking of Buck Horn and its inhabitants, I pursued my way, until, from well known signals, I knew a house was near—and in a few moments after, situated in a small *clearing*, immediately on the road, appeared a large rude double logged cabin, with a Buck's Horn nailed over the door, which means, in the west, entertainment for man and horse, and this I identified as the tavern to which I had been recommended.

It was now the dusk of evening, and although its appearance was uninviting, it seemed to me a welcome spot—it was quiet—and as I rode up, nothing was to be seen but the cattle lying about the yard chewing their cud, and the fowls arranged in close order, on the limbs of an oak which grew near the door—my arrival, however, seemed entirely to change the scene, for the dogs came whisking and barking about me, as if they wished to know who and what I was, and what was my business—the cows eyed me—the turkeys clucked—and I thought an old gobbler would have twisted his neck off, in his solicitude to get his head in such a position, that he might take a fair *squint* at me. Turkeys, when they examine any thing closely, only use one eye, and my old gobbler would first try one, and then the other, and then he would put his head under his wing, as if for the purpose of brightening his vision, and drawing it out, would take a long searching look—and then he examined his roost, and said something to the turkeys around him, which I could not understand—but they all clucked, and adjusted themselves, concluding, I thought, with, 'he's a stranger in these parts, and I don't much like his looks'—and they would have liked them much less, had they known the state of my appetite.

While all this was passing, an old lady came to the door to see what was the cause of so much commotion, looked out for an instant, and then disappeared—next came a flock of children of all sizes, barefooted, with short cotton shirts, who scarcely saw me, before away they scampered, tumbling over each other, into one of the side doors—and finally there came with stately stride, the landlord of the house—he was without a coat, rough in appearance, large and portly in his form, with a good humored jolly looking face, and while he approached, a pair of eyes might be seen peeping out through every crevice in the house.

‘Come, friend, won’t you ’light!’

‘Thank you, sir, I wish to spend the evening with you.’

‘Git down—git down—I’ll take your horse, and fix you as snug as a bear in a hollow.’

Having dismounted, he stripped my horse, and giving me my saddle-bags, and saddle—‘now take ’em in, an put ’em under the bed—an make yourself at home—chillen clear the way, and let this gentleman come.’—I did as I was directed, but observed that the old gobbler rose up, and turned his head towards the door I entered, in order that he might keep a sharp look out—it was nobly done, he seemed resolved never to turn his back to an enemy.

Having examined the apartment, I drew a chair before a large blazing fire, and contented with appearances, sat a silent spectator of the group before me—the house contained but two rooms, and a garret, or loft as it is there called, running the whole extent of the building, and yet I had seen children enough about the establishment to have filled up at least four good rooms, and still, every moment I saw a new face—there were many girls among the group, all pretty, yet barefooted, and when they would catch me looking at their feet—I love pretty feet—they would stoop so as to make their dress entirely conceal them—modesty must be innate, thought I.

The return of the landlord thinned the little group around me—he sent off all the *small fry* into the next room, and drawing some whiskey made me drink—then seating himself, began to inquire after his kin in the old country, all of whom he fancied I must know, merely because I came from the same State—discussing this, and sundry other topics, we whiled away some time—I learned from him, that he, with his wife, had that morning returned from a visit to Alabama, and that some of the neighbors would *drap* in presently to hear the news—I could hear the crowd gathering in the adjoining room, and was soon after called to supper.

The supper though plentiful and inviting, had been prepared in the room where the largest part of the company was assembled—and there every face was joyous and happy, save that of the good dame, whose duty it had been to prepare the evening meal—she looked rather crabbed, and slung about the pots and pans, seemingly entirely careless of the shins of her neighbors. But she received my thanks, for among other things there was a large quantity of sweet potatoes, sliced and fried, which I had ordered for my own use. We crowded around the table, cracked jokes, and began to eat. There was a stranger at my elbow, who dipped into my sweet potatoes so often, that I began to take quite a dislike to him—for it was a

dish of which I was very fond, which I had ordered, and consequently considered as my own property—besides this, I was as keen set as a hawk.

‘Stranger,’—said I—‘you are fond of potatoes’—

‘No—I can’t say, as how I am—but the way that aunt Pat there cooks ’em is a caution, and I think these are quite *sufflunk*, jest stick me up a few—will you?’

‘You mean to say they will soon be *defunct*, I suppose?’

‘No sir—*sufflunk* is the idea, and, if you don’t know, what sufflunk is, I would advise you to *abschize*, for it’s quite impossible for you to *semprone* here.’

Having supped, we arose in order to make room for another table, and I adjourned to the room which had been allotted me—thither I was followed by my potatoe opponent, who accosted me, with ‘Come, stranger, you mus’nt mind what I say—we are all free and easy here—I woul’nt hurt a hair of your head, to save my life—the old man just come home to-day, and we *drapped* in merely to have a little spree—come, ’spose you join us?’

I thanked him, but was so fatigued from my ride, that I wished to retire early.

Considering a moment—‘did you notice them gals?’ said he.

‘Yes.’

‘Well I’ve a notion of Jinny—she’s a real ticlur, and when she dances she slings a nasty foot—I tell you.’

‘Does she?’

‘Yes, she does so; ’twould do you good to see *her* dance.’

The company now began to get more noisy, and the landlord after telling me several times not to mind the *boys*, went about his business—the chief gathering was in the supper room, which echoed with loud and noisy glee, leaving me comparatively alone. But unfortunately the whiskey barrel was near my bed, and as regular as an hourglass, but at much shorter intervals, did the landlord approach it, with a mug, draw out the *spile*, fill it, and then drive in the peg with a hammer—saying, don’t let me disturb you, there’s your bed, tumble in when you like it—and so there was, a very nice bed—but it was packed, from the wall to about the middle, with two rows of children, fitted to each other in the same manner as shoes are done up for exportation, and besides this, there were many persons around the fire, and among them several girls just grown. Under these circumstances, I felt loth to undress for bed—but upon being told again that my bed was ready, and seeing that nobody was about to leave the room, I conceived that all was right, and stripped, retaining my shirt and drawers, with a tolerable degree of composure.

Having been accustomed to sleep alone, I was as afraid of being touched by a child, as I would have been of an eel, and consequently courted sleep to little purpose.

Soon after getting into bed I heard a scuffle, and a general rush to the entry, saying ‘*you strike him agin*,’—wishing to see all the fun, I slipped out of bed, and crept to the door, where there was such an eternal clatter of tongues, that it was sometime before, I could ascertain the cause of the disturbance—which turned out to be this—a servant belonging to one of the neighbors had come over, as it seemed was his usual custom, to buy a pint of whiskey, and while waiting at the door for the landlord, was ac-

costed by a large bony, crabbed man, named Wolfe, who, from some cause which did not appear, thought proper to strike him—this was perceived by a small, sharp, thin looking man, called Aaron, who having a good share of artificial stimulus, added to much natural firmness, bristled up, and strutted about with huge consequence.

There were many persons about the house who appeared perfectly unmoved by the passing scene, and it was principally the younger persons who surrounded the expected combatants,—girls and men formed the ring promiscuously, the girls *chock full* of fun and life, holding aloft large lightwood torches, determined to see all that was to be seen—conceive myself undressed, peeping over the crowd, and you have the scene as I saw it when Aaron cried out, ‘who struck that *niggur*?’

‘I struck him, a damn black *wampire*, an he that takes his part, is no better than a *niggur*.’

Aaron making towards him—‘now don’t you call me a *niggur*, Wolfe, don’t you call me a *niggur*; if you do, damn me if I don’t walk right into you, I’ll go entirely through you.’

‘Come on then; I’ll lick you—an the way I’ll lick you, will be a caution to the balance of your family, if it don’t, damn me.’ ‘Part ’em—part ’em,’ was the cry from many, and again I heard Aaron’s voice rising above the others—saying,

‘Did the *niggur mistlist* you?’

‘No—but I intruded my conversation upon him, and he could gim me no answer.’

‘Well I say ’twas damn mean, to beat a neighbor’s *niggur* merely because he come to git a drink—now you know Wolfe when you was in the army, sarvin under General Jackson, you would steal out to git a drink, an why not ’low poor *niggur* same privilege.’

‘Damn the *niggur*, I’ve a great mind to *use him right up*, and you too for taking his part.’

‘Now, *use me up*, just as soon as you choose—you know Wolfe you is a bigger man than me—but I tell you, I’m all gristle—an God never made a man who could walk over me, or hurt faster when he begins—I weigh just one hundred and twenty-five pounds.’

‘I don’t care what the devil you weigh, nor any thing about you—all I say, is, I can *lick* you—if you take the *niggur*’s part you is no better than a *niggur*—I say this and stand in my own shoes.’

‘Now, you need’nt talk ’bout your shoes, kase you see I’m barefooted, I haint got no shoes, tis true, but I stand *flat-footed* and damn the man who can move me one inch—do you hear that Wolfe?’

‘Yes—I hear it—and Aaron, I can *lick* you.’

‘Well, Wolfe, I’ll fight you, but you’ve never had a better friend than I’ve been. I’se friended you, when no other man would.’

‘How has you friended me, Aaron, an what has you done for me?’

‘Didn’t I keep them steers of yourn, better than two months—and didn’t I turn that pied heifer of yourn into my pea patch.’

‘An ’sposen you did, didn’t I call up your hogs—but that’s nothing to do with it—Aaron, you took that *niggur*’s part, and you must fight me.’

Aaron could stand this no longer but made at him. 'Part 'em—part 'em' was again the cry; but now the girls interfered, crying out 'let 'em fight, let 'em fight, you s'pose we gwine to stand here all night holding the light'—and at the same time I discovered a hearty, buxom, lively looking girl, whom they called Poll, rolling her sleeves up, and swearing, at the same time, that both were cowards, and that she believed she could cool 'em both out—this added fresh stimulus, and at it they went—the first concussion was like the meeting of two locomotives at full speed—the jar was so great, that both were thrown into the yard, where clinching, they rolled over like a couple of cats, squalling and using the most horrible exertions—the crowd still pressed upon them, the girls holding the torches.—*Hurrah for Wolfe.—Well done Aaron—now gouge him—oh! you missed a chance—now give it to him—why don't you bite him?*—these, and similar expressions, were constantly vociferated by the partizans of each, and seeing the affair was about drawing to a focus, I slipped off, and went to bed. Every thing was now comparatively quiet, and but a few moments elapsed, before Poll, with a crowd at her heels, came in, almost convulsed with laughter.

'What is the matter!' said I.

'Oh! the prettiest fight,' said Poll, 'they were both cowards, but you ought to have seen it—I knew they were sturbin you, standin there quarrelling, so I made 'em fight, merely to have it over—I tell you what, there's 'no mistake' in Aaron, when he does begin. At this moment Aaron came in, walking carelessly along, with his face much scratched and a handkerchief over one of his eyes.

Poll,—'Well Aaron you is a root, I didn't know 'twas in the little man.'

'Poll, you know I always told you, I was all gristle.'

'Well, I didn't think so, but I tell you, you was all over him, I didn't see the licks, but I heard 'em, and they seemed to me to fall just as fast as if I was shakin down 'simmons.'

How much longer this dialogue would have lasted heaven knows, but being uncomfortably situated, I called to Miss Poll, whose face I really liked, and asked her to be good enough to arrange the children, for if she did not, I should soon be kicked out of bed—my wish was hardly expressed, before Poll stripped down the covering and began slapping every child which was out of its place, without paying the least regard to the fact whether it was asleep or awake—this had the desired effect with the children, they were soon packed away, with a strict injunction from Poll, to '*keep quiet, or they'd git it agin,*'—and I cannot say that I felt more sleepy, after Poll had leaned over me to arrange the children, and was kind enough to wish me a good night's rest.

The house now soon became very still, so much so, that one would hardly even have suspected it of having been the scene of such a commotion as the one described.

The stairs which led to the loft, ran up from my room, and while I was endeavoring to sleep, Poll quietly tripped in again, bearing a child in her arms, with several small ones following her—*hush now—don't make a noise—*'O the devil!' said I, 'you don't mean to put them in my bed?'

'No sir—these belong up in the loft'—and she marched them gently up stairs, disposed of them, and again returning, disappeared—scarcely a minute passed, be-

fore she tripped up with another—and then another, and another, until she began to labor up, and I heard her say, ‘well I never *seed* so many *children* in my life’—and so I thought—speaking within the bounds of moderation, I think she carried into the loft, from twelve to fifteen children, then coming down puffing with fatigue, she disappeared, and all was quiet.

Well the scene is over for the night, said I—not so, however, for I again heard Poll’s voice in the entry, amid a small bustle, saying, ‘*now take your shoes off, and march up easy, don’t you disturb that gentleman.*’ The door opened, and Poll appeared with a light, and as she did, she turned about, and whispered in a low voice, ‘*now march*’—then led the way up stairs, followed by I will not say how many of the crowd who had gathered, all marching silently after her in single file—they formed a long line which was several minutes in passing, and I witnessed what I fear I shall never see again.

I must confess with the whole scene I was struck dumb, utterly amazed, and confounded—good heavens, thought I, what a packing touch they’ll have up stairs—and yet there was no bustle—I heard something which sounded like the rustling of *shucks*, and in a few minutes after every thing was as quiet as the wild woods—this silence reigned unbroken, save an occasional jar which shook the house, resembling the slight shock of an earthquake, or the moving of some heavy body above me with a handspike—this was occasioned, by the joint turning over of the phalanx in the loft—when this ceased all was quiet, and I went to sleep.

NOTES.

‘*To heat one’s self,*’ means to get in a violent passion.

‘*To gouge a horse,*’ is to spur him.

‘*Slung a nasty foot,*’ means to dance exceedingly well.

‘*She is a nasty looking gal,*’ implies she is a splendid woman. I know not by what singular change this meaning has been given to the word *nasty*, but certain it is, that expressed above, it is considered among the class to which it has reference, as highly complimentary.

‘*Sick,*’ to beat, to whip.

‘*Shucks,*’ the husk of corn.

STANZAS SUGGESTED BY THE PERUSAL OF THE NARRATIVE
OF SILVIO PELLICO.

To dwell upon another's wo,
 And mark the angry clouds of gloom
O'erspread the spirit's passion-glow,
 With darkness deeper than the tomb,
Is his who cons thy varied page,
 And dwells upon thine humble tale,
Of prisons, where the snows of age,
 Or smiles of youth cannot avail.

Pale dweller in a dungeon cell !
 Though thou hast breathed the tainted air,
Where daylight's beam hath never fell,
 Our hearts might well be with thee there,
To shed a ray more blest more bright,
 Than those that fall from summer skies,
A light that glows in sorrow's night,
 Where evening's mellow radiance dies.

Oh ! warmly have our bosoms burned,
 When thy transient joys were faded,
And we have wept whene'er we turned,
 To the bliss thy sorrows shaded ;

And we have wept with thee, in days
 Bowed down with sorrow and despair ;
And inly joyed to hear thee raise,
 In prison's gloom, the voice of prayer.

And joy was ours whene'er there came
 A thrill of gladness to thy breast,
When called, in accents sweet, thy name,
 A child in love and beauty dressed ;
And when thine arms had clasped once more
 That mute but ever gentle boy,
Whose early love was wont to pour
 Upon thy heart a flood of joy.

We blessed the star of hope that beamed
 Upon thy prison's rayless night,
We blessed the radiant star that gleamed,
 And made thy dungeon home more bright ;
And when we saw thy sorrows o'er,
 Thy doubt and gloom forever past,
And thee returned to joy once more,
 Our heart was full!—our tears fell fast !

D. L.

THE INFLUENCE OF MECHANICAL INVENTION ON THE
IMPROVEMENT OF MANKIND.*

BY GULIAN C. VERPLANK.

SEVERAL years ago, in conversing with a very ingenious and well-informed friend now deceased, I was much struck by a transient observation of his. 'In spite,' said he, 'of man's boasted intellect, he is as much indebted for his present state in civilized life to the hand as to the head. Suppose,' proceeded he, 'that the human arm had terminated in a hoof or a claw, instead of a hand, what would have been the present state of society, and how far would mere intellect have carried us?'

