

The Knickerbocker.

Vol. III.

FEBRUARY, 1834.

No. 2.

THE ENCOUNTER—A SCENE AT SEA.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

—— One universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed—
Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash
Of billows. ——

BYRON.

THE *Active*, Sloop of War, had been lying all day becalmed, in mid ocean, and was rolling and pitching about in a heavy ground swell, which was the only trace left of the gale she had lately encountered. The sky was of as tender and serene a blue as if it had never been deformed with clouds; and the atmosphere was bland and pleasant, although the latitude and the season might both have led one to expect different weather. Since the morning watch, when the wind, after blowing straight an end for several days together, had died suddenly away, there had not been enough air stirring to lift the dog-vane from its staff, down which it hung in motionless repose, except when raised by the heave and roll of the vessel, as she labored in the trough of the sea. Her courses had been hauled up, and she lay under her three topsails, braced on opposite tacks, ready to take advantage of the first breath of wind, from whatever quarter it might come.

The crew were disposed in various groups about the deck, some idling away in listless ease the interval of calm; some with their clothes-bags beside them, turning it to account in overhauling their dunnage; while others moved fidgety about, on the fore-castle and in the waist, eyeing, ever and anon, the horizon round, as if already weary of their short holiday on the ocean, and impatiently watching for some sign of a breeze. To a true sailor there are few circumstances more annoying than a perfect calm. The same principle of our nature which makes the traveller on land, though journeying without any definite object, desire the postillion to whip up his horses and hasten to the end of his stage,

is manifested in a striking degree among seamen. The end of one voyage is but the beginning of another, and their life is a constant succession of hardships and perils; yet they cannot abide that the elements should grant them a moment's respite. As the wind dies away their spirits flag; they move heavily and sluggishly about while the calm continues; but rouse at the first whisper of the breeze, and are never gayer or more animated than when their canvass swells out to its utmost tension in the gale.

On the afternoon in question, this feeling of restlessness at the continuance of the calm was not confined to the crew of the *Active*. Her commander had been nearly all day on deck, walking to and fro, on the starboard side, with quick impatient strides, or now stepping into one gangway, and now into the other, and casting anxious and searching looks into all quarters of the heavens, as if it were of the utmost consequence that a breeze should spring up and enable him to pursue his way. Indeed, it was whispered among the officers, that there were reasons of state which made it important they should reach their point of destination as speedily as possible; though where that point was, or what those reasons were, not a soul on board knew, except the Captain—and he was not a man likely to enlighten their ignorance on the subject. Few words, in truth, did any one ever hear from Black Jack, as the reefers nicknamed him; and when he did speak, what he said was not generally of a kind to make them desire he should often break his taciturnity.

He was a straight, tall, stern-looking man, just passed the prime of life, as might be inferred from the wrinkles on his thoughtful brow, and the slightly grizzled hue of the locks about his temples—though his hair, elsewhere, was as black as the raven. His face bore the marks both of storm and battle; it was furrowed and deeply embrowned by long exposure to every vicissitude of weather; and a deep scar across the left brow told a tale of dangers braved and overcome. His eyes were large, black and piercing; and the habitual compression and curve of his lip indicated both firmness and haughtiness of character—indications which those who sailed with him had no reason to complain of as deceptive.

But notwithstanding his impatience, and the urgency of his mission, whatever it was, the *Active* continued to roll heavily about at the sport of the big round billows, which swelled up and spread and tumbled over so lazily, that their glassy surfaces were not broken by a ripple. The sun went down clear, but red and fiery; and the sky, though its blue faded to a dusky tint, still remained unflecked by a single cloud. As the broad round disk disappeared beneath the wave, all hands were called to stand by their hammocks; and when the stir and bustle incident to that piece of duty had subsided, an unwonted degree of stillness settled on the vessel. This was owing in part, no doubt, to the presence of the commander, before whom the crew were not apt to indulge in any great exuberance of merriment; but the sluggish and unusual state of the weather had probably the largest share in the effect. The Captain continued on deck, pacing up and down the starboard side; the lieutenant of the watch leaned over the taffrel, his trumpet idly dangling by its becket from his arm; and the two quarter-deck

midshipmen walked in the gangway, beguiling their watch with prattle about home, or gay anticipations of the future.

"We shall have a dull and lazy night of it, Vangs," said the master's mate of the forecastle, as he returned forward from adding on the log-slate another "ditto" to the long column of them which recorded the history of the day. The person he addressed stood on the heel of the bowsprit, with his arms folded on his breast, and his gaze fixed intently on the western horizon, from which the daylight had now so completely faded, that it required a practised and keen eye to discern where the sky and water met. He was a tall, square-framed, aged looking seaman, whose thick gray hair shaded a strongly marked and weather-beaten face, and whose shaggy overcoat, buttoned to the throat, covered a form that for forty years had breasted the storms and perils of every sea. He did not turn his head, nor withdraw his eyes from the spot they rested on, as he said, in a low tone, "We shall have work enough before morning, Mr. Garnet."

"Why, where do you read that, Vangs," inquired the midshipman—"there is nothing of the sort in my reckoning."

"I read it in a book I have studied through many a long cruise, Mr. Garnet, and though my eyes are getting old, I think I can understand its meaning yet. Hark ye, young man, the hammocks are piped down, and the watch is set, but there will be no watch in this night, mark my words."

"Why, Vangs, you are turning prophet," replied the master's-mate, who was a rattling young fellow, full of blood and blue veins. "I should'n't wonder to see you strike tarpaulin when the cruise is up, rig out in a methodist's broad brim and straight toggs, and ship the next trip for parson."

"My cruising is pretty much over, Mr. Garnet, and my next trip, I am thinking, is one I shall have to go alone—though there's a sign in the heavens this night makes me fear I shall have but too much company."

"Why, what signs do you talk of man?" asked the young officer, somewhat startled by the quiet and impressive tone and manner of the old quarter-master. "I see nothing that looks like change of weather, and yet I see all there is to be seen."

"I talked in the same way, once, I remember," said Vangs, "when I was about your age, as we lay becalmed one night in the old Charlotte East Indiaman, heaving and pitching in the roll of a ground swell, much as we do now. The next morning found me clinging to a broken topmast, the only thing left of a fine ship of seven hundred tons, which, with every soul on board of her, except me, had gone to the bottom. That was before you were born, Mr. Garnet."

"Such things have often been, no doubt," said Garnet, "and such things will be again—nay, may happen as you say, before morning. But because you were once wrecked in a gale of wind that sprung up out of a calm, it is no reason that every calm is to be followed by such a gale. Show me a sign of wind and I may believe it; but for my part, I see no likelihood of enough even to blow away the smoke of that cursed galley, which circles and dances about here on the forecastle, as if it was master's mate of the watch, and was ordered to keep a bright look out."

“Turn your eye in that direction, Mr. Garnet. Do you not see a faint belt of light, no broader than my finger, that streaks the sky where the sun went down? It is not daylight, for I watched that all fade away, and the last glimmer of it was gone before that dim brassy streak began to show itself. And carry your eye in a straight line above it—do you not mark how thick and lead-like the air looks? There is that there,” said the old man, (laying his hand on the bowsprit, as he prepared to sit down between the night-heads,) “will try what stuff these sticks are made of before the morning breaks.”

Young Garnet put his hand over his brow, and half shutting his eyes, peered intently in the direction the old seaman indicated; but no sign pregnant with such evil as he foreboded, or no appearance even of the wished for breeze, met his vision. Imputing the predictions of Vangs to those megrims which old sailors are apt to have in a long calm, or perhaps to a desire to play upon his credulity, he folded his peacoat more closely about him, and taking his seat on the nettings in such a position that he could lean back against the fore-rigging, prepared to settle himself down in that delicious state of repose between sleeping and waking, in which he thought he might with impunity doze away such a quiet watch as his promised to be. He had scarcely closed his eyes, however, when a sound rung in his ears that made him spring to the deck, and at once dispelled all disposition to slumber. It was the clear trumpet-like voice of the Captain himself, hailing the fore-castle.

“Sir!” bawled the startled master’s-mate.

“Have your haliards clear for running, sir!—your cluelines led along, and the men all at their stations.”

“Ay, ay, sir!” sung Garnet in reply, and then muttered to himself, “here’s the devil to pay and no pitch hot. What is the meaning of all this, I wonder? Has the skipper seen old Vangs’s streak of brass, too? or does he hope to coax the wind out, by raising such a breeze on deck?” And he stepped upon a shot box, and cast another long, searching glance into the western horizon, but there was no sign there which to his inexperienced eye boded any change of weather.

“Fo’castle, there!” again sounded from the quarter-deck, but it was now the voice of the lieutenant of the watch, hailing through his trumpet.

“Sir!” answered the mate.

“Send the fo’castle-men aloft to furl the foresail. Quarter-gunners and after-guard, do you hear! lay aloft—lay out—furl away!”

These and other similar orders were quickly obeyed, and stillness again succeeded. But the attention of all on deck was now aroused; and every one watched in silence for some less questionable forerunner of wind than was yet visible to their eyes. They all noticed, however, that the sky had grown thicker and of a dingier hue, and that not a single star peeped through the gloom. But there was not a breath of air yet stirring. The topsails continued to flap heavily against the masts, as they were swayed to and fro by the motion of the vessel; the lower yards creaked in their slings; and the ship headed now one way and now another, as she yawed and swung round, completely at the mercy of the

swell. The seamen gathered in groups at their several stations, and waited in silence the result which all now began to apprehend.

But while these feelings of indefinite fear were entertained by those on deck, the watch below were disturbed by no such anxiety. The officers in the gun-room were variously occupied according to their different tastes and inclinations; some amusing themselves by reading, some writing, and others stretched upon the chairs or in their berths, dreaming away the interval of rest. The midshipmen in the steerage had gathered round their mess-table, and were engaged in lively chat and repartee, and in cracking nautical jokes and witticisms upon each other. Their discourse was plentifully interlarded with sea-phrases; for these juvenile sons of Neptune, however slender their seamanship in other respects, have commonly great volubility in rattling off the technicals of their profession, and a surprising facility in applying them to the ordinary topics of conversation. With the omission of a single letter, the distich describing Hudibras might be applied to them, or, if a poor pun be allowable, it may be said to fit them to a *t*, for

————— they cannot ope
Their mouths, but out there falls a rope.

One of the merriest and noisiest of the group in the Active's steerage was a little, rosy cheeked, bright-eyed reefer, whose flaxen hair curled in natural ringlets around his temples, and was surmounted by a small low crowned tarpaulin hat, cocked knowingly on one side, in amusing imitation of the style of the full grown jack tar.

"Hullo, Jigger, how does she head now?" cried the little wag to one of the messboys, as his bandy legs made their appearance down the companion ladder.

"She head ebery which way, Misser Burton," answered the black, his shining face dilated with a prodigious grin, showing he relished the humor of the question. "It is a dead calm on deck you know, Misser Burton, and de main yard is brace frat aback."

"O, I see," rejoined the urchin, "they have hove her to, Jigger, to give her half a lemon to keep her from fainting. She has outsailed the wind, and is lying by to wait for it."

"Lying by, indeed!" said another; "she is going like a top."

"And if she keeps on," added a third, "she will soon go as fast as the Dutchman's schooner, when she stood into port under a heavy press of bolt-ropes, the sails having blown clean out of them at sea."

"Oh, I have heard of that schooner," resumed little Burton, the first speaker. "It was she that sailed so fast, that when they broke up her hatches, they found she had sailed her bottom off."

"Her skipper," interrupted another, "was both master and chief mate, and they made the duty easy by dividing it between them, watch and watch."

"Yet the Dutchman grew so thin upon it," added little Burton, "that when he got home his mother and sister could'nt both look at him at once."

"And his dog," said the other, "got so weak, it had to lean against the mast to bark."

"Come, come, take a turn there, and belay," cried one of the older midshipmen, who was stretched at full length upon a locker. "Come, you have chased that joke far enough. Heave about, and see if you can't give us something better on t'other tack."

"Well, Tom Derrick, if you don't like our rigs, tip us a twist, yourself. Come, spin us a yarn, my boy, if you have your-jaw tacks aboard."

"No, no, Charley Burton, I can't pay out any slack to-night. I am as sleepy as a lookout in a calm. My eyes feel like the marine's, when his cue was served so taught, he could'n't make his eyelids meet. Hullo, Jigger, rouse out my hammock from that heap and hang it up—you know which it is, don't you?"

"Ki! I wish I had as much tobacco as I know which Misser Derrick's hammock is," eagerly replied the negro.

This characteristic speech produced a hearty burst of laughter; and in chat and merriment of this sort the evening slipped away, until the hour for extinguishing the lights arrived, and the quarter-master came down to douse the glim.

"Well Vangs," cried the ever ready Burton, "it is blowing an Irishman's hurricane on deck, is'n't it—straight up and down, like a pig's eye?"

"It is all quiet yet," replied Vangs, "but the sky has a queer look, and there will be a hurricane of a different sort before you are many hours older, Mr. Charles."

"Is there then really any prospect of wind?" asked the midshipman we have called Derrick.

"There is something brewing in the clouds we none of us understand," answered the old man, in his low quiet tone. "We shall have more wind than we want before long, or I am out in my reckoning."

"Let it come but-end foremost, if it chooses, and the sooner the better," said young Burton, laughing, "any weather rather than this; for this is neither fish, flesh, nor red herring. Let it blow, Vangs, and I would'n't mind if it were such a breeze as you had in the old Charlotte, you know, when it blew the sheet-anchor into the foretop, and took three men to hold the captain's hair on his head."

The old quarter-master turned a grave and thoughtful look on the round face of the lively boy, and seemed meditating an answer that might repress what probably struck him as untimely mirth; but even while he was in the act to speak, the tempest he had predicted burst in sudden fury upon the vessel. The first indication those below had of its approach was the wild rushing sound of the gust, which broke upon their ears like the roar of a volcano. The heaving and rolling of the ship ceased all at once, as if the waves had been subdued and chained down by the force of a mighty pressure. The vessel stood motionless an instant, as if instinct with life, and cowering in conscious fear of the approaching strife; the tempest then burst upon her but-end foremost, as Burton expressed it, and the stately mass reeled and fell over before it, like a tower struck down by a thunderbolt. The surge was so violent that the ship was

thrown almost on her beam-ends, and every thing on board, not secured in the strongest manner, was pitched with great force to leeward. Midshipmen, mess-table, hammocks, and the contents of the mess lockers, fell rustling, rattling, and mixed in strange disorder, to the lee-scuppers; and when the ship slowly righted, straining and trembling in every plank, it was a moment or two before those who had been so unexpectedly heaped together in the bends, could extricate themselves from the confusion, and make their way to the upper deck.

There, a scene of fearful grandeur was presented. The sky was of a murky, leaden hue, and appeared to bend over the ship in a nearer and narrower arch, binding the ocean in so small a round, that the eye could trace, through the whole circle, the line where the sickly looking heaven rested on the sea. The air was thick and heavy; and the water, covered with driving snow-like foam, seemed to be packed and flattened down by the fury of the blast, which scattered its billows into spray as cutting as the sleet of a December storm. The wind howled and screamed through the rigging with an appalling sound, that might be likened to the shrieks and wailings of angry fiends; and the ship fled before the tempest, like an affrighted thing, with a velocity that piled the water in a huge bank around her bows, and sent it off, whirling and sparkling, in lines of dazzling whiteness, soon lost in the general hue of the ocean, which resembled a wild waste of drifting snow.

There was one on deck, however, who had foreseen this awful change, and made preparations to meet it; and when the tempest burst, in full, fell swoop, upon his ship, it found nothing but the bare hull and spars to oppose its tremendous power. Every sail had been closely and securely furled, except the fore storm staysail, which was set for a reason that seamen will understand; but being hauled well aft by both sheets, it was stretched stiffly amidships, and presented nothing but the bolt-rope for the wind to act upon. The masts and yards with their snug and well-bound rolls of canvass, alone encountered the hurricane. But even these were tried to the uttermost. The topmasts bent and creaked before the blast, and the royal poles of the topgallant masts, which extended above the crosstrees, whipped and thrashed about like pliant rods. The running rigging rattled against the spars, and the shrouds and backstays strained and cracked, as if striving to draw the strong bolts which secured them to the vessel.

For more than an hour did the *Active* flee along in this way, like a wild horse foaming and stretching at his utmost speed, driven onward in the van of the tempest, and exposed to its fiercest wrath. At length, the first fury of the gale passed away, and the wind, though still raging tempestuously, swept over her with less appalling force. The ocean, now, as if to revenge itself for its constrained inactivity, roused from its brief repose, and swelled into billows that rolled and chased each other with the wild glee of ransomed demons. Wave upon wave, in multitudinous confusion, came roaring in from astern; and their white crests, leaping, and sparkling, and hissing, formed a striking feature in the scene. The wind, fortunately, issued from the right point, and drove the *Ac-*

tive towards her place of destination. The dun pall of clouds, which from the commencement of the gale, had totally overspread the heavens, except in the quarter whence the blast proceeded, now began to give way, and a reddish light shone out here and there, in long horizontal streaks, like the glow of expiring coals between the bars of a furnace. Though the first dreadful violence of the storm was somewhat abated, it still raved with too much fierceness and power to admit of any relaxation of vigilance. The commander himself still retained the trumpet, and every officer stood in silence at his station, clinging to whatever might assist him to maintain his difficult footing.

"Light, oh!" cried the lookout on one of the catheads.

"Where away?" demanded the captain.

"Dead ahead."

"What does it look like, and how far off?" shouted the captain in a loud and earnest voice.

"Can see nothing now, sir; the glim is doused."

"Here, Mr. Burton," cried the commander, "take this night glass; jump aloft on the foreyard, sir, and see if you can make out any object ahead. Hurry up, hurry up, and let me hear from you immediately, sir! Lay aft to the braces! Forecastle, there! have hands by your staysail sheets on both sides! foreyard, there!"

But before the Captain had finished his hail, the voice of little Burton was heard, singing out, "sail oh."

"What does she look like, and where away?"

"A large vessel lying to under bare poles—starboard your helm, sir, quick—hard a-starboard, or you will fall aboard of her!"

This startling intelligence was hardly communicated before the vessel descried from aloft loomed suddenly into sight from deck through the thick weather to leeward. Her dusk and shadowy form seemed to rise up from the ocean, so suddenly did it open to view, as the driving mist was scattered for a moment. She lay right athwart the Active's bows, and almost under her fore-foot—as it seemed while she pitched into the trough of an enormous sea—and the Active rode on the ridge of the succeeding wave, which curled above the chasm, as if to overwhelm the vessel beneath.

"Starboard your helm, quarter-master! hard a-starboard!" cried the commander of the Active, in a tone of startling energy.

"Starboard!" repeated the deep solemn voice of old Vangs, who stood on the quarter-nettings, his tall figure propped against the mizzen rigging, and his arm wreathed round the shroud.

"Jump to the braces, men!" continued the Captain strenuously—"haul in your starboard braces, haul!—ease off your larboard! does she come to, quarter-master?—Fo'castle there! ease off your larboard staysail sheet—let all go, sir!"

These orders were promptly obeyed, but it was too late for them to avail. The wheel, in the hands of four stout and experienced seamen, was forced swiftly round, and the effect of the rudder was assisted by a pull of the starboard braces; but in such a gale, and under bare poles, the helm exerted but little pow-

er over the driving and ponderous mass. She had headed off hardly a point from her course, when she was taken up by a prodigious surge, and borne onward with fearful velocity. The catastrophe was now inevitable. In an instant the two ships fell together, their massive timbers crashing with the fatal force of the concussion. A wild shriek ascended from the deck of the stranger, and woman's shrill voice mingled with the sound. All was now confusion and uproar on board both vessels. The Active had struck the stranger broad on the bows, while the bowsprit of the latter, rushing in between the foremast and the starboard fore rigging of the Active, had snapped her shrouds and stays, and torn up the bolts and chainplates, as if they had been thread and wire. Staggering back from the shock, she was carried to some distance by a reflux wave, which suddenly subsiding, she gave such a heavy lurch to port that the foremast—now, wholly unsupported on the starboard side,—snapped short off like a withered twig, and fell with a loud splash into the ocean.

"The foremast is gone by the board!" shouted the officer of the fore-castle.

"My God!" exclaimed the Captain, "and Charles Burton has gone with it! Fo'castle there! Did Charles Burton come down from the foreyard?"

"Burton! Burton! Burton!" called twenty voices, and "Burton!" was shouted loudly over the side; *but there was no reply!*

In the meanwhile another furious billow lifted the vessel on its crest, and the two ships closed again, like gladiators, faint and stunned, but still compelled to do battle. The bows of the stranger this time drove heavily against the bends of the Active just abaft her main-rigging, and her bowsprit darted quivering in over the bulwarks, as if it were the arrowy tongue of some huge sea monster. At this instant a wild sound of agony, between a shriek and groan, was heard in that direction, and those who turned to ascertain its cause saw, as the vessels again separated, a human body, swinging and writhing at the stranger's bowsprit head. The vessel heaved up into the moonlight, and showed the face of poor Vangs, the quarter-master, his back apparently crushed and broken, but his arms clasped round the spar, to which he appeared to cling with convulsive tenacity. The bowsprit had caught him on its end as it ran in over the Active's side, and driving against the mizenmast, deprived the poor wretch of all power to rescue himself from the dreadful situation. While a hundred eyes were fastened in a gaze of horror on the impaled seamen, thus dangling over the boiling ocean, the strange ship again reeled forward, as if to renew the terrible encounter. But her motion was now slow and labouring. She was evidently settling by the head; she paused in mid career, gave a heavy drunken lurch to starboard, till her topmasts whipped against the rigging of her antagonist, then rising slowly on the ridge of the next wave, she plunged head foremost, and disappeared forever. One shriek of horror and despair rose through the storm—one wild delirious shriek! The waters swept over the drowning wretches, and hushed their gurgling cry. Then all was still!—all but the rush and whirl of waves as they were sucked into the vortex, and the voice of the storm, which howled its wild dirge above the spot.

When day dawned on the ocean, the *Active* presented a different appearance from that which she exhibited but a few short hours before. Her foremast gone, her bowsprit sprung, her topgallantmasts struck, her bulwarks shattered, her rigging hanging loose and whitened by the wash of the spray—she looked little like the gay and gallant thing which, at the same hour of the previous day, had ploughed her course through the sea, despite the adverse gale, and moved proudly along under a cloud of canvass, as if she defied the fury of the elements. Now, how changed! how sad the contrast! The appearance of such of the officers and crew as were moving about the deck harmonized with that of the vessel. They looked pale and dejected; and the catastrophe they had witnessed had left traces of horror stamped on every brow. The *Active* was still near the spot of the fatal event, having been lying to under a close reefed mainsail, which the lulling of the wind had enabled her to bear. As the dawn advanced, the upper deck became crowded, and long and searching looks were cast over the ocean in every direction, in the hope to discover some vestige of those who had met their doom during the night. Such of the boats as had not been staved were lowered, and long and patient efforts were made to discover traces of the wreck. But the search was fruitless, and was at last reluctantly abandoned. The boats were again hauled up and stowed; the *Active* filled away, and under such sail as she could carry in her crippled state, crept forward towards her goal. During the rest of her voyage no merry laugh, no lively prattle, cheered the steerage mess-table. The bright eyes of Charles Burton were closed—his silvery voice was hushed—his gay heart was cold—and his messmates mourned his timeless fate with real sorrow.