I do not know whether this idea was original with my friend or not, although I have never since heard it or met with it in books; and as he did not follow it out any further, I cannot say what were the particular consequences he meant to infer from it. Let us for a moment take up the supposition and follow it out for ourselves. Let us suppose that all the other original as well as secondary causes, which have operated upon the human race, to bring civilized society to its present state of art, power, knowledge, refinement, and wide-spread comfort and luxury, to have remained as nearly as possible the same. Let us imagine the reason of man to have been as powerful, his curiosity as active, his talent, courage, energy, enterprise, equal, nay, if you will, superior to that which he now possesses and exerts. But in place of his hand, that exquisite and wonderful piece of mechanism, so beautiful in its contrivance, so perfect in its construction, so infinite in its uses, obeying the mind's impulse with an accuracy and rapidity, which the mind itself cannot comprehend or follow—in place of that hand he has the paw of a wild beast. Under such circumstances, unquestionably, some form of society, of government, and of social order might exist. The human mind might slowly observe and compare many of the truths of reason and the laws of nature. The first principles of mathematics, depending as they do, upon pure reason, might possibly have been discovered, and the science of numbers and figure and measure developed in theory by individuals, to no inconsiderable extent. In a race of men so formed, there might possibly be poets and orators, whose fancy or eloquence might have rivalled or resembled those of the great names of the world's early history. There might, and there doubtless would, have been the frequent exertion of brute valor; and there probably would have been sometimes added that application of mind to courage, which makes of the soldier a hero, a leader, a conqueror.

But here, the force of mere mind, in such a world as ours, must have stopped. Without the mechanical assistance of the hand, most of the discoveries and im-

* This paper was read as an introductory lecture to the course of scientific lectures before the Mechanics' Institute of New-York.

provements of each generation must have died with them, and left no preparatory stock of knowledge to the next, for the want of the art of writing. But this, however great it may seem in itself, is but the most inconsiderable of the privations to which man would be subject. 'Man,' said Franklin, 'is a tool-making animal,' and without the hand where would be the tools of agriculture—the plough, the spade, and the wagon? where the builder's skill and the houses which now shelter happy families, in place of the cave and the forest? where the boat, the sail, the ship, which connect nations together, and make the wealth and the wisdom of each portion of our race in some degree the property of all. As we proceed in this analysis, we may thus trace back the comfort, the happiness, the safety, the splendor, nay the very affections and virtues of social and civilized life to the industry of the hand. Still all this is the fruit of the labor of the hand guided by intelligence. It is the toil of the hand directed by experience, strengthened by knowledge gained by past experiment, by the observation of nature, and by the application of reason to that experience and observation. This it is that constitutes that enlightened labor, to which society owes its elevation and its happiness. This it was that

——“ roused man from his miserable sloth,
His faculties unfolded, pointed out
Where lavish Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded, showed him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent and the gathered blast,
Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe,
Taught him to chip the wood and hew the stone,
Till by degrees the finished fabric rose ;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt him in the woolly vestment warm ;
Nor stopt at barren, bare necessity,
But still advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance and grace,
And breathing high ambition in his soul,
Let science, wisdom, glory in his view,
And bade him be the lord of all below.”

Such, in the language but without the exaggeration of poetry, are the magnificent results of intelligent industry, of the hand executing what the mind has devised or discovered; either of them without the other being powerless to any greatly useful end. The mind without the hand must be compelled to waste its force upon barren speculation, or to amuse itself with the fleeting visions of fancy. The hand without the guiding mind, is bloody and dangerous, quick to injury, slow and awkward in any work of peace. Let them act together in intelligent unison, and then the whole man and the whole frame of society will move together in cheerful activity, right onwards to their highest possible perfection and happiness. It is the boast of our own country and times and civil condition, that they are all auspicious to this union and the attainment of these

ends. To co-operate to the best of his ability in securing and hastening forward this excellent and beneficent effect, and especially to make its blessings more immediately felt by those around and about him, is at once the duty of every good citizen and his most exalted privilege.

It is with such motives and views that you, fellow-citizens have founded the **MECHANICS' INSTITUTE OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK**. Its primary object you have stated, in your constitution, to be 'the instruction of mechanics and others in popular and useful science, and its application to the arts and manufactures, by means of lectures, apparatus, models of machinery, a museum, and library.'

In discharging the grateful and honorable duty which you have confided to me, of opening the course of scientific lectures arranged for the present season, perhaps I cannot better employ the limits of an introductory lecture, too circumscribed for the particular elucidation of any single prominent branch of scientific inquiry, than by considering a few of the more important advantages, which may justly be expected to flow from instruction of the kind proposed by your institution.

Let me invite your attention, first, to the consideration of the probable beneficial effect of the diffusion of scientific knowledge, amongst those practically and habitually employed in the mechanic and manufacturing arts, as it is likely to operate upon the improvement and advancement of the arts and sciences themselves. This is a view of the subject which did not, perhaps, occupy the foreground in the minds of the founders of the Institute; but I place it first, because it first occurred to my own thoughts, and because, too, if not the very first in importance, among the many uses of such institutions as this, it is scarcely secondary to any other.

Perhaps there is no better definition of science, than that it is knowledge acquired by the thoughts and the experience of many, and so methodically arranged as to be comprehended by any one. That which exhibits the truth, reasoned out by the mind from its own intuitive perceptions, and which relates not merely to that which is, but to that which *must* be, (such as the deductions of mathematics,) constitutes abstract science.

Physical science is the methodized and therefore simplified knowledge of the order of nature, so far as hitherto observed. This consists mainly in the classification under general rules and names, of multitudes of observations and experiments. It arranges and generalizes the observations of all ages made by those who, with eager eyes and attentive minds, have read the great book of nature, which she opens of her own accord to all men, and the experiments that by new and bold combinations of agents, or powers that do not ordinarily appear together, have questioned Nature herself and forced her to reveal the secret rules and methods of her mighty operations. It is the business of the true teacher of useful science to lay all this before his pupils clearly, briefly, and methodically, thus following out and applying that beautiful and benevolent fundamental law of the Author of all being and of all wisdom, who governing all things by vast and comprehensive rules, includes millions of apparently jarring phenomena under the operation of some single cause, and has thus made a kind provision whereby the limited mind of man may grasp and turn to its own uses the laws that sway the whole creation.

The theory of science, then, is the exposition of known facts, arranged in

classes and expressed in words. Let then this general and preparatory acquaintance with the ascertained laws of nature, be widely spread amongst those who are constantly and habitually engaged in the various operations of the useful arts, and what will be the probable consequence? Instead of a comparatively few observers, most of whom see nature "through the spectacles of books," or at best on the limited scale of the laboratory, or the lecture room, we have at once hundreds of men well grounded in the principles of chemistry, mechanics, and general physical science, perpetually observing, watching, comparing, applying, the working of those principles on the largest scale, and under some peculiar advantages, which the man of mere speculative science can rarely enjoy. For instance, all who have turned their attention to mechanical invention, know how often and how signally the most ingenious conceptions, succeeding admirably in the model, are frustrated and found worthless when applied to practice on the scale necessary for any useful purpose. However valuable the model may be as an auxiliary, nothing but actual experience can teach the operation of friction, of gravity, of the nature of materials, of the varying proportion of weight and strength in relation to an increased scale of size, and numerous other circumstances which it would require a lecture to detail.* But the knowledge of all this is precisely what constitutes the difference between the accomplished speculative projector, and the successful practical machinist; and as all this is every hour before the eyes of the actual mechanic, it surely must prove a great thing for the improvement of mechanical skill and invention, to have this observation assisted and enlightened by sound theory, or, in other words, by a clear and distinct apprehension of what has already been invented or discovered.

In visiting our national patent office, and conversing with the officers of the establishment, it becomes a common subject of remark, how prodigious a waste of ingenuity, in various ways, and particularly in mechanical contrivance, takes place annually in this country, from the want of a more general knowledge of the actual state of improvement in the several departments of invention. Hundreds of useful or ingenious machines have been thus re-invented, doubtless with no little loss of that intellectual labor, which, if it had been applied in improving or building upon what was already known, might have opened to society new sources of comfort, of pleasure, or of power.

The advantages of experience and observation on a large scale, are, by no means, peculiar to mechanical ingenuity. Indeed, I meant to draw from it simply an example or illustration of a truth common to all the mechanic and manufacturing arts. It is peculiarly true with regard to the chemistry of the arts. It has been remarked by the most successful chemists of our day, that some of the most important manifestations of the laws of chemical action could hardly have been discovered in the course of any of the experiments of the chemical laboratory, however skilful or costly. In order to manifest themselves to observation, they require the action of large masses or quantities together, perhaps that of the elements upon them, or of a considerable lapse of time. In

* See them well explained in an ingenious paper, by Mr. Sang, 'on the relation between a machine and its model,' printed in *Silliman's Journal*, Vol. xxii. No. 2

fact, the very foundation of modern chemistry, or at least of that branch of it termed Pneumatic Chemistry, was laid in a brewery. There had been no lack of ingenuity, no sparing of labor or expense, no flagging of zeal or of curiosity, among the old chemists. But the larger and more striking field of observation and combination afforded to Dr. Priestley, by the vats and gasses of his neighbor the brewer, opened a new world to inquiry. From the thick vapors of the brew-house, like one of the gigantic genii of Arabian romance, arose that mighty science which has given to enlightened art a more than magical sway, enabling her to clothe her productions with vivid beauty, to dispense amongst all those fabrics which were once reserved for kings and princes, to chase away disease, and to arm man with a strength such as ancient poets never dreamt of in their wildest tales of heroes, giants, and demigods.

Will it not, then, promise much for the still further and more rapid advancement of knowledge and art, if all those immense processes, combinations, unions, affinities, conversions, formations, decompositions, which are incessantly going on in the brewery, the dye-house, the distillery, the manufactory of drugs, paints, metals, glass, porcelain; in short, in all the establishments of refined and ingenious art—I say, to have all these watched, noted, tested, analyzed, applied, separated from whatever may impede their action, or united to whatever may add to it—and this done by men skilled in their particular vocations, and moreover able to call in the aid of science to explain difficulties, or direct observation?

It is wonderful how the elements of the most precious knowledge are spread around us—how to the curious and instructed observer every thing is full and rich with the means of benefiting the human race. The slightest accession to our knowledge of nature, or our command over it, is sure ultimately to connect itself with some other truth, or to unfold its own powers or relations, and thus to lead on to some practical benefit, which the boldest conjecture could never have anticipated. The ignorant and the idle suffer all such opportunities to pass by them as the vagrant breeze. But such will surely not be the case with industrious men, prepared by general science (as it is the object of this institution to prepare them) to turn those occasions to the best account. In so saying, I do not speak from hope, or conjecture, or theory, or the desire of stimulating your zeal by flattering words. I argue from experience. I draw my anticipation of what may be, from the actual history of what has been. Let me give you the evidence of this by some few examples selected out of many hundreds. Take, for instance, the history of one of the most recent and precious gifts which chemistry has made to medicine.

A few years ago a soap manufacturer of Paris, M. Courtois, remarked that the residuum of his lie, when exhausted of the alkali, produced a corrosion of his copper boilers, which struck him as deserving special inquiry. "He put it," says Mr. Herschell, "into the hands of a scientific chemist for analysis, and the result was the discovery of one of the most singular and important chemical elements, *iodine*. The properties of this, being studied, were found to occur most appositely in illustration and support of a variety of new, curious, and instructive views then gaining ground in chemistry, and thus exercised a marked influence over the whole body of that science. Curiosity was excited;

the origin of the new substance was traced to the sea plants, from whose ashes the principal ingredient of soap is obtained, and ultimately to the sea-water itself. It was thence hunted through nature, discovered in salt mines and springs, and pursued into all bodies which have a marine origin; among the rest, into sponge. A medical practitioner (Dr. Coindet, a Swiss physician,) then called to mind a reputed remedy for the cure of one of the most grievous and unsightly disorders to which the human species is subject—the *goitre*,—which infests the inhabitants of mountainous districts to an extent which, in this favoured land, we have happily no experience of, and which was said to have been cured by the ashes of burnt sponge. Led by this indication, he tried the effect of iodine on that complaint, and the result established the extraordinary fact, that this singular substance, taken as a medicine, acts with the utmost promptitude and energy on *goitre*, dissipating the largest and most inveterate in a short time, and acting (of course with occasional failures, like all other medicines,) as a specific or natural antagonist against that odious deformity.”

Now consider what a mass of human misery, for a long series of generations to come, has been relieved or removed by this discovery, arising from the single circumstance of a Parisian soap manufacturer being an observing man, who understood the uses and nature of chemical analysis. How many human beings, who would have dragged out a wretched existence, deformed, dejected, and miserable, may now lead healthy and happy lives, in consequence of a discovery depending upon a circumstance which would probably never have fallen under the notice of the learned physician, or the mere chemist of the laboratory.*

Let us cross the channel to Great Britain for some further examples, and learn from what has been done there by mechanical, united to scientific skill, what we may reasonably hope to see done among ourselves.

It were idle to waste words in showing how much of the present prosperity, wealth, intelligence, and means of enjoyment, in the civilized world, depends upon the art of navigation—and how much the perfection of that art is connected with the accuracy and advance of astronomy—and, again, how that science depends upon the excellence of its great instrument, the telescope. The telescope, in its earlier stages of invention, had received all the improvement that could then be furnished by the genius of the great Galileo, the father of modern science, and by the super-human philosophical sagacity of Newton, as well as of their disciples and followers, the most learned and ingenious men of Europe, such as the English Hooke, the Dutch Huyghens, and the German Euler.

The product of these labors was indeed an admirable proof of the power of human invention; yet it was accompanied with imperfections, especially in the refracting telescope, that seemed insuperable. Your lecturer, when ex-

* The still more recent discovery of another elementary chemical substance, *Bromine*, was made under very similar circumstances by a manufacturing chemist of the south of France, M. Belard, whose observation of the processes occurring in his manufacture, led to this curious and valuable accession to chemical science. As, however, its beneficial uses in the economy of nature are not yet developed, it does not present so striking an illustration of the general argument as the discovery of *Iodine*.

plaining the doctrines of optics, will state to you, more fully and clearly than can now be done, the nature and cause of this difficulty. It is sufficient for my present purpose to say, that from the supposed inherent imperfection of the refractive powers of glass, the images seen by the aid of the telescope were formed very indistinct and confused, being tinged strongly with the several prismatic colors. The removal of this defect was reserved for JOHN DOLLOND, originally a silk-weaver, and afterwards an optician and instrument maker of London. Half a century after Newton's experiments, Dollond conceived the idea that the refractive powers of different kinds of glass might be made to correct each other. In this he completely succeeded, and by the combination of scientific sagacity with that tact which is the growth of experience alone, at once enriched theoretical philosophy by the discovery of an important optical law, and in his achromatic telescope presented a more perfect and commodious instrument to astronomy. Had he not been familiar with the science of Newton, Dollond would never have attempted this discovery; had he not also been a practical mechanic, it is hardly probable that he would have succeeded.

The incidental mention of the ultimate advantages derived by the art of navigation from the labors of Dollond, suggests to my mind another illustration, and recalls the name of JOHN SMEATON. He was by regular trade a philosophical instrument maker; but his active mind had taken a broad range of rational curiosity and employment, embracing almost every thing in science or art that could throw light on mechanical contrivance. His inventions of this sort were very numerous and ingenious, but his solid fame rests chiefly upon the erection of the Eddystone Lighthouse. Its site was one of the utmost consequence to the naval and commercial marine of Great Britain, and, indeed, of the world. As it was to be placed on a reef of rocks, far from the main land, and exposed to the whole force of the waves of the Atlantic, the building of a durable edifice there had baffled the skill of the ablest architects. At that period, about the middle of the last century, that branch of marine construction which relates to piers, moles, artificial harbors, breakwaters, &c., was far from that scientific development it has since received, and which it, in no small degree, owes to Smeaton himself. The commissioners for rebuilding the lighthouse, aware of the difficulties they had to encounter, reported that this was not an undertaking for a mere architect, however skilful, but required the talent of some one eminent for general mechanical skill and contrivance. Smeaton was selected. His plan was wholly original, having been suggested immediately by the consideration of the means used by nature to give durability to her works, and taking the model of strength and resistance to the elements which she had given in the trunk of the oak.* The execution corresponded with the boldness and

* 'The building,' says one of Smeaton's biographers, 'is modelled on the trunk of an oak, which spreads out in a sweeping curve near the roots, so as to give breadth and strength to its base, diminishes as it rises, and then again swells out as it approaches to the bushy head, to give room for the strong insertion of the principal boughs. These boughs are represented by a broad curved solid stone cornice, the effect of which is to throw off the heavy seas, which, when thus suddenly checked, fly up, as is said by eye-witnesses, fifty or a hundred feet above the top of the building, and are thus prevented striking and injuring the lantern containing the lights, though for the moment enclosing it all around.'

perfection of the first conception. There are few narratives of more intense interest or varied instruction than his own account of this great work, which is among my earliest and most vivid recollections of this sort of reading. I will not attempt to mar it by a meagre abstract. It is enough to say that this noble effort of mechanical genius, thus grafted upon and made part of the rocky bottom of the sea, and resisting the immense might of the ocean which it faces, has never been surpassed or improved upon, but has been the model or guide of numerous subsequent works of marine construction of great excellence and unbounded utility.

The ancient Pharaohs of Egypt, in the pride of conquest, or the vain hope of immortality, exhausted the labors of millions of slaves to rear immense pyramids and tall and huge granite obelisks. The imperial Trajan, the most illustrious name of Rome after the loss of her liberties, decorated his Forum with that magnificent column which still bears his own name, and upon which the sculptor lavished his art, to commemorate the victories of its founder over the Dacian barbarians, as they were called; that is to say, over a race of free and brave men, who had struggled for their liberties against the grasping tyranny of Rome, with a courage and talent worthy of a better fate. Napoleon, whose sublime genius and grand aspirations were yet unhappily alloyed by so great an admixture of the meaner ambition of ordinary kings and conquerors, reared, in his own capital, the lofty brazen column of his victories, cast from artillery won on the bloody fields of Marengo, and Jenna, and Austerlitz. Upon that vast bronze, the veteran companions of his glories can behold, in bold relief, the storied images of their campaigns, their toils and their exploits, and those of their chief and their hero.

But in the eye of sober reason, how poor and how vain are these monuments of pride, of power, of glory, and even of genius, when compared to the solitary sea-girt unadorned Atlantic tower, which perpetuates the name, the talent, and the unambitious labors of John Smeaton! The glories of the conquerors have vanished like the morning mist. Their conquests and their empires have crumbled into dust; but the Eddystone tower stands firm amidst the tempest and the uproar of the ocean; and there, as I wherever else its form is imitated and its principles applied, as on our own coasts and on the shores of our western lakes, it throws its broad light across the storm and the gloom, giving safety to the mariner and guiding that commerce which, making the natural riches of every climate the common property of all, is surely destined to bind together the whole family of man in the mutual and willing interchange of art and learning and science and morals and freedom.

I might continue my illustrations from the history of useful science to an extent far beyond the limits that would be proper on this occasion. The names and lives of our own distinguished benefactors of mankind, Franklin and Rittenhouse and Whitney and Fulton and Perkins, press upon my memory. Again, the history of the watch and clock, from their early invention to their present admirable state of perfection in the astronomical clock and the marine chronometer, as successively improved by men educated in the practical art and able to apply the helps of science, would alone afford the materials for a lecture.

The history of printing offers another tempting field of collateral illustration. I might show you how numerous and how precious are the contributions, that

have been made by a succession of learned printers, to literature, philosophy, and those principles of tolerance and freedom, which it is the sacred office of the press to perpetuate and diffuse. I might tell of the Italian Aldus and his sons, of Henry Stephens of Paris and his learned family, of the Dutch Elzevirs, the English Bowyer, the Scotch Foulis and Duncan, and surely could not forget the noblest name of them all, our own Franklin. It is from the influence of these men and such as these, that the printing office has become, to use one of its own phrases, the *Chapel* of Liberty, where is her living presence, and where are reared the altars upon which are daily kindled the clear and bright lights of instruction for the illumination of mankind. There the goddess treasures up her arms, her ægis, and her lightnings. There is she worshipped by an assiduous, an intelligent, an ardent and a faithful priesthood.

I must also reluctantly refrain from detailing the studies, inventions, and improvements of the potter, JOSIAH WEDGEWOOD. His chemical and geological acquirements, applied to the experience of his Staffordshire pottery, have filled the houses of all classes with those cheap, cleanly, and elegant luxuries of china and finer earthenware, such as before his days princes alone could purchase; whilst his pure taste and acquaintance with antiquity have imparted to the ordinary productions of the potter's mould and lathe, the grace and beauty of the most costly works of ancient art.

I content myself with barely mentioning these points of illustration, leaving them to be followed out by your own reading or recollection. But from among the names that thus crowd upon me, let me adduce one more bright example, which I select, chiefly, because it is most intimately and gloriously connected with that application of science to which our own country, and, I may add, our own state and city, are most largely and peculiarly indebted.

It was about this season of the year, just seventy years ago, that the instrument maker employed by the University of Glasgow, received from the Professor of Natural Philosophy, in that ancient seminary of learning, a broken model of the steam engine, as then used, to be put in order for his lectures. It was the simple and very imperfect machine of Newcomen, the best form of the steam engine that had then appeared, and which had been found rather useful as a somewhat economical substitute for the labor of men or horses. But no one had yet viewed the steam engine as the means of a new creation of force, whereby the winds and the waves could be breasted and subdued, the weight of mountains raised, or the most delicate manipulations of the human hand imitated and surpassed. An ordinary workman, after admiring the ingenuity of this imperfect machine, would have made the necessary repairs, sent it back to the lecture room, and the world would have gone on as usual. But it had fallen into the hands of JAMES WATT, a young mechanic, of singular and various inventive sagacity, and of most patient and persevering ingenuity, who, in addition to much miscellaneous information and some mathematical acquirement, had been led by a liberal curiosity to master all that was then known of chemistry and theoretical natural philosophy in its broadest sense. He was struck with the latent capabilities of the agent used in the imperfect engine before him; and to develop these powers, he applied his mind, he tasked his invention, he called in the aid of all collateral science. The mode and extent of his success have doubtless been heretofore explained to those of you not practi-

cally acquainted with the subject, and will I presume again form a part of this winter's course of instruction. I invite you now only to consider what was achieved by the labors of Watt. He was not merely the improver of the steam engine, but, in fact, as to all that is admirable in its structure or vast in its utility, he has the clear right of being honored as its inventor. 'It was by his invention,' says an eloquent eulogist of his character and genius,* 'that its action was so regulated as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivances it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility; for the prodigious power that it can exert, and the ease, precision, and ductility with which it can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant, which can pick up a pin or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, or crush masses of obdurate metal like wax before it—draw out without breaking a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of the line, like a bauble, into the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors—cut steel into ribbons and impel loaded vessels against the winds and waves.'

But look around for yourselves—on our rivers and lakes—on the manufactures of Europe and America, piled up in our shops—on the rail-roads which traverse, or are just about to traverse, our continent—on the wealth, the power, the rapid interchange of commerce and intelligence produced by the modern steam engine, and then let me remind you that all this is the fruit of the solitary labors and studies of a Glasgow work-shop, directed by an active, vigorous, daring, but most patient and persevering mind, which knew how to use well the knowledge that other wise or ingenious men had previously reasoned out or discovered. Much of this stupendous result Watt beheld with his own eyes, for he continued to apply and improve his invention for more than half a century. He lived to see the complete success of its application to navigation by our own Fulton, who, great as were his various merits and inventive resources, would have labored in vain had he been obliged to rely for the moving power of his machinery upon the feeble ancient engines of Savary or Newcomen. Watt died in 1819, full of years and honors.† How splendid a reward of well directed intellectual labor! What an animating excitement is the contemplation of it to the best aspirations of a bold and generous, but also of a wise, a useful, and a benevolent ambition!

I trust that I need adduce no further evidence to show of what infinite consequence it is to society, that the phenomena and the processes of nature and art should be constantly watched by well instructed eyes, and of what incalculable value the slightest new fact thus gathered, (as in the case of the chemical

* Francis Jeffrey.

† Amongst these honors must be particularly noticed two sketches of his character; the one from the pen of Francis Jeffrey, the other from that of Walter Scott. In both of these, those eminent men have done honor to themselves as well as to the memory of their friend, by the warmth of feeling with which they have described his virtues and talents, his amazing stores of miscellaneous knowledge, and that unclouded amiable temper and unflagging benevolence which made this profound philosopher, this creator of power, this potent magician, whose machinery has changed the whole world, to be in private life one of the most delightful of companions, and the best and kindest of human beings.

antidote to the disease of goitre,) may prove to the whole human family. Thus it is, that whether like Dollond, Smeaton, or Watt, you are yourselves the happy agents of spreading more widely the dominion of mind over matter, or whether you merely enrich human knowledge by some single additional fact, the use of which may at some future time be developed by others, you will in either case attain the generous wish so well and strongly expressed in the plain but expressive words of one of the reports of your Institute, and "will leave the world in a better state than you found it."

There is, I think, another and not less wholesome influence upon science, to be derived from its being made familiar to the thoughts of men, whose ordinary habits of life are exclusively practical.

It would be a poor affectation in me, were I to pretend to hold cheap the acquirements of the closet, and the researches and conclusions of retired and speculative philosophy. For in this class must be reckoned the wisdom of Newton, Leibnitz, Euler, Locke, Butler, the great lights of mathematical and physical and moral truth. But it must be confessed, that it is the uniform tendency of all purely speculative and scholastic science, to wander into visionary abstractions, to shroud itself in abstruse technicalities, and above all, to substitute words of learned length, and rules or maxims of arbitrary authority, to simple and intelligible reason. Thus men of erudition and science often impose upon themselves as well as upon others. Now I can imagine no more effectual corrective to this tendency, than the bringing science to the test and the ordeal of the general mind, the applying to its doctrines the reason and the experience of society. Not that every man, or any one man, can be capable of judging of the soundness or worth of all science; but that the aggregate good sense of the community is thus brought to bear upon the whole body of theory. Mysteries enough in physical and moral nature will still remain; but they will be known and confessed to be so from the present limited powers of the human mind. We shall not think we understand them, because we have good and well sounding words wherewith to conceal our ignorance. Two centuries ago all the wonders of nature were explained, or supposed to be so, by the mystical and imposing maxim that "Nature abhors a vacuum." Then came a theory of *vortices*, or little and great whirlpools pervading all creation, and these too accounted for every thing. We should have never found out that all this was a string of empty words and arbitrary assertion, if men had done nothing but write or talk on the subject. It was the air-pump and the barometer, the crucible and the retort, the application of science to the wants of life, that silently refuted it all and substituted more solid knowledge. An excellent writer of our own day, (Mr. Herschell,) to whom I have been before indebted, has so well and strongly stated the truth which I wish to impress, that I should only dilute his sound and manly sense, were I to clothe his ideas in any other words than his own.

'Knowledge can neither be adequately cultivated nor adequately enjoyed by a few. It is not like food, destroyed by use; but rather augmented and perfected. It acquires, perhaps, not a greater certainty, but at least a confirmed authority and a probable duration by universal assent; and there is no body of knowledge so complete but that it may acquire accession, or so free from error but that it may receive correction by passing through many minds. Those who

admire and love knowledge, for its own sake, ought to wish to see it made accessible to all, were it only that its elements may be the more thoroughly examined into, and more effectually developed in their consequences, and receive that ductility and plastic quality which the pressure of minds of all descriptions, constantly moulding them to their own purposes, can alone bestow. To this end it is necessary that science should be divested, as far as possible, of artificial difficulties, and stripped of all such technicalities as tend to place it in the light of a craft, or a mystery, inaccessible without a kind of apprenticeship. Science, of course, like every thing else, has its own peculiar terms; and these it would be unwise, were it even possible, to relinquish; but every thing that tends to clothe it with a strange and repulsive garb, and especially every thing that, to keep up an appearance of superiority in its professors over the rest of mankind, assumes an unnecessary garb of profundity and obscurity, should be sacrificed without mercy. Not to do this is to deliberately reject the light, which the natural unencumbered good sense of mankind is capable of throwing on every subject, even in the elucidation of principles. But where principles are to be applied to practical uses, it becomes absolutely necessary; as all men have then an interest in their being so familiarly understood that no mistakes need arise in their application.*

We may remark something analogous to this effect in our personal experience of the operations of our minds. A man may have worked out in his head a new general rule in arithmetic, or he may plan a large building, or scheme out in his mind a machine, in all its parts, to his perfect satisfaction. Yet he cannot safely rely upon these mental abstractions, until he reduces them to an actual trial; of the rule, for instance, by working a question or problem with it, of the plan by laying it down on paper, or of the machine by essaying it in a model; in short, as the phrase is, he must see how it works. Then there is always an even chance that he will find that his general ideas were, if not somewhat erroneous, at least inaccurate, that he had overlooked or omitted something essential. But the putting the great body of men of experimental skill in possession of the principles of scientific theory, is precisely the doing, on a very extensive scale, what the individual does on a small one, in such cases as those just mentioned. This will show how the theory works. This tries and proves, or else limits and corrects, the general propositions of speculation, by comparing them with specific examples, and thus submitting them to the experience and common sense of mankind.

This salutary influence of general inquiry and knowledge is by no means limited to pure science. We may go much further. Mathematicians have said, and truly, that the spirit of geometrical reasoning is not limited in its application to mere geometry; but that the method, the clearness, the exactness that distinguish mathematics, gradually communicate themselves to other studies, opinions, and pursuits, so that at length their effect is felt even among those who are ignorant of mathematics. Such, it seems to me, must be the effect of sound and well digested knowledge of any kind, upon the general habits of the mind, and ultimately upon all the great interests of society. It forms and strengthens a rectifying and methodizing power of the understand-

* Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy, by I. F. W. Herschell.

ing, such as that for which James Watt and Benjamin Franklin were so eminently distinguished upon every subject that came under their examination. It induces the regular appetite for distinct reason, the desire of light and truth in all things. Now error and fraud love to hide themselves in a cloud of wordy generalities—to intimate mysterious difficulties—to magnify the importance of phrases, or terms, or usages, of ambiguous or of no meaning, though sanctioned by time, or by party, or by authority—in short, to protect themselves and impose upon others by means which, when at length honestly analyzed, turn out to be mere *humbug*. The word is a coarse one, and is branded by critics and dictionary makers as low. I believe it may be so. I can only wish that the thing itself received no more countenance among the great and learned than the word.

But real wisdom and legitimate science, however abstruse or difficult upon the first examination, whatever great and insurmountable mysteries may be mixed with their certainty, yet dread not the public gaze. They ask no aid from delusion or from ignorance. They claim the light of day, and rejoice and expand themselves in the full flood of its noontide blaze.

Therefore it is, fellow citizens, that the diffusion of real knowledge, and the universal habit of investigating scientific or moral truth, cannot but ultimately have a most purifying and exalting effect upon our political institutions, our jurisprudence and administration of justice, our civil and even municipal and local policy.

It is sufficient to have indicated these general views: you will yourselves judge of their correctness. I could not enlarge upon them without at least entering upon topics leading to controversial discussion.

I have not yet touched upon the influence of knowledge, such as that to which your Institution invites the mechanics of this city, upon the operative and producing classes themselves, in improving the character, raising the thoughts, awakening sleeping talent, and thus qualifying this great and valuable body for the able, just, right, wise, and honourable discharge of all the duties of men, of citizens, of freemen, and of patriots. This is alone and in itself a theme full of interest—full of excitement. As it was doubtless a leading motive in founding this Institution, I had intended to make it the principal subject of this opening lecture. But I found that it was so familiar to the thoughts—I may rather say, to the hearts—of your members, and it had already been so strongly and well urged in the addresses and reports of your committees, that I could add very little indeed to the deep conviction and impression that had already been made. This gives the promise of a noble harvest of usefulness from the seed which may be sown here. But it was for these reasons that I have rather chosen to attempt exciting your minds to the holy ambition of 'leaving the world better than you found it,' by pointing out what experience has proved you can do for the cause of science and reason, than to repeat what you already know and feel, and to tell you what science and reason can do for you.

Yet if exhortation on this head were needed, you would find in the history of our own country a lesson to this effect, far more instructive, far more animating, far more impressive, than any that mere rhetoric such as mine could give—than even the highest eloquence could teach. What is the history of our war of independence, but the story of the struggles of a poor and a peaceful, but a

generally educated, well informed people, against cultivated talent, abundant wealth, and disciplined valor? Then, in the glowing language of one of our own bards,

Then war became the peasant's joy ; her drum
His merriest music, and her field of death
His couch of happy dreams
After life's harvest home.

He battles, heart and arm, his own blue sky
Above him, and his own green land around,
Land of his father's grave,
His blessing and his prayers!

Land, where he learnt to lisp a mother's name,
The first beloved on earth, the last forgot—
Land of his frolic youth—
Land of his bridal eve!