In a few days, the *Sloop of War* reached her port, and was immediately warped to the dock-yard, where she was stripped, hove down, and thoroughly overhauled. The officers and crew lent themselves earnestly to the duty, and a short time served to accomplish it. In less than a week, every thing set up and all a tantó, the ship hauled out again, gleaming with fresh paint, and looking as proud and stately as before the disaster. But where was she that had been wrecked in the encounter? Where and who were those that perished with her? Fond hearts were doubtless eagerly awaiting them, and anxious eyes strained over the ocean "to hail the bark that never could return." No word, no whisper ever told their fate. They who saw them perish knew not the victims, and the deep gave not up its dead.

LUCILLA.

For an account of the novel of Godolphin the reader is referred to the Knickerbocker for August. One of the finest conceptions in modern fiction is the character of the mysterious, yet beautiful and unchanging Lucilla, and unquestionably among its finest passages may be reckoned that in which she is visited by Constance, and that in which the last meeting between herself and Godolphin is described. Thus much is necessary for the understanding of the following lines; in which the touching poetry of the heroine's character and situation is admirably preserved. It is unnecessary for us to say more than that they are by Mrs. L. L. Da Ponte, to whom we were indebted for those beautiful verses—'The Bride,'—in one of our early numbers, which have been recognised by the concurrent voice of the press in both this country and in England, as one of the finest pieces of fugitive poetry which has ever appeared in America.

She was alone,—her soft rich hair
Lay parted, on a brow
Where earthly passions held no sway,
Amid her dreamings now.
She was alone,—that mind for years,
Had lost its former tone;
She walked through life, a blighted thing,
Deserted and unknown.

That sculptured lip, grief had not paled
The richness of its hue;
Time's blighting hand not yet had touched
To steal its early dew:
Intensely bright those thrilling eyes,
Ah, none could e'er forget
The unearthly splendour shining there,
Who once their beams had met.

But from her cheek, surpassing fair,
The flush of hope had fled;
No more the thoughts of other days
Their glow of rapture shed.

Yet lingered still around her form
A more than mortal grace;
A more than mortal loveliness
Beamed in her gentle face.

She came—and inspiration's lore
The fate of others told;
Impatient footsteps trod her hall,
That priestess to behold;
And many an eye their glances turned
Upon that vision fair,
To catch the charmed truth that shone—
The glory burning there.

Not long a prophetess she lived;
Not long, among the crowd,
Was heard the voice whose tones subdued
The fearless and the proud:
Fled is the wonder of a day,
The glory of an hour;
Gone is the light that shone on all
With such appalling power.

No voice is left to whisper peace;
None of a brighter day
Remain, to soothe with words of love,
Or mark her slow decay.—
The hour was come!—one moonlight beam
Gleam'd on the marble stand,
Which held the mystic book, she brought
Far from her native land.

The hour was come!—those glorious eyes
Threw their last fevered light
Upon the dial-glass, that burned
For ever, day and night.
One star its flight had nearly run—
Its rays were fading fast;
"Now soon 'twill touch that dying one—
Then we shall meet at last!

"Shall meet! O God, I have endured
 Through life all human ill!
 Hopeless I bowed to sorrow's call,
 Nor murmured at thy will.—
 The world, its vanities, its gold,
 Ah, what were they to me;
 Who flung them from a heart, that knew
 No other world but thee!"

Faintly she spoke!—what secret thought
 Brought, with the sudden start,
 The gush of feeling wild and strong
 Back to her withered heart!
 One effort, and her parted lips
 Pronounced that hidden name!—
 One effort, she will sing once more
 Of him she would not blame.

—

SONG.

Mournfully my spirit weeps
 At its early doom,
 Slowly o'er my vision creeps,
 Death's eternal gloom.
 Life thou art a heavy thing—
 Since we last have met;
 Thy weary hours only bring
 Visions of regret.
 Spirits that are passing by,
 Listen to the lost one's sigh.

When I next inhale thy breath,
 When our lips shall meet,
 Then the shadow'y wing of death,
 Shall our union greet.
 I have sought thee 'mid the flash,
 And the storms of night,
 'Mid dark tempests, and the crash
 Of the thunders might:
 Spirits of the moonlight air,
 Listen! listen! to my prayer!

I have counted o'er each star,
With a prophet's eye,
Every meteor darting far
Through the blazing sky,
Seeking there to know the fate
Of my days and thine ;
Thine were cast among the great,
Tell me where were mine :
On a world of darkness tossed
With the ruined and the lost !

Fainter and fainter sounds each note,
Now, wherefore, comes he not—
Death and the dying call thee here,
All else should be forgot.
Hark 'tis the rush, the tramp, the tread,
Of rider and of steed ;
Nearer and nearer, grows the sound,
He comes with desperate speed.

'Tis but a moment ere he clasps
Again those altered charms,
Again their yielding softness lies
Within his folding arms ;
Once more that cold and icy cheek,
Reclines upon his breast,
As still and motionless as if
Already sunk to rest.

But see again, there is a stream,
Of life in every vein :
Her heaving breast revives—it beats—
Beneath his own again ;
The trembling chords of nature wake,
An instant ere they part ;
She moves—it is, to know, to feel,
She dies upon his heart.

ON THE NEGLECT OF MORAL SCIENCE.

It is the boast of the present age, that it is distinguished beyond any that has preceded, as an age of scientific improvement. Indeed, might we credit the self-complacent exultations which are breaking forth around us from almost every organ of public sentiment, we must be led to the conclusion that we really want but little of having reached the utmost limit of human knowledge; and that at no distant period, we shall be able to sit down satisfied, and

———“Nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
As duteous sons, our *fathers* were more wise.”

It is undoubtedly true, that in certain departments of science, whose importance to society cannot be denied, great proficiency has actually been made. But it is equally certain, that other branches of at least equal consequence, have been, and still are, most surprisingly neglected. There is a strong tendency in the public mind to set up a false standard of utility; to regard nothing as truly valuable, which does not tend directly to replenish the store-house or the coffer. And, shame on the spirit of the age! this test has been applied to science. Whatever has an immediate bearing upon the external circumstances—the physical condition of mankind, is studied with an intensity of interest. Here men can cheerfully

“Labour all their days, and labour hard,
And, dying, sigh how little they have done.”

But all beyond this is regarded as little worth. The study of the powers of man—more especially of his moral powers—of the relations which he sustains in the universe of being; in a word, of the nature, the endowments, and the destiny of the unseen mind, is neglected, as of no practical importance. How strange, how passing strange, that such views should become predominant in society where there is light and intelligence abundantly sufficient to detect their fallacy. It would seem but reasonable to expect, that man, under such circumstances, would rise above a grovelling devotion to mere physical pursuits and pleasures; and, prompted by the “thirst of his immortal nature,” would delight to study himself, and the sources of his happiness—to study the nature of virtue, and to admire her loveliness,—to study the relations of his being, and to cultivate a corresponding character. But the prevailing neglect of moral science, aside from its irrationality, is fraught with the most pernicious consequences. Some of its attendant evils it is proposed to notice.

And, in the first place, we maintain that it exerts a most *degrading influence upon society*. The character and feelings of mankind inevitably become assimilated to their pursuits. What then must the character of that community become, where the value of every pursuit is measured by the paltry standard of mercenary interest? Where

the highest wisdom is to know the road to wealth, and the most perfect rectitude to walk on it with undeviating steps;—where man neglects the study of his noblest powers—seeks not to understand the nature and the claims of virtue—has no eye to discern and no taste to relish the beauty of moral truth. Who does not see that under such circumstances, society must necessarily degenerate—that it must ultimately assume a character of cold, calculating, narrow-minded selfishness. It is asked, would you make every member of society mad with metaphysics, and bewildered with scholastic speculations? No: but we would have every man in the community *a true philosopher*; understanding perfectly his rank in the scale of being, and anxious mainly to act worthy of himself. With a society whose members were of such a character, the ideal state of Plato could bear no comparison. But all approximation to such perfection is absolutely hopeless, while the spirit of the present age prevails.

The *degradation* of society, however, is not the greatest evil attendant on the neglect of moral science. It causes an almost incalculable *diminution of its happiness*. For after all, it cannot be denied, that he whose views never rise above mere physical pursuits and pleasures, can never be a truly happy man. He knows only the poor enjoyments of a sordid, earthly mind; and society, composed of men of such a character, is not only debased, but must unavoidably be wretched. The wise of other times, on this subject, at least, seem to have apprehensions far more just than those which prevail at the present day. The philosophers of the Academic school, for example, evidently regarded the study of moral science as of all pursuits the most exalting to human character, and the most conducive to human happiness. They saw the great mass of mankind totally ignorant of the true relations of their being. They saw them, blinded by this ignorance, mistaking the true nature of happiness, and the means of its attainment, and under the chafing influence of selfishness, and enslaved by debasing passions, dragging out a miserable existence, drinking only at the unsatisfying streams of sensual pleasure. They saw further, that nothing could elevate them from such a degradation, but a knowledge of the principles and obligations of virtue, of their own spiritual nature, and the high conditions of their existence. Hence they applied themselves with the most laudable devotion to the study of these interesting topics. With only the aid of reason, it was, indeed, as if one should attempt to scan the heavens with unassisted vision. Yet their attainments were sufficient fully to demonstrate the correctness of their views of the dignity and utility of the "Divina Philosophia." How much, then, of the real welfare of society is sacrificed at the present day, by what may, perhaps, not incorrectly be denominated the materialism of the age. How much might the tide of human happiness be augmented, if with the assistance of that moral telescope with which heaven has furnished us, the doctrines of moral science were fully developed, and understood and applied throughout society.

From what has now been said, it will be seen that the prevailing disposition to undervalue moral science, so far as respects ourselves, throws a shade over the future prospects of our country. We love to think of our national existence and prosperity as perpetual. Other nations have done the same, and yet where are they? And here we may discover the worm which has sapped the foundations of many a political fabric, and laid their pride and honor in the dust. Here we may see what is that cause, which those who are ignorant of its nature are wont to denominate the "tendency of nations to decay." There is no tendency of nations to dissolution, save the tendency of their citizens to overlook or disregard those great moral principles, which are at once the basis and the bulwark of society. Where these are unknown or unapplied, there indeed rottenness will sooner or later pervade the structure, till it totters to its irreparable downfall. Go—stand upon the sites of Balbec or Palmyra, of Thebes or of Carthage, and tell us why desolation sits brooding in loneliness upon their ruins. Is it merely that decay is written upon the most durable achievements of human art? But many a column still rises amid the wreck of fallen grandeur, which although scathed, it may be, by the tempest of ages, is yet sufficiently perfect to demonstrate, that had the care of man continued to watch over it, it might for ages *yet to come* have bid defiance to the elements. No:—it is not to the fact that man and his works are perishable, that we are to attribute the sad catastrophe of nations. New generations successively spring up, as it were from the dust of their fathers, and occupy the places, and perpetuate the labors of those who have gone before them. It is to man's disregard of the great principles of his moral being:—of the nature of the ties which connect him with his fellow men:—and of the manner in which he is to answer the high purposes of his existence:—it is to *this* that we are to ascribe the overthrow of empires, which for short periods have successively glittered on the pinnacle of glory. To *this* must it be attributed, that their citizens became the slaves of selfishness—of superstition, and of the most debasing vices. And is it at all surprising, that, with such a population, political bonds should have been rent asunder, and their power and splendor have passed away forever. In later times, even within the memory of the present generation, from the same cause, we have seen the principles of sound philosophy set aside, and a nation, under the withering influence of Infidelity and Atheism, agitated by the throes and convulsions of threatened dissolution.

But while we lament the practical materialism of the age, and attempt to point out its inauspicious consequences, let us not drop the subject here. Let us for a moment change our ground; and consider briefly the results which would ensue, were a proper attention, throughout the community, bestowed upon moral science. Suppose, then, that every member of society should study well his moral nature, and should attain a thorough knowledge of his moral interests and relations; and suppose that our men of commanding genius, who mould by their writings the character of the age, were all possessed

of the spirit exhibited by the great English Novelist when he says, in concluding his admirable essays, "I shall never envy the honors which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if I can be numbered among those who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth." And suppose that all the institutions of society were calculated to promote the highest welfare of man as a moral being. Can it be doubted that, under such circumstances, society would assume a more elevated and happier aspect? We know, indeed, that no degree of knowledge, and no external influence, is of itself sufficient to compose the restlessness of human passions. But let such a state of things as has been supposed actually exist, and the blessing of Heaven would be its sure attendant. Then should we see man rising to the true dignity of his rational and immortal nature; and throwing off that false-affected dignity of which he now so vainly boasts. Then, instead of struggling through a life of unavailing toil, and almost unmitigated misery, tossed incessantly on the billows of interests and passion, we should see him attaining that "prize of virtue,"

"What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The souls calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy."

Then too would those hidden fires whose outbreakings have so often buried national existence in oblivion, be quenched forever; and the poet would no longer find occasion

"To meditate amongst decay—to track
Fallen states and buried greatness."—

And is this a mere imaginary state of unattainable perfection? No: it is what we ourselves as a nation may and must attain, if we are to escape that devouring vortex which has engulfed the most splendid political fabrics of former ages. Only let public opinion on this subject be changed; let those authors, now so popular, who "lead to bewilder, and dazzle to blind," be supplanted by those whose aim it is to make us acquainted with the reality of things—with the true relations and object of our existence;—in a word let us feel as we ought the importance of understanding and applying the principles of *moral science*, and we should witness a change in our character, condition, and prospects, of which we can now, with difficulty form a just conception. We cannot penetrate the future; but, "tempus omnia recludit." And if ever the time shall arrive, when such a state of things as has been supposed shall exist among us, we may then with truth apply to ourselves the language of the poet:

"As breaks on the traveller faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn,
So darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer we roam in conjecture forlorn.
See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom,
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

BY ERROLL CONWAY.

I had been absent from my native village many years, and it was with no little emotion I examined the marble records within our little grave yard. It was a lovely Sabbath morning, a short time before village service. Old Orwell, the sexton, rested upon a tomb stone and sang with a voice cracked by age and energy in psalm singing,

“ A pikeaxe and a spade,
And eke a shrouding sheet.”—etc.

On my entrance, however, he ceased, and moving from stone to stone gave me a simple pathetic tale of the sufferings and death of each decaying inmate. Among my boyhood friends none had been dearer to me than Levin Lee. His robust frame and elastic step *then* gave promise of long life and vigour; and here *now* was his tomb, lying in all its “ damp white silence.” His was a common story—consumption—removal for a time to a more genial climate—and death—death within sight of the spire of that church. An old willow gives a suitable solemnity to the spot, where repose his remains;—and the waters of a limpid brook are ever stealing with a low, sweet murmur among the neighbouring maples. Altogether he sleeps in a sadly romantic spot, and such a one as might almost reconcile even youth to death.—*Sketches by a Schoolmaster.*

“ Gently, most gently, on thy victim’s head
Consumption lay thine hand.”—*H. K. White.*

I knew in youth a rosy boy, with darkly flowing hair,
With eye of pride and foot of light, and soul as free as air;
But time roll’d on and dimm’d his glance, his bright cheek lost its glow,
Consumption’s cold and sickly dew hung chilly on his brow.

They bore him far to Eastern seas, where Scio’s mellow isle,
Gives fragrance to the Ægean gale; but his pale lip wore no smile;
He stood where low mid orange groves, white Xenel’s waters sigh,
He trod Italia’s hills and *wept* beneath her summer sky.

For oh! his heart was far away, beside the dancing stream
Where erst, when life—now nearly sped—was as a joyous dream;
He chased the blue winged butterfly, or lingered at red even,
To list the free bird warble forth his hymn of praise to Heaven.

He longed to see his native hills; to tread the shadowy glade,
To hear the wild brook's silver song beneath the willow's shade,—
And thought, could he but deeply drink, 'twould cool his fevered brain,
And wash from his o'er burdened breast all sense of woe or pain.

But when his pale brow *paler* grew, and dimmer waxed his eye,
Then came the tearless agony, far from that home—to die;
Full well they knew his spirit's bruise, no earthly balm could heal,
And sadly turned his feet once more toward his own mountain vale.

He drank the sigh of gentle winds from many a sunny shore,
As o'er old ocean's glassy breast, his fleet bark lightly bore;
Long would he list at eventide, the boatman's reckless stave,
And listless sit at morn and gaze athwart, the dark blue wave.

'My heart is chill,' he murmured oft, in accents faint and low,
'My damp locks like a funeral pall, hang darkly o'er my brow,
Oh! that I could again but breathe, my own free, forest air;
Mother—sweet mother! speak to me—Oh! are we "almost there."'

They tell me that 'tis sweet to die, upon the hoof-torn heath,
When clarion blast, and trumpet note lead on the brave to death,
And for the old and hoary-haired, life's woes and cares to fly,
But earth's bright hills are dear to me—Oh! father must I die?

'Twas thus he mourned his hapless fate, and for his loved home sighed,
Till drooping on his father's breast, the "child of sorrow" died:
Beside the green fringed fountain's brink, beneath the willow's shade,
The spot he loved in childhood best, his wasted form they laid.

PASSAGES PERTAINING TO EDMUND KEAN'S LAST SOJOURN
IN AMERICA,

WITH OBSERVATIONS ON HIS LIFE, CHARACTER, AND GENIUS.

By *T. W. Clerke.*

NO. I.

THE undefinable, unsubstantial, thing called the Public, is sometimes prodigal of praise, sometimes lavish of censure. This is one of the truisms: but in which the said public most delights to indulge, is still questionable. I have seen both bestowed very undeservedly. I know when Edmund Kean arrived in New-York in 1825, he seemed to be inflexibly of opinion, that *the* public was a censure-loving, not a praise-loving public. Its indignant voice had expelled him from the boards of old Drury, and caused disgrace to close his career of unexampled success. It would have been preposterous to deny, that the conduct for which he was thus denounced, admitted of no extenuation: but he did deny, that he was amenable in that instance to a theatrical audience, after having abided the legal consequences to which a jury of his country declared him liable. Protesting therefore against this second adjudication, he bade adieu to that theatre, of which he had been the single ornament, the only sustaining power for ten years, and where he had won so many laurels both for the drama and himself. Having encountered a similar reception in the principal cities of the United Kingdom, he resolved on quitting his native country for ever; and, embarking for New-York, arrived here in the early part of November, 1825.

My pen, which in its younger days partook of the failings of *La Mancha's* Knight, was the cause of my acquaintance with Edmund Kean; on his arrival I entered the lists as one of his champions, eager for the combat; and he was not many days in town when he called to see me.

The first time I received a visit from him, I was engaged in conversation with three reverend fathers of the church, who had just done me the honour of a call; one of them a right reverend, a most exemplary and distinguished prelate. Were I assiduously to seek, throughout the United States or the United Kingdom, for persons of pursuits and characters diametrically opposite, it would be impossible to discover any two, answering my purpose so precisely, as the respected dignitary and eminent actor, who were then honouring me. Though antagonist forces, they were not disposed to war; I apprehended no breach of the peace. The commonwealth, I felt, was safe. I had no trouble on that score. Still, when Mr. Kean was announced, I confess, I felt embarrassed. Here was this player, immediately after his arrival from England, who had out-juaned Don Juan, having played the most mischievous and ugly pranks: this betrayer of innocence and of an alderman, against whom a jury of his own country had rendered a weighty verdict, and against whom the most virtuous indignation was excited in this community: here he was in the same society with three pillars of the church, (one a Corinthian pillar,) teachers of morality and propriety, whose functions and principles forbade any communication with theatrical persons, even of the most unexceptionable character. Good manners at that time (for I perceive the rule has changed since) required that I should make my visitors known to each other. I felt assured, however, that it would be displeasing to my clerical friends: the very possibility of their being obliged to recognise, on any future occasion, this detected and notorious infringer of the seventh commandment, made my situation rather embarrassing; and I omitted the ceremony in such cases made and provided; rather risking the imputation of being deficient in etiquette, than to incur the displeasure, either joint or several, of a bishop and two of his most zealous vicegerents. I must, however, do my reve-

rend friends the justice to mention, that they afterward good-humouredly reproached me for my apparent oversight, and expressed regret at not having an opportunity of conversing with the well-known tragedian; who, they probably thought, had been already sufficiently punished for his misconduct. When they took their leave, Mr. Kean, and the friends who accompanied him, began a conversation on the difficulties of his situation.

His first appearance was fixed for the Monday evening after this visit; and his mind seemed engrossed with anticipations about it. A fugitive here, driven with unrelenting fury from his own country, his only remaining hope was in this. That hope was evidently a very slender one. He was greatly agitated and harrassed with apprehensions, which he made no effort to conceal or suppress. The announcement of his arrival excited quite a sensation, and some of the papers, actuated, no doubt by a conscientious, although in my opinion, mistaken, sense of duty, declared implacable hostility against him. According to the customs and usages of editorial warfare, his history was ransacked for every real or supposed aberration he was ever accused of; which, together with his more recent enormities, were, for several successive days preceding his appearance, carefully and industriously laid before the American public. This alarmed him; he began to flinch, and at one time he refused to appear. He spoke in a subdued and depressed tone; still, although there appeared no refuge for him any where, should this approaching effort fail, he was occasionally even sportive. He talked, I recollect, quite jocularly of the disagreeable alternative of cutting his own throat. To the vocation of cutting other people's throats, he could not so easily have recourse, by reason of inadequate strength and want of the dimensions, befitting a Knight of the highway. He did not, he said, prefer oblivion purchased in this way; but if he were driven from the stage, he would not have wherewithal to purchase it in any other; and any thing was better than public contempt or private starvation.

It was in this manner, or nearly so, that he betrayed his fears of the approaching Monday night. I doubt whether he was serious as to the throat-cutting; nevertheless, the whole tenor of his conversation argued a want of what alone can inspire fortitude in such emergencies, and evinced that moral apathy, or worse, which I had so constantly to deplore in the course of our acquaintance.

His anxiety was aggravated almost to disease, for several days preceding the Monday night, and while I could not help sympathising with him, some of the circumstances connected with his situation appeared truly ludicrous. His visitors, at this time, with very few exceptions, were not persons of the highest repute or most polished manners. His pride took the alarm, and he gave peremptory orders to his servant to deny him to this description of citizens; but the desire of many of them to become acquainted with "the representative of Shakspeare's heroes" was not to be so easily repressed. Their remonstrances with the servant would frequently rise to loud expostulation—thence to threats, that they would abandon Kean, and join the enemy on the approaching contest. I believe some of his bitterest enemies were converts of this kind. Notwithstanding the indefatigable efforts and consummate skill of his "lying valet" the candidates for admission would frequently force their way to his presence. Among this number on a certain occasion, were the author of a tragedy, the self-important proprietor of a gróg-house, and a person who, if not a regular professor of the art of pugilism, was a zealous amateur. The tragedy was one of those abortive efforts, which the innumerable young men of promising talents, of these days, are unremittingly inflicting on the jaded and long suffering public—one of those inanimate masses of verbosity, remote from truth and nature, which, wherever we turn, we see in the multiplied forms of tragedy, comedy, romances, essays, orations; and which excite our admiration only, at the patient and spiritless toil of the dunces, whose stupidity gives them birth. The tragedy aforesaid, Kean had promised, several days before, to peruse, but had failed in so doing. The author became importunate, and at last, the actor suddenly proposed to read it aloud in the presence of the tavern-keeper, and the amateur pugilist. To this the votary of the tragic muse, with the most amiable conde-

scension, assented, and he assumed the air of a man mighty in his generation. Mr. Kean proceeded to read the performance, while with difficulty he preserved his gravity. Whenever he came to a passage, which the author intended should be especially pathetic, he would make use of all that vehemence of action and gesture, in which actors and their audiences now-a-days so much delight;—in fact, any thing in the true Della Cruscan style, he would roar out; while, on the other hand, he would deliver a passage, designed to represent ardour or force of feeling, in a soft and measured cadence; altogether playing off, in an inimitable manner, the farce of contraries. When passages of the latter description were recited, there was no applause—the auditors almost yawned; but when he roared out the Della Cruscan strains, the pugilist and tavern-keeper responded with uproarious plaudits, to the great comfort and satisfaction of our author. Matters were thus progressing until he came to a passage, in which one of the *dramatis personæ* was rebuked by the hero for employing dame nature's weapons in the adjustment of a certain dispute, instead of the favourite instrument of chivalry and tragic heroes—the sword. Kean dwelt empathically on this passage, mischievously shaking his head, and looking at the pugilist, who probably would not have troubled himself about its meaning, had not his attention been in this way invited to it. Kean then commenced a conversation on the relative merits of boxing and duelling, in which he gave the preference to the former. This did not agree with the sentimentality becoming the author of a tragedy; and he dissented, very earnestly, from the prevailing opinion of the company. A controversy ensued. The wrath of the pugilist was too evidently waxing high, and a practical illustration of the *science* would probably have been the consequence, to the no small detriment of the author, had not Mr. Kean proposed an adjournment of the debate and the recitations; which was agreed to immediately, *nem. con.* It only remained to fix on the time and place for the next session; and this, at the polite and disinterested suggestion of the tavern-keeper, was decided to be at his house, on a certain evening ensuing. Mr. Kean promised to attend punctually, but, although mine host had a numerous and jocund company to meet him, he never kept his promise in that behalf, and, I need scarcely add, never intended so to do. The disappointed party consoled themselves, however, by a faithful observance of Falstaff's first human principle; and, we were credibly informed, that throughout the night, the potations were very copious, and by the time Sol made his appearance, there was no paucity of broken pates.

On the evening of the fourteenth of November, 1825, Kean appeared on the boards of the Park theatre, in his favourite character of Richard the Third. It is impossible to describe the confusion which prevailed throughout the house and in its vicinity. Between the hootings and hissings of his enemies, and the plaudits of his friends, not a word could be heard from the beginning to the end of the performance. Mr. Kean and Mr. Simpson, the manager, successively attempted to address the audience; but they might as well have commanded the tempest to subside. The most shameless violations of decency and good order were committed, for the purpose of debasing Kean and extinguishing his public career. The motives which could have arrayed an opposition so formidable and unrelenting, were singularly pure, if they originated in a desire to vindicate the public morals, and not in professional jealousy, or fanaticism, or hypocrisy, or that obliquity of soul, which exults in the humiliation or ruin of every thing of a superior mould. Far be it from me to question the motives of the high-minded persons, who so vigorously strove to crush the harassed and broken-hearted Edmund Kean. An imperious sense of duty, doubtless, could alone have actuated them to take a part so repugnant to the kindly feelings of their nature. Never, however, were efforts so unsuccessful, with intentions so laudable. Kean triumphed—and became a greater favourite than ever with the patrons of the drama, in New-York. On the Wednesday after his first appearance, an address with his signature appeared in all the daily papers.

On the evening of that day, Kean played Othello. The house was crowded, as in the former instance. Multitudes assembled around the theatre as early as

four o'clock, and continued increasing until six, when the rush into the house was tremendous, leaving disappointed thousands outside. The music commenced with "Hail Columbia," and was followed by "Yankee Doodle." Some slight tumult occurred in the upper boxes, and there was a little speechifying. The play proceeded, and when Kean made his appearance, the applause was universal. His inimitable representation of the Moor, on that night, was witnessed with intense interest and undivided attention. Those who had so disinterestedly undertaken the guardianship of the public morals from the contagion of Kean's example, pacifically withdrew at an early hour—and Kean was never annoyed on the boards of the New-York theatre on any subsequent occasion. Those incomparable powers, which had commanded the admiration of the most distinguished men of the age, were displayed with surpassing vigour, in all his performances during this engagement. He seemed to have inhaled fresh inspiration and to have quickened by renovated faculties, after the ordeal through which he had thus triumphantly escaped.

Notwithstanding that the habits and pursuits of Kean rendered him unfit for the enjoyments of domestic life, he still retained an ardent affection for his wife and child. Such was the fatal inconsistency of his character, that he was at the same time an affectionate and a faithless husband. In his wildest fooleries, he evinced unshaken respect for his wife. During his intimacy with Mrs. Cox, in one of those letters, abounding with ridiculous sentiments and epithets, he says—"There is one point on which I am firm; that is, *my duty to my family*; AFTER that, I am yours." This was not bad for the lover of another man's wife, who, in the ardour of his passion, poetically styled himself "Little Breeches." He made it a rule, at that time, from which he never deviated, to give Mrs. Kean the whole of the London receipts, while he had to go through the country during what is termed the summer campaign, to supply the demands of Mrs. Cox, and to pay for the education of her son at Oxford. No man should attempt the justification of Kean's guilt, or allude to his conduct without denouncing it; but, in justice to the memory of one, illustrious in his calling, I cannot forbear from observing, that I had an opportunity of perusing numerous papers and letters submitted to me by Mr. Kean himself, and I feel convinced that he was less culpable than his paramour; and with respect to the letter which it was said he so treacherously wrote to her husband, I have reason for confidently asserting, that it was dictated by the lady herself. Kean assured me of this, in the most solemn manner, enjoining me, however, not to make any public use of this information at that time; and many circumstances afterward occurred which contributed to confirm its truth. I do not pretend to account for her motives in committing this double treachery; but that she wrote the letter is certain. I also saw many of her letters, written on various occasions, though only on one subject, which Kean was generous enough never to have employed in palliation of his offence.

On one occasion, I recollect, while speaking of this unhappy affair, and of the wrongs his wife had suffered, he sobbed aloud, like a child, and assured me of his sincerity, by saying, "I am not *acting* now."

Indeed he was emphatically unhappy, and exemplified, in his conversation and demeanor, the great truth, that vice and misery are synonymous—that there can be no departure from the path of rectitude without a proportionate forfeiture of happiness, and that to be habitually vicious, is to be habitually and inevitably wretched.

After having visited the principal cities and towns in the United States, he went to Canada, where he was received with enthusiasm. During his visit, he was adopted, with the usual formalities, by an Indian tribe, in the neighbourhood of Quebec. On his return, he put on his Indian costume, and performed the war-dance with the precise gesture and manner of the Indians, and with admirable agility. Mr. Grattan informs us, that Kean was insane during his sojourn with this Indian tribe. It is not a little extraordinary, that he never alluded to that circumstance when he returned to New York. I saw him daily

after his return; and, although he minutely detailed the incidents of his intercourse with the Indians, he never hinted at his recent insanity, of which he had not the slightest trace in his countenance or demeanor.

At the close of his engagement at the Park Theatre, after his return from Canada, it was his intention to make a professional visit to New-Orleans. I believe he engaged his passage, and made many arrangements for his departure to that city. But the death of Talma was announced, and his resolution suddenly changed. He felt deep grief—he wept bitterly over the memory of that illustrious actor and scholar: he recalled their intimacy in London—the attentions of Talma in Paris—and, above all, he deplored the loss which the drama had thus endured. Soon after this, he embarked for London, and I have never seen him since. When I was in England, a few months ago, I purposed paying my friend a visit, who, with all his faults, was very dear to me. I respected him for his genius, and loved him for the goodness of his heart. I found, however, he was sunk in continual, hopeless excess, and, as I could do no good by becoming a witness to his shame, I thought it best not to visit him.

Of Kean's origin, a great deal has been said and written: but I have not seen any thing satisfactory on the subject. It would be difficult to reconcile the various accounts of his early years with his own positive assertions, that he was the son of the Duke of Norfolk and Miss Tidswell, whom he called his aunt. In speaking of his birth and origin, he mentioned several circumstances calculated to confirm his pretensions. He distinctly recollected the frequent visits of the Duke to Miss Tidswell, during the entire time that he was under that lady's care,—of his having been caressed by his Grace with a tenderness that could be nothing less than parental, and of having received in the early part of his life many substantial proofs of the deep interest which the Duke felt in his welfare. He was placed on board a man-of-war as midshipman, at the age of eleven years; after filling his station for a few days he ran away, and was afterwards sent to Eton, where he remained, at the Duke of Norfolk's expense, for two years. His truant habits now revived: he abandoned Eton, joined a company of wretched strollers, and forever forfeited the patronage of the Duke.

In this account of his origin and early years, Kean evidently felt pride—pride in being considered the spurious offspring of a noble, rather than the legitimate son of a tailor. We have no proof to corroborate his own assertions on this subject; and if they are to be relied on, it must be admitted that the circumstances to which he referred, were strong evidence in his favour. On the other hand it is strange, if the noble person alluded to believed he was the parent of our actor, that he should, after he left Eton, have altogether withdrawn his countenance, without making any effort to rescue him from the degradation which appeared to await him; and, that subsequently, when Kean attained so exalted an eminence in the drama, the Duke should have avoided all intercourse with a son, whom he so tenderly loved in early years, and whose genius would have conferred honour ever on the ancient line of the Howards. Kean's solicitude to establish his patrician origin, accorded with his political predilections; for, like Cooke and all other men of great undisciplined imaginative powers, he preferred the solemn plausibilities of aristocratic distinctions and display, to the less splendid, but more substantial attributes of republican institutions. Such men forget the main purpose of the social state, which is, not magnificence or even refinement, but to afford all men as equal a participation as is practicable in the real benefits, which laws and governments are capable of conferring. Refinement in social intercourse, certainly, instead of being discountenanced should be encouraged, but not by impairing, in the least degree, the more essential objects of society—not by establishing an order in the state, elevated to an inaccessible height above the mass of their fellow men. Kean was of opinion that intellectual excellence of any kind could not flow from a plebeian source; and he very consistently persuaded himself, and tried to persuade others, that his descent could be traced to England's noblest lineage, yet not by a genuine track.

Although he had a profound respect for his profession, he thought with ine-

fable horror of the fatigues and indignity to which it exposed him. He united the pride and the indolence of genius. He could not think of the precarious tenure of an actor's fame, without the deepest humiliation; and unceasingly felt what, it is said, Garrick once betrayed, on being first seen by Johnson behind the scenes, decked in the mimic trappings of royalty,—shame, that he should be at the mercy of the multitude; that his glory should depend on the caprice of that most fleeting of shadows, popular favour, and that his fortunes should be subjected to the malignity or ignorance of the vulgar, of high or low degree.

He had no very exalted opinion of the existing state of the drama. He thought taste and nature were violated in the exhibitions, to which the stage has been for some years past abandoned; and that in the few efforts attempted in the regular drama, rant was too frequently substituted for a judicious delineation of character. He spoke of Cooke, Mrs. Siddons, and Miss O'Neil, with veneration and delight. In his opinion, Cooke had never been excelled: with the most correct conception and happiest discrimination, he combined a power of execution, which gave him irresistible control over the human heart. He was at a loss, whether he should give the palm to Mrs. Siddons or Miss O'Neil—his admiration for both was so nearly balanced; but he agreed with the writer (who only saw Mrs. Siddons once on her re-appearance at Covent Garden, in 1821, for the benefit of Mr. Charles Kemble,) that Mrs. Siddons possessed more power in portraying the vehement, and Miss O'Neil, the tender and pathetic, emotions. His style of acting did not differ more from that of John Kemble, than did his theoretical opinions from those of that great ornament of the stage. He thought, that Kemble's performances were very splendid specimens of improved elocution, but not personations of character. I believe this was his sincere opinion, and that his decision was in no wise influenced by jealousy or professional rivalry. That a person so long master of the stage, should have had no merit but that of faultless cadence and correct gesture, or costume, is very improbable:—from what I have heard of Kemble's style, it must have been formal and elaborate, but was sustained also by natural endowments. He only adopted methods and appliances, not elastic enough for the free and impatient aspirations of a more lively genius. Cooke and Kemble afforded Kean convenient specimens for illustrating his own theory of the art. Cooke was a perfect actor—Kemble a very indifferent one—the one had spirit and genius—the other would have been a good teacher of elocution, and no more.

Moore in his life of Sheridan, observes, "that there was indeed something mysterious about all his acquisitions, whether in love, in learning, in wit, or in wealth. How or when his stock of knowledge was laid in, nobody knew, it was as much a matter of marvel to those who never saw him read, as the existence of the chameleon has been to those who fancied it never ate." It would have been equally difficult to account for Kean's acquisitions in learning, did I not frequently detect him in the act of making those acquisitions at a time when he was least obnoxious to suspicion on that score. As he was always at home to me, and often desired the servant to show me into his bed-room, I have found him frequently in bed, with works of history, philosophy, and general literature strewed carelessly over the coverlet. I expected to see him engaged in productions more immediately connected with his profession, but I do not recollect having ever seen in his hands even any of Shakspeare's plays. It is probable that he devoted himself to reading of the latter description at a more early period of his life, and thought, that he had exhausted the great fountain of dramatic lore, by the copious draughts of former years. Of works of criticism he was particularly fond, and he was, for a considerable time, diligently engaged in Kaime's Elements. He seldom, if at all, wrote for the public eye; and if those addresses which he delivered on the stage, and published in the newspapers, were composed by him, the less he inflicted on the world in that way, the better for his own fame. Although he could boast of quite as large a share of learning, he had not as much facility in communicating his thoughts, as his predecessor, Garrick.

I will not attempt in these pages to relate the numerous anecdotes told by Kean of his theatrical contemporaries. He frequently mentioned Elliston; and if not with reverence, he always spoke with gratitude, of that singular person. Elliston's maledictions against the periodical press were in the most approved style of familiar anathema; his method in this way would have served admirably as a manual for "cursing made easy" to gentlemen desirous of excelling in that accomplishment. Whenever any thing unfriendly to him or his theatre appeared in the newspapers, he generally spoke of it in the green room. Kean gave us good imitations of his manner—"that and that for the newspapers, (snapping his fingers,) we are all friends and I may therefore say, that the greatest curse upon a theatre, in my opinion, is the damnable public press." The Times particularly excited his ire—"full of morality, personality, and advertisements, sending its raw critics to my establishment to see my plays for nothing, and then do the malicious at a guinea a week." On relating this anecdote, Kean remarked that this was a liberal price for doing the malicious. For, poor fellow, many a long year, he had to do the heroic, the pathetic, the eccentric, the sentimental, the genteel, the droll, and the jack-pudding, for much less than a guinea a week. Garrick did not possess greater versatility of dramatic talent than Edmund Kean. Whoever saw him in Richard the Third, Reuben Glenroy, and Harlequin will readily concede this. His Reuben was a mild and beautiful delineation. Who could think that the same man represented, beyond all competition, the sanguinary and ambitious Richard—the treacherous brother—the bold usurper—and the relentless foe?

The formidable obstacles and annoyances which he encountered after his engagement with Mr. Arnold, and during his first rehearsals at Drury Lane, were topics of frequent conversation. The contempt with which he was treated, and the bitter insults he received, threw him into despair, and he determined on committing suicide. He walked one dark gloomy night to Westminster bridge to carry this dreadful resolution into effect; but some occurrence which has escaped my recollection, interposed; and in a few nights after, he stood forth—the first actor in Britain—crowned with honour; surrounded by admirers; and fawned on by those very men, who had before treated him with such shameful illiberality. He told me that nearly all the members of the Drury Lane Committee were doubtful of his success, and were continually postponing the time for his appearance, until at length the delay and the suspense became insupportable.

Although an egotist, he was not vain. He spoke frequently of himself, but with as much freedom and impartiality as of a stranger. He would criticise his own character, and even his professional qualifications, with severity. It would be doing his memory great injustice, to say, that this eminent and highly gifted individual formed an exaggerated estimate of his merits. He always said there was nothing more difficult than for a vain man to be a gentleman; and nothing is more true. No one more abhorred that most prevalent and most odious habit—the habit of talking in company of one's self—or one's family. There is not a more infallible mark of the beast—vulgarity. For, he who endeavours to inspire you with a lofty opinion of his own importance, is at the same time reflecting on yours. In conversation no man can exalt himself, save at the expense of the self respect of his hearers;—precisely one of the evils of social intercourse, which the laws of good breeding are especially designed to avoid. How easy it is to perceive, therefore, that the indulgence of any selfishness, either in word or deed, is incompatible with the character of a gentleman.

Kean did not want shrewdness. I recollect one evening, a young man with rather a genteel exterior (who had just arrived,) was introduced to him, whose address and conversation, however, did not fulfil the expectations which his appearance and air of self-possession led us to entertain. During the conversation, this visitor informed the company, that he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin—a university celebrated for the solidity and elegance of the attainments acquired there. Kean gave him a penetrating look; and, departing from his usual good manners, took no pains to conceal his incredulity. The *soi-disant*

student of Trinity College was evidently confused, and we afterwards discovered, that he was a person of the lower classes of Irish society, that he had never belonged to the university, in any capacity; and that his opportunities for improvement were as few, as his origin was humble.

Mr. Kean had quite a predilection for a monkish life, if we can rely on some sentiments he occasionally expressed on that subject. He never forgot the kind treatment he once received from the monks of the convent of St. Bernard. While travelling on the continent of Europe, he proceeded from Paris to Secherin, a delightful spot close to the lake of Geneva, and thence to Mount Blanc, and to the convent of St. Bernard, where he and his fellow travellers were entertained most hospitably for a day and night. Mr. Kean, having noticed an old spinnet in one of the dormitories of the convent, opened it, and played some little airs, which he at the same time sang. This seemed to afford great gratification to the friar and fathers, who pressed him to prolong his visit; but he was anxious to return to Paris, in order to renew his intimacy with Talma. This was the opportunity, of which the illustrious tragedian of France availed himself to pay the English actor every attention that affection and esteem could suggest. Talma also performed for him his principal character, of which Kean had heard so much, and which he had been long desirous to see.

Of the few persons of whom he spoke, or had reason to speak in kind terms, were Stephen Kemble, Dr. Francis of this city, and Mr. Simpson, manager of the Park Theatre. When the first was manager of Drury Lane, he not only treated Kean with that integrity for which he and his family have been as much distinguished as for their talents, but he evinced a liberality, and a paternal lenity for his errors, which made a deep impression on his heart.

Amongst the lower animals he had but one favourite; and that was a singular kind of pet—being no less than a lion, which he had *domesticated* in his house in London. He spoke affectionately of this favourite. The animal was perfectly tame, perhaps a tamer lion than his master.

Kean's constancy to port was immovable; in this respect, at least, he did not divide his favours; and he refused, with admirable resolution, to partake of other intoxicating draughts. I never saw him drink any thing else, but he compensated for his neglect of every other wine, by his frequent attentions to port. In a climate like this, it is the most poisonous of the wines, and nearly as much so as brandy.

After one of his engagements here, I called to see him, and was informed by his servant, that he was missing; and that he had been in several places in search of him, without success. The man appeared quite alarmed, and for several successive days an active search was made by many of his friends. We despaired of ever seeing him again;—having supposed that he had fallen over a wharf, or had been entrapped and murdered in some den of infamy. At the expiration of ten days, however, he made his appearance; but I never learned where or how he had passed his time. It was one of those aberrations in which he occasionally indulged, and which habit appeared to render necessary to his existence, although evidently destroying it apace.

I have before mentioned that Kean's political opinions were on the side of monarchy and aristocracy. But with regard to the state of society and manners in this country he had no prejudices; on the contrary, he contemplated the social condition of this community with an impartial and able eye. Differing from many of his countrymen, he entered into no crude judgments of men and things; assumed no insolent airs of superiority; never ventured, with disgusting dogmatism, to pronounce on institutions which he did not understand; nor did he sneer, with the self-sufficiency peculiar to British travellers in America, at customs which differ in some respects from those of the parish in which he happened to be born. He always did justice to this country, and spoke of its people with that respect which they deserve, and the gratitude which he so emphatically owed them. It is well known that generosity was a distinguishing feature of Kean's character; and his conduct on one occasion should never be forgotten by the writer of these

passages. At the period of the actor's second visit to America, I had the control of a paper, which, though principally devoted to the politics of a country endeared to a numerous class of adopted citizens, was a good deal occupied with dramatic criticism. The paper referred to, advocated perhaps too ardently, the propriety of Kean's favourable reception in New-York. In this I had the misfortune of being opposed with equal warmth and sincerity by other papers. A very foolish attack on the Editor of one of those journals appeared in the publication of which I had control, and although I did not write it, nor did I even know of its insertion until the number in which it appeared was published, I was very properly made responsible for my neglect, and was technically guilty of a libel. Kean, when he heard that legal proceedings were commenced against me, thinking the matter would involve me in serious embarrassment and expense, requested, as he was the cause of this trouble, that he should be permitted to bear the charges of the prosecution, and for this purpose offered to place a considerable sum at my disposal. This of course, I respectfully and gratefully declined, but it made a deep impression on my mind at the time, never, I hope, to be effaced.

Very few, I believe, ever heard Kean read or recite in private. He was so kind as to entertain me in this way. His delivery of the Lord's Prayer was inimitable—was affecting in the highest degree. Appearing to be imbued with the spirit of that Divine composition, he delivered it with a distinctness of enunciation—a devotional fervour, which I have never heard equalled; and for the time, he appeared to be under the influence of the sacred thoughts, which it is so well calculated to impart.

Although his address was perfectly easy and graceful; although he mingled a good deal in society of every grade, and was continually before the public eye in a most prominent and conspicuous position, he was diffident and retiring in his manners. This, together with his diminutive form, would prevent a stranger from suspecting that he was the possessor of any extraordinary qualities, until he began to talk, and then no one could behold his noble eye, and hear his intelligent and often brilliant conversation, without speedily perceiving and confessing the presence of a son of genius. It is a mistake to suppose that Kean was destitute of literary acquirements. He was well read in history and in the British classics, and could boast of as accurate a knowledge of the Latin language and the literature it contains, as any man can, ten years after he leaves College, unless he becomes a professor, a fellow, or a genuine and legitimately manufactured L. L. D.