Land of his children ! Vain your columned strength,
Invaders ! vain your battle's steel and fire !
Choose ye the morrow's doom
A prison or a grave.

Such were Saratoga's victors—such the brave men whose blood earned our liberties. Foremost among these was the blacksmith of Rhode Island, NATHANIEL GREENE ; he whom Hamilton whilst he honoured Washington as 'the first *man* of the country,' did not hesitate to style 'the first soldier of the revolution.'[†] He was a man not more remarkable for his genius and patriotism, than for his insatiable thirst for knowledge, and the eagerness with which even in early youth he seized upon every opportunity of mental improvement. There also was the bookbinder KNOX, and from among the mechanics of New-York came forth our WILLET,[‡] 'the bravest of the brave.'

Abroad, our interests were watched over, and our national dignity represented by the printer FRANKLIN, who amidst the varied avocations of a busy life, had made himself one of the most accomplished men of the times, and after attaining the highest honors of scientific fame, in his venerable and illustrious old age brought all that learning, science, and fame, to the service of liberty.

Foremost in our councils at home, and enrolled among the immortal names of the committee of five who prepared and reported the Declaration of Independence, was the shoemaker, ROGER SHERMAN, a man self-educated and self-raised. He was one who by intellect and knowledge commanded the confi-

* Halleck. Field of the Grounded Arms.

† I state this opinion of General Hamilton, in relation to the military character of Greene, on the authority of the late Colonel Marinus Willet, (who cordially concurred in the same opinion,) as used by General Hamilton in conversation at a meeting of the society of Cincinnati, shortly after the death of Greene.

‡ Colonel Marinus Willet, afterward Mayor of New-York.

dence of the wise and swayed the opinions of the multitude, for he had not the gifts of external show, or 'the loud and rattling tongue of saucy and audacious eloquence.' As an eloquent colleague of his in the senate and on the bench of justice* once described him to be—'he was a slow-spoken and almost tongue-tied man, but his head was as clear as light.'

There were other names like these, which I cannot now pause to recapitulate. Our more recent history is also full of instances of the most honorable offices of society honorably discharged by men, who had enjoyed no higher early advantages than those I have named, but who had used well what they did enjoy.

But I fear to speak of the occurrences or the men of our own days, lest I should seem to play the flatterer. Still I cannot forbear from paying a passing tribute to the memory of a townsman and a friend. It is but a few days ago that the wealth, talent, and public station of this city were assembled to pay honor to the brave and excellent Commodore Chauncey. Few men could better deserve such honors, either by public service or private worth; but all of us who recollected the events of the struggle for naval superiority on the lakes during the late war with Great Britain, could not help calling to mind that the courage, seamanship, and ability of Chauncey would have been exerted in vain, had they not been seconded by the skill, the enterprise, the science, the power of combination, and are ready and inexhaustible resources of his ship builder, HENRY ECKFORD.

But, fellow-citizens, I must not detain you any longer. I have but to say, that in the examples I have brought before you, you have the earnest, the pledge, the proof of what is in your power to achieve, of what you owe to yourselves and your country. The ardor for improvement, the thirst for knowledge manifested by the mechanics of this and others of our cities are gratifying indeed. As they spring from generous motives, as they overshadow and destroy meaner propensities and poorer desires, they afford of themselves no barren subject of gratification to the patriot, the philosopher, and the philanthropist. But they derive a tenfold interest and value from the greater results which they foretell, and the more glorious future they appear to usher in.

Even so, the mild and balmy spring, whilst it gladdens the eye with the young grain, the tender grass, and the white and purple blossoms of the orchard, gives to the mind the cheering promise of the life-sustaining corn, the delicious fruit, and all the riches, the joys, and beauties of serene, bright, and abundant autumn.

* The late William S. Johnson of Connecticut.

AN ARTICLE FROM THE ENGLISH ANNUALS.

Proem;

Or, Manifest Editorial,

In which the Editor indulgeth in sundry pertinent remarks.

We have resolved, most beloved reader, that thou shalt place to our account an exceeding degree of merit for the present article. Indeed, there are great and sufficient reasons for this intention, any one of which would be quite enough to satisfy the conscience of a magazine editor, either as regards cogency or utility. We will set them forth. There are many things to be considered, by those editorial, in the arrangement and selection of their matter, among which we hold the most prominent to be, the eminence of the writer, the quality of the writing, and the degree of interest with which it is likely to be perused. When the first of these is unquestioned, the second superior, and the third likely to be great, it is beyond a doubt that it contains all the elements of magazinial reputation. Well, then, by a selection from the glittering volumes that cover our table, if we can not only secure all these essential requisites, but at the same time gratify the natural and great curiosity of our readers, as to what is going on in the fashionable part of the world of letters at this period of its gala festival, when the fairest offsprings of art and genius come forth for our amusement, dressed in all the auxiliary splendors of silk and morocco, chasing and gold. We will not only have combined all the qualities of an excellent article, but will have justly earned a good title to thy esteem. We might now commence our pleasant task, did we not think it necessary to advertise thee, that the circumstance of this *matter*, technically speaking, having been already published, in no way derogates from the merit which we assume to ourselves for giving it to thee. For if, as Sallust would say, we regard the expense, it will be found that it costeth us more by a just calculation, than would an original article, by one of our most esteemed contributors, of an equal length. This thou wilt comprehend more readily when we advertise thee of the circumstance, that we pay five dollars per page for such contributions as we consider best, (and monthly thou perusest many such,) which for twenty pages, the length to which we purpose extending our selections, is one hundred dollars. Well, the invoice, for our India proof copies, headed

London, Nov. 1.

'The Editor of the Knickerbocker,

To Oliver Rich, Dr.'

and concluding most auspiciously with '*Received payment, O. R.,*' shows a sum total of one hundred and thirty dollars, which we have thought most worthily expended for thy gratification and entertainment, and which we would not have thought it necessary to mention, were it not to remove from those cynically disposed, the very possibility of a cavil.

The editor becometh a little rhapsodical.

And now having eased our consciences in this particular, an old veteran such as we, to whom these beauties of literature come with an influence refreshing as used the new wine to the eloquently described senility of Lewis Cornaro, may be well allowed to indulge in the delight which seizes him, at the contemplation of all the radiant volumes which cover our table.

We love order. We have arranged them side by side in splendid regularity. There they lie decked out with 'barbaric pearl and gold'—conveying to the mind impressions 'exceeding far the wealth of Ormus or of Ind.' The Keepsake, the Oriental, the Landscape, the Sacred, Heath's, Turner's, Majors, the Pilgrims of the Rhine, the Forget Me Not, the Amulet, the Friend, the Friendship's Offering, the Souvenir, with many others—all arranged out in comely order. How beautiful they look! They seem like decorated ambassadors from the old, the full grown literature of England to the young literature of America. The same language, the same classics, the same objects, differing only in kind, not in degree—the literature of England and of America are, and ever will be essentially the same,

'Distinct as the billows, but one as the sea.'

and we receive these beautiful emblems of its refinement, not merely with kind feelings, but with high zest—and as an epicure by every premonitory arrangement, prepares himself for indulgence in his favorite dish, so we with eager curiosity turn over the leaves of each and all before we settle down to the perusal of any—and delight ourselves with the fragrance exuding from their hot-pressed leaves—more delicious than the fabled odors of the poetic Arabia. It is long before we get through them—we stay to rest again and again upon some lovely face or some delicious scene glowing before us in all the magic of exquisite art—and forget in our enjoyment, that there is any duty attached to the pleasure they convey. But prosing is the Charybdis to the Scylla of rhapsodising so without further comment, we take up the *Forget Me Not*. Somehow or other, this was always our favorite, whether it is because it was the first of the class from which we now periodically derive so much delight, or because it comes

'Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To treasured feelings and affections kept
Within the heart like gold.'

We can hardly tell, but the fact is not less certain, that we always turn to it with feelings of favoritism. This year it has many attractions, and competes proudly with the splendid rivals, its own beauty has created. It would be useless to particularize the engravings, which, though not equal as a whole to those produced by some of the others, are all, as specimens of art, triumphs of almost exquisite perfection; indeed, here we may say generally of the decorations of all these volumes, that probably, in no country were they ever surpassed for the luxurious and elaborate beauty of their finish. Criticism indeed becomes almost an useless task, when, for its observations it has to revel among such excellence, as leaves the minor faults of design and conception only within its province.

The contents of the *Forget Me Not*, are varied and entertaining. Miss Mitford has a story in her best style. Captain M'Naghtan's name is attached to some prime verses, and many of the stories, and most of the poetry is of a high class of excellence.

But for selections—what have we here—as we live, 'The Skeleton Hand,' by William L. Stone, Esq., of New York. That shall go in at all events. We are glad to see our friend in such company. It is, indeed, a glad and pleasant sight to mark in the broad republic of letters, the American and Briton, the democrat and the members of the proudest aristocracy in Europe twining their efforts cordially and beautifully in the formation of an amaranthine literary wreath. Co-

nel Stone is one of the best of our light writers—there is a quaint felicity in his diction and a dramatic effect in bringing out his incidents, which is not exceeded by any author in the country.

THE SKELETON HAND.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE, ESQ.

And he must have this creature of perfection!
It shall not be, whatever else may be!—
As there is blood and manhood in this body,
It shall not be.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE shadows of night had gathered over the village of Hazlewood—the wind howled along the mountains—and the snow, which had been some time falling, already covered the ground. The weather was cold and cheerless, and, the inhabitants keeping within doors, and closing their casements to prevent the driving snow from insinuating itself within, the village wore rather a gloomy aspect. There was one exception, however, to the sombre appearance of the little community of Hazlewood. That exception was the ancient stone mansion of 'Squire Hazleton, situated in the skirts of the village, just beneath a wild and woody spur of the highlands of the Hudson. The old halls were brilliantly lighted—the fires blazed brightly upon the broad hearths—and a happy company was collecting, buoyant with anticipated pleasure and delight. It was the bridal night of Susan Hazleton, the pride of the village. She had been betrothed for two or three years to Henry Rosencrantz, a promising young man, son of one of the richest and most respectable landholders on the borders of the Hudson. In the early part of their courtship, the possession of her hand had been disputed by Roswell Thornton, a young man of suitable age and prospects for Susan: but there were indications of a passionate and revengeful disposition; doubts as to his moral principles; and some distrust as to his habits; which would have deterred the gentle girl from accepting his proposals, even had she not been affianced to one whom she loved with the deepest and purest affection, and who was every way worthy of her regard. But we must do Thornton the justice to admit, that he sincerely and deeply, nay, madly, loved her. And it was not until every effort had been exerted in vain, and several direct repulses encountered, that he ceased pressing his suit. He then became moody and reserved; and, after lingering in the neighborhood of the object of his affections for several months, suddenly left that part of the country, vowing never more to return. Meantime, Henry, his more happy rival, was assiduous in every attention to his future bride which could minister to her happiness, and ingratiate him more deeply in her affections. She was worthy of his love, little short as it came of adoration. She possessed a good understanding, which had been well cultivated. Her spirits were lively and buoyant; her light form was all symmetry and grace; and her countenance beautiful. With all these attractions she united the gentlest and sweetest disposition and the utmost artlessness and simplicity of manners:

Her face so fayre as flesh it seemed not,
But heavenly portrait, and bright angel's hue,
Clear as the sky, without e'en blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexion's due;

And in her cheek the vermill red did show,
 Like roses in a bed of lilies shed,
 The which ambrosial odors from them threw,
 And gazer's sense with double pleasure fed,
 Able to heal the sick, or to revive the dead.

Unaffectedly pious, with a heart keenly alive to the calls of distress and suffering, with a hand 'open as day to melting charity,' and a life adorned with every feminine virtue, Susan Hazleton was the general favorite of the village. And, as Henry was deservedly esteemed for his exalted moral worth, and the general excellence of his character and disposition, their marriage had been a subject of pleasurable contemplation to the whole of their little community. Of a delicate constitution, yielding as the fragile willow, and as susceptible as the sensitive plant, to complete her happiness the lovely Susan would require all those little nameless and endearing attentions which sweeten and render the cup of life delightful. And these attentions it would be the pride, the happiness, and the ambition, of Henry to bestow. Such were the interesting pair, whose nuptials the joyous group in Hazleton Hall had assembled to celebrate.

It was now time for the bride to appear, and the eyes of the company began to turn wistfully towards the door through which she must enter from the long corridor into which the stairway from her apartment descended. There seemed indeed to be some delay. Even the bridegroom, awaiting her to join him in an ante-room, began to cast earnest, if not impatient, glances towards the door. Still she did not come! The little pleasantries usually indulged in at the expense of the principal figures on such occasions were suspended in the drawing-room. The appointed moment for the ceremony had passed—and yet the bride was not there! The mother was just rising to investigate the cause of the unexpected delay, when the bridemaids entered, trembling with affright, their lips and cheeks white as their wedding garments! The guests were upon their feet in an instant, and the cause of the alarm eagerly inquired by every voice at once. The agitation of the damsels was so excessive that a coherent story could not be extracted for several moments. To the unutterable consternation of the company, however, it appeared from the statement of her attendants that, after the toilet of the bride had been completed, and her bridal ornaments arranged, she desired to be left to the communion of her own thoughts for a short space, requesting her fair attendants to descend and linger in an ante-room below stairs, where she would join them with the doating bridegroom, in a very short time, and present herself to the expectant company. Marvelling at her delay, and growing somewhat alarmed withal, they at length ascended to her apartment. It was empty! And the recollection instantly flashed upon the mind of one of the young ladies, that while sitting below, she had heard, or fancied she heard, a faint scream as of one in distress. But it was too feeble and transient to make an impression at the moment, though it now rung in her memory with fearful distinctness. The conclusion of this statement, full of terror and alarm to the whole company, fell like a thunder-stroke upon the ear of the lover, and sounded to the already half-distracted mother like the death-knell of her daughter. Search was instantly made through the house and over the whole premises. The alarm quickly spread through the village, every part of which was examined, and every well fathomed. But the search was fruitless. No sign or trace of the bride could be discovered, and the mystery of her disappearance was apparently impenetrable. The affectionate mother was frantic; the doating father unmanned; the bridegroom left in a state of suspense and agony easier imagined than described; while the whole village was agitated and alarmed.

At an early moment of the alarm the strange intelligence was communicated to

the village-inn, kept by the worthy Mr. Christian Vebber, where several of the young gallants of the neighborhood, not in attendance upon the wedding, were enjoying a social evening around a blazing and comfortable nut-wood fire. The cheerful faces of the party were at once clouded with gloom; for, as we before remarked, the lovers were general favorites, and the subject of the happy wedding had been discussed only a few minutes before.

'Poor Susan!' exclaimed one of the circle, Gilbert Dawson, a young man of about twenty-five: 'I hope nothing can have happened to her.'

'Perhaps,' said Charles Stanley, 'she has just dodged out for a frolic, to startle the bridegroom; and she may have stepped in at old Mrs. Williamson's, or perhaps tripped across the green to widow Godfrey's. Surely nothing serious can have happened to the sweet creature!'—and he would have gone on to name twenty other places, where she might have fled for a little frolic, had he not been interrupted.

'All these places have been visited,' replied Montgomery, the young gentleman who brought the unwelcome news, and who was to have stood up with the happy pair as one of the groomsmen, along with his sweet cousin Catharine Livingston—'all these places have been visited, and she cannot be discovered.' And a silent look told more of his fears than his lips. Concealing his emotion, however, as well as he could, and desiring Gilbert Dawson to come along with him and assist in the search, he told the others not now to be alarmed, as she might yet perhaps be found unharmed. Before proceeding a dozen rods from the inn, Gilbert stopped short, and struck his hand upon his forehead for an instant, as if some sudden thought, some startling conceit had entered his brain.

'It's two hours or more since I saw him pass,' said Gilbert, heaving a deep sigh, and continuing his soliloquy. 'It was he; I could not be mistaken; though it was rather dusky. He has visited no one—can he have fulfilled his horrid vow?'

'Who?—Roswell Thornton? Heaven forbid!' exclaimed his companion. 'But I tremble lest it may be so. How was he dressed?'

'Muffled in a large great coat, and riding as if the devil was at his heels,' replied Gilbert.

'Do you know,' asked Montgomery, 'whether any body ever heard him declare he would injure Susan Hazleton if she should marry Rosencrantz?'