During his sojourn here, I maintained a constant and an intimate intercourse with him. To me his intercourse was not uniformly agreeable; on the contrary, there was much in it to excite pity, surprise and disgust. Yet, though it required firmness, and occasionally self-control, to defend myself against the temptations to which every one associating with Kean was exposed, on the whole, I found his society interesting and even instructive. I recur to it with exceeding pleasure; it has left impressions on my mind never to be effaced; it afforded me an opportunity of estimating a character of very peculiar formation—of great renown; and I cannot recall to my recollection this intimacy with Edmund Kean, notwithstanding his fatal errors, without rendering to his memory the tribute of affection and esteem.

From the preceding reminiscences, scanty as they are, there can be no difficulty in eliciting a correct judgment of Kean's character. In his moral organization, mingled with benevolent and virtuous dispositions, we discover the alloy of the strongest passions: and those passions, in the absence of all restraint, obtained the mastery, without altogether expelling the better ingredients of his nature. Had he the advantages of early moral training, his imperfections would have been few. Deprived in boyhood of parental protection, shut out from all the benefits of the domestic relations, to herd, a houseless wanderer, with mountebanks and jugglers, where was he to receive moral impressions or intellectual culture? Of the later, however, he certainly obtained a considerable share in mature life, by the spontaneous, unaided efforts, of his vigorous and transcendent

genius. For the other kind of improvement the period had elapsed:—the season of youth, when the mind possesses the requisite flexibility for moral impressions, presented to him nothing, but the most dangerous examples, the most revolting habits, and opportunities of indulging with impunity, instincts, which required rigid and vigilant control. But if he had many frailties, he had many virtues; and when his transgressions shall have been forgotten; when the world will regard him merely as a great actor; his name will be cherished and his memory revered, conjointly with that of the poet, of whose unrivalled conceptions, more especially, he was a faithful expositor. For, although the professors of the histrionick art leave no durable memorials of their excellence, it is to be hoped that the works of the immortal dramatist will afford to those who, in illustrating him, have been awakened by his genius, a monument by which the fame of author and actor may be alike preserved.

THE SPARTAN MOTHER.

Τοργῶ, ἡ Λακεδαιμονία, Λεωνίδου γυνὴ, τοῦ υἱοῦ αὐτῆς ἐπὶ στρατείαν πορευομένου τὴν ἄσπίδα ἐπιδιδούσα, εἶπεν. Ἦ ταύταν, ἢ ἐπὶ ταῦτα.—Stobaeus. vii. p. 88.

The Spartan mother, stood beside
 Her mounted warrior-son,
 While legions of old Sparta's pride
 Pressed by them, one by one.
 She gazed upon the martial host,
 And gazed upon her boy,
 And proudly, and triumphantly,
 She spake her spirit's joy.—

“ Now, go thou forth, amid the throng,
 That seek for Sparta's right,
 And bear thy mother's heart along,
 To cheer thee in the fight.
 Rejoic'd am I, that thou art mine,
 And that thou art among
 The gallant souls around thee—
 The fearless, and the young !

Hark ! hear'st thou not the trump of war ?
 Away !—away !—for thee,
 Whil'st thou art in the fight afar,
 My orisons shall be.

And if thou com'st without alloy,
From amid'st the strife of men,
Oh! haste thee to thy mother, boy,
And she shall bless thee then.

But if the foe do conquer,
Yet fly thou not,—nor yield,
Nor come thou to thy mother more,
Unless upon thy shield.”—
The noble youth departed,
While vigour in his eye
Bespoke the lofty hearted,
That might not shrink to die.

And hopefully, and proudly,
On that heroic day,
Went the battle hosts of Sparta,
To the battle field away.
The clash of arms, was loud, and long,
On Leucra's gory plain;
And many a proud heart, sank among,
The wounded and the slain.

The charge—the storm—the sabre thrust—
The fury and the shout—
The death-wound, and the purple stream
Of hot blood oozing out.—
Thus wildly raged the fierce affray,
Till thousands were at peace,
Mid'st the sound of drum, and battle cry,—
For Glory and for Greece.

The hero-boy, in valour came,
The rush—the shock—the blow,
Of sword and spear, he heeded not,
But mingled with the foe.
And, when the weary conflict ceased
Upon the crimson'd field,
The Spartan mother wept not,—
He came upon his shield.

A TRIP FROM NASHVILLE TO RED RIVER, (LOUISIANA.)

BY MICHAEL FLINT, ESQ.

Nashville, August 29th, 183—.

DEAR BROTHER—

At the close of my last, I promised to write you again from Nashville. *Me voici*, fulfilling my promise, I mentioned, that I had flattered myself with the hope of meeting a certain far-famed, fair Miss H. I am by no means adroit at management, but for this once I attained my purpose. I was invited to dine at the house of Col. F., the day before yesterday. The belle in question was there. You may suppose, that I put in requisition all my *'esprit*, (if you do not *comprehend*, look in the French dictionary for the meaning;) and she talked not like a book only, but a library; and sang and played not like a posse of angels—but like * * help, ye Nine, for I have no adequate comparison! After two hours past, in this fair presence on rail-cars, I returned with my head running almost uncomfortably upon this new acquaintance. I had the further pleasure to be invited to tea in the evening at her father's, where was assembled a coterie of gentlemen and ladies of this place, brilliant and pleasant in no common degree. I found her intelligent and accomplished; and, if a little hurt with the temptation of man-worship, few ladies will pray not to be led into that temptation. She has been a star at Washington, Saratoga, and elsewhere, and, like Kate Karney, 'has mischief in every dimple.'

Yesterday, a gentleman was shown into my room, who introduced himself to me as Dr. B. He travelled with our father in 1825, when he made his first journey from the West to New-England, and of course recommended himself to me by recurring to the acquaintance with affectionate remembrance of him. I rode with him to his pretty place, a mile from the town. His spirited and intelligent wife was a Miss S. F., of Andover, a pupil of our father's in the by-gone days. They seem delightfully situated in the charge of a seminary, an establishment of their own, of which most of the pupils are their boarders. Some of these fair flowers, training to the wall, are pretty, and nearly grown. I dare say, they have a thing or two in their heads, beside arithmetic and grammar. What, with the kindness of my host and these girls, and the quiet and pretty place, my time sped again at the rate of rail-car travel. I returned to town in time to dress for an evening party at Mr. F's. He is, you are aware, a western litterateur of no common order. A studious, amiable and intelligent man, modest and unpretending, but rich in information. He has one of the

largest and most select libraries, always excepting Mr. Hennen's, of New-Orleans, west of the Alleghanies. As I parted from him charged with remembrances to our father, he begged my acceptance of a copy of his *History of Literature*, a learned and excellent work, which, to the disgrace of western patronage, fell dead and unhonoured from the press. I accepted it, only on condition, that he would receive a copy of my *Hunter*, which you know, (alas! that I should say it,) as clearly proved by its reception the want of western taste, as the other. It is, I believe, your standing gift-book. It will, therefore, be no new thing to direct a copy to him, which you will please do. An amiable wife and pretty daughter, were all of his family, that I saw; and their minds seemed imbued with his literary taste and love of reading.

I also spent an evening with Mr. Hunt, the accomplished editor of the *Banner*, where was a considerable collection of gentlemen, most of whom appeared to be persons of reading and reflection. Among them was your correspondent, Mr. E. I should think him the cleverest and least Jewish of booksellers. Mr. Hunt is deemed a man of uncommon literary acquirements, but he seemed too cold and cautious for me. We were to have left this place early this morning. But a change in the stage route, of which we were not advertised until late last evening, postponed our departure till to-morrow after midnight. To-day (Sunday) I went with Mr. Parsons and Worthington to the Episcopal Church. The Rev. Dr. Miller preached a Bible Society sermon, and quoted, beside various other authors, liberally from the 'Recollections of the Last Ten Years.' You may imagine, that I was startled at an authority so unexpected, and that I was obliged to exert an effort not to show consciousness. I have been uniformly pleased with the people I have met; I have received nothing but politeness and attention, since I have been here. We did not ride out to the Hermitage, as we had intended, General Jackson being in town yesterday, and having taken lodgings at this house. I was favored with the common courtesy of an introduction. It certainly created a singular sensation, to find myself from a remote stream of the far west, in presence of the President of the United States; and you may judge of the curiosity with which I fixed my eyes on his time, care, and weather-worn countenance, as he was addressing one of the gentlemen of our company. I reflected upon the vicissitudes and incidents of his wonderful career, and the million concurrents in the lottery of fortune, that had selected him for his office from twelve millions of freemen. Was it, indeed, this gray old gentleman, mingling in undistinguished intercourse with the people about him, that represented the majesty of our great country? My thoughts then presented the spectacle in another aspect. Our institutions appeared before me in a dignity and grandeur, in which all personal distinction was merged and lost; and this senior, of manners so plain and simple, might represent this majesty as well as another. He is engaged in negotiations with the Indians, to induce them quietly to depart beyond

the Mississippi. Excuse this unimportant verbiage. It is pleasant to me, for it aids me to pass my time among strangers, and brings me in contact (ideally) with those I love. If I were to give you on paper the deep things that are in my heart's depths, your business-spirit would criticise me, as going wild. I have thus far, *said* my journey. In my next from Memphis, on the shores of our old friend, the Mississippi, I will *sing* it.

Memphis, Sept. 3, 183—.

DEAR BROTHER—

I left off at Nashville, and now I begin
 At the city of Memphis, at Christien's inn;
 Of the dozen small towns, I've pass'd through, between 'em,
 I've little to say, except that I've seen them.
 But the roads and the dust! may the Lord in his wrath
 Make my enemies travel o'er just such a path;
 Till in dust they repent, make me proper amends,
 And receive, by immersion, the baptism of friends.
 I've been jolted, and melted, and squeezed in the stages,
 Among featherless bipeds of all sexes and ages,
 During three days and nights, till I'm almost a jelly,
 Like Jonah, (poor fellow,) when he left the whale's belly.
 The broad Tennessee, rolls a fine looking stream,
 Of Ohio's broad basin round the western extreme,
 And I find with surprise, that the region this way,
 Is a rockless deposit of coarse sand and deep clay.
 This fact, with the shells on the hills, that exist,
 Would have finish'd a lecture, which you gladly have miss'd;
 I scorned to bore you like a geologist.
 The soil is but poor, and the man, who denies it,
 Mistakes, till like me, he comes, tastes it, and tries it:
 After which, if he still in his story persists,
 He lies in his throat, and may do as he lists.
 The region, I'm speaking of now, is here known
 By the name of the New Western District alone,
 And is index'd with truth in the halls of the nation
 By brisk Davy Crockett, its fair representation.
 This morning I rose from my couch rather early,
 While the skirts of the fog-cloud hung ragged and curly
 Round the trees on the hill-tops;—I wended my way
 To where the broad river in front of me lay.

I saw its white sand-bars, wide, naked and dry,
 Stretching round the long curves, 'till they wearied the eye,
 And the drought-shrunken stream—Ah! how chang'd from the tide,
 That swept its brim channel in full vernal pride!
 I sat myself down just to watch the sun's rising,
 But could not forbear, for my life, moralizing:
 'Tis thus with the stream of our life,' (I began,
 'Thus rolls the spring-tide of existence in man;
 'And the hopes and the fears of his full swelling breast
 'Are thus borne to the sea, and the tumult's at rest!
 'Thus it shrinks in its autumn, and winds like a rill,
 Through the deep, empty channel, its spring waves could fill.
 Like the stream, too, it chills by degrees in its course,
 'Till the hoar frosts of winter have frozen its source.'

I've taken my breakfast, and am sit down to writing
 This sapient epistle, which my brain is inditing;
 And the reason, I'm penning my letter in rhyme,
 Is simply, it helps me to kill off my time;
 For this *Time*, (so precious in many a case,)
 Is a terrible bore, when out of its place;
 And I'm sadly afraid, Fortune's brought me to anchor,
 For a period so long, that I scarcely shall thank her.
 The thick coming steam boats, that so lately abounded,
 Are all cabled in harbors, or on dry sand-bars grounded;
 And the flat boats themselves, with their pace of snail, sneak
 Down the river, like spies, once or twice in a week.
 Then patience, and shuffle the cards! it is best,
 That my temper should be tried by this horrible test.
 They talk of a week; even ten days or more,
 To be kept here at Memphis. What a terrible bore!
 But hark! I hear the dinner bell.—It rings no sad, funereal knell,
 But with its merry, rapid jerk, betokens none, but cheerful work.
 I gaily throw aside my pen, and take my place with hungry men,
 Where clattering knives and forks will chime, in music suited to the
 time;
 And when I shall have play'd my part, midst chickens, steaks, roast-
 beef and tart,
 I'll to the couch and steal a nap on gentle slumber's downy lap.
 And when refresh'd, I may again—Resume this wild and wayward
 strain,
 Which helps my weary thoughts to chase the drowsy horrors of this
 place.
 —'Tis three P. M. my nap and dinner done, and these immortal rhymes
 once more begun.

I've found one man, with whom I am acquainted,
 A genuine clever fellow, too, as e'er was sainted;
 King David is he bright, in the long scroll,
 Which kind postmasters make, in mercy to the soul

Of dying letters, giving season for repentance,
 Ere yet, for dead, they are forever sent hence.
 He, whilom, was call'd saint in our wild place,
 Then destitute of every spark of grace,
 But now reform'd, a home for steady men,
 Such as Saint David King was even then—
 A man of taste withal, for he hath written you
 To send him here your *W. M. Review*.
 Be sure to send; for nought but some dire casualty
 Will hinder him from paying with punctuality.
 'Tis fifteen miles out in the woods from here,
 To where Miss Fanny Wright began to clear;
 She call'd her place by the classic name 'Nashober,'
 And here with Madame Trollope, 'gan to splash. O ba!
 Her negro bleaching is forgot, like last week's thunder,
 Debts, poor acquaintances, or any dry dock'd wonder.
 Dear brother, pardon me this doggrel letter,
 (Which has amus'd me more than would a better)
 When I confess, that it has slain me half a day,
 Which I could not devise to kill another way.
 And yet from doggrel verse and cumbrous day
 My lonely heart retraces back its way,
 And looks intensely through the starting tears,
 On that sweet home evok'd, which re-appears.
 But the dear vision, like a mocking dream, is flown;
 And I with reckless strangers am alone.

Bayou, Flacon, Red River, La. Sept. 15, 183—.

DEAR BROTHER—

Since my last from Memphis, I have returned safe to "my boundless contiguity of shade," and my whispering pines. My friend's plantation and cotton are all as well as I could expect. Many of the people have taken the long journey, during my absence, but none of our particular acquaintances. One more touch of my journey, and I have done with it. Three days after my last date at Memphis, after exhausting all my patience in looking up the stream for a boat—at length the cry arose—a steamboat! A steamboat indeed emerged from behind the point, and the first that had appeared for more than thirty days! A crowd of passengers were waiting like myself. None of us wished to be purified in the purgatory of Memphis any longer. When at last, sure of my passage, I had stepped from the yawl into the steamboat, I began to reconnoitre the premises. To begin at the

beginning, I was on board the S. B. Oregon, old, crazy and uncomfortable, under the most favorable circumstances, and doubly crazy in this low stage of the river. As a man of business, you will wish to know the cargo. Imprimis—in the hold, 150 tons of pig-lead for ballast and sobriety, and a living deck and cabin load, for the most part as leaden as that in the hold. When our frail boat hit a snag, with all this lead on board, she crippled like an old basket, and many a hearty laugh was cut short in the midst by this frequent occurrence. The deck, where I walked, was covered with chickens, male and female, gobblers, and long-faced gentry, to the tune of two or three thousand, uproariously musical, though the voyage was not for their health or pleasure, or even ours, but for the gastronomy of the citizens of New-Orleans. Two long-sided, grim-visaged Missourians consorted with these tenants of the ark, as keepers and owners. With them were a fox and a bear. Reynard had more intellect, and Bruin was something more mannerly, than their associate rationals, who were erroneously walking about on two, instead of their four legs. The captain was a little, short, cross man, looking all the while with that particular amiability, as though he had just swallowed a porcupine, quills and all. Most of the officers had been selected from sympathy, and were kindred spirits.

Now for the passengers; and oh! genius of description, who hast not disdained to infuse thy inspiration into at least one member of our number, deign to shed some touch of thy spirit into the first-born of the family, in this hour of his need! Among the first, who met me on board, was our common friend, J. C., whom I had overtaken by crossing the country. Then there was our amiable and gentlemanly friend, Mr. D., of New-Orleans. I found many other Louisiana acquaintances, who had left Cincinnati long before me, and had been creeping down the Mississippi with pace of snail. There was also Judge Bry of Washita, one of the most intelligent and interesting men I know, and to whom I feel particularly attached. There were, beside, many agreeable and gentlemanly acquaintances from Natchitoches. I should not forget our friend Mr. L., of Natchez, nor Messrs. T. and M., of that place, whose acquaintance I now made. So you see, I found myself at once in the midst of friends and acquaintances.

Mr. M. of Natchez, excited particular interest, on the last day of our trip together, from a melancholy incident which I will relate. The preceding morning, he and his fellow passengers, from Natchez, having been absent all summer on the long journey to the east, were indulging themselves in the delightful anticipations of returning to their homes. Mr. M. had spoken with particular enthusiasm of the expected pleasure of meeting his young wife and family, after his long and tedious journey and voyage. While his countenance still glowed with these visions of anticipation, we were boarded by a skiff from the Natchez side of the river; and the people of the skiff, wholly unconscious of the arrows they were discharging at the heart of Mr.

M. proceeded, in mere careless common gossip, to relate, that the young and fair wife of Mr. M. and his mother had both fallen victims to the prevalent sickness, and that the remainder of his family were all sick. Alas! poor man, it was no consolation to him, that millions on this dark world were experiencing the same bereavements. The shaft from heaven had struck him. He sat him down in a retired corner, turned away his face, and left us to imagine his torture. He was an uncommonly amiable and pleasant young man, and shared the keen sympathy of every one of us that had a heart.

Now for the history of two nuns. They were descending the Mississippi from the convent at St. L. to the convent of O. S. and were sisters of the order of the 'Sacred Heart.' They were evidently shy, and properly indisposed to make general acquaintances among such an assortment of passengers, as ours. I was so fortunate as to be excepted from this reserve. The younger sister was not only beautiful, but of buoyant cheerfulness. How such a woman, so sensitive, so quickly apprehensive, with feelings so ardent, an imagination so brilliant, had come to shroud herself forever behind the veil, was more than my philosophy could explain. She was 22—externally accomplished, and quick and just in her observations, as far as the sphere of her observing extended, the range of which had as yet been but narrow. Her remarks upon that world, of which she had seen so little, had all the freshness of the *naïf* simplicity of a child. Interest was constantly kept alive by this curious contrast of the wisdom and high and pure thoughts of an angel, with the gaiety and inexperience almost of an infant, exciting a smile by remarks of a child-like character at one moment, and the next thrilling you with profound and philosophic reflections. To these contrasts she added a deep and settled enthusiasm of piety, transcending in the lustre it gave her eye, and the warmth of colouring it imparted to her language, any thing of the kind, I have seen. Laugh on now my dear brother. I hold a laugh to be physically and morally mechanical. Laugh with me, or at me; it is all one, so that you laugh.

One evening in particular, we were sitting on the after-guard, looking at the stars (an equivocal occupation, saintly or lonely, as the case may be.) In this instance you may be sure, it was a holy astronomical observation. It was a delicious evening, and the stars were shining with unwonted brilliance. I repeated the exquisite lines from the Siege of Corinth—beginning, as you remember * * * 'The sky, spread like an ocean, hung on high.' At the close of my recitation, she requested me to write in her album (*instanter*) thoughts connected with our celestial observations. She had read 'The Shoghonee Valley,' and had there seen verses of mine, so that I could not deny, that I sometimes sinned in that way. I hate Album writing, as silly,—either the flattest imitation—the most drudging and long-labored *impromptu*—or, if really *impromptu*, like Halleck's famous blank-album lines. Nevertheless, the order being from a young, fair nun, and the subject the heavenly bodies, I felt the command im-

perative. That the following was, in honest truth, an *impromptu*, scrawled with a pencil, on impulse of a few minutes, I dare say, she conjectured, and you will, from their blank-harmlessness, admit.

1

It was a mild September night;
Our bark flew swiftly down the stream,
Each star shone forth divinely bright,
And imag'd fair its tranquil beam
On the smooth bosom of a tide,
Whose glassy wave scarce seemed to glide.

2

I scan'd the sky; and by my side
Stood one of those fair things of light,
Who win our worship, love and pride;
Whose very febleness is might;
Who seem like living angels, given
To win our footsteps up to heaven.

3

'Mark yon bright star' (with uprais'd eye
And kindling rapture she exclaim'd.)
'Looking from forth its throne on high
'On this dark world, which sin hath sham'd.
'Oh 'tis in Heaven! Would I were there,
'Where all things pure and holy are!'

4

I dar'd not breathe an answering thought,
Which died in silence on my tongue.
'Yes, lovely one, thy soul hath caught
'Gleams of that world, from whence it sprung,
'And, finding no communion here,
'Longs to soar homeward to its sphere.'

You will admit that my verses were sufficiently innocent both of sin and meaning; but the fair nun debated, if it were right to retain them; which she, however, finally did. If her superior makes an *auto da fe* of them, it will be for their poetical guilt and no other.

But nuns, and steam boat, and babbling, and the clamor of chanticleer, and gobblers, have all passed away. The wind moans in the interminable pine-tops, and I am flat down to the daily realities of negroes and cotton, but not the less yours, &c.

John Milton versus Robert Montgomery.

OR A MODEST COMPARISON OF THE PARADISE LOST AND REGAINED,
OF THE ONE, WITH THE MESSIAH, NOW PUBLISHED IN THE SACRED
ANNUAL, OF THE OTHER.

We have been unduly blamed by several of our *kind* correspondents for the *harsh* censure with which we despatched the "Messiah" and its author, in noticing the Sacred Annual last month. The decision was deliberate and deserved. But as the decorations of that gorgeous volume, will for a time give an extrinsic interest, an adventitious popularity to the poetry we so heartily despised—and as we of the Knickerbocker never wish our readers to take our reasons upon compulsion—we will devote a few pages to a critical examination of this vaunted performance. We see plainly, that as it cannot be much longer delayed, so it cannot be done at a more auspicious moment than the present, when the chief specimen of that modern school of verse, (which seeks not less than to supplant the poetry of Milton, and that, by the application of the same principles to the Epic which have made our roads smoother, and our machinery more powerful than they were in his days) has been thus superbly put forth, with all those mechanical perfections, which so pre-eminently characterize our time.

We shall do the task with becoming modesty and seriousness. Setting up no new principle of taste, no new rules of criticism, and for want of a better standard of perfection—simply keeping our eye upon—and directing our reader's attention, as to a polar star, to that "blind old man," the "Books," of whose deathless song are to be thus clamorously supplanted in their immortality, by the "Cantos," accurately manufactured according to the latest principles of improved versification, by the young poet before us. Yes, *young* reader, for it is a beautiful consequence upon the modern discovery of the lost art of manufacturing epics; that the brow of the bard need not be silvered o'er with age, nor his mind stored with knowledge or experience to qualify him for the task. No "distant ages" are required for the tedious elaboration of a "Poem"—and if the tyro only apply himself assiduously, he can manufacture lines, as the apprentice can pins—by the gross;—furnish cantos, as the merchant can bales—and produce an Epic, "warranted sound," according to order. We shall commence then, with that modest comparison of the two poets, which the pretensions of the one, and the undue celebrity so unwarrantably maintained by the other for near two hundred years, demands at our hands.

It was said of Milton's *Prospectus* and the argument of the *Paradise Lost*, while yet that great work was in embryo, in the mind of its author, with a degree of apprehension naturally arising from the vastness and all-absorbing character of the theme, and the almost untried and hitherto unknown powers of the minstrel—

“ When I beheld the Poet, blind but bold,
 In slender book his vast design unfold ;
 Messiah crowned, God's reconciled decree,
 Rebelling angels, the Forbidden tree,
 Heaven, Hell, Earth, chaos, all ; the argument,
 Held we awhile, misdoubting his intent,
 That he would ruin, (for I saw him strong)
 The sacred truths to fable and old song—”

And, if, in our criticism of Milton, we had only reference to his subject and his own performance, without duly regarding the labours of other bards, and the common imperfections of humanity, the doubts and fears of Andrew Marvel (for the views just quoted are his) would certainly be not entirely uncalled for. The event, examined by such a standard, would have justified his apprehensions ; for the *Paradise Lost*, labours under a vast variety of defect, as well in the design as in the execution. There is gross bad taste in the frequent introduction of Pagan localities and images ; and the manner in which they are sometimes made to perform offices directly in the teeth of those assigned them by their respective mythologies, strikes us as being sadly at variance with the most evident propriety. Nothing, indeed, but the unrivalled and transcendent genius of the author could possibly have sustained him in the performance of a labour so gigantic as the measurement of heaven and earth, and the compassing of their several, and united histories. Mere smartness would have been laughed at—a moderate capacity, marked only by a correct taste, would have produced a volume of the profoundest dullness, like that of Blackmore—it was Milton, and Milton alone, who, in despite of a severe and unpersuasive style, an uneven and ungraceful rhetoric, and a design so ponderous, could preserve himself with eagle pinion ; and, by flights which carried him from the lowest to the highest points of eminence, at a single stretch could command the admiration of those, who failed any longer to behold them.

As Mr. Montgomery, not having the fear of Milton in his eyes, has undertaken to travel in the same spacious and uninhabited regions, the doubt which was expressed in relation to the capacities of that great Bard, to carry him through, may not improperly be entertained in reference to him. It is to be regretted, for his sake, indeed, that a subject so immediately calculated to provoke comparison of his own, with the work of his predecessor, had not, of itself, produced some pause in his determination ; and which, by enabling him to behold the probable consequences, would have warned him of the danger of

any such advantage. It is not improbable that this was the case—that the young aspirant for the bays did, indeed, entertain some lurking notion of a rivalry; and relying on himself and his own powers—those delusive and deceitful props, of a marvellous but delightful self conceit—did actually propose, in the simplicity of his heart, to measure lances with the old veteran, and call upon him for a surrender of those palmy honors, he had worn so proudly and so long. He does, to be sure, speak of himself with all due and accustomed modesty. He tells us, he has approached his task with no careless speed—although, it is, we believe, but a single season, if that, since his “Satan,” another monstrous creation, saw the light;—and, having informed us, that the “praises of the Deity are the true aim of poetry, and to aspire after this aim can be no man’s disgrace,” he proceeds, in his own way, to indulge in his aspirations. We could say something, by way of joining issue with our author on this particular point; but that we see no necessity to delay our attack upon the citadel, in the overthrow of a few isolated and ordinary outposts, we readily admit, that it cannot *disgrace* the creature to speak of the Creator—it cannot affect the moral character of the man to speak of one who is the prime source of all morality; but we opine, that it is the Poet and the poetical character which is now in question; and, if we mistake not very greatly the nature of Mr. Montgomery’s aspirations for some seasons past, it is the bays of the bard, rather than the iron crown of the martyr, for which he so religiously labours. We rather think that he might have glorified the Divinity to his heart’s content, and proved to the satisfaction of himself and all his neighbours, the orthodox loyalty of his opinions, without having undertaken a miserable version of the New Testament, and putting it forth to the public, through a fashionable publisher, on the best letter press, with costly engravings and gorgeous binding, and with a dedication, ‘by gracious permission,’ to an earthly sovereign.* We are not so sure that a proceeding like this, savours altogether of a desire to glorify the Redeemer, and duly to record his triumphs; particularly as Mr. Montgomery has done little more than versify the writings of the Evangelists. Something of an eye to earthly fame, and earthly triumph, is likely to have formed a *part* of the writer’s cogitations; and as a *Poet*, simply, we propose to estimate his pretensions, and the claim to public consideration, of the volume before us.

It will be remarked that the design of Mr. Montgomery differs from that of Milton only in the greater comprehensiveness and vastness of its plan—increasing thereby not only the difficulties of composition, but of epic fitness and accommodation of parts. The *Paradise Lost*, simply recounted one great event in the history of God’s work on earth. Mr. Montgomery undertakes to give us all of them—not only the world made, and the world lost, but the world regained; and, in the mean time, the history of all occurrences—the deeds and doings of all

* The *Messiah* is dedicated to the Queen of England “by gracious permission.” There, at all events, our bardling differs from Milton—*He would not have done so.*

the Prophets, good and evil. The *Paradise Lost* is purely and finely dramatic in its character. It has its beginning, its middle, and its end—the parts are immediately dependent upon each other,—no actors unnecessary to the issue are permitted to appear, and the hero and the heroine continue such to the catastrophe. The design of the author was distinctly, and at all times before him. All events tend but to the single point—the fate of Adam and Eve—and the writer seldom permits himself to stray into the consideration of any matter not having this object, and which might be supposed irrelative to the proprieties and fitness of the main action. It is, in fact, a regular tragedy; and as we are told that Milton originally designed a tragedy, and not an epic, we are satisfied that he preserved his original distribution of the subject, while changing his plan. Nor was this unreasonable. The epic is neither more nor less than the narrated tragedy, and is equally the creature of the unities—recognizing them as nothing more than reasonable restraints of any gross and striking violation of human probabilities. The same characteristics mark the *Paradise Regained*. It is singularly compact. Unnecessary details are studiously excluded, and the whole performance presents us with a series of well-grouped and striking pictures. There is no stale versification—no undignified clap-trap or contrivance—no labour at the construction of a book of certain size, and most uncertain character, at the expense of the due elevation and true excellence of the subject; and, however, as a composition of general poetical excellence, this work may fall short of its predecessor, it will, on all hands, be admitted to possess, to as great, or even in a greater, degree, than the *Paradise Lost*, all the prime constituents of the regular drama. It has even more various action—so far as it goes—(though far less striking, from the unavoidable flatness and unrelief of the theme) than the former work; and its personages possess more dramatic individuality. There are none of them brought in for mere shew—none of them who do not, to some extent, sustain the action. As a performance, it is entirely without the poetical common-place, which is so striking a feature of “*The Messiah*,”—and, saving some occasional digressions into the fields of ancient learning—a stroll, by the way, which Milton takes with a lofty grace, and a stride and manner peculiarly his own—there is nothing in the *Paradise Regained* that the most relentless Procrustes, whether of ancient or of modern criticism, could with justice desire, either to stretch or to lop away. Of this production, it may be our disposition to say something further, in another place, particularly, indeed, as we are at a loss to perceive the justice of that wholesale, but too commonly received, criticism, which has consigned it, seemingly, to a permanent, but, surely, a most undeserved degree of obscurity.

The great defect of all Mr. Montgomery's publications, without reference to their poetical merits, is the prime defect in the one before us. It is the immense ground which they cover—the vastness of their plan. This was the singular evil in his “*Omnipresence of the*

Deity." It is difficult to discover what a man could say on such a theme. It is a history of the Deity and all his works—the beginning of time—the progress of eternity—a compassing of the worlds—that in which we live, and that in which we are to live—and of Heaven and of Hell, and "of all that in them is,"—for they all testify to the Omnipresence of the Deity. This is the difficulty in the way of a successful poem on the subject of the "Messiah." It is essentially undramatic in its character. It has had no beginning, that we know of, and, as we are told—it can have no end. It is not an event, but a string of events. Such a subject can only be treated in *general*. A sonnet may comprehend the entire of Mr. Montgomery's book. A sonnet has been found to do it. The birth, the destiny, the deeds and death of the Redeemer, are things to be sung in a single lay. To speak of them in detail—to undertake their history, and in verse, from the beginning, to what is known as the end, the mind would readily perceive, must, of necessity, result in some such achievement as that before us—namely, the production of a chronicle, in which all the events, however unimportant, of our Saviour's life on earth, are recorded, with religious industry and exactness, and with this single difference from the same chronicle in the Testament, that the simple and unaffected language of the original has been dressed up with a finery and fangle which effectually destroy its primitive character. Mr. Montgomery has contented himself with versifying the New Testament; dividing each paragraph into lines, and where they were deficient in the necessary number of feet, supplying the inequality with some feeble expletives.—And this he calls a Poem!

The doubts entertained of Milton's success in a labour of this kind, should have taught the "modern Milton," (as our ingenuous author takes a becoming pleasure in being styled) some reasonable lessons of modesty and misgiving. Although, no doubt, a very pleasant thing to a young bard, to take ground, with the mighty of old song, it must be admitted by all, and Mr. Montgomery must have apprehended, that such daring could only provoke comparison. Now, it may be, that such a consequence was not only anticipated, but actually sought for, by our author; and he may have believed that even defeat, in such a contest, would be consecrated by the boldness of his adventure. This might have been the case had he made good fight. Had he struck but a single effectual blow—had he shot an arrow, of energy and aim—had he wrestled like a strong man, and held on with unrelaxing spirit and vigour—we might sympathise with him in his defeat, and give him the credit due to one who possessed the heart and exercised the strength of a stout manhood. He would have been honoured, though unfortunate, as one well meriting, though failing to attain, success. We regret we cannot say so much for Mr. Montgomery. His daring is the daring of stupidity. He rushes into combat without knowing his enemy—without having calculated his own strength—without ascertaining his height or his breadth, or his depth—and who shall wonder that he is smitten down like an infant beneath the stroke of the Goliath. He takes no stand from

which he is not driven; and where he would handle his weapon in the manner of his opponent, it recoils with fearful execution upon his own head.

The ground which Mr. Montgomery occupies is that which is employed by Milton in both his poems—the *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*. Taking the orthodox tenet that Christ was from the beginning, he necessarily gives his account of the infant world after the manner of his predecessor. He describes man's primeval state and fall—the mystery of evil—the doom of death—necessity of atonement and so forth,—in a style and spirit, and with an adherence to text, which is perfectly orthodox and edifying; and would not have been at all out of place in a summer afternoon discourse. Then we have the history of the saints and their deeds—the history of the twelve tribes—indeed, all the chief events of the Bible story, accompanied with Mr. Montgomery's own running commentary over and upon them all. It may be readily conceived by the reader, as is certainly the case, that with such a variety of topics before him, the author has done justice to none of them. All those fine themes for poetical illustration, which, throughout the first ages of the world, are so rich and abundant, are shunned and hurried over; and, in the monstrous volume before us, we are unable, after a close perusal for that purpose, to select a single fine, graphic picture, done to the life, and marked, either with a felicity of phrase, or a poetical excellence or originality of thought. All is dronish amplification—the merest common place, of a mechanic, in the construction of the poetical phraseology. The prevailing characteristic of the poem is its melancholy monotony—which, dressing out with a regularly recurring ten syllable verse, the most vague declamation, fatigues you by its evenness and dull placidity; until you are at length pleased to stumble, as you not unfrequently do, upon some such licentious and bridle-breaking lines as the following:

“Of bigotry, the limitless design of Heaven.” p. 122.

“And cloud like spires; Gennesareth's azure mass.” p. 136.

“Proclaimed, or suffered, there be souls.” p. 208.

“The star of Jacob, prophet-like to Moses raised.” p. 232.

How such lines as these,—some of them actually extending to seven feet—and there are many such in the six books before us—may be read for verse, it goes beyond our capacity to determine. That they violate every rule of metre and metrical arrangement, it is surely unnecessary for us to assert. We presume, however, that such evasions of rule, having their authority, too, (sometimes, in the habit of Milton himself,) exhibits but a manly sort of independence of mere school trammels; and should rather speak for the lofty irregularity of the great genius, who sometimes, with a consciousness of his own powers to soothe all again into music, calls up from his harp a mighty discord, and breaks with a sudden stroke those golden strings of harmo-

ny which he is assured he may so readily, from his own stores, at any moment, re-unite. Unhappily for Mr. Montgomery, he is no genius; and the discord prevails; or, if it ceases, it is only because of the paramount force of the poppy-fying influence, to which both, so legitimately belong. In the perusal of the work—a grievous task, surmounted only by a sheer sense of duty—we endeavoured to find some one passage, illustrative of one or more of those delightful legends, which make Bible story so highly interesting to all classes of readers. Surely, we thought, some one of these had been touched with a happy hand—the author cannot have failed entirely to describe to the spirit's eye, some of those incidents which make the story of the infant world, a series of beautiful and natural romances. There is surely some fine achievement, adorning and relieving, as the gush of the fountain does the limitless expanse of the desert, the interminable mass of solid waste here spread out before us. But in vain was our search. All was incoherent, sonorous and declamatory. Words—words—words—make up the better portion of every picture he undertakes to describe; and, with a feeling of regret, that one, who certainly possesses talent, should give himself up so entirely to flash and fury, we were compelled to lay down the volume despairing to find the object of our search.

The *Paradise Regained*, as we have already remarked, is purely dramatic in its general conception. We speak not of the performance. It opens with the introduction of the Messiah to John the Baptist, who baptizes him; and with the annunciation by the Holy Ghost, of his Divinity—an event which first introduces him to Satan, the true hero of the performance. With this the action commences. Here is *action*, in its legitimate sense; and it is chiefly in this particular, that Montgomery's performance is lamentably deficient. Satan descends to Pandemonium, and a counsel of the Infernal Peerage is immediately invoked. They propose their plans for the overthrow and circumvention of that new enemy, from whom, according to all predictions, they have so much to apprehend. Satan takes the task upon himself and flies to its performance; and here follows the forty day's fast and temptation in the wilderness, forming the entire of Milton's Poem, and furnishing, what he esteemed, a completion of the prophecy of God, on the subject, by the conquest over Satan of the Seed of the Woman—figuratively, the bruising by his heel, of the head of the serpent. This matter, certainly that most susceptible of poetical illustration in the life of Christ, and of which Milton has, in reality, made a good deal, is despatched by Mr. Montgomery in the brief compass of six or eight pages—some hundred and twenty lines—a canto generally running out to about seven or eight hundred. Upon this portion of our author's labours, as it comes more directly in comparison with those of Milton, on the same subject, we shall dwell for a moment. The two poems, that is to say, the fourth canto of Mr. Montgomery, and the *Paradise Regained*, open with the same events, though not exactly in the same manner. Milton is simple, severe, and even

roughly uncouth. Montgomery full of tricks, of speech, and fine sounds. Milton says—speaking of the thousands that flocked to the Baptism of John, and of Christ's appearance—

———" With them came,
From Nazareth, the son of Joseph deemed,
To the flood Jordan, came, as then obscure,
Unmarked, unknown : but him, the Baptist soon
Descried, divinely warned, and witness bore
As to his worthier, and would have resigned
To him his heavenly office ; nor was long,
His witness unconfirmed : on him baptized,
Heaven opened, and in likeness of a dove
The Spirit descended"—&c. Pa. Reg. B. 1.

This is uncoloured—undocked with ornament in the plainest manner of Milton—but Montgomery is rather more ambitious. Let us hear him describe the same event.

" The Lord of Life, in human weakness veiled,
Himself presented. Round his beauteous head,
No glory played, no godlike affluence shone,
As one he came ; yet sacredly o'erpower'd.
By some deep impulse, vast and undefined,
The crowd stood parted ; and a solemn hush,
Like stillness o'er a forest, when the winds
Lie dreaming in a dead or sullen calm,—
The murmuring host subdued : but from thy face,
Great Harbinger ! what recognition flash'd !
Then spirit-bright thy gladden'd mien became ;
For He, whom prescient Heaven and Earth foretold,
Before thee stood,—Salvation's Prince appear'd ;
And this they greeting : ' Lo ! at length, He comes !
Behold the Lamb of God ! O, pure above
All beings pure, from me this rite forego,
For I have need of thy baptizing grace,
And comest thou to mine ?' Refuse me not,
' Since thus all righteousness may be fulfill'd :'
So speaking, down the bank Messiah moved
Stood in the waters, there the rite received,
And thence ascended, dumb with secret pray'r,
When lo ! the heavens miraculously oped,
The dazzling concave God Himself reveal'd,
Descending lustrous with ethereal light :
Then, dove-like, hovered o'er the Saviour's head
The Eternal Spirit, while a voice declared,
Like sea and thunder when their music blends,
' Adore him ! this is my beloved Son !' " Messiah, B. v.

We shall not ask the reader to assign a preference, or decide between the merits of Milton and Montgomery. The former was disposed to leave something to the imagination and associations of those who read; while he studiously serves, in his narrative and style, all the severity of history, he takes care to avoid all unnecessary and unimportant minutiae. Not so, Mr. Montgomery—his style is ridiculously inflated and ornate—His expletives frequent and feeble—and his details fatiguingly particular. He tells us, step by step, the manner of the Baptism—how the Messiah went down into, and went up from, the water, ‘dumb with secret pray’r;’ and so forth; in a style calculated only to subtract from the sublimity of the event, which called for a description of the most simple and unstudied character. In order that he may have a full justice at our hands, we shall suffer him to speak for himself, in a long passage which we quote from the same book, descriptive of the forty day’s temptation in the wilderness; to which, as the subject is certainly a fine one, and susceptible of high poetical illustration, we beg the reader’s attention.

“ Thus forty days of *dire temptation* leagued
 Their might *hell-born*, with hunger, thirst and pain,
 Meanwhile, in *thankless calm* the world reposed,
 Life went her rounds, and busy hearts maintain’d
 Their wonted purpose: still uprose the *parent orb*,
 And all the *dewy ravishment of flowers*
Enkindled; day and ocean mingled smiles,
 And then, *blue night* with *starr’d enchantment* rose,
 While *moonlight* wander’d o’er the *palmy hills*
 Of *green hair’d Palestine*: and thus unmarked,
 By aught *portentous*, save *demonian wiles*,
 His fasting period in the *desert gloom*,
 Messiah braved. At length, by *hunger rack’d*,
 And *drooping*, *deaden’d* by the *scorching thirst*
 Of *deep exhaustion*,—round him *nothing stood*,
 But *rocky bleakness*, mountains dusk and huge,
 Or *riven crags*, that seem’d the *wreck of worlds*!
 Where hung no leaf, nor lived one cheering tone
 Of waters, with an unappalled soul
 The Saviour paused, while *arid stillness* reign’d,
 And the *dead air*,—how *dismally intense*,
 It hung and thicken’d o’er the *lifeless dale*!”—P. 105, 6.

Let us take breath—let us rest! What a conglomeration of sights and sounds! Did ever one witness such a description as we have here. At first, we have as fine a picture as one would desire. We have the “*parent orb*,” and all “the *dewy ravishment of flowers*,” and “day and ocean” smiling together, and “*blue night*” rising with “*starr’d enchantment*,” and moonlight over the *palmy hills* of “*green hair’d*” Palestine; when all at once, without any preparation, we are

hurried by "*demonian*" wiles into "rocky bleakness," "huge, dusk mountains," "riven crags," "wrecks of worlds," and "*arid stillness*," and all manner of dismal associations. What kind of picture are we to consider this? Does it present a single distinct or coherent image to the mind? Is it not rather a gross jumble of "sound and fury," like "an idiot's tale," "signifying nothing?" But now for the entrance of a new character—the first appearance of Satan. Mr. Montgomery brings him on strikingly, and would seem to have had in his eye, the dim terrors of that vague outline, which his predecessor describes so finely in his *chef d'œuvre*,—where

" His head,
The semblance of a king'y crown had on."

The stern Spirit, in Mr. Montgomery's hands, comes on with no little noise.

———" Lo, from out the *earth's unfathomed deep*,
The *semblance* of a *mighty cloud* arose;
From whence a shape of *awful stature* moved,
A vast, a dim, a melancholy form!
Upon his brow the *gloom* of *thunder* sat,
And in the *darkness* of his *dreadful* eye,
Lay the *sheath'd lightnings* of *immortal* ire!—
As *king* of *dark eternity*, he faced
The Godhead; *centring* in that one still glance
The *hate* of *Heaven* and *agony* of *Hell*,
Defiance and *despair*!"—Messiah, p. 106.

There is no little pretension in this passage; but, scarcely an image—we might say, scarce a word of it—belongs to the gentleman who here makes use of it. Not a little of it is borrowed from Milton's description of the same personage; and, the Manfred of Byron, furnishes a glimmer or two in the completion of the shadowing. Let our readers turn to Milton's graphic picture,

———" He, above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower:" &c. &c.—Par. Lost, b. 1.

The mind, capable of appreciating true poetry, and vivid description, will not be at any loss to determine which is poetry, the extract which we have given, or the passage to which we have referred. But, let us ask, why has Mr. Montgomery introduced the archangel to the Messiah in this guise? Was it not the aim of the evil spirit, to deceive, to tempt, to beguile?—and should he have chosen a semblance to the eye of the Messiah, calculated to provoke apprehension, and induce a degree of caution, which it was his object and endeavour to disarm? Surely, the desire of giving a startling descrip-

tion, has seduced our author into an utter neglect of the epic proprieties of his narrative, and induced him to prefer sound, to sense, and the strut of stage action, to the even and grave grace of genuine tragedy. How does the *Paradise Regained* give this particular? Let the reader remark the difference of the entire passage.

——— “ On every side beheld,
 A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades ;
 The way he came, not having mark'd, return
 Was difficult, by human steps untrod :
 And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
 Accompanied of things past and to come,
 Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend,
 Such solitude before choicest society.
 Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill,
 Sometimes ; anon in shady vale, each night,
 Under the covert of some ancient oak,
 Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,
 Or harbour'd in some cave, is not reveal'd ;
 Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt,
 Till those days ended ; hunger'd then at last
 Among wild beasts : they, at this sight, grew mild,
 Nor sleeping him, nor waking, harm'd ; his walk
 The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm,
 The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.
 But now an aged man in rural weeds,
 Following, as seemed, the quest of some stray ewe,
 Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve,
 Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,
 To warm him, wet returned from field at eve,
 He saw approach, who first with curious eye
 Perus'd him,” &c. *Par. Reg. B. 1.*

This passage, though wanting in much of the peculiar melody which belongs to the verse of Milton, is yet a fine one ; and exhibits a graphic and natural picture to the eye. The close of the description is well conceived.