'I heard him,' said Gilbert, 'not fifty yards from this very spot, swear that if Susan agreed to marry Henry, blood should be shed. When I met him, he was in a dreadful state of agitation from passion. His face was as white as the snow beneath us, his lips quivered, and all his features were distorted with suppressed rage. I spoke to him, but could get no other answer than broken sentences, vowing vengeance. 'He touch her! Never, while there is blood in these veins! Blood!—blood!—oh! Mark me, Gilbert,' he said, staring wildly in my face—'they shall know what it is to rouse a devil!' I was horror-struck, and begged him to be reasonable, but he broke from me, muttering he would have his revenge, cost what it would. From that day I have never seen him until the thick twilight of this evening, when he passed me as I have already said. It was supposed he had settled in New-Orleans; but him, or his ghost, I certainly saw this very evening, and you may suppose I dread the worst.'

'I am afraid there is too much cause,' said Montgomery. 'And what is more, I have not liked seeing that croaking old raven, Elsie Hallenbake, hovering around the village so closely of late. But let us hope for the best. The mystery may yet be solved, and the sweet creature restored to the aching bosoms of her friends.'

'Ah,' said Gilbert, 'it may be so. But it is an awful thing to be left to one's

own passions. Good servants, but bad masters, as old Roach used to say of fire and water.'

The colloquy ended here for the present, and the friends continued the search with the rest of the villagers through the night. But no tidings of the lost one were obtained.

Nor was any information received of her, or any light thrown upon her mysterious disappearance, for many years afterwards. The deep gloom that settled over the village, when further search was abandoned, and all rational hope extinguished, gradually wore away, save in the family thus bereft of its idol. The heart-broken parents were carried to the grave in rapid succession, and a deep and settled melancholy rested upon the disappointed Rosencrantz, who from that day forward was scarcely known to smile. The grief with which he was at first overwhelmed sunk into his soul and preyed like a canker upon his bosom. And if the soothing hand of time had allayed in some measure the bitter poignancy of his affliction, it was only that the partially cicatrized wound might be torn open afresh.

Such was the fact : and the circumstances were in this wise. While the surveyors were engaged in the exploration of a route for a turnpike-road through a rocky region not many miles from the Hudson, some time after the close of the revolutionary war, being a period of ten or twelve years subsequent to the painful occurrence which I have described, the skeleton of a female was discovered at the bottom of one of those deep rocky glens of which there are many in that wild section of country, near the old Albany post road. The skull had been fractured, as if by striking against the pointed fragment of a rock near which it lay ; and, on a close examination, a cut was found remaining upon one of the ribs near the region of the heart, as of some sharp instrument. This discovery was soon noised abroad—the recollection of the long-lost Susan Hazleton was revived—further investigations were made by those who had been her friends, including her lover—and, strange as it may appear, upon a finger of the skeleton hand, the joints of which seemed not to have been disturbed, but lay together in the spot where the hand must have originally fallen, was found the diamond ring of the bride, sparkling as when presented by Rosencrantz, on the morning of the happy day appointed for the wedding ! The gush of feeling which succeeded this discovery must be pictured by the imagination of the reader. One feature of the dark mystery was now solved. No doubts could longer remain, that the loved object so long wept by him to whom she was betrothed, and over whose sweet remembrance there was an odor of sanctity, rich as the dews of Araby, had been cut off, in the moment of her highest and brightest hopes, by the foulest murder ! Still, with the exception of a single circumstance, which will appear presently, there seemed no possible clue by which the homicide could be detected, although her virtues pleaded ' like angels trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of her taking-off.' The man who had at first been suspected, in consequence of Gilbert Dawson's communication to Charles Montgomery, had never since been seen or heard of, even by his own relations ; and it had long been supposed that Gilbert, who had perished in the Jersey prison-ship, might have been mistaken in the identity of the muffled stranger.

There was, however, a strange and unaccountable resident in a lone hut among the mountain crags, over whom a slight shade of suspicion had ever been cast, and which was now transiently revived. Her rude dwelling was not quite half a mile from the glen in which the skeleton had been discovered. Elsie Hallenbake, the beldame of whom it is now necessary to speak, was an old woman at the time our tale commences. Her whole life and character had ever been shrouded in a dark

cloud of mystery. She had been resident in that vicinity for many, many years, and simple-minded people did not scruple to declare her little better than a sorceress, who practised devilish incantations, and held familiar converse with spirits of darkness. Her form and figure were tall and masculine; her features sharp, sallow, and wrinkled; her nose high and hooked, like the beak of an eagle; while her sunken, coal-black eyes, whenever crossed in her purposes, or otherwise angered, flashed with the piercing and terrible glances of the basilisk. For more than fifty years she had lived within a few miles of Hazlewood, in the midst of the wild region already mentioned, which was too rugged for cultivation. Sometimes she was in the village, or prowling about the adjacent settlements, practising as a fortune-teller, by way of paying for supplies of food, which from fear would never have been denied her; but, for the most part, her time was occupied in wandering about the woods and among the hills, climbing from crag to crag over the rocks, and traversing the glens and ravines of the neighbouring highlands. Many were the wild and startling tales told of Elsie in the neighborhood, which it would not be edifying to repeat. Had she been mistress of the whirlwind, she could not have been more delighted with storms. She had been seen, her tall form erect, and with extended arm, standing upon the verge of fearsome precipices, in the midst of the most awful tempests, conversing as it were with unseen spirits, her long, matted hair streaming in the wind, while the thunder was riving the rocks beneath her feet, and the red lightning encircling her as with a winding-sheet of flame. A projecting rock hanging over the chasm in which the bones were discovered had formerly been a favorite seat of hers when watching the black and angry clouds as they rolled up from the west; but this haunt had long been forsaken, and all her narrow foot-paths wound off in different directions. More than once in the village of Hazlewood, soon after the occurrence, when the sad tale of Susan was the theme of conversation, had she let fall some dark expressions intimating that she knew more than she would tell; but if questioned would evade the subject by mystical language, mingled with hysterical laughing, as incoherent and unmeaning as the ravings of a maniac. All these things had been forgotten, until the surveyors mentioned the fact that, when engaged in that neighborhood, she hovered round, watching their steps, and glancing her keen eyes sharply upon them from the distance. As they approached the glen, she became uneasy, restless, and agitated. And when finally the discovery was made, she uttered a piercing, unearthly scream, more frightful than the yell of the hyena, and ran swiftly to her hut, where she shut herself up for several days. Not one word would she afterwards utter upon that subject.

The skeleton remains were gathered up, and entombed in the family vault of Rosencrantz, who was unshaken in his purpose, that although they had been so violently torn asunder in life, yet in death their ashes should be intermingled. The superstition that in cases of concealed murder and doubtful guilt Heaven will interpose a species of miracle through the ordeal of compelling the suspected to touch the body, or any part of the relics of the deceased, was no where more religiously believed than among the good people of Hazlewood. Nor did their ideas of this sort of appeal to the divine decision stop here. Some of them held that Heaven in its vengeance would designate the guilty by causing blood to ooze even from the dry bones of the victim, should the murderer come into their presence. It is true that there was no suspicion of any individual in particular, save the slight shade of doubt that had sometimes rested upon the mysterious Elsie Hallenbake, and the long absent and almost forgotten Thornton; but it occurred to honest Christian Vebber, whose faith in the ordeal was strong, that, as he kept an inn, the villain who had been guilty of divorcing the gentle spirit of Susan Hazleton from its beautiful earthly tenement

might some day make one of the numerous guests seeking entertainment at his house. Under this belief, in which he was invincible, after much importunity, he was permitted to take the joints of the hand which had sustained the ring, to be suspended close against the ceiling, over the stanch oaken dining table in the ancient hall. Should the murderer ever pass that way, and sit down at his table, Christian Vebber was morally certain of his detection.

Once more the feelings awakened by the recent discovery and the exhumation of the precious relics died gradually away. Five, ten, fifteen additional years elapsed, bringing with them all those changes in the population of the little town which must necessarily occur in the course of so many years, and which are so visible to one who has been long absent, though comparatively unperceived by those remaining stationary. Most of the generation on the stage at the period of the commencement of our narrative had passed away—either to the new countries, or to that ‘bourne whence no traveller returns. No light had been thrown upon the murder, which had now become a transaction of ancient days. But Henry Rosencrantz yet lived to mourn; and Christian Vebber still flourished in a hearty, green old age, keeping the same comfortable inn on the post-road between Kingsbridge and Claverack.

It was about mid-day of the 20th of September, 179—, that a stranger rode up to the inn just mentioned, covered with dust, and mounted upon a jaded horse, which he directed to be taken care of, while he ordered dinner for himself. There was an ingathering of people at the tavern, upon occasion of some town or county business, for whom dinner was providing, and the traveller was invited to dine with the other guests. His appearance was somewhat remarkable, though perhaps scarcely enough so to excite more than the ordinary attention awakened by the arrival of any stranger among the loungers about a village-inn, had it not been for the uneasiness which the half-unmeaning scrutiny of the bystanders appeared to excite in him. His countenance was bluff and weather-beaten; his eye sharp, restless, and suspicious, in its quick glances; his dress was of that half-genteel, half-worn, and rather slovenly appearance, indicative of a discarded gambler, in the down-hill of his profligate career. His hair was coarse and dark, though somewhat grizzled and intractable; and he wore whiskers heavy and ferocious enough for a dragoon-officer or a pirate, a modern attaché or a dandy. But other men had stopped to refresh at the sign of the Black Bear before, looking no better than he; and when the bell rang he passed into the dining hall with the other guests, and seated himself to a bountiful dinner served up on the old table, covered with a cloth white and clean as the driven snow.

The meal proceeded for a space much as ordinary meals do among plain people, where health, exercise, and clear consciences, contribute to impart an appetite. The worthy old landlord did the honors of the table, but not with his wonted skill. Several times he missed the joint in carving the turkey; the merry-thought was broken in its extraction; and he splashed the gravy upon the sleeve of ‘Squire Zantzinger’s new coat. It appeared in the sequel, that during this operation his eyes were alternately occupied with the work immediately in hand, and in stealing frequent though hurried glances at the stranger. Their eyes met but once, as the stranger chose to avoid another encounter. These circumstances were scarcely observed by the company, however, and the dinner was half ended, when a sudden start of the stranger, with a simultaneous fall of his knife and fork upon the old Dutch china plate, instantly directed every eye in the company in a full gaze upon him. A fresh drop of blood had fallen upon his plate, and, as he turned his face upward, directing his eyes to the ceiling, a second crimson drop fell upon his chin! Nearly in the same instant of time, at the exclamation of ‘Roswell Thornton!’ by the host, every man started upon his feet. The skeleton hand, withered and forgotten by all save

Christian Vebber, was dropping blood upon the plate of the stranger, who had accidentally seated himself immediately beneath it! As the name was sternly pronounced, the countenance of the stranger became pale as ashes, and every limb shook with agitation. He attempted to fly, but was seized before he could reach the door. Resisting for a moment with convulsive energy, he might have given them some trouble to secure him, but for the interposition of another object. This was none other than Elsie Hallenbake, who at that instant appeared at the window, glancing her snaky eyes full upon him; her wrinkled and ghastly features lighted up with a fiendish smile; while she uttered a shriek of horrid laughter. Had the iron entered his soul, he could not more suddenly have ceased his opposition. His arms fell, and he gazed wildly around. 'Ah!—there!—see her!' he exclaimed. 'Yes, Rosenkrantz! it was I—and God's vengeance has overtaken me at last!' Saying this he fell with exhaustion. The guests were horror-struck at the scene passing before them: by many of them the transaction with which the disclosure was connected was forgotten, if it had ever been known; and of the name of Thornton they were likewise ignorant. The stranger, who was Thornton himself, was secured, and Christian Vebber rehearsed the particulars of the transaction already related, which had occurred nearly thirty years before.

The sequel to this narration will not be long:—Thornton made a full confession of his atrocious crime. He had loved Susan Hazleton more, he said, than mortal was ever loved before; and when he found that his suit was unalterably rejected, his whole soul was agitated with the conflicting passions of love, jealousy, hatred, and revenge. His first and principal object was to prevent his rival, whom he could not but respect, though he hated him *because* he was his rival, from cropping this fairest flower in creation. But how was this to be accomplished! Affecting to leave the country, he yet did not retire so far but that he was enabled, through the assistance of Elsie, to inform himself of all that passed in Hazlewood. Having ascertained the time appointed for the celebration of the nuptials, he returned to the village, disguised and as privately as possible, but without any settled purpose as to the course he should pursue. The thought of stealing her away, and perhaps compelling her to become his bride, after all hopes of Henry should have by some means been extinguished, occurred to him; and, impracticable as this design must have appeared to him on reflection, he madly determined upon its execution. Stationing a fleet horse on the edge of a copse skirting the village, he contrived in the dusk of evening to secrete himself in the hall of the family-mansion, where the opportunity occurred of seizing her as she descended the staircase to join her maidens, as before related. One faint shriek, and she swooned in his arms, as he rushed from the portals of the hall. Hurrying along, her weight scarcely forming an obstacle to his progress, he sprang upon his horse, and succeeded in reaching the solitary hut of 'the Mountain Witch,' as Elsie was sometimes called, without discovery.

When the poor girl recovered from her faintness, the appalling fact was but too evident, that terror, by a single stroke, had overthrown her reason and utterly prostrated her intellect! She stared vacantly round the hovel, and looked up into his face, and upon the hard, skinny features of 'the midnight hag,' with the unmeaning gaze of the idiot—without emotion or concern. Thus, by this awful stroke, had his purpose been defeated! What next was to be done? By his first rash act he had ventured so far that to return were more dangerous than to go o'er. A search would soon take place, that would be general, thorough, and extensive. The dark thought of a deeper crime, for the concealment of the less, now flashed upon his mind as the only alternative. And the dreadful resolution of her murder was taken—although he said nothing of this fearful resolve to his

accomplish. Then, seizing her in his arms, he rushed furiously from the infernal den of this modern Hecate, who pursued and endeavored to dissuade him from the perpetration of a deed which she must now have foreseen. Reaching the verge of the precipice overhanging the glen so often mentioned, he plunged a Spanish blade into her bosom, and casting the body into the chasm, threw himself upon his horse, and fled the country.

But, from that dread night to the present hour, no tongue could tell, no pen describe, the horror of the life he had led. Go whither he would, or mingle with whom he might, whether sleeping or waking, in all places, and under all circumstances, the shade of Susan Hazleton—her last vacant stare in his face—the last faint groan she uttered—were ever present with him. He fled to the south, visiting the whole range of Atlantic cities, and attempting to drown his mental sorrows by mingling in riotous company, and quaffing the intoxicating bowl—but in vain. In the act of applying the cup to his lips, or wheeling in the giddy round of bacchanalian pleasures, the figure would appear glaring and pointing at him. Life soon became a burden, and he wished to rid himself of its accumulated horrors—but he could not. He provoked a duel; but his antagonist fell, and he escaped unhurt. Then came the war of the revolution. He entered the service, that he might meet the embrace of death in the field. But, in the midst of the fray, and foremost in the onset, while his comrades were falling around him, he was sure to escape unhurt. The worm still gnawed at his heart, and death had no power over him. After the peace, he embarked as a sailor, determining to throw himself overboard in the midst of the ocean. An invisible power restrained him, and he could not execute his purpose, while nothing could be more dreadful than his situation during the watches at night. If he looked up, the figure was in the shrouds; if down, it was at his side, glaring full in his face with the same vacant and piteous look as in the hut of Elsie Hallenbake. At Cuba he could not provoke the Spaniards to assassinate him. He was once wrecked upon the Double-Headed Shot Keys, and the whole crew perished but himself. He travelled over Europe, to change the scene; but the shade was present with him still. During the earliest massacres in Paris, when heads were rolling from the scaffold in countless numbers, he courted the guillotine by all possible means—but without success. Sailing for New-Orleans, a pirate darted upon the vessel from an inlet in one of the bays on the coast of Florida. Being an unarmed merchantman, she was captured of course; and he rejoiced as the savage fellows sprang on board, their eyes flashing fury from their dark fierce countenances. A general massacre commenced, by dirk, handspike, and pistol. A huge, horrible-looking fellow, with shaggy, coal-black whiskers, and brows from beneath which his eyes gleamed like brands of hell, raised a handspike over his head, and he courted its fall. But, just as the Spaniard was nerving his arm for a vigorous blow, it was arrested by an exclamation from the pirate-captain of—'Hold! Cain's own countenance, by all the gods! Give the gallows a chance for him as well as us, for if he isn't marked as one of the devil's own, write down Dirck Vanderveer for an honest man. He can help a lady walk the plank, or lighten a packet, or cut a throat, as well as any of us, or there's no more truth in physiognomy than Moll Flanders. Stand aside, there, my hearty!'—Thus was his life again saved, that his mental tortures might yet be longer protracted. After plundering and burning the vessel, the pirates washed their own blood-stained deck, changed their colors and clothes, and put boldly into New-Orleans. Escaping thence, Thornton ascended the Mississippi, and joined the Indians, as the party that he supposed must be defeated in the encounter with Harman and St. Clair. Rushing impetuously into the thickest of the fray, neither sabre nor musket, neither arrow nor cannon, nor other mes-

senger of death, could have any effect upon him. The Indians were victorious because he was among them, and the vengeance of Heaven would not allow him yet to be killed or captured. Finally, he returned to the States, the vision leaving him no rest—the fires of hell burning in his bosom—and he mysteriously deprived of the power of taking his own life. When the desolating plague of yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia, he was there, and rejoiced in the calamity, as affording him a hope of deliverance from the torturing pangs of conscience. Here he faced death in his own dread empire. Seeking opportunities of exposure, he watched with every sick family that would employ him. He nursed family after family, commencing with the first taken sick, and continuing until the terrible pestilence left him alone living in the dwelling. He breathed the foulest air, kept in the midst of the pestilence, closed the eyes of the dying, and wrapped them in their winding-sheets; and all with impunity. At the still hour of midnight, he was the first and the last to answer the hoarse, sepulchral cry of the sexton—"Bring out the dead!" Assisting in loading the "death-carts," he would repair with them to the charnel-houses, and linger there in the hope of breathing a stronger air of contagion! Still was the arm of death powerless over him, while the stings of conscience, like the lashing of scorpions, became sharper and sharper every day. At last he resolved to return to Hazlewood, and unburden his mind by confessing the guilt that lay like a consuming fire upon his soul. But when he arrived his heart again failed him; and had it not been for the miraculous bleeding of the skeleton hand, he would probably have continued his wanderings, oppressed by the unutterable agonies of increasing remorse and accumulating horrors.