Our limits will not permit that we should longer continue the comparison of parallel passages ; and we owe something of an apology to the admirers of the old bard,

——— “ Who rode sublime,
 Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy,”

for the humiliating use, (which, in our desire to estimate correctly the pretensions of another) we have here made of him. We shall only

trespass, in a single instance more, in giving the passage from the 'Messiah,' in which Satan exhibits to the former, at a glance, the cities and glories of the earth. We do this, as it will enable us, without need of excuse or justification, to select from the *Paradise Regained*—a poem whose merits are completely obscured by the superiority of its predecessor—and which is therefore but little read—a single paragraph, the exquisite beauty and melody of which, are perhaps unsurpassed in the whole compass of English poetry. We permit Mr. Montgomery to speak first :

————— “Swifly, by an *airy* flight,
To Quarantania's unascended top,
That *crowns* the *wilderness* with *savage pomp*,
Messiah next he bore; from thence, a world
In *visionary light* lay all reveal'd,
With *living splendour*!—*regions, thrones* and *climes*
Of *bloom* and *fragrance, meadows, lakes* and *groves* :
And there lay *cities, capped* with *haughty towers*,
With *piles, and palaces* of *marble sheen*,
And *domes colossal*, with *exulting ! flags*
Of *royal conquest* on their *gilded spires* !
And there were *armies, thick* as *trooping clouds*,
On plains assembled ;—*chariot, smoke* and *steed*,
The *pomp of death*, and *thunder-gloom* of war !
Nor absent fleets within the *silver bay*
Reposed, or riding o'er a *gallant sea* :
All this, the *world's inspirer* thus evoked.—
One *vast enchantment*, one *enormous scene*,
Of *splendour, deluging* the *dazzled eye*,
With *mingled radiance*, 'till the *fancy reel'd !*”

Messiah, B. IV. p. 107.

Here we have a free use, and quite enough, certainly, of what is styled, the 'poetic diction;' but, there is no poetry—not an atom—not an item. All is words—words—words—thick

“As leaves in Valambrosa,” ———

And with as little order, method, arrangement, or device.—All is confusion and incoherence. The eye in vain looks for something to dwell upon—something to fix and examine—something to admire. How different is the following glorious and perfect picture, which, in the details of the same event, Milton makes Satan exhibit to the eye of the Saviour from the summit of a high mountain :—

————— “behold,
Where on the Egean shore—a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil,—
Athens, the eye of Greece—mother of arts,
And eloquence, native to famous wits,

Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
 City or suburb, and studious walks and shades;
 See there the olive grove of Academe,
 Plato's retirement, where the attic bird,
 Trills her thick warbled notes the summer long.
 There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound,
 Of bees industrious murmur oft invites
 To studious musing; there Illissus rolls
 His whisp'ring stream: within the walls then view
 The schools of ancient sages; his who bred,
 Great Alexander to subdue the world—
 Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
 There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
 Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
 By voice or hand; and various measured verse,
 Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
 Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,
 Whose poem Phæbus challenged for his own:
 Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
 In chorus or iambic, teachers best
 Of moral prudence, with delight received
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
 Of fate and chance, and change in human life,
 High actions and high passions best describing.
 Thence to the famous orators repair,
 Those ancients, whose resistless eloquence,
 Wielded at will, that fierce democratic,
 Shook th' arsenal and fulmin'd over Greece,
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.
 To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From Heaven descended to the low-roof'd house
 Of Socrates; * * * from whose mouth issued forth
 Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools
 Of Academics, old and new," &c. &c.—Par. Reg. B. iv.

It would give us pleasure to quote entire from Milton, the fine display of ancient learning he makes in the bird's-eye picture which the Infernal God exhibits, for the temptation of the Messiah. This was the field in which the old bard luxuriated; and bating the sometime pedantry of the thing, there is a fine dust-like antiquity about these passages, which commends them with solemn and sonorous emphasis to the spirit of the reader. But we may trespass no longer in this way—we have already transcended all legitimate license, and must leave to those who delight in a fine, serene spirit of song, to go through the rather too much neglected poem from which our selections have been made.

Of Mr. Montgomery's "Messiah" we have surely said and shown

enough. We have little more to do. The reader, we predict, will be perfectly satisfied with the specimens we have already given, of this work, and will require nothing further, to conviction of its dull mediocrity—and the utter absence of any claim, on its behalf, to the notice of Gods, men, or magazines. Lest, however, there should be some reluctant to believe, and with the desire to do every justice to the author, who, if he could be tamed at once, might really become something, we give a passage in proof, decidedly the very best which the volume furnishes. There is something like a picture in this extract, disfigured however by the vilest tricks of phrase and fury, such as are quite too common to the habit of the author, and perhaps to the habits of our day:—

———“ Israel camp'd, and o'er her tented host,
The moonlight lay. On yonder *palmy* mount,
Lo! sleeping myriads in the *dewy hush*,
Of night repose; around in squared array,
The camps are set; and in the midst apart,
The curtain'd shrine, where mystically dwells,
Jehovah's presence. Through the *soundless* air,
A *cloudy pillar*, robed in *burning light*
Appears:—concentred as one mighty heart,
A million lie, in *mutest* slumber bound,
Or, *panting* like the ocean, when a *dream*
Of *storm* awakes her. Heaven and earth are still;
In *radiant* loveliness the stars pursue
Their pilgrimage, while *moonlight's wizard* hand,
Throws beauty, like a *spectre light*, on all.
At Judah's tent the lion-banner stands
Unfolded, and the pacing sentinels—
What awe pervades them, when the dusky groves,
The rocks Titanian, by the moonshine made,
Unearthly,” &c. &c. Messiah, b. 1. p. 6.

The assemblage of images here is good, and they present an outline, that, with care, would have made a ravishing picture. The sullen silence of the scene by moonlight—the dusky groves, and mountains encircling them. The waving of the “lion-banner”—a good expression, though not his—the awe of the pacing sentinels, and the awful curtain which shuts in the presence of the God,—are all so many striking images for the formation and grouping of the scene. But how disfigured with expletives, some of which, as in other places, we have italicized. The moonlight is made to appear quite too frequently; and there is quite too much “dewy hush” and “burning light,” and “soundless air.” We fail, too, to perceive the similitude between the sleeping army, and

“The ocean,
When a dream of storm, awakes her.”—

The words entirely overcloud and overcast the picture. They overlay its finer portions, and subtract from that merit, which might otherwise have been esteemed, if not peculiar, at least highly creditable, and full of promise in a young writer. We are sorry that this is the case; but so it is, and the cry of "reform" may not be unwisely extended to him. It will be well, if, like the British Peerage, he learns to respect its warnings before it be too late.

We had a few more remarks, but we have lost the last leaf of our manuscript, and scarce regret it, as our readers are probably, by this time, of the same opinion as we are ourselves of Mr. Robert Montgomery. They are perhaps, before this, aware, like the Parisians after Dr. Franklin's discovery that the sun gave light before 6 o'clock in the morning, that there is a poet yet unforgotten in the language, whose glorious genius has left little in the rich field over which it flew for the gleanings of such wittings as our friend of the Messiah.

Since our sheets went to press, we have been highly amused with a portrait sketch of our author, in one of the London periodicals. A better tail-piece to our article we could not give; and it forms a counterpart so exact to our own beau ideal of the man, that we would almost venture any thing on its characteristic fidelity.



David Swinburn by R. Montgomery

The Letter Press to our Portrait,

OR WHEREIN CONSISTS THE TRUE GLORY OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

Reader,—Thou seest the name beneath the engraving, which our publishers have put forth as the second in the series of portraits with which they intend to embellish this our magazine. Thou recollectest the story of the painter who took the precaution to emblazon carefully the name of his representation at the bottom of his picture. Though we do not say how far it was necessary for our artist to follow so laudable an example, it will be perhaps right for thee to apply the allusion, and thou wilt have in thy mind's eye, WASHINGTON IRVING, the godfather of our magazine, and the morning-star of American literature, seated before thee, in that quiet and comfortable dignity at once so characteristic and so deserved. He is surrounded by those associations with which, more than all others, his name will live; and as the ancients used to paint each divinity and hero of their mythology with appropriate and inseparable symbols;—so thou mightest know the illustrious reviver of our Dutch literature by that old Teniers like picture on the wall, not less than by that remnant of olden time, of cocked-hats, buckled-shoes, saucer-buttons, and plaited-hair, whom our painter has placed so unceremoniously entering "the presence." By the way—wilt thou not ask what business has that figure there at all? Wilt thou not ask with ourselves, in surprise, what infertility of painter's fancy, or what urgency of need can have brought old Knickerbocker again before you?—and "quantum mutatus ab illo," whose pleasant countenance and consonant appearance formed such an inspiring subject for our pen but a month ago. *Here*, his countenance seems serious, even sad; his step seems unelastic, his dress disarranged, his gait wants that "briskness" which ought to be inseparable from our friend the veritable Diedrich. Ah! we have it. He has just heard of the withdrawal of Flint, and with natural solicitude in his countenance, he has come to inform (and to whom more appropriately) the godfather and patron, by jus divina, of all Knickerbockers, whether "Gods," no, whether "books or men," of the lamentable vacancy in the editorial chair. The intelligence has cast a shade of uneasiness over the features of his auditor, as well it might.—"There is thought in that face,"—but it rather indicates power than hopelessness.—He knows too much of the nature of Knickerbockers to fear any thing subversive of our renown or our stability.

This point settled (episodes are the true beauty of narrative) we may advantageously go on with our discourse; which is to shew that the true fame of the great subject of our engraving and our remarks—that portion of it which will resolve itself into the lasting

light of immortality, arises from what he has written about Dutchmen and their dynasties, about Gotham and its inhabitants. In fine,—his productions, before he had wandered into the far lands of romance, when his images were drawn from this our soil, and his illustrations from these our people—when his materials, were of the Country, and the mind which formed them, had no other than national associations. What availeth, with regard to the eternity of his fame, his Columbus, his Biographies, his Histories, aye, or even his Sketch-book, or his Tales? As the Pope who boasted that he could make twenty Cardinals, confessed that God only could make an Angelo,* so say we, that there are twenty men living who could have chronicled the adventurers and the deeds of Spain, or have written tales and sketches as good as Geoffry Crayon; but who, save Irving, could have given spirit to Salmagundi, or life to Knickerbocker.—Stand forth and answer us thyself thou burthen of our tale! Say wouldst thou not, with Cæsar, rather be the first man in a little village than the second man in Rome. Choose thy lot; whether wouldst thou rather be the centre of the system in the literature of thy country, than shine equalled by many, even though as a star of the first magnitude, in the literature of Britain? Mingled'st thou not *there* (reverenced indeed, and appreciated,) among men of mighty intellects, and of mighty performances, who, great as was thy fame, had yet greater of their own? Art thou not *here* the ONE?—The first in thy country's heart—the first in her fame.—Yes, we knew it.—Thou assentest.—Thou hast proved thy consciousness of our reasoning, by returning to thy Home in the pride of thy strength, in the noon-tide of thy reputation; and thou wilt evince it farther,—we know thou wilt, by returning once more to thy path of early fame. Look around thee. Is not the harvest plenteous, yet the labourers few? Are there not mines of undiscovered wealth in the unformed waste before thee, but waiting for thy "*open sessame!*" to unlock their stores of dazzling richness and immortal life? Or, if the grandeur of history be thy chosen walk, *the History of thy Country remains to be written.* There, is a theme worthy of thy station, and of thy fame, which the whole world looks for, and thy country expects. "*The History of the United States of America.*" There is thy work! Son of Columbia! Historian of Columbus!—WASHINGTON IRVING! Arise! We adjure thee to the task.

Yes! thou dost well to revolve it in thy mind.—That serious countenance becomes thee—*Magnum est Opus*—yet thou art worthy of it. The contiguity of that hand to that brow, augurs well for our hopes, even in a picture.—*ἰσχύς γλῆσσος ἐν Βραχίονι.*—The strength is in thy hand—Thy arm moves the pen which moves mankind.—Thou and thou only, art for the task,—and with thy own fame, the world and thy country, we live in hope.

*The story is told as well of Leonardo da Vinci and Holbein. No matter—the illustration is all we want.

A TRUE THO' TOUGH YARN ABOUT PATTY-GO-NEY, AND
OTHER MATTERS.

BY TYRONE POWER,

Author of "The Lost Heir," "The King's Secret," &c. &c.

"Ye gentlemen of England, who sit at home at ease,
How little do you think upon the dangers of the seas."

Vide Song.

SOME few years back, it was my hard fortune to be penn'd for four months, on board a Transport taken up to convey to Glory and the liver-complaint, some two hundred soldiers, and thirteen officers, being detachments of four different Regiments, serving in his Majesty's Indian Territories.

In this "Glory-box," as the soldiers not unaptly christened the ship, after getting a devil of a clawing in a gale of wind in the Western Ocean, we hauled in for the "Cape de Verds," where, by keeping the soldiers on constant fatigue duty, for I verily think if left to themselves the villains would have preferred sinking to pumping, we at length happily arrived, dropping our anchor in the harbor of St. Jago, where we discovered we were likely to quarter for some time, the ship requiring a complete overhauling. Having seduced a comrade to join me, I got through two days, by rattling over the Island, after my Tarter fashion, much to the astonishment of the Portuguese of all colours, who I fancy set us down for mad, and not without some reason, when it is considered that we were pelting up and down their sun hills, with the thermometer at 100.

When this was over, we had nothing left for it but to stay frizzling and playing whist to the accompaniment of the carpenter's hammer, on board our prison ship, or passing the day in social chat, with a very agreeable Pirate crew, who occupied a cage-like den, adjoining the guard-house, and employed themselves making cigars for the use of their visitors, handing them through the grating, with a hospitality and benevolence of manner, quite enchanting. These were not any of your "younger son-like" Pirates, all bloody and bilious, and looking as if their dinners disagreed with them; but gay, lively, good-humoured looking robbers, such as it would be quite a pleasure to have one's throat cut by—chaps that would land a man over the ship's side, with a hearty squeeze of the fist, and give him a cigar to light himself to the bottom by. This was certainly the

pleasantest society of the City of St. Jago, and I fancy the most social. They were perfectly unembarrassed about their fate, feeling pretty confident that, before the Portuguese authorities would decide on their condemnation, they would be once more at large, on their ocean mother's breast. Their schooner had been run ashore on the Island of Moy, by a British sloop-of-war, and there they left her, well knowing it was more their interest to surrender to the Portuguese than to his Britannic Majesty's sloop. The Governor's schooner had gone down to wait for, and bring up the Captain of this gentle crew, who was badly wounded. This Captain I felt a vast curiosity to become acquainted with, having learnt that he was a countryman, through a servant, of mine, who had made a confidential acquaintance with the Spanish cook of the crew, a fellow with a red head, and a Munster brogue as rich as buttermilk.

An American brig was bound down to the Island for salt, and by way of killing time, and satisfying our curiosity, two of us resolved to take a passage in her, and come back in the Governor's schooner, which was to return in about six days. Accordingly on board the brig we went, and on a fine moonlight night, or rather morning, stood with the land breeze on our beam, out of the harbour of St. Jago. Our first mate on board the brig was an Englishman, with whom I had, on several occasions, whilst roaming about the town, held sundry palavers; his name was Tibbs, and a more thorough tar, of the old school, I have seldom encountered. He abominated steam, and all recent inventions connected with his profession; although a sober man, he had a positive love for grog, and a thorough contempt for the Temperance Society, which, looking at it as of American origin, was, as Mr. Tibbs said, "a fashion which he could by no means understand," saying that the people were no fools, that rum was both good and plenty in the States, besides very drinkable whiskey, and no ways dear withal. He was like most old sailors, a bit of a grumbler, and, as I soon discovered, no great lover of America, or American ships, although he frankly admitted, that they were clipping boats, well found, and capitally provisioned; good living being a first rate consideration with all tars, who are greater gourmands in their way, than the uninitiated imagine. The merits of American sailors, also, he admitted with equal frankness; and still, after all this, it was pretty plain he had no absolute love for his present mess. I at once saw by his manner there was some mystery lurking in Mr. Tibb's mind, and this I inwardly resolved, if possible, to fathom before we parted.

On our second night out, coming upon deck during the first watch, I found my ancient friend more than usually wroth, muttering all sorts of expletives against Yankee ships, and Yankee crews; as in this mood he paced by my side, I ventured to observe, that it struck me as odd to find him hanging on so long in a service he disliked; since, if I rightly understood him, he had been in it for six years at the least.

"Well!" said the old boy, turning short round on me, thrusting his hands deep into the pockets of his pea-jacket, and pausing for full half a minute, during which he chewed "the cud of sweet and bitter fancies" and his huge quid of Cavendish together—"Well, now that is reason too, Mr. Thompson, and yet after all, you'd say my logic about the matter is none so bad, if you know'd how the land lays, seeing that I can't help myself no how."

"Not help yourself, Mr. Tibbs," I exclaimed, purposely throwing a little quick surprise into my query, "Why how is that, I should have thought, I should have concluded, that a thorough-going seaman like you, might sail under any sail, under any flag he chose to lift his hat to."

"Not if I was to be d——d for it, can I get clear o' the stars and stripes of these Yankees, any more than if my only shirt was made out of a bit o' their buntin'. By Gad, I begin to think sometimes that I'm clinched to it for life."

Again we resumed our walk, and a pause occurred, which I was fearful to break with any direct question, knowing well that no yarn is half so good as that which is yielded voluntarily, from the full fraught bosom. I felt I'd got him on the right tack, and considered it best to give him his own way.

Having surveyed the clouds, awhile, and consulted the dog-vane, he crossed the deck, hailing the watch, with "step aft, here, some of ye, and square away the yards, let go the buntlines afore, come." The sleepy "aye, aye, sir," was succeeded by the watch lazily straggling along the waste and handling the rigging, until, the yards being duly adjusted from main to sky-sail, back roll'd Mr. Tibbs to where I stood leaning against the rail, enjoying my cigar. "Will you try one old boy," ask'd I, perceiving at a glance that he was by with his story. "Hark ye, sir," responded Tibbs, and to it we went—"Puff, puff"—"Clippers in light winds, these American craft, Tibbs," I muttered between the puffs—deliberately leading back to the old ground, where I felt assured there lay good sport, if I could only rouse it—"They are all that" puff'd Mr. Tibbs in response, "and no want o' rags, I will say—puff, puff—carry on's the word, through all weathers, they never mind makin' a few stur-sail booms, because why, you see spars as cheap as molasses amongst them, an' uncommon pretty spars their yellow pine makes surely, as ever clean cloth was bent on to:" here followed several long satisfactory puffs—whilst under cover of the smoke, on I press'd with, "Then you really admit, that they do possess some good points, these Yankee ships—eh! Mr. Tibbs?" "There is no better swims salt water, depend upon it, Mr. Thompson," promptly answered the mate, with the air of a man resolute to do justice, in defiance of his prejudices, "Nor none better found in every way, that I'll say for them, as long as I live." "Then why, in the name of wonder, do you appear so anxious to quit them, eh! my old friend!" "Why, in the first place, because I'm a Briton born and bred, and like old England better than I ever can like America."

In the next place," and here the old man's voice dropped a note or two, "because I've gotten a sister, and a little slip of a girl, a daughter of my own, living about four mile off Falmouth. But, mostly of all, I do really believe because I can't get away for life—"Can't get away!" I muttered, "what are you then chained to America, Mr. Tibbs?" "Fast as a Caroline nigger, by God!" rapp'd out Tibbs, in his former very emphatical tone. "As how, and by what means?" asked I, really becoming anxious to hear how the old tar had become possessed of this odd notion, with the which, he was evidently most seriously imbued; "all along o' being twice cast away, Mr. Thompson, mournfully cried Tibbs, whilst in my most encouraging way I cried, "Well now clap on mess mate, and tell us all about it."

"It's a d—d long yarn," says Tibbs, in a deprecating tone, evidently most desirous to spin it off to one towards whom, as a countryman, and a piece of a sailor, he felt some sympathy. "Never mind, but lay along the sooner," returned I, quite as willing to listen, as my companion, despite of all this coquetry, was to talk. After a finishing puff or two at his cigar, however, he passed the back of his hand across his lips, and with a half smirk on his weather-beaten phiz, began:

"Mr. Thompson, it's a queer story, though to be sure, I'll be bound it will make you laugh, to think o' my being such a fool, but howsomever you shall have it, end for end—Well you see, it was in the year 1816, I sailed mate of a Liverpool brig, bound for Sable Island, and an uncommon tidy run we had for about fifteen days, when, just as we got to the wester'd o' the Banks, we fell in with unaccountable foul weather, rain, and hail, and wind, and fog, and more of all on 'em than we much cared for, however we kept on making westing, in hopes o' gettin' a southerly blow, out of all this dirt, 'till at last down it came all of a lump, tails up, a regular roarer, about Nor' nor' East. The first thing as happened partic'lar, was, just as we'd clew'd up top-gallant-sails, away went our main-top-sail yard in the slings—'O, Lord God!' squeals our skipper, shootin' up the companion, and clappin' his two fins fast together, 'What shall we do, sinners as we is!' No sooner said, than poof, away flies the fore-sail and fore-top-sail yard. Jam goes the skippers, two fins together agin, chock-block; but afore he could rap out a single O, Lord! this time, snap, snap, flies cross-jack-yard, and mizzen-top-mast, and with that out bolts his O, Lord God! with half a dozen Jusus's tack'd on to it for this last spell. Our skipper, you must know, was one o' your new fashioned sea saints, a regular white-o-my-eye chap, as read the Bible in his berth all day Sundays, and got drunk every blessed afternoon, on shou-song tea, with a trifle o' brandy in it by way o' milk, and yet would, if you'd believe his long-yarn, he'd as soon toast his cheese with the devil's three-prong'd tormenter, as fairly fist a can o' right rum gròg. Well, any way, there he stood this time, staring aloft, like Peter's pig, and I must confess it was a little bit puzzlin' to fix where to begin first—However, one at a time's best, thinks I,

and up the fore-rigging I starts with a gang to send down the crippled spars, to see and get 'em fish'd; we was'nt partic'lar well handed, and it was just as much as both watches could do to overhaul one mast at a time, while the saint, and a boy at the helm, look'd after the deck. Well then I stuck aloft for five previous hours, the very first spell, and then I sent the hands down to get their suppers; we'd gotten both yards on deck by this time, and I stopp'd aloft puttin' the riggin' a little to rights afore I come down to fish the sticks. Well, as I was a workin' away, thinkin' what a precious job I'd gottin' afore me, bang we comes, right stern-on agin something d—d hard; tumble goes I, off the lifts, right head over heels into the loose sail; hold on thinks I, for I felt it was no feather bed that was slippin' under our kelson; reel goes the ship over on her beam ends, and squash goes the foremast into the water; well I kept scrambling and wriggling, to get my head out o' the sail, if it was only to see how near I was to the bottom, and at last seeing there was no time for being over nice, I fumbled out my knife, and cut-away—was the word for dear life. But, would you believe it, no sooner was I got into day-light agin, than I spies, pullin' away to leeward, the only boat we had, with all hands aboard, and our sanctified sea-cow of a skipper in the stern-sheet, half slewed round, squinting like a dog-fish at the poor Barky. I found out that the mast I'd been on was floating along side, held fast by the lee-rigging; so I scrambled over it, till somehow or other I got up into the weather chains, and waived my arms over head and shouted blue murder, for I saw the ship was settling down fast; at the same time yowl goes something under my foot, and looking down, there stood shivering our Captain's little bitch Gracy, as he used to make such a Pope of, skrewin' herself close under the lee o' the bulwarks. Well, yelp and yawl went poor Gracy, and shout, hallo, and whistle, went I, but it was all o' no use; once the men lay on their oars for a minute, but I saw our saint jam his fins together, and I knew no good could come o' that, and so it proved, for they gave-way again, leaving poor Gracy, and old Bill Tibbs, with a fair wind and flowing sheet, going right for heaven.

"What, Mr. Tibbs, did they then desert you, conscious of your being yet living?"

"Conscience be d—d!" cried Tibbs, mistaking the word, "the lubbers had'nt as much conscience as would boil a codline among 'em."

"Were they then Englishmen," I enquired with an indignant air.

"Every mother's son of 'em excepting the skipper, and he was a Paisely weaver."

"Your's must have been but a bad sort of berth, just then, old boy!"

"Why I thought so myself at the time, but I've had worse before and after. Well, when I could'nt see the boat no longer, I crawled further off, and got outside on starboard main-riggin' where I was high and dry, and after I'd shook myself, I begins to look about me; both the after-masts were yet standin', on the weather side the

quarter deck well out of water, the sea was'nt much, and the Barky seemed tryin' to right herself every lurch she made; so think's I, if I could come by an axe, I'd lend you a hand old lass, by easing you of those spars, as we'd been all ready to fish, when the second squall nipp'd us short. I guessed the carpenter's tool-basket might yet be lying somewhere on the lee-scuppers, so I bends on one of the loose leading-lines, takes a turn o' the bite round my wrist, and ships right down to lee-ward, where, after a good deal of divin' and duckin' about, I sure enough gets a houl't o' the very thing I wanted; now then haul away my mate, says I, with a good-will, and try your luck, for there's life in a barnacle adrift,—slash away. At it I went, and soon doused the lan'-yards, for they was strained as taught as fiddle-strings. The poor barky behaved like a livin' poor cretur that know'd she must either 'right or sink, till, after a heavy grunt, and a couple o' long dives, luff goes her bows right out o' water, and up she turns, till she was right as a marlin-spike. Huzza! cries I—"bow, bow," cries Gracy, givin' herself a shake, on finding she could once again keep her feet, without hangin' on by her claws, as she'd 'ben afore. Poor little bitch, I could'nt help takin' a hearty squeeze of her paw, when she jumped up on me, as much as to say, thank'ye old chap; for there we was, any way, officers, crew, and supercargo. Soon a'ter night came on, and a long watch I had on't; however, the weather was moderate, and we wanted for nothin', for on the quarter right abaft the skipper's berth, I know'd there was a lot o' cheeses, and soda-water, of his own, that he'd gotten for his venture—and, O Lord! how you'd a laugh't, Mr. Thompson, to 'a seen the little bitch a' watchin' me opening the soda bottles. Pop goes the cork, phiz goes the water, and bark-away goes Gracy, all the time wantin' a drink at it, poor brute; ay, and she took to it at last quite natural, ay, and I do believe liked it."

"Could you manage to get any rest at all, Mr. Tibbs"—I here enquired, just by way of filling up the pause, whilst he turned his quid and glanced upwards at the lofty sails bellying in the light breeze.

"Why, I tell you, sir," he again resumed, in the same quiet tone—"It was'nt the best place for a nap, seeing that the fore part o' the ship was every now and then made a clear breach over by the sea, and the wonderment to me was how she kept afloat so long. However, the second night, or I may say mornin', I dropp'd off across the top o' the companion, where the bitch and I always kept, and slept as sound as a sunned turtle,—and there, I fancy, I'd a slept on till St. Peter had hailed me, if it had'nt ben' for poor Gracy. There I was a' dreamin' away, and getting all-a-tanto to go ashore at Falmouth in first-chop twig; shavin' away, as I fancied, and swearin' a good un' at my razor, for scrapin' me so, when all of a sudden I wakes up,—and, ha, ha, ha, I can't help laughin' when I think o' that,—whát, after all, do you think it was I took for a sawin'-razor, Mr. Thompson?"

"Why, may be the dog clawing away at your face, Tibbs, replied I."

Tibbs stared for a moment, startled by this cunning guess, then gravely demanded,—“Did I ever spin you this same yarn 'afore, sir.” I assured him never.

“Well, I guess'd not,” he continued, “but blow me if it is'nt queer, too, for you're hit the mark, sure enough.—When I opened my eyes there was little Gracy, holdin' her nose close to my face, barkin' for dear life, and lickin' away at my mouth with one of her fore paws, as much as to say—rouse up, old chap, it's your watch. I sits up in a minute, and, my eyes, what a look out was there. Land within half a mile,—a long low head, white with surf, glistening in the first rays of sunrise, and the old bark rolling on with a heavy ground-swell. Hold on all, says I, for we'll soon be brought up—and sure enough so we was in ten minutes after; bump she comes, and wheels right broadside on. She never gave a second rise—the poor barky was done. On roll'd the next long swell right over all, and away goes poor Gracy from my side. I managed to hold on, that once, but soon saw if it was ill to go, it was worse to stay—so, giving myself a bit of a shake, I jumps on my feet, and the very next wave away I went after the bitch, that still kept head on to the ship, as if tryin' to come aboard agin.”

“I never was no great fish at swimming, and don't exactly know how the devil I made such a good weather of it; any way, in a very short time roll I comes high and dry on to the beach, and in a minute or two I 'spys little Gracy scramblin' about the edge o' the surf close to my berth; I runs down to lend her a hand,—and only to see, Mr. Thompson, the kind natur of the poor brute our Jew-parson deserted, may I be d——d, if she was'nt all the while hanging on to the hat, that had been wash'd off o' my head by the sea that struck us when we took-ground. When I see'd her tugging and turnin' keel-up on the surf, making no more way than a bum-boat on a bow-line, knowin' she could swim like a dolphin, I wondered what ailed her, poor thing; however, there we was at last, sound as cocoa-nuts, altho' it was closer shavin' than I liked or would ever wish to try again, I can tell you, Mr. Thomson.

“Did you ever hear what became of your cowardly captain and his companions?”

“Not for certain, sir; but it stands to reason they was all grabb'd for cod-bait by old Davy, as none of 'em ever turn'd-up, that I could hear on.”

“But, Mr. Tibbs,” I here observed, “I don't exactly see what reference this wreck, and providential escape of yours, has to your long, or as you enumerate, forced stay in the States.

“No reference,” repeated Tibbs, with a knowing smile; “why, Lord help you, I hav'nt told you a quarter yet.”

“The devil you hav'nt,” thinks I, as Tibbs walked to the binnacle, to look at his watch, at the same time singing out—“*seven bells there*”—Half past eleven o'clock! I felt sleepy, and cast about to find excuse for deferring the balance of this really tough yarn, when the breeze

saved me the trouble, by hauling a couple of points forward, rendering a change in the disposition of the yards necessary; under cover of which movement, I was enabled to make a good retreat, reminding Tibbs, in one of the pauses of his many orders of "a pull o' this" and "a slack o' the other"—that we'd spin the rest of the yarn off the reel next night—"so good night, Mr. Tibbs, said I, "and here's a couple of cigars to see out your watch."

"Good night, sir, and thank'ye," responded Tibbs, his eyes watching the main-top-gallant-yard, as it was rounded in by the braces—and down I dived to my berth, to think on the strange accidents which chequer the life of the meanest tar one looks upon, although few possess the art of my friend Tibbs in a smooth unvarnished tale, to make the truth known. The talent "*causeur*" is not universal amongst these wonder-seeing sons of the ocean; and a good yarner is in as great esteem in the galley, or on the fore-castle, as a first-rate *causeur* at a Parisian circle,

(To be Continued.)

MONODY.

Sweet was the vernal breath of spring,
 The flow'ret buds and spicy gales,
 The brilliant birds, that soar, and sing,
 The freshness of the dark green vales;
 And bland, the aromatic breeze
 Among the rustling leaves on high;
 But sweeter, fairer still, than these,
 The loved one of the dark blue eye.
 Spell-bound I lingered by her side;
 Each warbler's note seemed doubly sweet;
 The forest waved in loftier pride,
 And flowers sprang up beneath her feet.—
 Those whispering shades are clad in gloom;
 No matin songs now cheer the grove;
 The withering flowers have lost their bloom,
 Gone with the charm of youth and love.
 Oft in the hours of fragrant June,
 We sat in our sequestered nook,
 And talked away the sultry noon,
 Beside the gently murmuring brook;
 And in that eye, celestial blue,
 Oft would the pearly tear-drop rest,
 Like glittering gems of morning dew
 Upon the splendid daisy's breast.
 But now unheard the waters glide
 O'er mossy rocks, by pebbly shore,
 I stem alone life's stormy tide,
 To see the loved and lost no more.
 She lies at rest in her dark tomb,
 And I wear on my sunless years;
 But we shall meet, past life's brief doom,
 Beyond the bourne of sin and tears.

Alexandria, (Lou)

LITERARY AND CRITICAL NOTICES

OF NEW WORKS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST, by Lucy Aikin. 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia; Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

This work is entitled to particular commendation from us on many accounts. Its own merit, both historical and literary is high; and we are glad to find that there are publishers in the United States, not so entirely engrossed by the more immediate gain arising from the issue of frivolous and more attractive volumes, as to be debarred from re-printing a book of such sterling value as the present, but from which they can derive little except the credit which the literary community will accord them for so acceptable a gift.

Miss Aikin has done more to illustrate modern English history than almost any of the numerous and able writers, who, within the last fifty years, have turned their attention to the subject. Before the publication of her *Memoirs of the Courts of Queen Elizabeth, and King James the First*, we might almost have thought that no ingenuity of research could throw any additional light upon periods believed to be so intimately known. Yet, it cannot be denied that her habits of patient investigation, and the strict impartiality with which she treated her subject, not only accumulated new facts, of great importance, as to these reigns, but served almost for the first time to place those intensely interesting periods of English history in a clear and dispassionate light.

In the *Memoirs of the Court of King Charles the First*, she has brought her series of the personal histories of English monarchs to a period at which they may be closed with propriety. The court of King Charles the Second would form a fine subject for the chronicler of individual memoirs, and the progressive manners and fashions of an age, but has little grandeur as an historical theme; and though James, his children, and the sovereigns of the House of Hanover, would, treated in Miss Aikin's happy manner, afford most interesting materials for her entertaining pen—yet a multitude of splendid writers, and the political events of those reigns, so immediately interesting to the present generation—have rendered their transactions so generally known, as in a great measure to render unnecessary histories of them of the peculiar character of Miss Aikin's.

These causes do not apply to the reign of Charles the First, and we hardly know any subject on which the qualities for which Miss Aikin, as an historian, is to be esteemed, could have been more admirably exercised, either for the benefit of the enquirer or of the public. The reign of no monarch, in modern times, is more pregnant with political lessons than that, in which the charmed inviolability of Right Divine was first broken down and crushed before the sublimer majesty of popular will; and none has been more profoundly fraught with

those consequences to after times, which every one who studies history under the influence of that philosophical spirit which alone makes its study valuable, wishes especially to investigate. And yet this reign, of all others in English history, seems to have been peculiarly selected as the field, on which the zealots of every political creed should fight their battle of opinion; and Tory and Whig, Republican and Royalist, have each treated it according to their principles, and coloured it according to their opinions, so that the simple inquirer after truth was always sure to become bewildered; and he who sought to study it with a loftier view than that of party, was more likely to be confused and perplexed than instructed, till, like Obadiah in the Rambler, he would feel inclined to forego the subject altogether, "afraid to go forward, lest he should go wrong."

Those who acknowledge the truth of these remarks, and they will be all who are acquainted with the historians of the period, (so well represented by Hume and Mrs. Macauley,) will find it, as with us, a refreshing and delightful relief to read the rapid incidents of those intensely interesting times, in the clear and dispassionate narrative of Miss Aikin. Here, we find none of that zeal which distorts one fact, and garbles another, as it may differ from the views of the writer. We find none of that narrow feeling, which, in writing history,

"To party, gives up what was meant for mankind."

It is the well told history of an eventful time, when, with almost every occurrence, a *principle* was brought to life, which then established, still lives, and exerts an influence upon society. Above all, it is told without prejudice; we feel we may commit ourselves safely to Miss Aikin's guidance. She has no end to serve, no object to gratify, and her narrative bears throughout a commending stamp of fairness and integrity. The characters of Charles, Henrietta, the Duke of Buckingham, Hampden, Pym, Strafford, Laud, and the other prominent personages of the time, are sketched with equal ability and truth; and the mighty events in which they were such conspicuous actors, are described with a vivid power which takes a strong hold upon the attention, yet never fatigues it by elaborate and studied display. These excellent qualities give a great and sterling value to Miss Aikin's histories, which is further enhanced by her happy, unambitious style, combining the grace and vivacity of feminine composition with a singular strength, power and terseness, and which has mainly contributed to render these works so extensively popular as they have been.

The information, which Miss Aikin gives of the progress of art, and of the state of manners and society, is valuable and new; and has the additional commendation of being so detailed, as to give the reader a clear and contemporaneous view of public events, and private manners—a plan which, in a history of this kind, cannot be too much commended. Miss Aiken has certainly the merit of being the best domestic historian of the most interesting periods of the English court, and the scholar will need no other praise for her labours than his own conviction of her merits.

Will the publishers of these volumes pardon us for a suggestion. While we have "family libraries," and "classical libraries," and "theological libraries"—and

libraries of standard literature"—and numberless others, why should we not have an "*Historical Library*?" They could hardly present a more valuable or more acceptable gift to the public than the historical works of Miss Aikin, combined with others of a similar class; such as the Memoirs of Marshal Ney, Lord Nugent's "Hampden and his Times,"—which, though deeply interesting, as detached works, would be rendered at once more useful and more available when associated together in a uniform and handsome series.

Such a collection, of the octavo size, neatly got up in the prevailing and tasteful beauty of the time, and afforded at a cheap rate, would prove an esteemed acquisition to every library, and would amply redound, at least, to the *credit* of the house who would undertake it.

THE DRAMATIC WORKS AND POEMS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, with Notes, original and selected, and Introductory Remarks to each Play, by Samuel Weller Singer, F. S. A. and a Life of the Poet, by Charles Symmons, D. D. 2 vols. 8vo. New-York; George Dearborne.

In noticing this edition of Shakespeare, it would be hardly fair not to join in accordance with the rest of our contemporaries, in praise of its uncommon beauty of mechanical execution. The reputation which this enterprising publisher has won for himself, is certainly not less enviable than deserved; and all the works (this especially) which he has issued—enjoy and merit the character of being at once handsomer and cheaper than all similar publications. This is as it should be, and to record it gives to none more pleasure than ourselves.

In current editions of a standard Poet, we are mainly to look for accuracy in the text; joined to this, the more copious, learned and critical the notes are, it is the better, and the more information that is added upon other and pertinent subjects, the more valuable as a reference it becomes. These have all been very eminently combined in this admirable edition of our great dramatist. The text is pure and uncorrupted to a rare degree, being scrupulously collated with the old editions, and with those of Steevens and Malone, and the notes are well selected and singularly useful. Shakspeare, after the revival of the public attention to our early literature, was in as much danger of being smothered by the injudicious zeal of his admirers, as he was in the time of the Puritans of being destroyed by the hatred of his enemies; and any one who looks into the cumbrous volumes so laboriously edited by Tyrwhitt, Wharton, Malone, Percy, or Steevens, and attempts to wander through the labyrinth of fine spun fancies, finical remarks and tedious dissertations, which their wasted learning built up almost on every line, will be very apt to take a dislike for the whole text thus unmercifully loaded with explanation, and will find it hard to overcome the disrelish for the poetry which will be inevitably engendered by the interpretations with which it is encumbered. But a better race of commentators succeeded, and a juster race of admirers. Gifford—perhaps the justest critic that ever lived—tended much to im-

prove the one, and a gradual dissemination of rational and elevated taste created the other. The notes, to this edition of Shakspeare are a singular illustration of this—they are at once terse, lucid, and of exceeding advantage to the understanding and elucidation of the text. The best, of former editors have been retained, and the original ones of Mr. Singer are exceedingly felicitous—so as to impart a very strong additional interest to the text, and to continually entertain us by the information they give upon the manners, customs and expression, of that age which Shakspeare's genius has invested with such undying interest.

The *Life*, by Dr. Singer, is one of the most excellent and instructive pieces of biographical and critical writing in the English language; and throws an atmosphere of light, not merely upon Shakspeare, but upon his genius, his manner of composition, his models, and his commentators. The learning, ability, critical research, and admirable knowledge of dramatic writers which have been displayed in this dissertation, have not been excelled by any, of all the brilliant minds who have made this subject their study—and place it first among similar productions in our language. This edition, likewise, contains Johnson's masterly criticisms, which, though so short, and perhaps careless, are the best he ever wrote; and the cream of Steevens', Malone's, Schlegel's and Farmer's observations on each play—a richness of illustration not to be met with in any edition we know.

All Shakspeare's minor poems are likewise added, and these contain beauties of an order so high—freshness, vigor, delicacy and fancy combined in such rich and fair proportion—that had the immortal Bard left no other memorial of his genius, they would have been sufficient to make us imagine all the rest, or at least have made us hail him as among the first of minds and the first of Poets.

The illustrations to these volumes evince a taste and liberality on the part of the publisher, deserving of high commendation—they are nineteen in number, partly from the celebrated gallery of Boydell and partly from the masterly and effective designs of Retzch which have been engraved for the purpose, in a style of spirited and accurate outline. The whole edition we are in no fear of praising too highly, either as a work of art, or a work of mind, labour and research.

This subject is seductive—wandering, as we turn over the leaves of these beautiful volumes, through the chambers of that enchanted palace of Fancy—where, with the guiding genius of Shakspeare, we have so often strayed to the forgetfulness of all else beside;—we feel more than tempted to throw ourselves upon our subject and indulge at length in the thronging fancies which it gathers in our mind—the impulse is strong upon us, to fling aside the dull realities of duty and of life, and renew the early freshness of our spirit, by bathing our soul in that fountain which every master passion of the soul has united to form. But for the present we forbear—at some future time when the good angel is upon us, we will take up the subject, and direct our reader's attention to the rare and little appreciated beauty of his poetry and his sonnets. Now we will stop lest we might even be tempted into a eulogium upon that incomparable Genius—whose greatest commendation is, that his glory surpasseth praise;—who, with all the radiance of immortality on his brow, had yet all the warmth of humanity in his heart, who depicted Nature with a "pencil dipped in heaven," and whose

amaranthine fame, immortal, and immutable, in the living language which is alone capable of describing it,

" Shall survive
Unhurt, amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

CONNER & COOKE'S ANNUAL BIBLE.

In justice to the state of art in the country, we cannot but notice the very beautiful edition of the BIBLE, which has been published in the commencement of this year, by Conner & Cooke.

It was a happy thought, at a time when our tables are covered with all the splendors of attractive book-making, to adorn the sacred volume with the most exquisite embellishments of art, and send it forth to compete with the loveliest of the Annuals, in costly binding and beautiful decorations.

This edition, however, instead of being called as it is, the *Annual*, deserves the name of the *Perennial Bible*. We are free to confess that no copy of the oracles of inspiration has as yet been published, which equals this—in convenience, beauty or utility. By enumerating some of its advantages, our readers will at once acknowledge the truth of what we have said. It contains all the marginal references published in Bagster's celebrated Comprehensive Bible, which alone would give it a preference to any other: and, in addition, there is the historical introduction, with introductory and concluding remarks to each book of the Old and New Testaments, which is said to have been written by Professor Lee, one of the first scholars of the age. The whole is wound up with a valuable Chronological Index, very carefully compiled, with much and interesting information. We must wish however, though the publishers are not to blame, that a person more competent and more correct, had been employed to write the introductory advertisement. Palpable ignorance should not be associated, even in a publisher's preface, with the vast learning which has been worthily and invariably employed, in preparing every edition of the Book of Books, since its translation.

The plates with which it is embellished, are many of them superior to any thing of the kind which has been published in this country, and have been executed with a liberal outlay of capital—which argues highly for the publishers. As the Bible should be in every library and on every table, it is of moment to have the best edition that can be procured.—This, certainly, is the very best we have seen—and as such, we recommend it for general use.

DESULTORY NOTES ON THE ORIGIN, USES AND EFFECTS OF ARDENT SPIRIT. By a Physician.—Philadelphia; Adam Waldie.

This is one of the most unpretending looking pamphlets we could possibly take up: yet it displays very great erudition, and erudition turned to very good account. There is no accessible source, either of ancient or modern learning, to which the author has not applied, to illustrate his subject; and the scholar, not less than the unlearned, will derive profit from its perusal.

DENTOLOGIA :—A Poem on the Diseases of the Teeth, and their proper Remedies. By Solyman Brown, A.M. With Notes, practical, historical, illustrative, and explanatory, by Eleazar Parmly, Dentist. New-York. Peabody & Co., 219, Broadway. 1834. 8vo. pp. 176.

[For the Knickerbocker]

The poetical part of this beautiful volume, printed in Sleight & Van Norden's best style, is from the pen of Mr. Brown of this city, extensively known as a writer of both prose and poetry for many of our periodical journals, and who now presents his claim to public favor in a work bearing his name, devoted to a subject entirely novel, yet of unquestionable importance. Forsaking all those beaten paths in which the children of song have been prone to expatiate, our author has chosen for himself a solitary way, wild indeed and rocky, but opening to a new and unlabored field in the varied landscape of nature. Of this field, hitherto unexplored and uncultivated, the poet discloses the charms with such admirable address, that it presents to the eye of unadulterated taste, "a wilderness of sweets;"—not merely here and there a scattered sample of withered fruit and faded flower, but a wide horizon of fresh and fragrant luxuriance, silvered by the departing shower, and gilded by the returning sunbeams. To drop the figure;—Mr. Brown has selected a subject of general and paramount interest, hitherto "unattempted in rhyme," in the English language, and, if we are not utterly seduced from the veracity of criticism, he has arrayed that subject in the chaste, and beautiful, and elegant vesture of genuine poetry. It matters not whether we assert or deny that he has equalled other poets in his own or other countries, either in the elegance of his imaginings or the beauty of his diction: it is sufficient to say, that when we consider the difficulty of inculcating the principles of any art or science in the inverted language of poetry, embarrassed by the shackles of rhyme, we are compelled to acknowledge that the author of *Dentologia* has won his laurels in a hard-fought field. At any rate, it becomes very few of his compatriot poets, to call in question his legitimate title to their fraternity. It may perhaps be true, that if several of Mr. Brown's occasional poems had been included in this volume, it would have given a more just and adequate impression of the author's general style, and diversified literary merit; but we think this poem alone must secure to him a reputable station in the consecrated temple of the American muse. A few short quotations, although incapable of presenting an adequate idea of the merits of the work, may nevertheless be not unacceptable to that portion of our readers who cannot conveniently avail themselves of the volume in question.