We have mentioned the strange and appalling appearance of Elsie Hallenbake, at the window, at the time of Thornton's arrest. She, too, had lingered on earth far beyond the period of life allotted to humanity, defying alike the elements of storms and cold, as though she could never die. But, on the morning after Thornton's execution, she was found dead in her miserable hovel.

The following splendid verses are by James Wilson, the author of the *Isle of Palms*, one of the most delightful poems in the language, but who is far more celebrated as Christopher North. They form the aspirations of an eagle heart.

ASPIRATIONS.

BY JAMES WILSON, ESQ.

Oh that I had wings like a dove!—PSALMS.

O for the wing of the regal bird	O for the wing of the wild curlew,
Whose scream on the savage cliff is heard,	That hurries the desert of ocean through,
When he cleaves the heavens with a rush	And explores with eye of bold disdain
of wings,	The shouting caves of the mighty main!
Scorning the earth and its meaner things!	When the tempest shrieks, and the rush and
Above the realm of clouds I'd rise,	roar
And shoot away through the boundless skies,	Of waters appal from the rocky shore,
Till, high on my curbless pinion driven,	She plumes on the bursting wave her form,
I should float o'er the starry seas of heaven.	And careers 'mid the terrors of the storm.
O for the king-bird's wing to soar	O for the sea-bird's wing to roam
Where the blazing sun doth his glories pour;	The infinite waters as my home,
And to look unawed on the masses deep	To soar from the Ocean's wild embrace,
Of the thunder-storms that beneath me leap!	And pierce the eternity of Space!

Mary Howitt is one of our especial favorites—what a delicate beauty there is alike in her conceptions and their expression—Mary Howitt is a Quaker her muse is like her faith—pure, gentle, unassuming.

TIBBIE INGLIS;

OR,

THE SCHOLAR'S WOOING.

BY MARY HOWITT.

BONNY Tibbie Inglis!

Through sun and stormy weather,
She kept upon the broomy hills
Her father's flock together.

Sixteen summers had she seen—
A rosebud just unsealing—
Without sorrow, without fear,
In her mountain sheiling.

She was made for happy thoughts,
For playful wit and laughter,
Singing on the hills alone,
With Echo singing after.

She had hair as deeply black
As the cloud of thunder;
She had brows so beautiful,
And dark eyes sparkling under.

Bright and witty shepherd-girl!
Beside a mountain-water
I found her, whom the king himself
Would proudly call his daughter.

She was sitting 'mong the crags,
Wild, and mossed, and hoary,
Reading in an ancient book
Some old martyr-story.

Tears were starting to her eyes,
Solemn thought was o'er her;
When she saw in that lone place
A stranger stand before her.

Crimson was her sunny cheek,
And her lips seemed moving
With the beatings of her heart—
How could I help loving!

Among the crags I sat me down,
Upon the mountain hoary,
And made her read again to me
That old, pathetic story.

And then she sang me mountain-songs
Till all the air was ringing
With her clear and warbling voice,
As when the lark is singing.

And when the eve came on at length,
Among the blooming heather,
We herded on the mountain side
Her father's flock together.

And near unto her father's house
I said 'Good night' with sorrow,
And only wished that I might say
'We'll meet again to-morrow.'

I watched her tripping to her home
I saw her meet her mother:
'Among a thousand maids,' I cried,
'There is not such another!'

I wandered to my scholar's home—
Silent it looked and dreary;
I took my books, but could not read—
Methought that I was weary.

I laid me down upon my bed,
My heart with sadness laden;
I dreamt but of the mountains wild,
And of the mountain maiden.

I saw her in her ancient book
The pages turning slowly;
I saw her lovely crimson cheek,
And dark eye drooping lowly.

The dream was like the day's delight
A life of pain's o'erpayment;
I rose, and with unwonted care
Put on my sabbath-vestment.

To none I told my secret thought,
Not even to my mother,
Nor to the friend who from my youth
Was dear as is a brother.

I gat me to the hills again,
Where the little flock was feeding,
And there young Tibbie Inglis sate,
But not the old book reading.

She sate as if absorbing thought
With a heavy spell had bound her,
As silent as the mossy crags
Upon the mountains round her.

I thought not of my sabbath-dress,
I thought not of my learning;
I thought but of that gentle maid,
Who, I believed, was mourning

Bonny Tibbie Inglis!
How her beauty brightened,
Looking at me half abashed
With eyes that flashed and lightened!

There was no sorrow then I saw,
There was no thought of sadness.
Oh, Life! what after-joy hast thou
Like Love's first certain gladness!

I sate me down among the crags,
Upon the mountain hoary;
But read not then the ancient book—
Love was our pleasant story.

But then she sang me songs again,
Old songs of love and sorrow,
For our sufficient happiness
Great charm from wo could borrow.

And many hours we talked in joy,
Yet too much blessed for laughter:—
I was a happy man that day—
And happy ever after!

Rambling on, we meet next 'The Bridge of Tenachelle,' by Samuel Ferguson, Esq. We know Ferguson; a nobler heart never throbbed in man's breast than his. His brother won proud rank and high fame in the service of Bolivar; and when the liberator's base countrymen attempted his life, Colonel Ferguson saved his general's at the expense of his own. The author of the following spirited sketch possesses such another spirit, chastened and elevated with the charms of a fine genius and a cultivated taste. Yes, Ferguson, we will insert thy tale, and if the breath of praise come sweet across the far Atlantic, it is thy due—thou deservest it. None of the Annuals are graced with a more stirring effort of imagination. The vigor and dramatic force of description could not be surpassed.

THE BRIDGE OF TENACHELLE.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, ESQ.

THE dawn of an autumn day was beginning to expose the havoc of a storm, the last gusts of which still shrieked through the stripped forests of Baun Regan, when two mounted fugitives appeared among its tangled and haggard recesses, urging their horses over the plashy brakes and cumbered glades at a speed which plainly told that they were flying for life or death. In the gray uncertain twilight, as they flitted, wavering and swift, from shadow to shadow, it was barely distinguishable that one was a female; and, but for the deep panting of their exhausted horses and the snapping and rustling of the leafy ruins underfoot, as they plunged down the thickly strewn alleys of the forest, they might have passed for the spirits of some stormy hunter and huntress, chasing the night-shadows for their game, so ghostly, wan, and unsubstantial, seemed every thing around them. But the assiduous hand of the horseman on the slackening reins of his companion, the whisperings of encouragement and assurance at every pause in their speed, and, above all, the frequent look behind, would soon have betrayed their mortal nature, their human passion, their love, and fear, and danger.

They were the Lady Anna Darcy and the Earl of Kildare, who had fled together from Dunamare, where he had lately been under arrest, and were now hastening to the Geraldine's country of Offaley. Their story is soon told: the noble prisoner had won the daughter of his keeper to aid in his escape and to accompany his flight and fortunes.

By degrees, as the morning advanced, the evidence of their sufferings through the wet night they had passed became more and more apparent. The earl's plume hung dripping and torn over his brows; his cloak fluttered in rent shreds, or clung to his stained armor: his face was torn with briars, and his horse's

flanks were as red from the high furze and goring thickets as from the spur; for they had attempted their passage by a horse-track of the deep forest, and had strayed in the tempestuous midnight from even that dangerous pathway. It was a sad sight to look on such beauty as shone through the wretched plight of his companion, clad in so forlorn and comfortless a wreck of all that a tender woman needs upon an inclement journey. But, although the rain had beaten down her long hair till it hung heavily against her cheek, it had not weighed the rich curl out of it; nor had her eyes been dazzled into any dimness by the lightnings; her cheek was blanched, it might be as much from the washing of the recent showers and chill dews as from apprehension; but neither fear, nor the violence of piercing winds and rain, had subdued an unconquerable grace and stateliness that asserted its innate nobility over her whole person, relaxed although it was, and sinking under almost insupportable fatigue.

'I would give the best castle in Offaley,' cried the earl, in deep distress and impatience, 'for one sight of the bridge of Tenachelle, with my ten true men upon the hill beyond. Hold up a little longer, dearest lady; had we crossed yonder ridge, we should see the Barrow beneath us, and, that once passed, all would be well. Alas, for thy poor hands! how they tremble on those reins! Would to God that I could bear this in thy place!'

'Better this,' she replied, her faltering voice attesting how much she suffered, 'better even this than what I fly from; and I am not yet so weary—although my hands *are* numbed upon this cold damp bridle. I think more of my poor Sylvio's hardships'—and she patted the drooping neck of her palfrey, willing, perhaps, to hide a tear that she could not restrain, by bending aside—'Alas, my lord, the poor animal is failing momentarily. I shall never be able to urge him up this hill. While commiserating her palfrey's weariness, Lady Anna had turned her eyes from the face of her companion, and it was well that she did not see the sick and despairing pang that crossed his features, as he looked along the opening glade in the opposite direction; for, right between them and the yellow sunrise, there came down a party of horsemen, their figures and numbers distinctly marked against the sky, although still more than a mile distant; and, as the earl cast his eyes over the broad expanse of treetops and green hills, he all at once saw them on the ridge of the horizon. 'Lady Anna,' said he, in a low voice strangely altered, 'Anna, love, the road is here more level; let us hasten on.'

'Hast seen any one, my lord?' she inquired hastily, raising herself at his words, and looking round in alarm—but the pursuers were already out of sight, within the shadow of the hill. 'Is there any new danger, Gerald?' she again asked, as he put his hand to her reins, and shook out her palfrey into a canter in silence.

'None, dearest: no more danger than we have been in all the night—but lash your horse,' he cried, with involuntary earnestness; 'lash him now, love, and do not spare!' and then again, endeavoring to conceal the cause of his agitation—'If we be not at the bridge by dawn, my men may have withdrawn out of sight of the O'More's country; therefore, hurry on, for the sun is already up, and we may not find them there.'

They strained up the hill at the top of the exhausted palfrey's speed, and the lady for awhile seemed satisfied. 'Why dost thou look behind so often, my

lord?' she said at length, turning her head along with him. 'I see nothing but the tops of the trees and the red sky.'

'Nor do I, Anna,' he replied: 'but do not turn in the saddle; for, weary as thy palfrey is, he needs all thy care: hold him up, dearest—on, on!'

'We are pursued then,' she cried, turning deadly pale, and the earl's countenance for a moment bespoke hesitation whether to stop and support her at all hazards or still to urge her on. 'We are pursued,' she cried; 'I know it, and we must be overtaken. Oh, leave me, Gerald! leave me and save thyself!' The earl said not a word, but shook up her palfrey's head once more, and, drawing his dagger, goaded him with its point till the blood sprung

'Oh, my poor Sylvio!' was all the terrified girl could say, as, stung with pain and reeling from weakness, the creature put forth its last and most desperate efforts.

They had struggled on for another minute, and were now topping the last eminence between them and the river, when a shout rang out of the woods behind. The lady shrieked—the earl struck the steel deeper into the palfrey's shoulder, and, stooping to his own saddle-bow, held him up with his left hand, bending to the laborious task till his head was sunk between the horses' necks. 'Anna!' he cried, 'I can see nothing for Sylvio's mane. Look out between the trees, and tell me if thou seest my ten men on the hill of Clemgaune.'

'I see,' replied the lady, 'the whole valley flooded from side to side, and the trees standing like islands in the water.'

'But my men, Anna? my men? look out beyond the bridge.'

'The bridge is a black stripe upon the flood: I cannot see the arches.'

'But, beyond the bridge,' he cried, in the intervals of his exertion, now becoming every moment more and more arduous; for the spent palfrey was only kept from falling by the sheer strength of his arm—'beyond the bridge, beside the pollard elm—my ten men—are they not there?'

'Alas! no, my lord, I cannot see them. But, Mother of Mercies!'—she shuddered, looking round—'I see *them* now behind us!' Another shout of mingled voices execrating and exulting sounded from the valley as she spoke.

The earl struck his brow with his gauntleted hand, yielding for the first time to his excess of grief and anguish, for he had raised his head, and had seen all along the opposite hills the bare, unbroken solitude, that offered neither hope of help nor means of escape. Yet he girded himself up for a last effort: he drew his horse close to the palfrey's side, and, 'Dear Anna,' he said, 'cast thine arms now round my neck, and let me lift thee on before me: black Memnon will bear us both like the wind—nay, dally not,' for the sensitive girl shrunk for a moment from the proposal; 'remember thy promise in the chapel on the rock,' and he passed his arm round her waist, and, at one effort, lifted her from the saddle; while she, blushing deeply, yet yielding to the imperative necessity of the moment, clasped her arms round his neck, and aided in drawing herself up upon the black charger's shoulder. The palfrey, the moment it lost the supporting hand of the earl, staggered forward, and, though relieved of its burden, fell headlong to the ground. The pursuers were now so near that they could see plainly what had been done, and their cries expressed the measure of their rage and disappointment: for the strong warhorse, although

doubly burdened, yet thundered down the hill at a pace that promised to keep his start; and hope once more revived in the fainting hearts of the earl and the lady.

‘Now, thanks to heaven!’ he cried, as he found the powerful charger stretching out under them with renewed vigor; ‘thank heaven that struck down the slow-paced loiterer in this good time!—Now, Memnon, bear us but over yonder hill, and earn a stall of carved oak and a rack of silver! Ah, the good steed! thou shalt feed him from thine own white hands yet, lady, in the courts of Castle Ley! Look back now, love Anna, and tell me what they do behind.’

The lady raised her head from his shoulder, and cast a glance along the road they had traversed. ‘I see them plying whip and spur,’ she said, ‘but they are not gaining on us—Red Raymond rides foremost, and Owen and the three rangers; I know them all: but, oh, Mary mother shield me! I see my father and Sir Robert Verdun: oh, speed thee, good horse, speed!’ and she hid her face again upon his breast, and they descended the hill which overhung the Barrow.