In the first Canto, speaking of the beauty of the human countenance, the author says:—

"Without its aid, how hard were woman's lot!
To sigh neglected, and to die forgot;
Though nature's genial fires unceasing burn,
To live unloved, and love without return!
For well we know that all of human kind,
Read in the face the features of the mind;
The soul's bright forms forever fresh and fair,
Wit, worth, and modesty, are pictured there."

“ You say, perchance, ‘ Is woman then approved
 For outward charms, and but for these beloved ?
 Shall form and feature for all faults atone,
 And mere external beauty reign alone ?
 By reasoning man is mental worth despised,
 And but for pageantry is woman prized ?
 ’Tis well inquired ; but mark the just reply :—
 As glittering stars adorn the cloudless sky,
 And smiling rainbows, when the storm is done,
 Announce the bursting splendors of the sun ;
 So beams of lambent light that sportive play
 In woman’s face, proclaim interior day ;
 And modest sweetness, with that light combined,
 Bespeaks her nature gentle and refined.” * * *

“ To woman, love’s first melodies were sung,
 In nature’s prime, when earth and time were young,
 And every bard, in each succeeding year,
 Has framed his lays for woman’s listening ear :—
 Nor let the grovelling soul that cleaves to earth
 Dare to pretend to comprehend her worth ;
 When pure—she’s purer than the virgin snow,
 On Andes’ top, when summer smile’s below ;
 And more delight o’er life her sweetness breathes,
 Than all besides that heaven to man bequeathes.

“ Since beauty thus bestows the kind caress,
 And oft audacity secures success,
 Be mine the task to join the tuneful throng,
 And blend instruction with the charms of song.”

We can afford room but for a few extracts, nor do we wish to forestall the pleasure to be derived from a perusal of the entire poem. The following lines from the second Canto may serve as an example of the philosophical energy of the author’s style.

“ The human frame, offspring of heaven’s high will,
 Displays throughout inimitable skill ;
 No part defective : none that perfect love
 Could prompt unbounded wisdom to improve.
 The eye, the ear, how wondrously designed
 To serve as useful allies to the mind.
 The heaving lungs, that drink th’ aerial flood,
 Imparting vigor to the vital blood ;—
 The heart, that like a virtuous monarch, reigns,
 And spreads delight through all its wide domains :
 How wondrous these !—yet see the hand divine
 By equal skill displayed in every line,
 In every feature of the perfect whole,
 That acts in concert with the moving soul.”

The third Canto opens with an Apostrophe to *Luxury*, the fervid eloquence of which will be a sufficient apology for the following extract.

“ Oh luxury ! the eldest born of wealth,
 Thou foe to virtue, and thou bane of health ;

Insidious nursling in the lap of ease,
Whose breath is pestilence, whose smile disease;
May suffering man yet see thee as thou art,
A greedy vampyre, feasting on his heart!

“Of all the ills that ante-date the doom
Of erring mortals, and erect the tomb
So near the cradle, shortening to a span
The fleeting life of transitory man,
The worst is luxury:—Infrequent flies
The lightning’s fatal bolt; the lowering skies
Are seldom darkened by the whirlwind’s wrath,
Or loud tornado’s devastating path.
Beneath the ocean wave though some expire,
And others by the fierce volcano’s fire;
Though savage war can boast his thousands slain,
On tented field, or bosom of the main;
Yet few the victims of these fates malign,
Compured, intemperate luxury! with thine.

“Wherever wealth and false refinement reign,
The pampered appetites compose their train;
Remotest climes supply the varied feast,
But wisdom never comes a welcome guest:
The gormand-folly bids the poison pass,
And drains destruction from the circling glass.
The harmless flock, to cruel slaughter led,
Crowns high the board; for this the herd has bled,
For this, the gay musicians of the grove,
Suspend forever all their songs of love!
Earth, air, and ocean, each its part supplies
Of sentient life, to swell the sacrifice;
As though some fiend had sketched the darkest plan
Of bloody banquet for the monster—man!

“Though teeming earth bestows on honest toil,
In every climate and in every soil,
Their proper fruits, by nature’s law designed,
The safe and luscious diet of mankind,
Yet, see the race from flow’ry Eden stray,
To roam the mightiest of the beasts of prey!
See sensual man still smiling with delight,
While bleeding life is quivering in his sight!

“But nature, sure to vindicate her cause,
Avenge each transgression of her laws;—
Beware, rash man!—for every nice offence,
Shall meet, in time, a dreadful recompense;
Nor flight can save—nor necromantic art,
Nor dex’trous stratagems elude the smart:—
For, lo, in fearful shapes, a haggard band
Of fell diseases, wait at her command.

“’Tis thus derangement, pain, and swift decay,
Obtain in man their desolating sway,
Corrupt his blood, infect his vital breath,
And urge him headlong to the shades of death.
No more his cheeks with flushing crimson glow;
No more he feels the sanguine current flow;
But quenched and dim his sightless eyeballs roll,
Nor meet one star that gilds the glowing pole!”

The fate of Urilla, one of the fictitious characters introduced for the purpose of illustrating the fatal consequences of neglecting the teeth, is thus presented :

“ And she herself is fair in form and face ;—
Her glance is modesty, her motion grace,
Her smile, a moonbeam on the garden bower,
Her blush, a rainbow on the summer shower,
And she is gentler than the fearful fawn
That drinks the glistening dew-drops of the lawn,

“ When first I saw her eyes' celestial blue,
Her cheeks' vermilion, and the carmine hue,
That melted on her lips :—her auburn hair
That floated playful on the yielding air ;
And then that neck within those graceful curls,
Molten from Cleopatra's liquid pearls ;
I whispered to my heart :—we'll fondly seek
The means, the hour, to hear the angel speak ;
For sure such language from those lips must flow,
As none but pure and seraph natures know.

“ 'Twas said—'twas done—the fit occasion came,
As if to quench betimes the kindling flame
Of love and admiration :—for she spoke,
And lo, the heavenly spell forever broke,
The fancied angel vanished into air,
And left unfortunate Urilla there :
For when her parted lips disclosed to view,
Those ruined arches, veiled in ebon hue,
Where love had thought to feast the ravished sight
On orient gems reflecting snowy light,
Hope, disappointed, silently retired,
Disgust triumphant came, and love expired !

“ And yet, Urilla's single fault was small ;
If by so harsh a name 'tis just to call
Her slight neglect :—but 'tis with beauty's chain,
As 'tis with nature's :—sunder it in twain
At any link, and you dissolve the whole,
As death disparts the body from the soul.”

One more extract with which the poem closes, must conclude our quotations. It embraces one of the happy illustrations employed by the poet, to show the disastrous effects of the loss of teeth in various circumstances of human life.

“ Yet, in that choir that sung the morning song,
One vacant seat afflicts the listening throng ;
One well known voice, admired so oft before,
For sweetest melody, is heard no more.

“ Is Seraphina dead, whose melting strains
Had won the hearts of all the neighboring swains ?
Or does she now forsake the house of prayer,
And spurn her venerable pastor's care ?
Unjust suspicion ! tarnish not her fame,
Nor let reproach attain her spotless name ;
For while her mellow voice obeyed her will,
She fondly lingered, our musician still ;
And though by cruel fate compelled to part,
She leaves us all the homage of her heart,

To lonely solitude she gives her hours,
 In shady copse, or shadier garden-bowers :—
 In silent grief, and unconsol'd, she pines,
 And scarce to heaven's high will her soul resigns.
 For, lo, the heavenly music of her lip—
 So sweet, the laboring bees might stop to sip,
 Has passed away ; discordant notes succeed,
 And Seraphina's bosom lives to bleed.

“ Ye ask the cause :—by premature decay,
 Two of her dental pearls have passed away ;
 The two essential to those perfect strains,
 That charm the soul when heavenly music reigns.
 But fly, ye swains, to Seraphina fly,
 And bid her fastly flowing tears be dry ;
 Haste to her cottage, where in vain she seeks
 To wipe the burning deluge from her cheeks ;
 And when ye find her, sooth her frantic mind,
 And bid her cast her sorrows to the wind ;
 In secret whisper this kind truth impart ;—
 There is a remedy :—the dental art
 Can every varying tone with ease restore,
 And give thee music sweeter than before !—

“ Thus, to desponding man, in life's dark way,
 The angel, mercy, points the opening day ;
 And through the tear that trembles in his eye,
 Reveals the glories of her kindred sky.”

It remains only to express our views of the Notes annexed by way of appendix to this pleasing volume, by Mr. E. Parmly, a gentleman well known as standing at the head of his profession in this city. Those who are personally acquainted with Mr. Parmly, will not need to be assured, that any remarks coming from his pen, and prompted by his experience and good sense, must be thankfully received by that very numerous and respectable class of our fellow-citizens who are suffering the ravages of tartar and gangrene, and other diseases of the teeth. These notes are designed to illustrate and enforce the doctrines of the poem, and to serve as a guide to individuals in the management of their teeth :—and when we consider the importance of these organs to the healthy condition of the system, we cannot hesitate to express the opinion that every member of civilized society who respects the ordinary decencies of life, and pays the slightest regard to personal appearance, health and happiness, should be deeply and constantly impressed with the sentiments inculcated by Mr. Parmly in these amusing and instructive notes. We cannot conclude more appropriately than by recommending to the ladies in particular (for with them the charms of society are deposited as a sacred treasure) the propriety of placing this chaste and beautiful volume on their toilets, without a moment of unnecessary delay. They will have the satisfaction of reflecting, after a careful perusal of the work, that their time has been usefully employed, and that not a sentiment or an allusion has engaged their attention, at which virtue should recoil or modesty blush.

X. Y. Z.

MEMOIR OF ROGER WILLIAMS, the Founder of the State of Rhode Island:—By James D. Knowles. Boston; Lincoln, Edmonds, & Co.

EVEN at this latter day we feel that the volume goes far to remove a long reproach from our national literature. There are some men upon whom destiny confers the immortality which intellect gives to others, and the simple and hardy founders of our early settlements, who, in their native countries, would never have risen beyond the respectable mediocrity of their characters, have had the fate in the unexampled prosperity and unimagined importance which their exile "plantations" have attained, to have thrown around their names an interest of posthumous immortality—a definite and distinct station in the annals of a mighty people, which thousands of laurelled heroes, with fortune at their back, and splendour on their brow, could never have attained.—Smith, Lord Baltimore, Winslow, Penn, Hooker, Oglethorpe, and Roger Williams, are men indeed distinguished by no grandeur of genius, no dazzling magnificence of exploit—but they have "left their names to other times," identified with the annals of a nation, vaster in extent than ever Cæsar conquered or Alexander swayed.

It is due from America to these worthies, that their memories should be preserved—and their sterling honesty—their uncompromising purity of principle, and their noble exertions for liberty held up in their history, as an example to her sons. "All nations" says Goldsmith, "are willing to derive merit from the splendour of their original," and if this vast empire has no demi-Gods or heroes in her ancient annals, and no "thunder-stricken nurse of Rome" to apostrophize in song—she has in her sober history a phalanx of noble men, whose characters influencing the institutions they originated, have contributed more than any other cause, to give us as a nation that form of government which is our peculiar glory and our greatest good—which forms a model to the nations, and to which all our political importance is to be attributed.

Among these men, Roger Williams is entitled to even more consideration than his contemporaries, or his successors have seemed willing to allow him.—His invariable principle of universal liberty of conscience, drove him from his home in our earliest settlement, as it had driven him originally from England.—His unswerving adherence to his principles made him, at an unexampled sacrifice of personal right and property, associate all his companions with him in territorial right and jurisdiction: and this same regulating principle of his life distinguished every act in legislating for his plantation, and in his after life;—his spotless integrity, his generous disinterestedness, his active and self-denying energy, are in his character distinguishing traits in that excellent constitution of mind, which goes far to form the perfection of humanity, and may safely be held up as a model to future generations.

The manner in which this Memoir of Roger Williams has been prepared, reflects high credit upon Professor Knowles. The character of the Founder of Rhode Island had, it is known, attracted some of the most eminent writers in the language, as forming one of the best subjects for Biography among these singular men. Dr. Belknap made some ineffectual advances towards this object;

and even Southey, who stands at the head of British prose writers, was announced as having the design in contemplation. The difficulty of procuring materials formed an insurmountable obstacle to both, and they relinquished the design. The research, the industry and the perseverance of Mr. Knowles, has happily overcome these great difficulties—and in the volume before us he has collected every fact concerning him which the casual notice of contemporaries has preserved from oblivion, and rendered every circumstance of his history and fortunes, which either tradition or the scanty records of the early settlement have afforded.

In literary execution it is respectable, though we must particularize the opening sentence as containing the happiest and most unintentional bathos, that we any where recollect. "The obvious analogy between human life and a river has supplied the poet with similes, and the moralist with arguments. The resemblance of the two objects is, in this point, at least worthy of notice, that their origin awakens the curiosity of every reflective mind. This feeling has impelled many travellers to a perilous search for the sources of the Niger and the Nile," &c. ; and it has impelled Mr. Knowles, as a philosophical consequent, to seek out the early events of Roger Williams' life.

The "analogy" is happily equalled by the Professor's eulogium on Robert Boyle. "He was a great man, gentlemen, a very great man ;—he was the Father of Chemistry, and brother to the Earl of Cork."

With the exception, perhaps, of this occasional *flightiness* of style, of which however we will do him the justice to say, that this one we have quoted is the most signal example, the work may be commended as of considerable literary excellence. In plain narrative, Mr. Knowles excels ;—he writes with pleasing and candid impartiality, and he gives his opinion with dispassionate truth.

But its main value, in our estimation, consists in its historical worth ; and in this sense we do not hesitate to characterize it as invaluable—and warmly does Mr. Knowles deserve the thanks of every American, for the interesting light he has thrown upon such an obscure portion of our annals, and for the able manner in which he has done justice to the memory of one of the best of those eminent worthies who, rejected in their own country, have been honored by Providence as his instruments in founding an empire, where they only sought a home.

FLORA'S INTERPRETER ON THE AMERICAN BOOK OF FLOWERS AND SENTIMENTS: By Mrs. S. J. Hale. Boston ; Marsh, Capen & Lyon.

Mrs. Hale is one of our most especial favorites. In her writings, she preserves taste, beauty, strength and feminine delicacy, no other lady author we possess, unites in an equal degree. Her *Lady's Magazine* is a credit to the country, and worthy of the sex. The qualities of her mind—her extensive acquaintance with modern literature—her fine poetical talents, and her graceful facility of style, not less than the similarity of her pursuits, make us describe her well

by classing her as the Mrs. Norton of America. This attractive volume is very beautiful and quite worthy of her genius—all the flowers of the field, illustrated by poetical mottos, is a work well adapted for a highly cultivated female mind, and is executed here in a manner which no other in the country than herself could have done so happily or so well. The selections are generally made with taste, though not always with judgement, and the injudicious introduction of a good deal of inferior poetry, by names little or altogether unknown, diminishes very much the value of a book as an authority. This, however, is the consequence of her design—to make her book as *national* as possible, by only introducing the sentiments of native writers—a project as thanklessly ungracious as can well be imagined, and by which, Americans only will be the sufferers. Poetry is the language of the soul, and speaks to all countries, and in all tongues, and to exclude the classic writers in any language for the crime of birth, is not only very questionable taste, but is an assumption of authority to which no Editor or Editress can certainly pretend.

Mrs. Hale's motive however is laudable, and her book the best that could have been made under the circumstances. It is tastefully printed, and is ornamented very appropriately by two richly coloured plates of Flowers—and has, we are glad to perceive, already received an efficient stamp of approbation in reaching a second edition.

PIN MONEY; a Novel. By the Author of "The Manners of the Day," "Mothers and Daughters," "Hungarian Tales," &c. Philadelphia: E. L. Carey & A. Hart.

This novel, on its publication in London, made the fashionable society of that metropolis exceedingly indignant. They were angry that any one, not privileged by birth and wealth to enter the charmed precincts of "exclusive" ton, should have dared to lay open its mysteries, with so much pretension, and so little regard to the rights of the privileged. It was accordingly denounced, without mercy, by the fashionable journals, the Ladies' Magazines, &c. as the "waiting maids" novel, its style abused, the truth of its pictures denied, and the accuracy of its details bitterly disputed. These very facts only tend to make it the best of its class that could be republished here. If Mrs. Gore was a waiting-maid, or a tire-woman, Americans will only see in the fact, that her situation gave her more intimate opportunities of acquaintance with the arcana and moving springs of the "great world." If this author belonged to the back-stairs, we only think, not of her presumption, but of our certainty of meeting with many a fine touch, and many a racy scene, which our authors of the drawing-rooms, and the boudoirs, would never have thought of condescending to delineate; and the execution of Pin-money justifies our barbarism. In fact there is no novel, purporting to describe the highest society in England, that approaches

it in minute fidelity of description—none that gives us a deeper insight into all the cabals and manœuvres of elevated ton; and not one that touches off the peculiarities, the intrigues, the accomplishments, the habits, and all other things appertaining to the initiated, with better, and more bitter force. Mrs. Gore has many happy qualifications by nature for her task; fluency of style, admirable command of language, delicate wit, and a felicity of description rarely equalled either in its quiet power, or its fine-turned irony. Her advantages too, of education and of situation, have been turned to very excellent account. They have given her a perfect command of all the foreign phrases floating in fashionable conversation, and an intimate acquaintance with those technicalities of costume, and of etiquette, which we would have looked for in vain in the work of one of our regular authors. No one can describe the mysteries of the toilette with happier grace; and no one can give animation to a ball-room, or piquancy to a conversation, with more elegance and ease.

The consequence is, that in *Pin Money* we have a minute and faithful, though somewhat prolix account of *Fashionable Life*. The characters have all the natural ease, the habits, and even the elegance of their situation. With this, there is both accuracy and delicacy in their conception, Lady Rawleigh is in all respects worthy of Miss Edgeworth, and Lady Launceston, Lady Olivia Tadcaster and Lord Calder are highly finished, and well-supported characters. The plot is very simple, and in her occasional episodes, such as a dinner party, or a fete, she is equally gay, faithful and entertaining.

We must beg our readers' and all publishers' pardon—for withholding many reviews which ought to have appeared this month. Eighty pages form but a short allowance for those who have to say so much as we—and the most grievous trial we have to encounter in our duty, is being obliged every month to suppress a certain portion of our opinions which have been duly elaborated for the Public.

Thus half a dozen Novels, some Poems, Biographies, no little *Philosophy*, and a good deal of learning, have been held over, which, "all in order *set*," had been prepared for our present number.

Such privations, however, are perhaps of less consequence than "those editorial" imagine.

A Word in Season, on Affairs in General—whch may answer for an Editor's table, or it may not.

“Mr. FLINT, late Editor of the Knickerbocker, being obliged, by the state of his health, to pass the winter in a milder climate, has withdrawn from the charge of the Knickerbocker.”—*Evening Post—Official Announcement by Mr. Bryant.*

“Toll for the Brave!”—Another Editor gone!—Another vacancy in the Chair of the Knickerbocker! If we cannot say like the epitaph of ancient Margery Nichols,—

“Between my cradle and my grave I've seen
Six mighty Kings of Scotland, and a Queen.”

We have at least seen two dynasties—as many regencies—and a good deal of “back stairs” influence, in the management of our redoubted Periodical. Verily, Maga! thy weight is great.—Thy responsibility burtheneth the mighty—and hard as that of Phœbus is thy chariot to be guided through the clouds. But thou stoppest not;—thy march is as onward and as mighty as ever. And as little as the change of the helmsman, affecteth the course of the vessel, does the withdrawal of one Editor, and the accession of another, impede the majestic regularity of thy progress. And why should it?—thy character is made,—thy objects are specified—thy course is laid down:—and the duty of an Editor, is little more, than to act the agreeable part of a Gentleman-Usher of the Silver Rod, in bringing the respective Correspondents before their Sovereign Lord—the Public, in his monthly levee;—and this time we present his Majesty with a number, that we care not who sees;—very well able to make its way to favor, without the need of any great name to baptize it into celebrity.

Our prospects in some degree, have been altered. The gauntlet has been thrown down:—War has been proclaimed.—And that Press, once so friendly and which allowed us to pass on so long, unheeded by their notice—has awoke from its trance, and has resolved to contest our progress to the public favor, inch by inch.

This is as it should be. We are glad of the resolve, and lift the glove in gallant spirit. We want, indeed,

“The stern joy which warriors feel,
In foemen worthy of their steel.”

Only understrappers and tyros have as yet shown fight: but we hail the sign. If not able to overcome suchop position, we deserve to go

down. If we do overcome it, the fighting will make us in the end, what we ought to be, better and brighter.

One thing we are glad of, which is, that the eminent scholar and distinguished man—the Father of the Literature of his Country—whose name lately honoured this Magazine, had happily resigned its charge in time to spare his venerable age the mortification of witnessing the unworthy fact, that a character which abroad is revered, and respected, and admired, as it should be, could not, at home, avail to prevent the wretched insult and pointless jest which every little scribbler seemed elevated in the consciousness that he was able to discharge.

We care not for the storm: but, illustrious man! for the credit of this country, and for the honour of humanity, we feel rejoiced, that *thou* wilt see no more of that spirit which, however we know that it existed, we had still hitherto supposed would, towards such as thee, have forgotten its acerbity.

To our friends, we say, “hold on;”—to our correspondents, “dont give up the ship;”—to our rivals, “a fair field and no favor.” By the bye, we have only one rival, and we wish him cheer. It would be a hard case, if, in this pleasant high road of literature, there was not plenty of room for two, with all honorable competition. We see our friends of the opposition are preparing likewise for the evil day, and, in addition to the eminent pensioner from Brazennose college, they have ransacked our universities, and taken an accomplished professor of Italian, and a renowned professor of *chemistry* into the government—“all honorable men:”—and who, among them will, doubtless, either make a spoon or spoil a horn. We have luck to spare and we wish them some of it, only let them be, in their rivalry, candid and fair as we are. It would therefore be well, perhaps for the sake of appearances, if they would advise their discarded underlings not to be letting off, under cover, long squibs against us, generally brightening towards the end, with a little elaborate praise of the A. M. M.* The source of these articles renders their utility questionable; and, on the whole, the celebrity they give, is, like some stocks at present, a little below par.

For ourselves, we have no notion of retreat. We have gone forth upon our path. Fear is not in our calender, and favor we ask not. More than this, “Time will tell,” and so endeth the chapter.

* See sundry articles in sundry papers, where some excellent criticism on the Knickerbocker was generally spoiled by animadversions on Mr. Flint, or consumed towards the end in a blazing panegyric on the American Monthly.