The old channel of the river was no longer visible; the flood had overspread its banks, and far across the flat holms on the opposite side swept along in a brown, eddying, and rapid deluge. The bridge of Tenachelle spanned from the nearer bank to a raised causeway beyond, the solid masonry of which, resisting the overland inundations, sent the flood with double impetuosity through the three choked arches over its usual bed; for there, the main current and the back-water rushing together, heaved struggling round the abutments, till the watery war swelled and surged over the rangewall and fell upon the roadwall of the bridge itself, with solid shocks, like seas upon a ship’s deck. Eager for passage as a man might be whose life and the life of his dearest self was at stake, yet, for an instant, the earl checked his horse, as the long line of peninsulated road lay before him—a high tumultuous sea on one side; a roaring gulf of whirlpools, foam, and gushing cataracts on the other. The lady gave one look at the scene, and sank her head to the place whence she had raised it. As he felt her clasp him more closely and draw herself up for the effort, his heart shamed him to think that he had blenched from a danger which a devoted girl was willing to dare; he drove his spur’s into his horse’s flanks, and Memnon sprang forward on the bridge. The roadway returned no hollow reverberation now, for every arch was gorged to the keystone with a compact mass of water, and, in truth, there was a gurgling and hissing as the river was sucked in, and a rushing roar where it spouted out in level waterfalls, that would have drowned the trampling of a hundred hoofs. Twice did the waves sweep past them, rolling at each stroke the ruins of a breach in the upper rangewall over the road, till the stones dashed against the opposite masonry; and twice were both covered with the spray flung from the abutments: but Memnon bore them on through stream and ruin, and they gained the causeway safe.

The earl’s heart lightened as he found himself again on solid ground, though still plunging girth-deep at times through the flooded hollows; but they passed the embankment also in safety, and were straining up the hill beyond, when the cries of the pursuers, which had been heard over all the storm of waters ever

since their entrance on the bridge, suddenly ceased. There was the loud report of an arquebuss, and Memnon leaped off all his feet, plunged forward, reeled, and dropped dead. Red Raymond's arquebuss was still smoking, as he sprang foremost of his troop upon the bridge. Behind him came Lord Darcy, furious with rage and exultation. 'Secure *him* first,' he cried, 'secure *him*, before he gets from under the fallen horse—bind him hand and foot!—Ah, villain, he shall hang from the highest oak in Clan Malir! and, for *her*, Sir Robert, she shall be thy wife—I swear it by the bones of my father, before that risen sun shall be set! come on!' and he gave his horse head, but suddenly his reins were seized on right and left by his attendants. 'Villains, let go my reins!' he cried; 'would ye aid the traitor in his escape?' and, striking the rowels deep into his steed, he made him burst from their grasp; but, almost at the same instant, he pulled up with a violence that threw him upon his haunches, for a dozen voices shouted, 'Back, Raymond! back!' and a cry arose that the bridge was breaking, and the long line of roadway did suddenly seem to heave and undulate with the undulating current. It was well for Lord Darcy that he did so; for, the next instant, and before his horse's forefeet had ceased to paw the air, down went the three arches with a crash, swallowed up and obliterated in the irresistible waters. Among the sheets of spray and flashing water thrown up by the falling ruin, and the whirlpool of loamy froth from the disjointed masonry, and the tumult of driving timbers, and the general disruption of road and river, the musqueteer and his horse were seen sweeping for one moment down the middle of the stream, then rolled over and beaten under water, and tumbled in the universal vortex out of sight for ever.

Stunned, horrified, his horse trembled in every limb, and backing from the perilous verge abrupt at his feet, the baron sat gazing at the torrent that now rushed past him. The frightful death he had escaped—the danger he was even then in—the sudden apparition of the river's unbridled majesty, savage and bare, and exulting in its lonely strength—all the emotions of awe, terror, and amazement crowded on his soul together. His daughter and her lover, it might be her husband or her paramour, lay within a gun-shot upon the hill before his eyes, for Anna had thrown herself by the side of the fallen and unextricated earl; but he saw them not, he thought not of them. He got off his horse like a man who awakens in sleep-walking, and grasped the nearest of his servants by the arm, as if seeking to make sure of the reality of their presence. 'Ha!' he exclaimed, 'this is a perilous flood, Geoffrey; we must have the scarp of the ditch looked to: but how is this? Ho, villains! where is my daughter? O fiends of hell, am I here?' and he started at once to a full consciousness of his situation. He tore off his helmet and heavy breast-plate, but his servants crowded round him and withheld him from the river, for he cried that he would swim the torrent himself if none else would. 'Dogs,' cried he, 'take off your hands! would you aid the rebellious girl—the traitor's leman—the leman of a Geraldine! Raymond, reload your arquebuss—red-hound, where is he?—Ha! drowned? O slaves and cowards, to let him be lost before your eyes, and stand idly by! Owen Garreboyle, thou art my foster-brother; Sir Robert Verdun, thou hast been my son in bounties numberless: will you see me robbed of my child in my old age, nor strike a

stroke for gratitude or fealty? Is there no man here will venture in for the love of my father's son?

At this last appeal his foster-brother threw off his cloak. 'Give me your hands, comrades,' he said to his companions, 'for, though the Barrow were a river of fire, I would go through it for the love of Mac Roger More.'

'Not so,' cried the distracted old man; 'not so, my trusty kinsman; enough lost already, without thee, my bold and loyal brother! but, Sir Robert Verdun, I had looked for other conduct from thee to-day: there is the lady that I would have given to thee this morning—there, sitting by her paramour upon the hill-side; and I tell thee I would rather let her marry him, Geraldine and rebel as he is, than bestow her on a faint-hearted craven, as thou hast this day shown thyself to be.'

'You wrong me, my lord,' replied the knight; 'you wrong me vilely. I would rather be the merest Irishman in Connaught, than son-in-law of such a cruel tyrant and unnatural father.'

'Get thee to Connaught, then, ungrateful traitor!—Go!' cried the enraged baron; and the knight, turning indignantly from his side, was soon lost to sight among the overhanging woods.

But, as he disappeared, there rose into view over the opposite hill a party of troopers, making at a rapid pace for the river. 'They are the traitor's men,' cried Darcy, 'they will rescue him before my eyes!—and my child—oh, would that she were rather dead! Shoot, villains!—let fly a flight of arrows, and slay them where they lie!' But he knew, as he uttered the unnatural command, that they were far beyond arrow-range, and that, even were they not so, no man of his company would bend a bow in obedience to it. A few shafts were discharged against the party descending the hill, but they fell short and disappeared in the water or among the rushes and underwood of the flooded holm.

'Gunpowder and lead alone can reach them,' cried Garreboyle. 'But the arquebuss is gone, and here is naught save wood and feather. Let them shout.'—for a cry of scorn and defiance sounded across the flood, as the servants of the earl relieved him from the fallen horse, and found him, past hope, unhurt, 'let them shout: we shall meet yet with a fairer field between us. My lord, they are mounted again, and going.'

'Let them go,' said Darcy, without raising his eyes to witness their departure. He sullenly resumed his armour, sprung in silence upon his horse, struck him with the spurs, and, turning his head homeward, galloped back by the way he came.

We now take up the *Friendship's Offering*. The binding is rich and costly, and there is inimitable grace and beauty in the engravings. The 'Devotee,' by Finden, is wonderfully fine. The lovely form of the high-born maiden, attired in the richest splendor, and half concealed in her robe of lace, as she proceeds through the sculptured aisles of the dim cathedral, is depicted with an effect that tells powerfully upon the imagination. 'Innocence' is a sweet and delicious picture; there is splendid execution in 'The lady Isobel.' And 'Francesca' is an engraving than which we question if there ever was a finer executed, the

melting softness of the eyes, the blended harmony of dignity and sweetness in the countenance, and the deceptive perfection of the artist's works, all constitute this picture a gem of art, for which alone the whole volume would be cheap. Our selections cannot extend far.

The following verses, by Mrs. Norton, are of touching power. How affectingly the mother—how beautifully the poet speaks.

TO MY CHILD.

BY THE HON. AUGUSTA NORTON.

They say; thou art not fair to others' eyes,
Thou who dost seem so beautiful in mine!
The stranger coldly passes thee, nor asks
What name, what home, what parentage
are thine;
But carelessly, as though it were by chance,
Bestows on thee an unadmiring glance.

Art thou not beautiful?—To me it seems
As though the blue veins in thy temples fair,
The crimson in thy full and innocent lips,
The light that falls upon thy shining hair,
The varying colour in thy rounded cheek,
Must all of nature's endless beauty speak!

The very pillow which thy head hath prest
Through the past night, a picture brings to
me
Of rest so holy, calm, and exquisite,
That sweet tears rise at thought of it and thee;
And I repeat, beneath the morning's light,
The mother's lingering gaze, and long good
night?

Yea even thy shadow, as it slanting falls,
(When we too roam beneath the setting sun,)
Seems, as it glides along the path I tread,
A something bright and fair to gaze upon;
I press thy little eager hand the while,
And do not even turn to see the smile!

Art thou not beautiful?—I hear thy voice—
Its musical shouts of childhood's sudden
mirth—

We select a few other pretty pieces of poetry at random.

A CANADIAN SONG.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

'Tis merry to hear at evening time,
By the blazing hearth, the sleigh-bell's
chime;
And to know each bound of the steed brings
nigher
The friend for whom we have heaped the
fire:
Light leap our hearts, while the listening
bound
Springs forth to hail him with bark and
bound.

'Tis he! and blithely the gay bells sound,
As his sleigh glides over the frozen ground;—
Hark! he has passed the dark pine-wood—
And skims like a bird o'er the ice-bound
flood;
Now he catches the gleam from the cabin-
door.

And echo back thy laughter, as thy feet
Come gladly bounding o'er the damp spring-
earth.

Yet no gaze follows thee but mine. I fear
Love hath bewitch'd mine eyes—my only
dear!

Beauty is that which dazzles—that which
strikes—

That which doth paralyze the gazer's tongue,
Till he hath found some rapturous word of
praise

To bear his proud and swelling thoughts
along;

Sunbeams are beautiful—and gilded halls—
Wide terraces—and showery waterfalls.]

Yet are the things which through the gazing
eye

Reach the full soul, and thrill it into love,
Unworthy of those rapturous words of praise

Yet prized, perchance, the brightest things
above;

A nook that was our childhood's resting
place—

A smile upon some dear familiar face.

And therefore did the discontented heart
Create that *other* word its thoughts to dress;

And what it could not say was *beautiful*,
Yet gained the dearer term of *loveliness*

The *loved* are *lovely*:—so art thou to me,
Child in whose face strange eyes no beauty
see!"

From the cedar swamp the gaunt wolves
howl,

From the hollow oak loud whoops the owl,
Scared by the crash of the falling tree;

But these sounds bring terror no more to
me;

No longer I listen with boding fear,
The sleigh-bell's distant chime to hear.

THE WAR SONG OF THE KIPCHAK.

[The Kipchak, the great table-land of Tartary, is the native soil of those multitudes which overran the Roman empire, and which have successively conquered every nation of Asia. The Golden Horde (or Hordes), are the most powerful.]

Shout for the charge of the Golden Hordes! The red-turbaned Rajah is short by the
The winds are their horses, the lightnings their knees,
swords; The Carnatic is deaf, the Deccani is dumb,
Their trumpets are thunder; the nations When the winds of the Steppe roar 'The Tar-
look wan; tar is come.
There is wo on the mountains of haughty
Japan; Shout for the charge of the Golden Hordes!
From the hand of the Indian fall banner and The hands of the Georgian are stiff with their
drum, cords;
When they cry from their turrets 'The Tartar The snow-beared Muscovites, cradled in steel,
is come!' Are straw to our lances, and dust to our
heel:
Shout for the charge of the Golden Hordes! Where Solomon sits in his diamond-built
There is death on the cheek of the Manchu dome,
lords, He shrinks at the echo, 'The Tartar is come!'
There is dust on the swords of the yellow
Chinese,

MY BAPTISMAL BIRTH-DAY.

LINES COMPOSED ON A SICK BED, UNDER SEVERE BODILY SUFFERING, ON MY SPIRITUAL
BIRTH-DAY, OCTOBER 28TH.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

BORN unto God in CHRIST—in Christ, my In Christ I live, in Christ I draw the breath
ALL! Of the true Life. Let Sea, and Earth, and
What, that Earth boasts, were not lost Sky
cheaply, rather Wage war against me: on my front I show
Than forfeit that blest Name, by which we Their mighty Master's seal! In vain *they*
call try
The HOLY ONE, the Almighty God, OUR To end my Life, who can but end its Wo.
FATHER?
FATHER! in Christ we live: and Christ in Is that a Death-bed, where the CHRISTIAN
Thee: lies?
Eternal Thou, and everlasting We! Yes!—But not *his*: 'Tis DEATH itself *there*
dies.
The Heir of Heaven, henceforth I dread not
Death.

SONG OF THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

FROM WAVERLY.

"The seat of the Celtic Muse is in the mist of the secret and solitary hill, and her voice in the murmur of the mountain stream. He who woos her, must love the barren rock more than the fertile valley, and the solitude of the desert better than the festivity of the hall."

"Flora had exchanged the measured and monotonous recitation of the Bard for a lofty and uncommon Highland air, which had been a battle song in former ages. A few irregular strains introduced a prelude of a wild and peculiar tone, which harmonized well with the distant water-fall, and the soft sigh of the evening breeze in the rustling leaves of an aspen which overhung the seat of the fair harpess."

THERE is mist on the mountain, and night on A stranger commanded—it sunk on the land,
the vale, It has frozen each heart, and benumbed
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the every hand!
Gael.

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust;
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse!
Be mute every string, and be hushed every tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.

But the dark hour of night and of slumber are past,
The morn o'er the mountains is dawning at last;
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break.
Need the harp of the mountains remind you to wake?

That dawn never beamed on your forefathers' eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die!

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
'Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the call;
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
Where the banners are blazing on mountain and heath:
They call to the dirk, the claymore and the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
Burst the ban foreign yoke as your sires did of yore;
Or die like your sires, and endure it no more!

The following, though the images have been a hundred times repeated by poets, will still be admired, for such pictures find their originals in the heart.

EARLY DAYS.

Oh! give me back my early days,
The fresh springs and the bright,
That made the course of childhood's ways
A journey of delight.

Oh! give me back the violet blue,
The woodbine, and the rose
That o'er my early wanderings threw
The fragrance of repose.

And give me back the glittering stream,
The fountain, and the dew,
That neither day nor nightly dream,
Can ever more renew.

I would give all that tears have bought
Of wisdom, wealth, or love,
For one sweet hour of early thought
This sordid world above.

One happy flight, away, away,
On wings of tameless power,

One golden morn, one glorious day,
In childhood's rosy bower.—

One sail upon that summer sea,
Whose passing storms are all
Light winds that blow more merrily,
And dewy showers that fall.

But ah! that summer sea no more
Shall bear me gaily on;
My bark lies on the weary shore,
My fluttering sails are gone.

'Tis not that hope her radiant bow
No longer bends on high,
But light has faded from her brow,
And splendor from her sky.

'Tis not that pleasure may not bring,
Fresh gladness to the breast,
But I am worn with wandering
To find a home of rest.

S. S.

THE AMULET. This exquisite little volume is decidedly the best, both in engravings, matter, and appearance of the whole number. Donna Maria, the frontispiece, is a picture at this time of high interest. It is surely such a form as might call into existence all the proud chivalry of a former age, and men's hearts might well feel strong when they battle for such loveliness. 'The Forgotten Word' will be much admired. And 'The Wandering Thought' is one of those bright creations of the painter, on whose 'soft and serious eyes' the fancy loves to dwell, for it catches in that countenance the embodied beauty of dream-like

forms, which have long hovered o'er the soul; but that plate which pleased us best, is the lovely little composition, 'Feeding the Robin.' No one can look upon this charming group, without feeling the gush of early feelings come warm to his heart. The conception is happy—the execution beautiful.

The literary contents of this volume are likewise of a very high order. We have a noble allegory by Bulwer, many parts in the very best style of that brilliant writer.

A young Chaldean, in obedience to the dying injunction of his parent, sets out to seek for the terrestrial paradise. All the sages, with whom in his journey he consults, admit its existence, but alike ridicule his intention of discovering it. He however, persists, and his allegorical pursuit of it through the golden atmosphere of youth, the warm associations of manhood, and the enjoyments of riper age are portrayed with all the author's genius, and he finds at last the passage to Aden is through the gate of death. The power of the execution atones for the want of originality in the conception—and it abounds throughout with passages in the best style of that splendid writer.

THE KEEPSAKE is a very lordly looking volume, and keeps up the character in its illustrations and its contributors, among whom may be found honorables and right honorables, barons and viscounts, and M. P.'s in abundance. Many of their contributions are, dear knows, silly enough. Among the engravings the most beautiful is 'The Proposal,' and the most striking 'The Two Barons.' The following verses are fine and the accompanying plate finer. They have no title, but they tell a touching story of the Jewish faith.

THE old man closed his iron box
Laid bond and parchment by,
And bolts were drawn, and bar and locks
Shut out the fresh, blue sky:
The very bird you'd deem had died
In so dark a cage to be,
And a pale girl stood by the merchant's side,
And shook as he gave the key.

"'Fast bind,' our Elders say, 'fast bind;'
So saith the Christian, too;
And there is mischief in the wind,
If sleep and dreams speak true.
I dreamt of money-bags to night,
Wrung from the Hebrew's store;
There is a cloud before my sight,—
Bar, daughter!—bar our door!

And when those Christian fools come by,
With trumpet and with drum;
And when the wry-neck'd fife is high,
And when the maskers come;
If hitherward their steps should tend,
Bar out the Christian swine,
Nor let their noisy mirth offend
These sober walls of mine!

"I loathe them in their revelry,
I loathe them in their grief,
I yield them in their agony
No succour—no relief:
Let casement and let door be shut,—
If I go forth to night,
By Jacob's staff! I swear, 'tis but
To work the Christians spite."

The old man closed the oaken door,
And chain and fastenings creak,
But ere he pass'd his threshold o'er,
He kiss'd that fair girl's cheek.
And "Oh," she said, "though a father's curse
Be a heavy load to bear,
The guilt of a broken vow is worse
Than the frowns of a parent are.

"I know not if the Christian's race
Be holier than our own,
If Hagar's offspring hold a place
More nigh Jehovah's throne;
But oh! if Judah's hope and creed
Should weak and erring be,
There is a voice shall intercede,
My sire, my sire! for thee.

"And if my foot forsake the path
Which erst my fathers trod,
And if my convert spirit hath
Bow'd to the Christian's God:
'Tis that the word her prophet spoke,
The word her teachers speak,
Makes light the wearied sinner's yoke,
And comforteth the weak.

"And when, at last, the hour shall be,
When Judah's erring son
Shall worship in the sacred *Three*,
The great eternal *One*,
When rent the bond, and cleansed the stain
God's chosen that defiled,
The harp of Judah's tribe again
Shall welcome Judah's child."

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR. By Alaric A. Watts, has still the same graceful beauty in its appearance and contents which during the ten years of its existence has distinguished it. The plates are of the rare elegance and judicious variety which might be expected from its accomplished editor. To 'The contrast' 'St. Michael's Mount' 'Austrian Pilgrims' 'the Departure for Waterloo' will be awarded among a hundred rivals, the praise of exquisite execution and beautiful design. The contents, though not of the same elevated tone as those in the Amulet, are brilliant—Henneka, by William Howitt, is a powerful and finely told story. Mary Hamilton is the production of a high order of mind and is also Grace Kevin. The Old Man of the Mountain and the Incendiary, are all superior to the common range of tales. We insert three pieces of poetry, and among much of beautiful they will be admired.

THE DEPARTED.

BY MISS AIKEN.

Upon the brow of heaven
Its azure veil is spread,
The earth is strewed with flowers,
Where thou were wont to stray,
Far brighter than the chaplet pall
That crowns thy brow to-day.

The merry bells are chiming,
And they have called thee long,
Thou gayest in the valley-dance,
Thou sweetest in the song.

The merry bells are chiming
In yon our own loved dell;
There comes a shadow o'er my soul
From that slow, dreary knell.

I scarce know what the vision is
It brings upon my heart,
Something of beauty, music, bliss,
To waken and depart.

And see, even now thy cheek is pale,
And sad beneath the tone,
And for thy heart it breathes a tale,
As wearily and lone.

Then wake and leave thy cold dark bed
Ere clouds shall gaze on thee,
That over stream and heather sped,
Thou'lt sit alone with me.

And I will twine round thy brow
The summer's crimson wreath,
And that wan cheek again shall glow
The rosy light beneath.

Hark to the music whispering
From the bending greenwood tree!

Far sweeter than the sable pall
That shrouds thy youthful head.
In every breath o'er earth and sky
There is a voice for thee.

And a sound floats o'er the waters,
From many a grove and cave,
Of soft airs waiting there to waft
Our bark across the wave.

Oh well thou lovest each thrilling tone
Of silver melody,
And list thou—for in every one
There is a tale for thee.

It says our bark to music's breath
Upon yon stream shall float,
And every bloomy summer-wreath
Shall breath a music note;

And the clear air be only
A lyre for love to wake,
And earth shall fling the echoes back
By cave and mirror lake;

And all its thousand voices
Float joyously along,
And tree to tree its whispers send,
And the waters wake their song.

The heaven's deepened azure
Is but love's earnest eye,
And the fair earth love's flower-strewed
breast
In bloom and fragraney.

The burning eye of day
Is gazing on thee now,
And mingling tones of earth and sky,
Awake—but where art thou?

THE BURIAL OF BUONAPARTE.

I.

THERE is a sound on the desert shore,—
'Tis the muttering cannon's funeral roar!
In one deep glen of that barren Isle

There rises 'the Emperor's funeral pile;
His court is around—his bearers are by—
And who?—The sons of the enemy'

II.

Are his 'guards' at that fearful gathering,
Steel-clad, and iron hearts within?
Do banners wave o'er him? and trumpets
tell
That he sleeps 'neath the warrior's thunder-
ing knell?
The lonely tree waves—and the ritual is
read
By an exile priest o'er the silent dead!

III.

Are burning cities and crumbling thrones
The soil of the conqueror's grave?
Is it piled with an altar of hostile bones,
Is it slaked with the blood of the brave?—
In a quiet valley's smooth green bed
Rests, in its slumber, that laurelled head!

IV.

Does the deaf'ning peal of the glad hurrah,
Ring wild and wide on the vaulted sky?
And the shout of thousands in armed array
Tell the god of their soul's idolatry?—
A few brief shots—and then all is still,
And the echoes rise mute upon valley and
hill!

V.

He was the star on the stormy sky,
None were so brilliant, and none so high;
Its fiery blaze bid the fervor of noon,
Its setting, the tempest's tenfold gloom:
Now the hand of the stranger hath burst his
chain,
And his dirge is told by the ceaseless main.

C. M. M.

CONGENIAL SPIRITS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I.

Oh! in the varied scenes of life
Is there a joy so sweet,
As when amid its busy strife
Congenial spirits meet?
Feelings and thoughts, a fairy band,
Long hid from mortal sight,
Then start to meet the master-hand
That calls them forth to light.

II.

When turning o'er some gifted page,
How fondly do we pause,
That dear companion to engage
In answering applause;
And when we list to Music's sighs,
How sweet at every tone,
To read within another's eyes
The raptures of our own!

III.

To share together waking'dreams,
Apart from sordid men,
Or speak on high and holy themes,
Beyond the worldling's ken;
These are most dear;—but soon shall pass
That summons of the heart,
Congenial spirits, soon, alas!
Are ever doomed to part,

IV.

Yet those to whom such grief is given,
Mourn not thy lot of wo,
Say, can a wandering light from heaven
E'er sparkle long below?
Earth would be all *too* bright *too* blest,
With such pure ties of love;
Let kindred spirits hope no rest,
Save in a rest above!

We have next the FRIEND'S ANNUAL. A pretty unassuming, interesting looking volume. Agnes Strickland, Mary and William Howitt, all quakers, have contributed some of the most excellent gems to this year's annuals; why should their sect not have a bijou of their own? Its matter is of high order, the plates with characteristic simplicity are only two,—those, however, beautifully finished.

We come now to the most splendid of their class, the Landscape Annuals; the most useful and as confining art to the delineation of the beautiful and the true in nature alone. The earliest and the most original is the ORIENTAL ANNUALS.

There is something of eastern splendor in the rich and appropriate ornaments of its pale green morocco binding.

The engravings, twenty-five in number, are from drawings of Indian scenes, made by William Daniel, R. A., who spent ten years in collecting historical pictorial illustrations of the vast architecture and beautiful scenery of the east. As specimens of it, the embellishment of this costly volume are high, while they

possess a still greater value as delineating with a mimic effect, the most imposing features in the scenery of those vast regions, well termed the father of all lands, where civilization was comparatively perfect, when the earliest portions of Europe were in barbarism, and the origin of whose ruins of gigantic magnificence is lost in ages beyond the ken of history. We strongly recommend some of our publishers the reissue of the text in a separate volume. A more spirited and interesting account of Indian scenery and manners has never been published. It would be read with avidity.

HEATH'S PICTURESQUE ANNUAL. Our stock of eulogy has become exhausted. We were going to say, what a magnificent volume—but it were tautological. Open it, and the scenery of a brighter world will seem to meet you at every page. You turn until wearied with delight, from scene to scene of enchanting beauty. The very air of poetry seems to breathe over the whole.

Leitch Ritchie too is even unusually felicitous in his sketches. The volume is full of entertainment—nor could we give the text a higher praise, than to say the text is worthy of its illustrations.

Next we have the LANDSCAPE ANNUAL. A fifth volume, the scenes from France. Yet Harding has made this fully equal to its Italian predecessors—and Roscoe has nobly acquitted himself as the historian of the scenes. As we gaze upon the pictures exquisite with the magic of genius, we almost feel the chivalry and the recollection of forgotten years descend upon our souls.

THE SACRED ANNUAL has a magnificence 'beyond all, all that the critic hath told.' What! twelve exquisite subjects by the greatest living painters, miniatured and colored after the originals? It would take an article to describe the splendor of the plates, which in this crowning specimen of triumphant art, have all the fresh beauty and gorgeous colouring of enamels. Vexed are we that Satan Montgomery had any thing to do with a work of such unrivalled elegance. It is a species of undeserved disgrace from which they will soon free themselves thus to link the immortalities of inspired art, with the unread and forgotten rhapsodies of young-gentlemanly epics. The marriage was not made in heaven. The connexion will be beyond the book-sellers art to continue. The laws of nature will be preserved—and no trickery of trade can keep the embellishments from their birthright, or the cantos of the Cockney Homer, Virgil, Dante and Milton *uncti in uno*, from their speedy and imprescriptible oblivion.

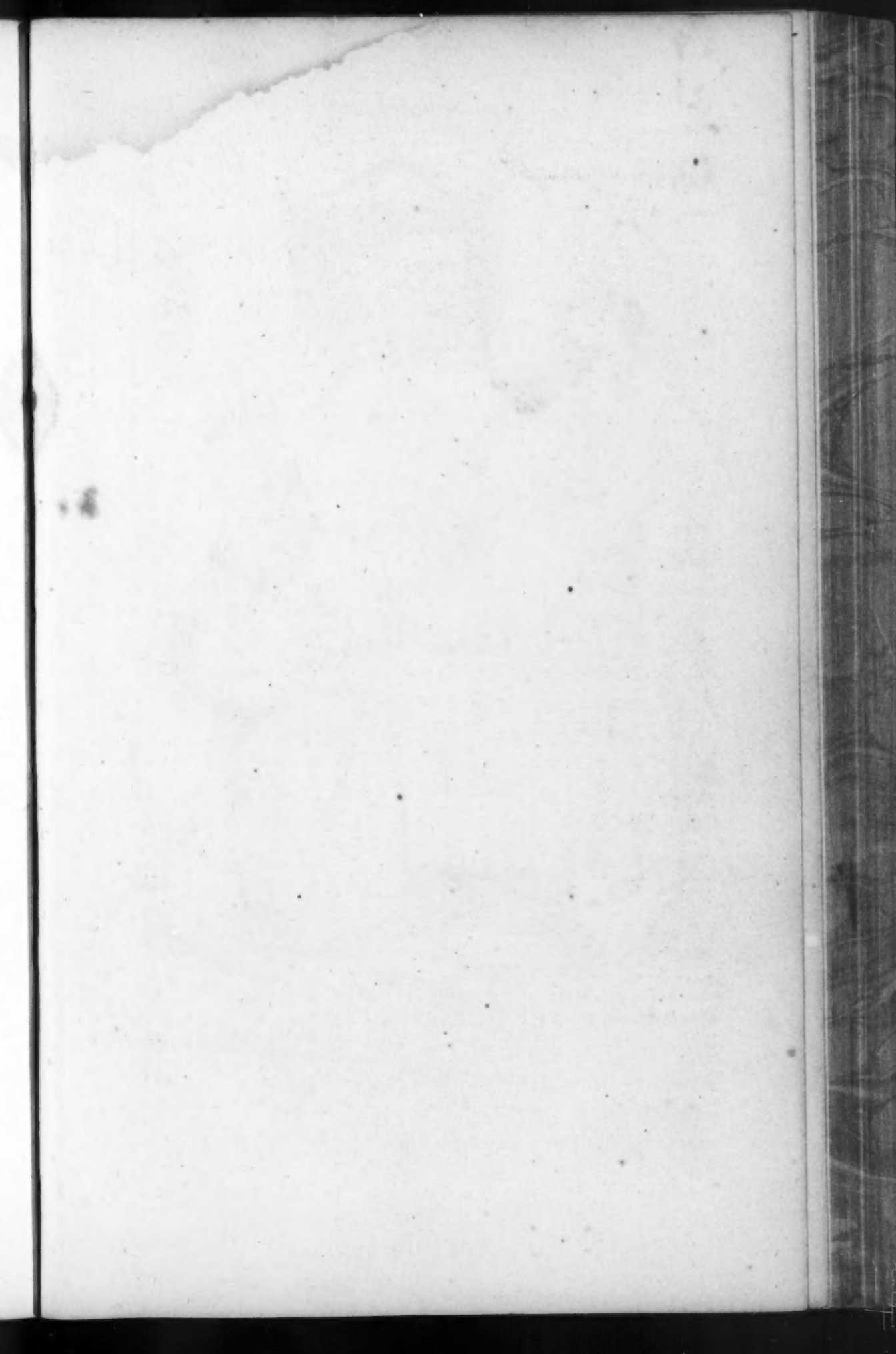
One word to the London publishers of these gorgeous volumes.—As they must doubtless esteem *novelty* and *popularity* essentials to be looked to in catering to the public taste; we can recommend them to an untrodden path in their arrangements for next year which will secure both in an eminent degree. Let them send Stanfield, or Turner, or Fielding,—pencil in hand on a picturesque 'Tour' through North America, and let Leitch Ritchie or Roscoe, or some other popular writer, describe our unrivalled scenery, with its glorious poetical associations, without a cockney word about "manners," and from their joint labours let them get up an AMERICAN LANDSCAPE ANNUAL, and our editorial sagacity on the fact, it will prove the best speculation they ever embarked in. Only think! American Scenery drawn by one of the Turners of the day, and engraved by Rolls, Finden or Heath. Why in Europe, it would 'take' beyond all the 'Lions' of the season, and in this Republic alone, we will answer for it, that if they will give our publishers, Peabody and Co., the sole agency, they will sell 5000 copies themselves.

And now, well pleased reader, (all the epithets we apply to thee are the sagacious result of editorial intuition) we have led thee one by one, through all these volumes of varied and exceeding loveliness. They form a prouder tribute to the glory of modern society, than the arches and the temples of Greece and Rome did unto ancient. Were all other memorials of the present æra to perish, and one of these volumes, exist, we would want no other memorial to secure for it the future admiration of posterity.

We have said nothing of the 'Pilgrims of the Rhine,' nor of 'Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap Book.' One is by *Bulwer* and the other by the more magical L. E. L. and each will require an article for itself.

Notice Supplementary.

It may be right to advertise thee friendly reader, that the unexpected length to which our interesting materials have swelled our 'article from the English Annuals,' has had the effect of crowding out all of our reviews and literary notices. This will create sorrow in two quarters. First, **WE** feel peculiar regret, (between ourselves, readers we may be pardoned the expression of the opinion,) because on this department of our work we most especially pride ourselves; it being there that we sit, as it were, like Rhadamanthus on his throne, to judge according to their merits the various productions which are brought before us. Second, The public would most probably lament the omission still more did they not find an ample and perchance a more agreeable substitute in the fine melange of entertaining matter which supplies their place, and which may as well be called a Review of as many new books as we could have congregated together in our notices. There are two other classes who are concerned in the omission,—our friends the publishers, to whom we will make atonement on another occasion, and our friends the authors, who are doubtless glad to be released from their terrors, and who will each find ample consolation in the hope that two or three castigations we had prepared were not intended for themselves.





Washington Irving

*Portraits of Washington Irving
and Diedrich Knickerbocker*

Drawn & Engraved for the Knicker Mag^{no}